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Harper's

January 1968

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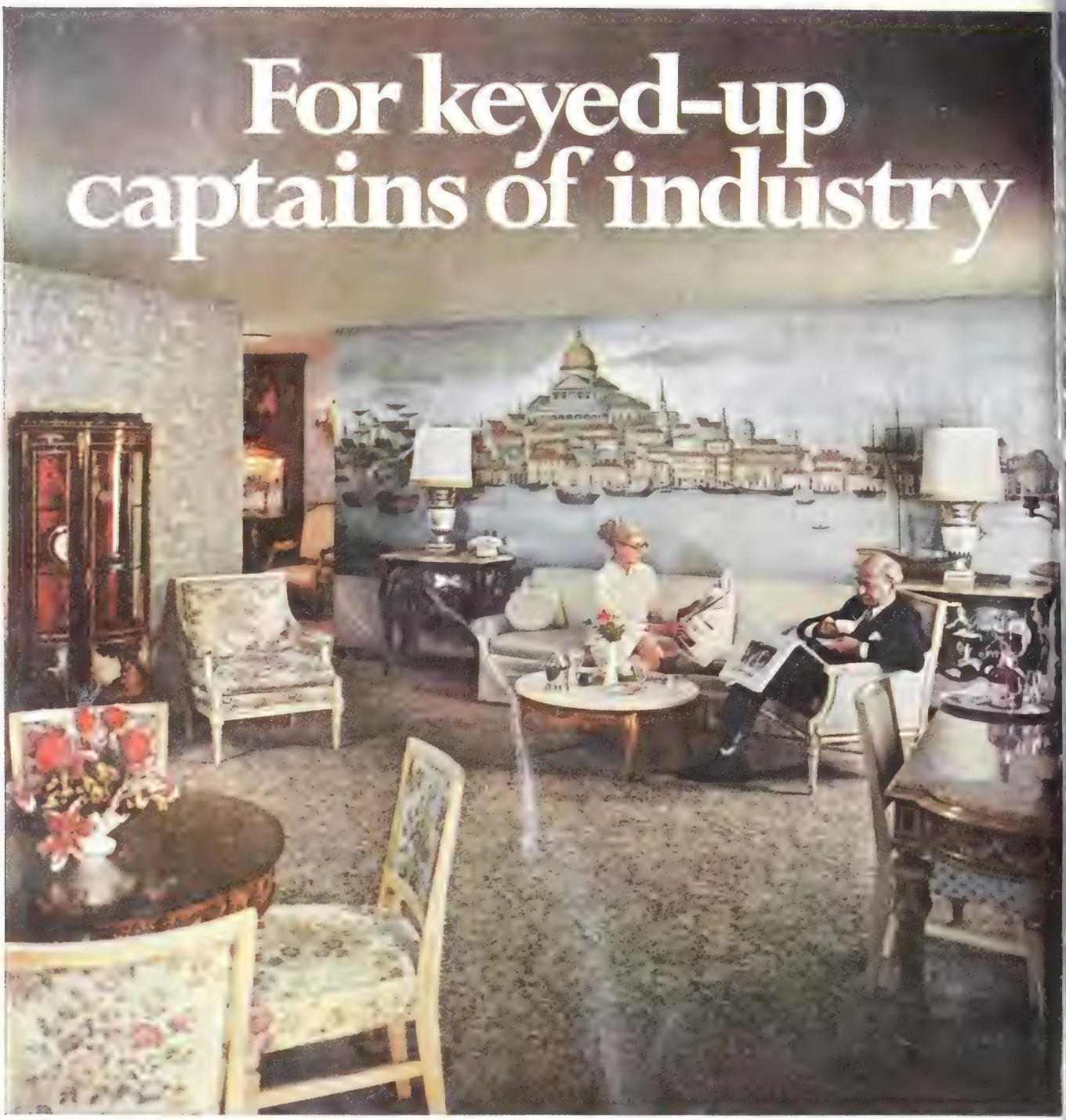
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JOHN HOLT
Boston, Mass.

When I got your last issue, I felt distrustful about the subject. I was expecting, as I knew him, another raucous tern from the tribe of *The New York Review of Books*. But you did it. You hatched an eagle. What special brand of vitamins did you feed Mailer to have suddenly such a writer? Just wonderful, and perceptive too.

GIORGIO DI SANTILLANA
MIT
Cambridge, Mass.

. . . I do not care for any more "reporting" with overtones of Yippies, Hippies, and Eldridge Cleaver. If Norman Mailer chooses to live that sort of life, let him—but please don't present it as *the* way of life, especially the way of life of young people in general. . . .

MRS. BARCLAY D. SAMSON
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JAMES H. FLEMING
Chicago, Ill.

So now you've gone and done it again—another entire (almost) issue given over to that horrible Mailer. What *is* this love affair? Are you planning to turn over your magazine every six months or so to air his bathroom philosophy? I did not subscribe to *Harper's* to be bludgeoned twice yearly by Mailer. Kindly refund me the price of the gyp November issue. Also, please let me know if you *are* planning future Mailer issues; if so, I'll subscribe to the *Atlantic Monthly*.

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TV Journalism

No one who has ever cussed and decried the generally poor quality of TV newscasting can seriously quarrel with any of the points raised in Robert MacNeil's article ["The News on TV and How It Is Unmade," October], but I would like to report that there *is* a bright spot in this sorry picture here in the San Francisco Bay area.

In September Channel 9, KQED, our educational channel, operating under a Ford Foundation grant, began to prove for an hour each evening, five nights a week, that a TV news show can, even as a good newspaper, shed some light on important events of our times. This outstanding program, which has already caused at least one commercial station in the area to alter its format, features none of the "action footage" or other razzle-dazzle which is a commonplace of most TV news coverage. Where the program wins out . . . lies in the management's willingness to allow the staff to explore subjects in depth. . . .

MacNeil charged that most TV news departments do not regard "digging for facts as (their) primary function," and that they tend to "subordinate the reporter's role" and for "recording action rather t probing significance." He would well pleased, I think, with KQE opposite approach to these mat which, coupled with a freedom f fear of sacred cows, has set "Newsroom" program some dist apart from other news shows in Bay Area.

WILLIAM R. WILL
Berkeley, C

Robert MacNeil's revelations how TV "unmakes the news" are surprising, given his BBC-type appointments in American TV. W is extraordinary is the quality of hypothesizing about TV and Vietnam War. He hypothesizes: exposing mass audiences to m vivid and more horrible battle eve than have ever before been brou into American homes *but by cutt out the most unbearable* it may that television has built up . . feeling that war is really bearab (my emphasis). . . . Where d MacNeil propose to fit into his pothesis the simple fact that th most exposed to the extreme u nesses of war, who can smell putrid horrors, who do not wa strangers dying on a small scr but comrades in agony alongs them, still do not notably turn i protestors against war? . . .

He makes a lengthy compla about the star system in TV jour ism. He ignores the same sort star system evolved in newspa journalism, *e.g.*, a James Res Walter Lippmann, Arthur Kr rising above the anonymities newspaper reporting by the fun mental mystery of a few people h ing sufficient individual talents to so. . . .

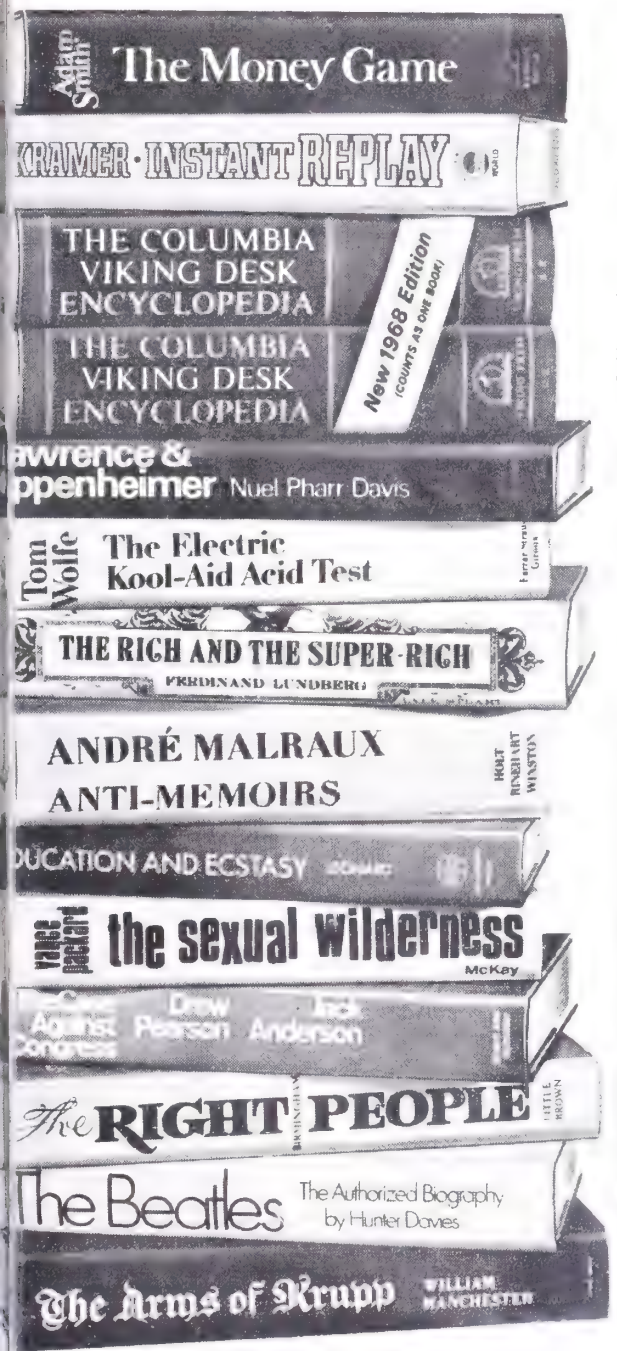
MacNeil's criticisms of the l of depth reporting on TV are standard complaint that has b made about journalism ever si there was anything like journali It is offered by those who, fortun enough to have been exposed to s scholarship, then assume that *jo nalism* should be *scholarship*. If M neil cannot accept this, what ab the steady complaints made ab the "lack of depth" in newspa journalism? We all know there one, and only one, *New York Tim* working hard to get depth into

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reporting. Of the hundreds of major newspapers in the nation percentage of these are trying the same? . . .

In his idealistic disregard of MacNeil does not consider th single journalistic organizatio cover the amount and variet today's significant news, as was when news coverage had infi smaller dimensions; nor doe want to count TV's camerame *its* reporters, seemingly because don't do it with a pencil. . . .

VICTOR M. RA
Hastings-on-Hudson,

Sentence of the

"Goodnight Chet, Goodnight D Goodnight Rosemarie," by Lar King [November] must be vote best convention reporting since great voice of H. L. Mencken spe its scorn.

For sentence of the year 196 place this King nugget in nom tion: "Senator Dirksen's face where God has kept his recor mankind's sins; his voice beckons innocent to merry romps among brimstones."

Goodnight, Mr. King, and h with more splendid reporting.

REV. WALDEMAR A. HA
Dayton, O

Nudging Mr. Ros

. . . Now I'm no Yeshiva-boc myself, but I do have an adden to Leo Rosten's Yiddish lexicon your October issue ["The Joys Yiddish"]. As one pseudo-Jew has a great affection for Yiddis must concur that illustration by ample is the only proper way to fine Yiddish words. Critical of Rosten I must be, however. He misses *chutzpa* as "nerve, effr tery," obviously inadequate expl tions for such a meaningful wo In fact, *chutzpa* describes the t of person who would kill his mot and father, then go into court plead for mercy on the basis that is an orphan. That, Mr. Rosten, *chutzpa*! Enough nudging. Mazel t Mr. Rosten, and as soon as I sh back to Brooklyn, I'll pick up y book.

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LETTERS

"The Joys of Yiddish" is delight
but *shmegegge* does not refer
"hot air," "baloney," or "nonsen
It means "a jerk" or "a fool"—p
and simple. . . . A *macher* is no
"show-off" by any stretch of eve
Yiddish imagination. It means
"big wheel" or a "power," by
ference, one who has a finger
many pies, or irons in the fire.
might appear to be carping whe
point out these items in an oth
wise excellent article. Neverthele
since Mr. Rosten himself speaks
the range, variety, and nuances
herent in Yiddish, he should perh
have been a bit more careful
assigning definitions, because t
differences in meaning are unqu
tionable.

MRS. LILLIE F. ROS
New York, N.

Scranton Resurrecti

I read with great care Jo
Fischer's informative and encoura
ing report on the activities of t
Appalachian Regional Commissi
["The Easy Chair: The Lazar
Twins in Pennsylvania," Novembe
. . . But I would like to add th
though our Lazarus now enjo
robust economic health, he is st
mentally comatose. Had Mr. Fisch
the leisure to probe more deeply,
would have discovered that Scrant
(where I was born, reared, and ed
cated through college) does in fa
have a black ghetto which, if it
not so large or squalid as others,
nevertheless socially and economica
ly repressive; that the expandin
colleges in the area restrict the
promise by refusing to cooperate co
lectively or think in terms of the
overall relationship to the area; tha
Scranton and most of the othe
towns he mentioned are still yoke
to inept political leadership that a
proaches modern problems with th
political concepts of ethnic stratif
cation mandated by conditions o
decades past. . . . The Appalachia
Regional Commission will only touc
the periphery of this malaise. . . .

With its size, location, and wealth
of people Scranton has the potentia
to pioneer in the attack on municipa
problems. Whether it actually will i
doubtful.

GREGORY T. WOL
Chapel Hill, N.C.

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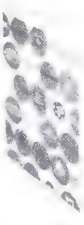
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The Easy Chair *by John Fischer*

LETTER FROM LEETE'S ISLAND:

Field Notes on the Manners, Morals, and Customs of the Connecticut Yankee

When I was growing up in Texas, I learned that New Englanders are a mean-spirited race, stingy, Puritanical, taciturn, and shrewd. This was received doctrine in a family which consisted on one side of unrepentant Confederates and on the other of poor farmers who had for generations believed that they were harshly used by Yankee mortgage-holders in Boston and Hartford.

Now that I have been living among Yankees for nearly a year, I am beginning to suspect that such a view—still common throughout much of the South and West might be a little myopic. They are indeed peculiar people, different in many ways from the Americans I have known elsewhere; but the differences are not what I had expected. Hence these notes on what I have discovered so far about the real character of New Englanders, or at least their Coastal Connecticut subculture.

The observation post, or blind, for these sightings is an old yellow farm house perched on a bluff above the shore of Leete's Island. It is a good spot for surveillance: to the south, of the gulls and sail boats on Long Island Sound, to the north, of Yankee behavior. To the east and west lie woods, alarmingly overpopulated with woodchucks who also need some surveillance if I can ever get around to it.

Four hundred years ago the Island actually was one, a member in good standing of the archipelago now known as The Thimbles. The shallows between it and the Connecticut mainland gradually silted up, however, and turned into salt marshes. When causeways were thrown across these marshes to carry a road and the New Haven railway, Leete's Island became, to all intents, a peninsula; but during big hurricanes it turns back into an island again for two or three days at a stretch.

Few New Yorkers have ever heard of it (as I had not until a couple of years ago) but, unknowingly, most of them see a bit of it every day. For much of New York City is built of Leete's Island granite, a distinctive pinkish-gray stone which forms the spine of the peninsula. Because glaciers had scoured away much of the top soil, the granite was easy to quarry and it could be loaded directly onto barges for cheap shipment to the city, a hundred miles to the southwest. It was used, therefore, to build such monuments as the Brooklyn Bridge and the base of the Statue of Liberty, and also for street curbings and the stonework in many an office building—including Two Park Avenue, where this magazine is published. The quarry—the only industry the Island ever had—is closed now; it couldn't compete with reinforced concrete. But the families of a few of its Italian and Croatian stonecutters still live in the neighborhood.

Although some of them have been around for generations, they are still regarded as newcomers—as my wife and I will be, for as long as we live. Fair enough, too. A really settled resident in these parts is someone like my neighbors, William and Lawrer Leete. They raise dairy cattle and c cord wood on land which came do to them from an earlier Willi Leete, the first governor of colon Connecticut. He landed in 1639 wi the shipload of English emigran who founded the village of Guilfo four miles east of here. Their nam are all listed in the local recor although the name of the ship—a 3 tonner—somehow has been misla Of the twenty-five names on that li fifteen are still common in the tow ship. So much for the myth of Ame can hyper-mobility.*

For my purposes, the Leete's Isla business district is just the right si It provides the necessities for bodi and spiritual comfort, but no more

It consists of three wooden buil ings, all painted the same dull sha of red. The largest is Bill Robinson store, not much bigger than a freig car but roomy enough to stock t essentials, from bread and tobacco The New York Times. On the oth side of the parking lot is the liqu shop, run by Noreen Contois and h Great Dane, who may well be the mo

The Quinnipiac Indians gladly s Guilford Township to the colonists, cause for generations they had be fighting a losing war with the Mohaw and Pequots. At the time of the deal, Quinnipiac tribe was down to forty-sev men and in danger of being wiped out the next Mohawk raid. So much for t myth of the noble savage, supposed happy and tranquil until the coming the whites.

What could a blind Greek poet know?



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popular resident of the Island. He suffers, alas, from cysts in his feet which make it necessary for him to wear stockings. All the men hereabouts whose feet are big enough save up their worn socks for him.

The third building is the railway station, about the size of a box stall, with a dirt floor and a plank bench along the back wall. Since the New Haven line has long been in bankruptcy, the station hasn't been painted in living memory and its scabrous appearance is an embarrassment to the community. A few years back Bert Stickney wrote the manager of the road, offering to paint the station at his own expense. He got back a nice letter saying thank you, no; if nonunion labor so much as laid a brush on any New Haven structure, the company would have a strike on its hands.

Anyhow the station does provide shelter from the rain and a frayed tie with the outside world. A one-car local stops there twice a day—at 7:15 A.M., heading for Stony Creek, Pine Orchard, and eventually New York, and again at 6:00 in the evening, on its way back toward Guilford and New London. Usually it carries at least one Leete's Island passenger each way, and on summer weekends it may have five or six. Some days, of course, it doesn't show up. The New Haven's venerable rolling stock tends to get discouraged and quit under adversity such as a snowstorm, or a heavy dew.

As you can see, there is nothing superfluous about either the train service or the community it serves. After putting up for twenty-five years with the superfluities of New York—including noise, dirt, people, chaos, and a cornucopia of goodies that I don't want—I find the spareness of Leete's Island especially satisfying.

The business district is a strategic place for watching Islanders. For example, Dorothy Emery, a widow who lives just up the road in what used to be a quarryman's house; she and Jake, her late husband, turned its eleven acres, including an abandoned quarry pond, into the best example of landscaping on the Island. Or her next-door neighbor, Doc Holley, a retired Negro pharmacist and highly regarded elder of the community; he sent his son through Yale medical school, and his views are often sought on subjects ranging from local herbs to real-estate values.

A broader spectrum of Yankee character is on view just beyond the woods in Guilford, where chores or business take me a couple of times a week. After nearly four hundred years it is still a minute village, which looks as if it might have been designed by Grandma Moses as The Classic New England Country Town—complete with elm-shaded green, monument to the Union dead, white church spires, tinker's shop, Odd Fellows Hall, and lots of eighteenth-century saltbox homes. This appearance is entirely deceptive, for reasons to be noted in a moment.

Guilford is, however, full of prime specimen Yankees. One of my favorites is Doris Montgomery, who runs our bank: once the Guilford Trust Company, now a branch of the Second National of New Haven—the only *Second* National bank I ever heard of. I'm told that she is a sound banker with a firm grasp of computer bookkeeping and price-earnings ratios; that I'm not competent to judge, but I do know that she is a warm-natured woman who somehow makes her bank feel as comfortable as a farm kitchen. It is, apparently, a matriarchy. Occasionally I've glimpsed a man behind one of the back desks, but the important jobs—from the safe-deposit vault to the teller's windows—are all handled by women. There is a playpen, with assorted toys, in the lobby, and one of the girls is always glad to take domestic messages or mind a bag of groceries while a customer tends to other errands around town. For twenty-five years I had an account in a New York City bank just across the street from my office. In all that time none of the bank's employees ever learned to recognize me; every time I cashed a check I had to identify myself, and the teller invariably looked up my account to see if the balance would cover it. At Doris's bank all of the ladies knew me by the time of my second visit, and they apparently carry my balance in their pretty heads.

The boys in Page's hardware st next door to the bank, have this s knack. They now know as much ab my house maintenance problems do, and often tell me a better cheaper) way to mend a chest drawers or fence rabbits out of garden patch.

From such people, and a few do others whom I've come to know pre well, I am working out a tentat revision of my inherited concept New Englanders.

Taciturn they are not. At the d of a subject, they are willing to cuss anything, in a detail which e a New York taxi driver would c sider garrulous. They don't seem be notably Puritanical either n adays, although they do take th pleasures more quietly and discree than most of my Texas friends. It true that they generally are care about money—one of my neighb cuts his own hair—but since I'm close man with a nickel myself, t doesn't bother me.

What did puzzle me for quite while was their feelings about mon Stingy doesn't define it at all, an don't know any other word that quite right either.

Take the case of one of my nei bors. He owns several hundred ac of woodland and pasture, near shore and therefore worth at le $5,000 an acre. Any morning he co sell it to a subdivision developer enough to keep him in comfort the rest of his life, in a beach ch on Biscayne Bay or the Riviera. he keeps on, at well past middle a living the hard frugal life of a N England farmer—getting up at 5 A.M. to milk the cows, split cord wo mow salt hay, and plow the botto land with his team of big red Belgi draft horses. Clearly he likes t style of life better than any other can imagine. And his wife once plained, a little haltingly, that no ing could ever persuade them to s an acre . . . it had been in the fam a long time . . . they don't want Gu ford to turn into another suburbia they love the woods, and think them as a kind of private trust, to kept the way God made them, at least their lifetimes and ma longer.

To paraphrase Ada Louise H table, these are people who do

Mr. Fischer will desert Leete's Island from January through March this year to serve as Regents Professor at the Santa Cruz campus of the University of California.



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that the most beautiful thing
world is a buck.
s attitude is by no means uni-
, of course. We have plenty of
uck operators around here; they
for instance, despoiled several
of shoreline with a clutter of
on cabins. (If you scratch the
of almost any American you
ıd, I suspect, a trace of the land
ator.) But these public enemies
gely neutralized by other people
ave a genuine concern for the
nment. A suprising number of
seem intent on making a decent
ot just for their own families
r the whole community; and not
for today, but for the long

such is Helene Piggott, the
eal-estate agent I ever met who
hell-bent on converting every
le square foot of ground into
cash. She, instead, devotes a
part of her time to the Guilford
Conservation Trust, which is
ing, by gift or purchase, all the
land it can lay its hands on.
ner with the local Audubon
y it has rescued, in the nick of
ıundreds of acres of woods and
y marshes.

nean-spirited" is another term
ad to discard in thinking about
Englanders. "Shrewd," however,
ord I can stand by. I am com-
believe that in certain re-
they are smarter than most
cans I have known. At times
ven rise to a rare kind of wis-
ı the management of their com-
ıffairs. The rest of us could, I
learn a lot from them about
fficult art of city living.
living? Yes, that is exactly
I mean. For all of their bucolic
Guilford and its Leete's Island
are part of a great city: the
-Metropolis which blankets the
ic coast from Bangor, Maine, to
lk, Virginia. In an article which
ote for *Harper's* ten years ago,
opher Tunnard called it the
ic Urban Region. Washington
ers often describe it as The
east Corridor. Whatever you
it is a single blob of people—
million of them—concentrated
ix-hundred-mile strip with an
ge density of about a hundred
uare mile. Each of its segments
e's Island as well as Harlem,



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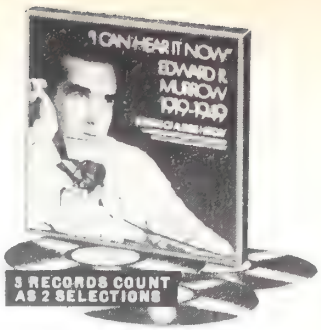
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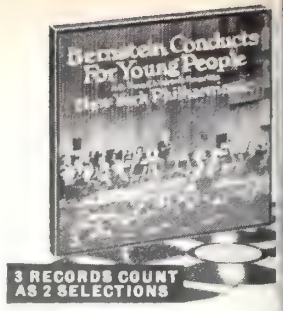
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2911-2912. Bernstein Conducts Great Romantic Symphonies
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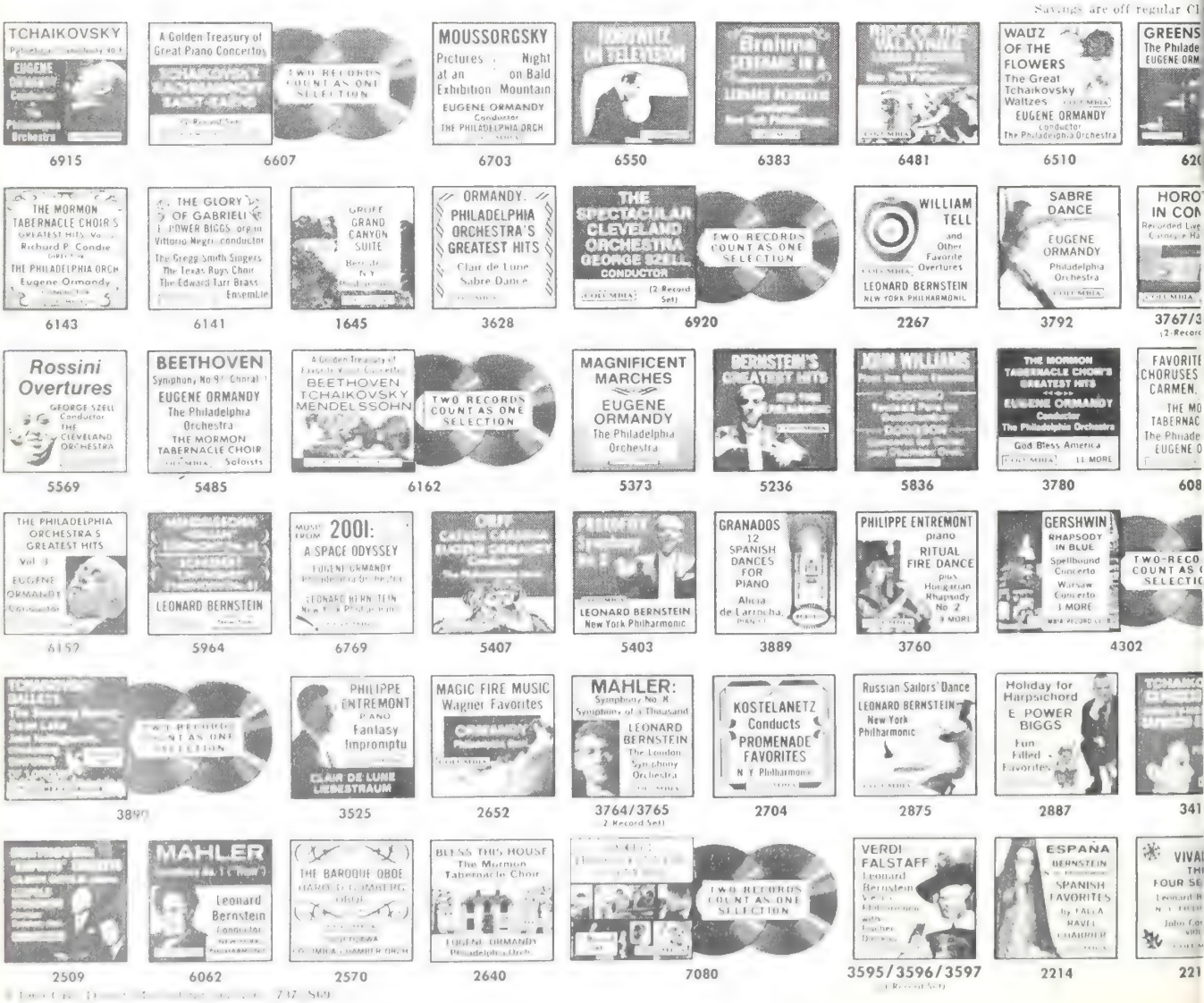
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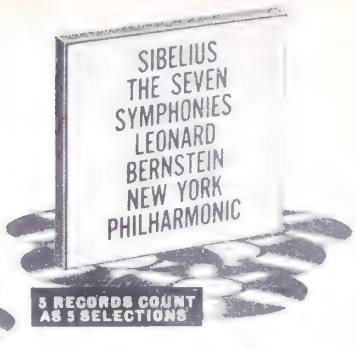
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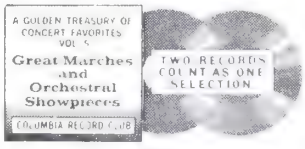
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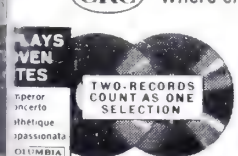
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Boston, and Baltimore—is tied to all the others with a thousand cords, mostly invisible. They are all interdependent, for their livelihood and their culture. Their big problems are common ones, which none of the component communities can solve alone. But the Connecticut Yankees are tackling these problems, it seems to me, with better sense than most of the other people who inhabit the Super-City.

For one thing, they don't huddle so close together. When you drive through Connecticut, much of it looks like farming country or even wilderness. But this is a happy illusion. The whole state is essentially industrial; only 3 per cent of its people make their living from farming. All the rest work in factories, or in the service trades—from filling stations to universities—which are industry's handmaidens. Yet most of Connecticut's manufacturing is not jammed together in huge, grimy, slum-raddled concentrations, such as New York's garment district or the steel centers of Gary and Pittsburgh. (There are a few exceptions, such as Bridgeport and New Haven; but even they are comparatively small cities, and they are coping rather hopefully with their typical urban woes.) The distinctive characteristic of the state's industry is its scatteration through hundreds of little towns and open countryside. Modern technology makes this kind of site planning feasible for a wide range of industry.

Guilford, for example—in spite of its Grandma Moses guise—is really a manufacturing town. It has more than thirty factories, making a broad variety of products: pharmaceuticals, magnetic wire, conveyor belts, precision tools, flexible tubing, electrical fittings, and photocopiers, to mention only a few. Yet it has no "factory district." The plants are dotted at wide intervals all over the 46 square miles of the township. One occupies a converted trolley barn; others are tucked away in the forest or screened by landscaping so that a casual visitor is unlikely to notice them.

All of them are fairly small, with work forces ranging from three or four men up to a couple of hundred. Most are in fields requiring modern technology, or at least considerable skill; wages, as a result, are relatively high. A case in point is the Guilford Brass Foundry, a mile down the road from our home. It is a modest shop, no bigger than a good-sized barn, surrounded on three sides by woods. To my wife it looked like just the place to take a prized old brass kettle which needed mending. The manager looked at it with interest, but shook his head.

"Twenty years ago we would have been glad to take on this kind of job," he said, "but we can't do it now. We're too busy trying to catch up on our orders for radar components."

He sent her instead to Tinker Hubbard, an elderly gentleman who can fix anything from a lawn mower to a turret lathe. Such work is as much hobby as profession, since he comes from an Old Family and owns a lot of land hereabout.

A Guilford factory hand can go home for lunch, if he is of a mind to, often on foot. He is more than likely to own a skiff with an outboard motor, which he uses for fishing on evenings and weekends, and a shotgun for hunting ducks in the marshes. Oysters, clams, and mussels are a familiar part of his diet, since they can be had for the taking, in season, in a dozen bays and estuaries. (I have collected the makings of an unsurpassable *moules marinières* in ten minutes from the tidal ledge at the edge of our yard; in a New York restaurant it would cost at least five dollars.) Anyone who can't be bothered to catch his own fish can pick them up at the town harbor, which accommodates a small commercial fishing fleet. And the three markets offer excellent locally grown meats and vegetables at prices a Manhattan housewife wouldn't believe.

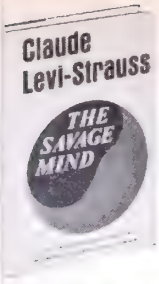
All this may have something to do with the fact that none of my informants could remember when Guilford last had a strike—although several factories are organized and labor is anything but "docile." (Docility is not a Yankee characteristic.) The men aren't afraid for their jobs, either, because unemployment is negligible; jobs are going a-begging, in fact, in a number of trades.

That is one reason why the town's welfare budget is only $16,675 for the current year. The other is that hardly anybody is willing to go on the poor rolls so long as he (or she) can lift a hand. I know several grandmothers who are ironing shirts and cleaning other people's homes when they ... to be in bed nursing their ar... Such work is not, however, re... as unrespectable. Nor is any ... work, so far as I can tell, con... menial or dead-end. On the c... a man is not fully respected ... he can turn his hand to mos... thing, from rough carpentry ... trical repairs. Most people a... *like* manual labor, apparently. Gordon, a highschool boy who ... times helps around my yard, ... his hair fashionably long, but ... holds down eight part-time jo... from hunger but because he is ... money to pay for his car and ... boat and college fees. As I ... peculiar people.

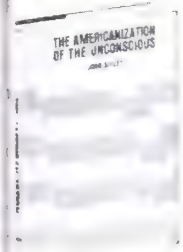
Hardly anybody around h... either very rich or very poo... one home, built to house the art... tion of the retired director ... search for Olin Mathieson, is ... elaborate, although a good ... of homes on Sachem's Hea... Clapboard Hill Road sugges... their owners are, in the local ... "comfortably well-off." On the ... hand, there are no slums. The ... dwelling is a modest frame ... often (like my own) more ... century old. A few look c... or shabby; but nearly all of ... except those in the center of ... lage have a little land, often ... acres, fringed with sumac and ... per and lilac. Both woods and ... are within easy walking distan... any active youngster, sinc... rivers wind through the tow... and much of its land is in p... owned forest.

There is no ghetto either. N... have lived in Guilford ever si... was an underground railway s... before the Civil War, and incr... numbers of Puerto Ricans hav... moving in recently to work ... factories. They live all ove... place, wherever they can find a ... That isn't easy, because bu... land seldom comes on the mark... mortgage interest rates are ... The resulting housing sh... forces some workers to comm... Guilford from as far as New H... sixteen miles to the west.

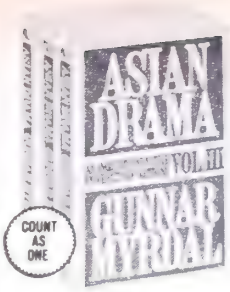
Nevertheless the town is ... ing—cautiously and reluctantly ... towns I knew out West all wan... grow as fast as possible, and ...





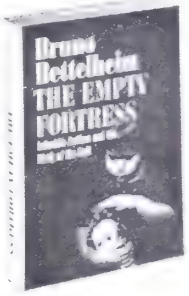


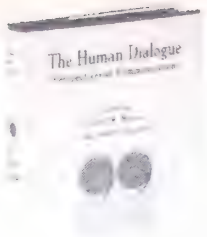






















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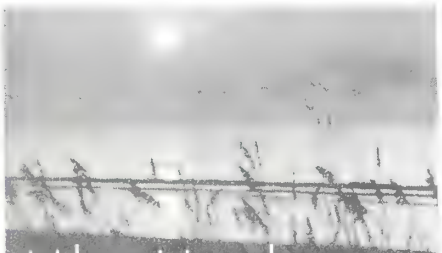
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WILLIAM HILTON INN
SEA PINES PLANTATION

comed any new business firm, from a slaughterhouse to a strip-tease joint. Not Guilford. By common consent, it encourages only those businesses which are "consistent with . . . the community character," and then only when "subject to strict controls on nuisances and pollution." These controls are set forth in a tight zoning code and in the "Comprehensive Plan of Development"—a document adopted four years ago after many months of study and debate in town meetings. It anticipates a doubling of the township's population, to about 20,000, by 1985. Most people aren't happy about that, but they realize that no community within the Atlantic Urban Region can escape the population explosion. Hence the plan, which is intended to channel the coming growth in an orderly and rational fashion, and to provide in advance for the necessary schools, sewerage lines, roads, parklands, beaches, and public buildings.

To my amateur eye, it is a thoughtful piece of work—an ingenious accommodation of tradition to change. It was drafted by the town's professional planning staff, with the help of an outside consulting firm, but it reflects pretty accurately (I think) the feelings of the whole community. It turned out that way for two reasons.

First of all, Guilford is small enough and stable enough to be a true community. Everybody knows everybody else, or feels he does. Personal, responsive government is still possible. One day soon after we moved here a rainstorm clogged up a culvert under our road and sent a small flood streaming into the garden. When I asked Douglas MacLise next door what I ought to do about it, he said: "Why, call Milton Bullard, of course." Mr. Bullard is our First Selectman—in effect, the Mayor. He answered his phone at once, and said he would see what could be done. No promises; but before midafternoon the town engineer had unplugged the culvert. Only someone accustomed to the sluggish labyrinths of New York bureaucracy can understand how miraculous that seemed.

Mr. Bullard, and the other two selectmen, and the planning and zoning commissioners, and everybody else at Town Hall can't help knowing how their bosses feel about any given subject, even before it c up in town meeting. They talk good share of us every day.

The other reason is an aspe the Yankee character. It seems contagious, spreading from the timers to the Italian, Croat, P Rican, and Texan newcomers wh trying, like myself, to become Englanders by adoption. N everybody is infected with a concern for the present state o community, and its future.

This does not make for a p and harmonious atmosphere. I seen old friendships broken u such explosive questions as th sign of the new police sta (Should its architecture be ern or phony-colonial? The pl colonialists won, and their oppon including most of the res architects, are still fuming.)

But it does mean that every gets discussed until it is fraye the edges, in our weekly paper, the bank lobby, and Bill Robins store. It means that busy men— pany presidents, Yale professors, Al DeBay (who, being a carpe is probably the busiest of all) vote their considerable talent community affairs. When a conclu does emerge—right or wrong—i likely to represent fairly well sense of the meeting. This, I gu is what is meant by "participa democracy." An exhausting exer but bracing.

When I was in high schoo learned from Don Marquis, one my literary heroes, about The Aln Perfect State. I have been look for it—and writing about it, in way or another—ever since; tho I am no longer so hopeful as I o was of finding it in one lifeti Now, as time gets short, I would willing to settle for The Reasona Decent Society. And, with a nerv glance at my Confederate ancest I am about ready to admit that th New Englanders may know so thing about it that the rest of don't. At least they are trying h to create a little part of the Sup City which will combine modern dustry with a humane way of l and a respect for the land, the wa and the past. How they come might well be a matter of some int est to the rest of America.

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President Nixon and Vietnam

by David Halberstam

"It would be a mistake to ... conclude that would not be enough."
—General Philippe Leclerc to Paul Mus, Indochina, 1945.

There was a time, almost seven years ago in Saigon, when a steady stream of high American diplomats and generals would arrive at Tan Son Nhut airport and the television cameras would push forward to catch the words of these new arrivals because they were officials and their words were weighty. They were good men, all of them, or almost all, and they would talk about imminent victory, and then we whose words were not so weighty would listen, at first surprised, then cynical, and eventually amused at this procession. Finally Neil Sheehan, then with UPI and only twenty-five years old, would laugh and say, "Another foolish Westerner come to lose his reputation to Ho Chi Minh."

The story is particularly apropos right now because Lyndon Johnson, who once talked of Ho Chi Minh in terms of coonskins, is leaving office to return to Johnson City and to teach history and political science, and is being replaced by a man who has a chance, one chance and a very good one, of ending the war. Mr. Nixon will enter the White House enjoying the benefit of the doubt both from those who voted for him and those who did not. He knows the nation is tired of the war, and if he has as keen a political sense as his friends think, he must know by now that the war is unwinnable. He will be able to handle, should he seek peace, the one faction of Congress which partially supports the war, the Republicans. Most important, he is freed from past decisions and past mistakes; indeed, he can do what no one in official Washington has been able to do in the past—he can actually say that the war was a mistake and a miscalculation. The country will believe him.

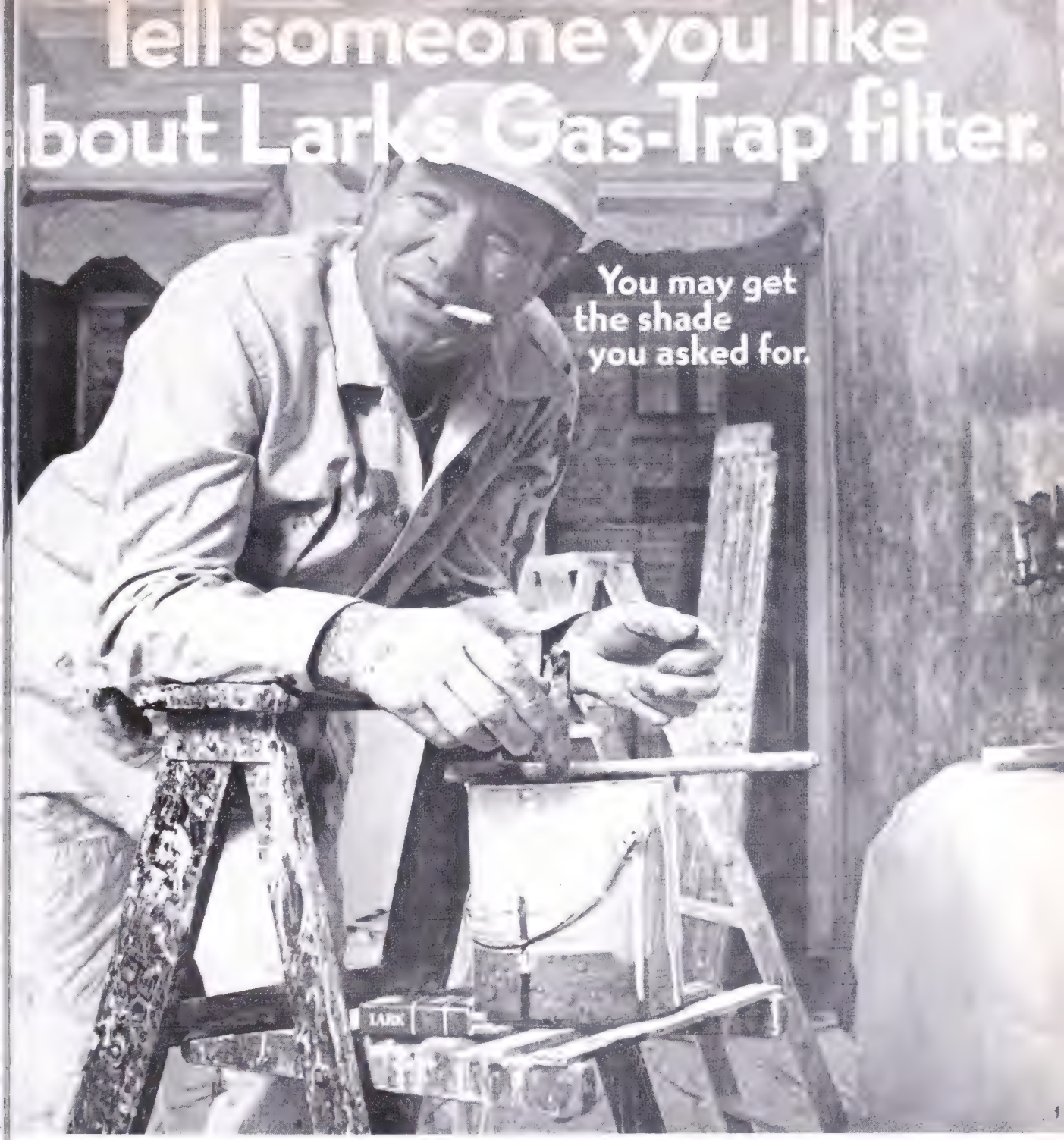
He will have that chance. Perhaps one chance, and it will come and go very quickly, for Vietnam is not just a quagmire, it is a tar-baby as well. It will not be easy for President Nixon. The North Vietnamese will not be particularly generous or flexible; they have come a long wa fought a long time for this, an senses they are perfectly willin content to go a longer way and a longer time for the settlement demand. Even a dovish Pres would probably be surprised b stiffness of their terms. Yet Pr dent Nixon, because *he* can be ible, can settle at terms that Jo Johnson never could. We had mitted 500,000 men and $30 b a year and about two-thirds of don Johnson's ego to Vietnam last was the most difficult to cate. Nixon's chance will come haps in the first four months, if he fails, then his speeches have to justify the war, and failure to end the war, and so will no longer be Johnson's wa will be Nixon's. He will find hi justifying it more and more, slowly but surely, without realizing it, he will be pulled b powerful currents around him the same course as Johnson. though Johnson and his staff w leaving Washington, and Rusk be leaving State, the institut pull at both State and Defense t tify the war and to continue pr policy will be surprisingly st There will, yes, be a notch or more of flexibility but both of t giant, powerful institutions wi far from admitting that the last years, all those speeches, all t meetings were one terrible mis Since Hanoi will seem, to Amer eyes, to be intransigent and sinc generals will promise the usual minent victory in return for a more troops, the temptations Nixon to hold out will be very g He will be dependent upon the erals, he will have to accept t interpretation, and we will be to where we were before, only w For if after this election, afte the protest, there is no move to he war, then the entire rhythm protest will be speeded up. Pe who were writing letters in the



"You always say you just want to dance."

Harper's Magazine, January

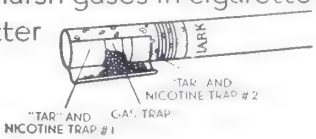
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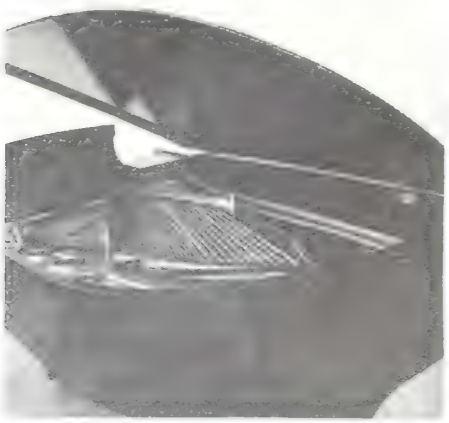
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will go into the streets, and the
year of the Johnson Administra
will seem in retrospect a time
tranquility.

The real problem is mere hu
vanity; it is hard to explain this
people, the young radicals look
for some deep Marxian explanati
This whole sad, tragic business is
economic. It has been powerful n
with vast egos, acting out the n
takes of the past as though it w
mandatory to do so. Each time t
came to a crossroads and were fa
with a choice of plunging us furt
into something that was at b
dubious, or admitting to a mista
they plunged us further and dee
into it, putting their own feeling
infallibility above decency and co
mon sense.

Now Mr. Nixon [illegible] to
Presidency largely because of t
war, and there is no longer a cha
for a middle ground. He will not la
for strategists willing to explain t
war, the need for toughness, the ne
to show an [illegible] symboli
Hanoi a sense of purpose—just a f
more bombs, a few more targets,
few more men, the end is around t
corner. One remembered, in Aug
1967 Robert Komer, the chief of pa
fication, a poor man's Rostow, goi
around to the dinner parties telli
people that he had told the Preside
not to worry about the war, for
would not be an election issue.

The fact is that for twenty-t
years the generals and their prop
gandists have been wrong, terri
wrong, about Indochina, and they a
wrong now. The enemy has to
political superiority, his syste
works, and he can keep coming, a
he feels he was cheated at Geneva
1954.

This war is hurting the Vietn
mese more than it is helping the
it is weakening the U. S. throughou
the world and tearing it apart
home. One can rationalize forev
how it happened—all the chicke
coming home to roost during t
Johnson Administration, Johnson il
served by all the Kennedy adviser
Johnson's own fatal misunderstan
ing of power—but all that is pas
First it was McNamara's War. Th
Rusk's War. Then Johnson's Wa
One hopes it will not become Nixon
War.

ings Brand X and Brand Y simply nnot offer you in First Class.

the interest of free enter- d the spirit of competition, would like to enumerate the ges of buying a first class om BOAC.

nce we're in the flying busi- e'll start with flying ma- And we must admit that any antic jet can take you up, up ıy and make the going great. ıt we have a jet called the that's really something else. you off the ground and up blue 25% quicker than an or- jet. Offers a virtually noise- e, thanks to its rear-mounted . And a revolutionary seat ıtours itself to your shape ports your posterior, instead owing you up in mounds of ing.

e send both VC 10's and Rolls-Royce 707's from New York to Britain 48 times a week. Neither X nor Y offers as many flights. And though you only need one, it might as well be one that's convenient to your schedule.

Nor can our competition offer you this choice of gateways to Britain: London, Manchester, Glasgow, Belfast. So if you're headed for Ireland, Scotland or Northern England, we can let you off closer to where you want to be.

We cannot claim our sumptuous seven-course meals, accompanied by vintage wines and served on fine bone china will taste any more delicious than X and Y's seven-course meals, accompanied by fine wines...etc.

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Harper's PUZZLE

Acrostickler® No. 6

by Henry Allen

(Solution to Harper's Puzzle No. 6 will appear in the February issue. For solution to last month's Puzzle No. 5, consult Table of Contents.)

A

70 126 192 80 196 216 134 102 220 One of the lands claimed for citizenship by the Acrostician.

B

224 92 124 48 190 30 144 212 "I shall spare [illegible] of having descended below the dignity of history if I can succeed in placing before the English of the nineteenth century a true picture of the life of their ancestors." Macaulay, *History of England*

C

202 50 130 12 54 40 Mar; make worse.

D

96 208 160 210 4 194 222 146 84 140 What the [illegible] on 5 5

E

158 172 60 100 26 58 Fall over.

F

162 20 76 82 174 206 What Judaism, Christianity, and Islam have in common (3,3).

G

116 156 204 88 214 Triple crown.

H

186 52 200 86 18 Of a ship or boat, to stop before the wind (3,2).

I

168 14 6 104 The character for whom Wagner's Wedding March was written.

J

184 68 154 132 An arch with two S-shaped curves meeting at the apex.

K

56 152 122 64 The harnessing pole of a wagon.

L

148 78 62 176 22 42 36 150 164 A method of betting at sea (1,4,4).

M

166 138 142 90 178 94 170 34 180 Look to the side of an obstruction; get acquainted with an area (3,6).

N

[illegible] 74 "So your chimneys I sweep, and in _____ I sleep." Blake, "The Chimney Sweeper."

O

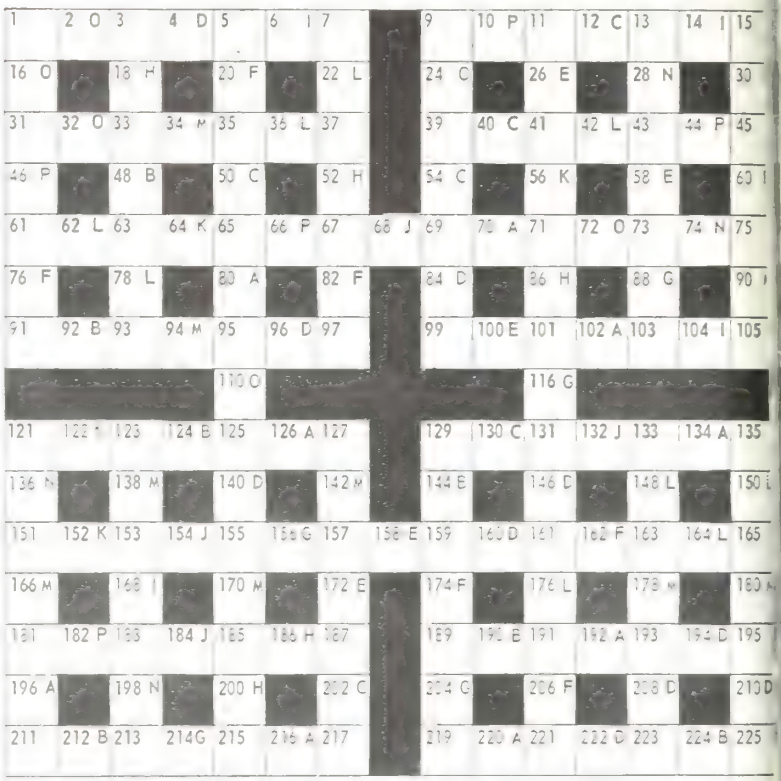
110 72 32 2 16 24 Hurt; harm.

P

46 44 66 182 10 "When I'm playful I use the meridians of longitude and parallels of latitude for a _____, and drag the Atlantic Ocean for whales." Mark Twain, Life on the Mississippi.

DIRECTIONS

(1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on word.
(2) When an answer consists of two or more words, numbers in parentheses following the clue indicate each word's length.
(3) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
(4) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



ACROSS

1. Is this weapon particularly dangerous to a girl?
9. It happens with a pound, a shilling, and a fable.
31. Third year man is not a major (1,6).
39. Danced and fell all at once.
61. One way to describe the Acrostician (8,7).
91. The pangs of conscience of that telegrapher again?
99. My pal's son is relating to marriage.
121. Recreation area for automobiles or storage, perhaps? (3,4).
129. Pinches may be wedge-shaped, strangely enough.
151. Perhaps in space, but not here, certainly (5, 2, 3, 5).
181. The senor signs up with twice fifty.
189. Gall won the tool for punching thick leather, it seems (4,3).
211. Hearts and tea for men's cultural pursuits (3,4).
219. Bacon strips that are mostly shears.

DOWN

1. More gross than the ass in the middle.
3. Routs, I'm sure, result from the travel business.
5. Nero, Peter, or Victoria, for example, for an extra-long foot? (2,8,5).
7. Kind of trap that's less than a spaniel and more than a fountain
9. The bees swarm around Tim early.
11. Toss in the breezes and throw away (5,2,3,5).
13. Eros, pal, may make for poor hearers in a dog (3,4).
15. A knell or a lapsed one (3,4).
121. Agree to place a coin around a mixed-up son.
123. Reveres, but go back again.
127. Is the skein so entangled in the Incarnation?
129. Loch Sar is the place for the researcher.
133. Tell about the near art you know.
135. Spoils in a fishy sort of way?

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guest in a Japanese home . . . or for an

JAPAN AIR LINES



When Bert Simon decided to install a computer, five companies turned out to help him make up his mind.

Bert Simon is President of Simon Stores, Inc., a chain of retail stores headquartered in Oakland, California.

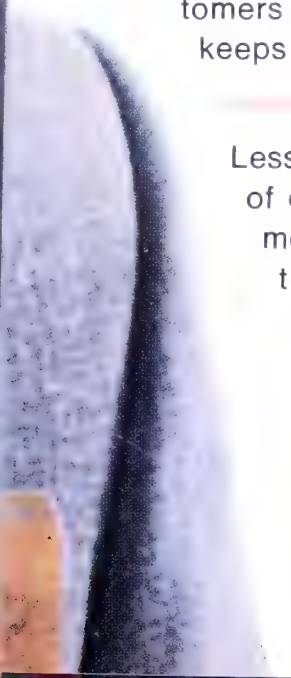
When his grandfather founded the business at the turn of the century, it was a simple shop selling secondhand tools to local tradesmen. Today, Simon's is a modern version of a country store where a man can buy anything from a brass bolt to a diamond ring.

"Last year we decided to install a small computer," relates Mr. Simon. "A simple matter—so we thought. But when word got around, to our surprise, five computer companies were interested in submitting competitive bids. All the equipment was first class. It took six months of studying and thinking before we made up our minds.

"We finally decided to go with IBM. What impressed us was how much their people knew about our business; how well they understood our special problems—and how to solve them.

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Harper's
magazine

Eric F. Goldman

THE WHITE HOUSE AND THE INTELLECTUALS

The inside story of LBJ's Festival of the Arts and the artists and writers who participated.

In February 1965 the White House Social Secretary, Mrs. Bess Abell, stopped by my office. She had been looking ahead on the White House calendar, Mrs. Abell said. Spring would soon be here and how about doing something "cultural" that would go well with the season? After all, the Kennedys had made a great hit with the dinner for the Nobel Prize winners and the Casals concert. Of course we didn't want to imitate the Kennedys, but could I think of something along that line?

Bess Abell had a way of talking about "culture" that made me wince, and at the moment my mind was far away, concentrated on a quite different type of project for President Johnson. But her inquiry brought to the fore several thoughts that had been in the back of my head. I was more interested than ever in having the White House throw its prestige behind the recognition and encouragement of an elite of talent in the United States. A Great Society of Medicare, air-pollution controls, and similar reforms was fine, but the beginning of LBJ's legislative successes in these fields simply made more glaring how little the nation was doing to bring intellectual and artistic creativity closer to the daily lives of its people. I also had not lost my urge to help in trying to establish some degree of rapport between the President and the better-educated groups in metropolitan America, and obviously that purpose would be furthered by a demonstration of White House interest in the arts. Then too, my office contained its own pressure group—my chief assistant at this time, Dr. Barbaralee D. Diamonstein, a gifted young woman with a special flair for the arts who for weeks had been urging me to give greater attention to ways by which the White House could encourage the cultural renaissance occurring in many American communities. And withal, there was the matter of the newly established National Council on the Arts, which could use some projection before the public.

All of these considerations coalesced in my mind as Bess Abell talked in my office, and I suggested a specific project: a "White House Festival of the Arts," an outgoing, warm, colorful White House salute to the Americans who were building up the museums and symphonies in the local communities, organizing reading and discussion groups, staging their own art festivals. Ignore all the elements of

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phoniness and status-seeking in these activities, I added. There are better and worse ways to strive for status and to be phony, and there is also something genuine and healthy in all this.

The festival would be thoroughly Johnsonian in that it would be an across-the-board representation of many of the arts. It would give the new council a prominent and appropriate role, and associate the White House with the interest that was exciting the suburban communities. In the way of such conversations, the more I talked, the more enthusiastic I became. I saw the halls of the White House covered with contemporary American paintings, the South Lawn alive with sculpture, composers' works being performed in the beautiful old rooms, and writers reading from their works beneath portraits of John Adams and Abraham Lincoln. The President of the United States would greet his guests with the appropriate and convincing attitude: A lot of this is not my kettle of fish but it is live and interesting and part of the America of the 1960s and the White House is happy to join in celebrating and encouraging it, as it is glad to salute the vitality of our people in all fields.

Bess Abell liked the "splash" such a festival would make. But the more specific I became, the more she pulled back. "Writers and artists," she said. "These people can be troublesome." I shifted the subject and went on to a routine matter that mutually concerned us.

In the LBJ White House, autonomy reigned—or rather, autonomy is the polite word for it. The spokes ran to the center of the wheel, as was said, and if you wanted something done you moved along your spoke, avoiding adjoining ones which you knew could foul the machinery. As soon as I got a pressing matter for the President out of the way, I sent him a memorandum recommending a White House Festival of the Arts.

In view of the purpose later widely attributed to the festival, and the insistence that it was hastily put together to blunt the mounting criticism of the President's foreign policy among intellectuals and artists, it should be noted that the memorandum was sent to the President on February 25, 1965, before he ordered continuous bombing of North Vietnam and before the Dominican intervention, and hence before there was any great outcry against his foreign policy. The original date suggested for the festival was April 12, which gave a little more than six weeks for preparation, an ample period in view of the special resources of the White Hou The festival was not to be directed primarily intellectuals and artists, the memo stated. The ba guest list would consist of "the people who ha been encouraging the arts in their local commu ties . . . the chairmen of existing state commissio on the arts . . . and the heads of representative loc symphonic associations, art societies, museu boards, etc." In consonance with this approach, t presentations at the festival would be confined to t major interest being shown in communities arou the country, contemporary works by Americans.

Nothing in the memo suggested that Lynd Johnson was supposed to emerge faunlike as a de otee of the arts. In the manner of the LBJ Whi House, the memo included a "suggested scenari (the word "scenario" was *de rigueur* in the days Jack Valenti) outlining just what would happe when, and what the role of the President and t First Lady would be. The festival would run fro 10:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M. Mrs. Johnson's particip tion was left to her own inclinations; the Pres dent's was pinpointed. He would appear at the clos of the afternoon for the reception and for his r marks, which I planned to make a statement of flexible Presidency, in which the Chief Executiv joined with and encouraged worthwhile trends i the country whether or not he had a personal inte est in them. He would eat a buffet dinner with th guests and then, if the world stayed quiet lon enough, remain for the evening's presentations.

The memo came back with approving notes b both the President and Mrs. Johnson. Just wha happened thereafter I do not know except tha final clearance did not come until May 23. Whe Valenti and I got together to fix a new date, th latest feasible time on the President's schedul turned out to be June 14.

What was President Johnson's motive in approv ing the festival? Of course I have no way of being sure. No doubt he thought it would help ingratiate him with people interested in the arts. But my distinct impression is that he originally reacted favorably to the suggestion largely because, t use his phrase for such matters, he considered it a "nice thing" to do. Between the time of his first interest in the festival and the final approval, he had ordered continuous bombing of North Vietnam, and the criticism had flared in intellectual and artistic circles. Perhaps then he started thinking of the festival in terms of a tool to quiet opposition to the war. But I doubt whether this was ever a major consideration; he simply did not take the festival that seriously. Overall he appeared to think of it as a pleasant day, the sort of thing a President ought to do in view of all the interest in art around the nation, one that would particularly please the ladies, and that was that.

May 23, the okay; June 14, the festival—only twenty-two days. Never had the leisurely world of the arts had it so furiously. Miss Diamonstein and I divided the festival into seven major cate-

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gories: painting, sculpture, literature, music (serious and jazz), the dance, the cinema, and photography. Of course the painting, sculpture, and photography would be exhibited, the films would be shown, the music, drama, and dance performed, and the literature presented in the form of readings. No effort was made to pick the "best" in any field; in addition to being silly, this would have been inappropriate for the White House.

In a bedlam of conferences and phone calls with experts and critics around the country, we sought to choose the artists in each form who were doing work of the highest distinction; to make sure that each significant genre was represented; and to designate that particular creation which authentically represented the artist.

In the field of writing, where I felt most at home, I simply went ahead and made some choices, inviting people who were generally esteemed as fine craftsmen in their various fields. Here it seemed to me interesting to have the author make his own choice from his writings of what he cared to read. I asked Mark Van Doren to chair the session. For a poetry reading I chose Robert Lowell; for light verse, Phyllis McGinley; as novelists of contrasting types, Saul Bellow and John Hersey; and to represent a few of the many nonfiction strands, Catherine Drinker Bowen, E. B. White, and Edmund Wilson.

All the writers accepted, and graciously indeed, except Wilson and White. Wilson declined with a brusqueness that I never experienced before or after in the case of an invitation in the name of the President and the First Lady. White said no with the charm of a "Talk of the Town" column; he was "just too awful" when he tried a public reading.

Whatever the creative field, no attention was given to the politics, ideology, opinions, or personal habits of the people chosen. To my own certain knowledge, one had been a member of the Communist party well after the Nazi-Soviet nonaggression pact; the photograph by Edward Steichen selected was a portrait of Paul Robeson; one had so firmly established a reputation as a devotee of the bottle that on the afternoon of the festival I asked a White House policeman to keep a gentle eye on him after his initial visits to the bar. Nothing was eliminated, so long as it seemed significant, on the ground that it was improper for the White House. The paintings included "The Calumet," a pop work of Robert Indiana, and the op painting of Richard Anuszkiewicz, "Squaring the Circle." Of the eleven works of large-scale sculpture for the magisterial South Lawn, one was Jason Seley's seven-by-four-foot welded chrome automobile bumpers and grill, "The Masculine Presence."

I had, to be sure, expected trouble in arriving at any considerable agreement among the experts we consulted, especially in the fields of painting and sculpture, and the trouble came. Well-known connoscenti cajoled, shoved, maneuvered, offered more or less subtle bribes and—in one case—made a highly unsubtle threat, to try to get certain artists included, sometimes for commercial gain, in more cases to promote a particular collection, in still more instances out of sheer dogmatism. Yet this was not the dominant note. Nationwide, we found expert after expert who immediately and sympathetically comprehended the purpose of the festival, made no effort to push his own interests or taste, and unstintingly gave of his time to the project.

Still the process of arranging a White House Festival of the Arts retained its ample quality of the rococo. Thousands of otherwise sober citizens, duly organized into associations, really believed that their group should be allowed to name a representative to read a poem or sing a song at the White House; masters of great corporations—the presidents, not the public-relations men—were on the phone seriously attempting to have a "corporate cultural presentation" at the festival.

The invitation list was another carnival of pressures. The White House does not have capacious resources for entertaining; at most, it can seat only about 450 comfortably, and the sole place for numbers beyond that is the South Lawn. There were two basic groups to be taken care of: the people who were leaders in encouraging the arts around the country, and the artists and writers themselves. Since the festival was being staged primarily for the first group, they were invited for the full event. Artists and writers were invited only for the climactic function, the Presidential reception, speech, dinner, and the evening performances, most of which would occur on the South Lawn. In order to have a group of manageable size, we invited only those artists and writers who were participating in the festival either through a reading or through their works. Even with these restrictions, the projected number was impossible. A further rule—possibly unique in White House entertaining—had to be added: the appropriate person, but not his or her spouse, went onto the list.

Invitations to White House functions are and should be cherished. But during my period in Washington, I never experienced anything like the assault for an invitation to this event. One prominent Eastern socialite had both his Senators and his Congressman intervene. When that failed, he added a member of the Democratic National Committee and a broad hint that he was close to people who could help my career enormously. A much-esteemed corporation executive telegrammed and then telephoned me twice to make it ever clearer that he had given thousands to the 1964 Democratic campaign fund and that he was thinking of not giving another penny. I doubted if he had given thousands and I suspected that he would continue to give more than a penny, but anyhow I got his point and I also forgot it. Not to be invited to the White House Festival of the Arts, it seems, was to be uncultured, and in 1965 that was bad, very bad.

Amid the final whirl of preparation I received

a letter from Robert Lowell requesting that I give an accompanying letter to the President. The enclosure read:

> Dear President Johnson:
>
> When I was telephoned last week and asked to read at the White House Festival of the Arts on June fourteenth, I am afraid I accepted somewhat rapidly and greedily. I thought of such an occasion as a purely artistic flourish, even though every serious artist knows that he cannot enjoy public celebration without making subtle public commitments. After a week's wondering, I have decided that I am conscience-bound to refuse your courteous invitation. I do so now in a public letter because my acceptance has been announced in the newspapers, and because of the strangeness of the Administration's recent actions.
>
> Although I am very enthusiastic about most of your domestic legislation and intentions, I nevertheless can only follow our present foreign policy with the greatest dismay and distrust. What we will do and what we ought to do as a sovereign nation facing other sovereign nations seem now to hang in the balance between the better and the worse possibilities. We are in danger of imperceptibly becoming an explosive and suddenly chauvinistic nation, and may even be drifting on our way to the last nuclear ruin. I know it is hard for the responsible man to act; it is also painful for the private and irresolute man to dare criticism. At this anguished, delicate, and perhaps determining moment, I feel I am serving you and our country best by not taking part in the White House Festival of the Arts.
>
> Respectfully yours,
>
> Robert Lowell

My first reaction to the letter was fury. This, I told myself, was arrant troublemaking and publicity seeking the acceptance of a White House invitation, then its refusal, the injection of irrelevant grand issues in high-sounding language, the play to the newspapers. Then, studying the actual contents of the letter and reflecting on what I knew of Lowell (I had never met him), I decided that my initial reaction was off-base and that the letter had been written by a sincere and troubled man. He was wrong, it seemed to me, but for reasons I had to respect.

Secluding myself in my office and putting my thoughts together for five minutes or so, I telephoned Lowell. I did not urge him to attend and read from his poems; if he felt uncomfortable doing that, I said to him, he certainly should stay away. I did urge him to withdraw his letter and to let it simply be said that he had discovered he could not attend for personal reasons. The participants in the festival had not yet been widely publicized and in this way he would cause no hubbub.

I believed the letter should be withdrawn, I stated, because its basic assumption seemed to me wrong. As we all know, the President plays two roles. In the one he is the Chief Executive, Commander in Chief, the leader of his political party and the proponent of certain policies, foreign and domestic. In the other role, he is the nonpolitical nonpolicy, ceremonial head of the nation, filling the office in which it is his duty to encourage all good values and activities of the nation. Obviously it was in the second role that President Johnson was sponsoring the festival and had invited Lowell. No ideological or policy test had been applied to the people invited; in turn they should apply none of their host. Acceptance implied no approval or disapproval of his policies, subtle or otherwise.

Moreover, I went on, I believed that the letter would have an important effect which was contrary to Lowell's own wishes. He wanted, I was sure, to broaden appreciation of the arts in the United States and to make them a more integral part of American living. He also sought as much interchange of ideas as possible between Presidents and men like himself. Toward these ends, it was helpful to have Presidents and intellectuals and artists get together. It was more than helpful to have the Presidents of the United States—particularly one who was known to have no great personal taste for the arts—celebrate them from the nation's finest house.

I did not know, I added, Lowell's picture of President Johnson's personality and of the working of his mind. But it was my opinion that the letter would infuriate him and that he would deem it an insult to him personally and to the Office of the President. The effect would be particularly disastrous just because of Lowell's distinction. The episode would give President Johnson the feeling that intellectuals and artists were his hopeless enemies and would seriously diminish any desire on his part to spread appreciation of the arts, to have further contacts with members of the group or to listen to them on policy matters.

Lowell replied that he had thought the matter over carefully before sending the letter, that he had talked with a number of friends, some of whom had argued as I was doing, and others who had urged him to withdraw from the festival. Lowell did not particularly discuss the points at issue. Rather, he emphasized that he could not escape the feeling that his presence would express, in some sense, support of the President's Dominican and Vietnamese intervention, and he found these so morally reprehensible that he could not attend.

He apologized, Lowell said, for having accepted thoughtlessly and for the position in which he had placed President Johnson and me. But his mind was made up, and in good conscience he could take no other path.

In the course of the conversation I mentioned the release of the letter to the press. It was already in the hands of The New York Times, Lowell stated. I did not bring up the propriety that a letter is not given to the newspapers before it is received by the addressee, particularly when the ad-

ressee is the President of the United States. It d not seem appropriate to argue protocol when a an was acting on such strong inner feelings. I d offer, if Lowell agreed to withdraw the letter, call The Times myself, and I assured him that I elieved the withdrawal would be handled in such a anner that there would be virtually no possibility iat the episode would become public.

No, Lowell replied, he wanted to go ahead.

Throughout the conversation the poet was gra- ious, free of self-righteousness about the position e was taking, and thoroughly understanding and ympathetic about the complications he had caused. hung up the telephone with the impression of a ne human being. I also hung up with the feeling iat all hell was about to break loose.

I sent the letter to President Johnson, together vith a run-down of the situation and a suggested eply to go out over the President's signature:

> Dear Mr. Lowell:
>
> I have your letter in which you state that you are withdrawing from the program of the White House Festival of the Arts.
>
> I regret your decision both because the occasion will be deprived of your great distinction and talents and because of the reason you give. Mrs. Johnson and I have planned the Festival as a way of honoring and encouraging all the arts in America without regard to political affiliation, public questions, or temporary disagreements over foreign or domestic issues which may arise among our people. I fully and deeply respect your disagreement with certain phases of the Administration's foreign policy but I regret that you have seen fit to inject that disagreement into an occasion where it is quite irrelevant.
>
> Sincerely,
>
> Lyndon B. Johnson

The roar in the Oval Office could be heard all the way into the East Wing. The instruction came back that I was to answer the letter under my own name, and to make it "just an acknowledgment." I decided that "just an acknowledgment" could include this much:

> Dear Mr. Lowell:
>
> As you requested, I have sent your letter on to President Johnson.
>
> Needless to say, I regret very much that the White House Festival of the Arts will be deprived of your great distinction and talents.
>
> Sincerely yours,
>
> Eric F. Goldman

The next morning The New York Times carried the Lowell story on its front page. In view of its inherent news interest, I was scarcely surprised that the newspaper played it prominently, but I was interested to learn that President Johnson took the article's placement as another example of The Times' hostility toward him.

Some actions, by a conjunction of circumstances and personalities, acquire an immediate and continuing symbolic significance. Such was the refusal of one of America's leading cultural figures to appear at a cultural occasion sponsored by the President of the United States. For many academics, writers, and artists, the Lowell rejection bespoke their own feelings toward Lyndon Johnson, particularly toward the Lyndon Johnson who had ordered the Dominican intervention and most especially the Vietnam action.

One center of the intellectual attack on the President's foreign policy was *The New York Review of Books* edited by Robert B. Silvers. Most of the inner circle of *The New York Review* had gone along with President Johnson in the early phase of his Administration, approving his domestic policies but with a marked distaste for his Administration in general and for him personally. Almost all became emotional and contemptuous opponents of Johnson's escalation of the Vietnam War.

On Sunday, May 30, 1965, Silvers telephoned a friend, the critic and the wife of Robert Lowell, Elizabeth Hardwick, about another matter. She told him that her husband had decided to withdraw from the White House Festival of the Arts and was preparing his letter. That afternoon Silvers stopped over at the Lowell apartment and was shown the statement. He thought it "superb." Later Silvers stated his opinion that Lyndon Johnson had "contrived the festival to present a false front to the world that writers and artists are backing the Vietnam War," and was "trying to use" Lowell for this purpose. There was a "moral duty to attack the festival"; there was also "the plain politics of the situation," making sure that the Lowell withdrawal "hurt Johnson as much as possible with intellectuals and artists who voted for him in 1964."

The next day, not at the suggestion of the Lowells, Silvers mounted a campaign. He got together with the poet Stanley J. Kunitz, and the two drafted a telegram to President Johnson stating support for "Lowell in his decision not to participate in the White House Festival of the Arts. . . . We would like you to know that others of us share his dismay at recent American foreign policy decisions. We hope that people in this and other countries will not conclude that a White House arts program testifies to approval of Administration policy by the members of the artistic community. . . ." Silvers and Kunitz drew up a list of writers and artists, and divided the task of telephoning them for signatures. They wanted the story to appear in the papers immediately after the publication of Lowell's letter, and they hastily dispatched the telegram to the White House with twenty signatures. The signers represented an impressive array of talent: Hannah Arendt, John Berryman, Alan Dugan, Jules Feiffer, Philip Guston, Lillian Hellman, Alfred Kazin, Stanley Kunitz, Dwight Macdonald, Bernard Malamud, Mary McCarthy, Larry Rivers, Philip Roth, Mark Rothko, Louis Simpson, W. D. Snodgrass, William Styron, Peter Taylor, Edgar Varese, and Robert Penn Warren.

In the White House, communications to the President about a specific project are sent to the appropriate aide, who then decides whether to take them up with the President. When the telegram reached my desk, my eye was drawn quickly to the three signatures of Dwight Macdonald, Larry Rivers, and Mark Rothko. These men were on the invitation list to the festival. Rivers and Rothko were there as artists whose paintings had been chosen for exhibition. Macdonald, in addition to his work as a staff writer for *The New Yorker* and his occasional pieces for *The New York Review*, was the film critic of *Esquire* magazine. It was in the latter role that he had been invited.

When the telegram reached me, Macdonald's invitation had just gone out. Those of Rivers and Rothko had not been mailed, but telegrams had been sent to two galleries requesting the loan of their paintings. The Macdonald case, at least so far as I was concerned, was simple. He had been invited to the festival and he could accept or decline, as he chose. That aspect of the Rivers-Rothko situation seemed to me equally clear-cut. Any host, even a President of the United States, has a right not to invite to his home a guest who has publicly announced that he does not want to come. But the question of the exhibition of the Rivers and Rothko paintings at the festival was a quite different matter, the more so because it involved that special kind of human being, Lyndon Johnson.

If the President had been infuriated by the Lowell letter of withdrawal, the Silvers-Kunitz telegram stoked his anger. As his rage mounted, it found a broader target. Intellectuals and artists as individuals may never have been favorites of his, but now he was lumping them all together in one repulsive conglomerate. He was making few distinctions between responsible and petty critics of his foreign policy, even between those who were pro- and anti-Vietnam. He was furious at "these people," all of them, who had insulted him and the Office of the Presidency. The mood went deeper. The Johnsonian conception of the role of the President in foreign policy was at work, and he saw "these people" as ones who were quite ready, by demeaning the President and by making a public spectacle of their attitude, to hurt their country at a time of crisis. They were not only "sonofabitches," but "fools," and they were close to traitors. A minor event was blowing up into a situation which could have anything but minor significance.

At various moments President Johnson declared that he "had enough of these people" and was going to call off the festival, which of course he would not do, or that he "simply won't show up at the thing," which he might very well do. Listening to these and similar statements from the Oval Office, I did not doubt that what happened in the next few days might seriously affect the President's receptivity to anything proposed or argued in the future by "these people," who included some of the most fertile and dedicated minds in the country; could cause him to do and say things that would cut him off further from Metroamerica; and in the peculiarly inflated possibilities of the situation might make him react in ways which would diminish him and the United States in a world that was only too ready to believe that at bottom all Americans were Texans, and that all Texans were boors.

Obviously my general role was to try to keep to a minimum the inherent abrasiveness of the circumstances while preserving the quality and integrity of the festival. But there were also specific and pressing matters, not the least of them the paintings by Rivers and Rothko which were scheduled to be hung in Lyndon Johnson's home. I hastened to get in a word with him before he acted and instructed me to cancel the requests to the galleries. A wrathful Lyndon Johnson reading was much more persuadable than a wrathful Lyndon Johnson being talked at, and I hurried off a memo. It pushed the practical point: Cancellation would almost certainly leak to the press and the White House would be "embarrassed." But with the probable developments of the coming days in mind, I emphasized most strongly the question of the general point of view to be maintained for the festival, the "right position—that the festival has nothing to do with foreign or domestic policy and the paintings were picked, after consultation with appropriate art authorities, as being worthy of inclusion on the grounds of sheer painting quality." Chosen on that basis, they should be hung on that basis, no matter what Rivers and Rothko thought of the Vietnam War and whether or not they wanted to attend the festival. For the White House to act otherwise would be to duplicate what Lowell and the signers of the telegram had done, interject an irrelevant issue into a ceremonial arts occasion.

To my relief Jack Valenti called within half an hour. He said that President Johnson had asked him to tell me to go ahead with the paintings.

"I'm glad, Jack," I responded. "I'm sure that's the correct decision. But what did the President say generally? It would help me to know."

Valenti gave a tense little laugh. "I don't think you want to hear what he said."

A large number of intellectuals and artists, publicly or privately, were taking positions on the issue that had been raised: What is a healthy relationship between government and the arts? More specifically, did an intellectual or artist, by accepting celebration at a White House ceremony, implicitly commit himself to support of a controversial Administration policy? There seemed to be little consensus, and many shadings of reaction. Of the 102 writers, artists, and critics invited to the festival, only four besides Lowell* declined on his

*They were the drama critic of *The New Republic*, Robert S. Brustein, soon to be named Dean of the Yale Drama School; the sculptor Alexander Calder; the painter Jack Levine; and the photographer Paul Strand.

rounds. Fourteen more declined—an unusually arge group for a White House function—without iving any reason except a purely social one, and nost of them may have been politely avoiding stating the Lowell position. Among those who replied ffirmatively, to my knowledge at least fifteen attended with doubts in their minds.

The two novelists who had agreed to read from heir works made public statements which also eflected the variations in opinion. Saul Bellow told he reporters that he considered the Dominican ntervention "wicked and harmful" and that he was gainst the Vietnam War. But the festival was not "political occasion," the President was "an institution" as well as the country's chief policy maker, nd President Johnson was seeking "in his own way to encourage American artists. . . . I accept n order to show my respect for his intentions and o honor his high office. I am sure that he does not expect me to accept every policy and action of his Administration together with the invitation."

In a quite different tone, John Hersey stated to he press that his decision to go to the White House was firm only "up to the present." Furthermore, nder the circumstances he did not plan to read from one of his novels. "Like many others, I have been deeply troubled by the drift toward reliance on military solutions in our foreign policy. . . . It has been my intention to attend this festival because I felt that rather than by declining or withdrawing, I could make a stronger point by standing in the White House—I would hope in the presence of the President—and reading from a work of mine entitled *Hiroshima*."

Meanwhile, Dwight Macdonald was busy. Without an invitation to the festival, he had signed the wire stating that he approved of not attending. Now that he had an invitation, he wondered whether he did not want to appear after all. He kept discussing the matter with friends. It was a chance to "get Johnson," he said, to "strike out at his war." In a conversation with Robert Silvers the idea came up that Macdonald should attend the festival and write an article about it for *The New York Review*.

These facts I learned later. At the moment the fact was a telegram from Macdonald to me, accepting the invitation, mentioning that he had signed the Silvers-Kunitz telegram, and saying, "I assume you would have no objection to my writing something later about my impressions of the festival if the spirit moves me. . . ."

I telephoned in reply. My distinct impression from the conversation was that Macdonald hoped I would disinvite him because of his signing the Silvers-Kunitz telegram and the indication that he planned to write an unfavorable article, or that if I let the invitation stand, I would make the point that it was not proper for him to come as a guest to the festival and then write an attack on it. Whatever mistakes I might be making, I was not going to put an obviously hostile writer in the position of being able to claim that the White House Festival of the Arts was a collection, insofar as possible, of those artists who approved of President Johnson's foreign policy and were ready to say nice things about the Administration. When Macdonald asked me, in effect, if he was still welcome, I replied that he had been invited without any test of his attitude toward the President's foreign policy—in fact, with full knowledge of his hostility to the Vietnam War—and that he continued to be welcome. As for what he might publish, he was entirely free to write an article and to write it as he pleased.

In the Oval Office, the festival kept grinding on sensitive nerves. John Hersey may have thought that what he was expressing in his statement to the press was his ambivalence on the question of whether a man as opposed as he was to the Vietnam War should participate in a White House occasion. But his words were carefully noted by President Johnson, and to him they indicated no ambivalence at all except how best to hurt Lyndon Johnson and the war effort. The Hersey statement was another insult from "these people." Within earshot of the press, LBJ declared, "Some of them insult me by staying away and some of them insult me by coming." Privately he added, "Don't they know I'm the only President they've got and a war is on?" The festival day was a Monday. The President was scheduled to spend the preceding weekend in Texas, and he let it be known inside the White House that he saw no reason to leave the ranch while "this bunch" was in Washington. His attitude, swirling out of the Oval Office in dark, sullen clouds, permeated the staff.

In the LBJ White House, projects either "had it" or they did not—meaning that they were or were not pleasing the boss. At the beginning the festival had it, to the extent that at times getting things done was difficult because of the offers—and the interference—of cooperation. Now, suddenly, the festival no longer had it, and most West Wing aides were scurrying to dissociate themselves from it. Phone calls on some detail revealed how impossibly busy the man was. At the staff meetings Jack Valenti arranged, he made no direct criticism of me, but he was decidedly nervous over "the upset" of the President and talked of the need "to get this over with, the best way we can."

At one Valenti session Richard Goodwin leaned back, flicked his cigar, and remarked wearily, "Yes, it's all a mess. Of course Lowell should never have been invited in the first place."

I tried, and failed, to contain my anger. When I invited Lowell, I exploded, it was by virtue of his extraordinarily high quality as a poet, which was generally recognized. Furthermore, while I didn't happen to agree with the action Lowell took, his was certainly a defensible position. Around the White House, it was too easy to forget that President Johnson's foreign policy—any President's foreign policy—was not beyond criticism, and that the Vietnam War in particular raised among sensitive

men moral issues that made them want to declare themselves.

That said, my anger subsided. I had noticed that Valenti was listening to me intently, and I was sure that as always he was loyally trying to figure out what was best for the President. It occurred to me that I ought to say more, in the hope that it would be passed on to LBJ through Valenti, which would make my remarks far more palatable than any direct approach by me.

All this hand wringing over the festival, I continued, was not what we ought to be doing. The festival was a minor event, a very minor one. It was the White House attitude that was magnifying it. The papers were beginning to fill with talk about the way the President was reacting—as if a poet, by expressing his convictions and emotions, would somehow endanger the national security. The President greatly admired Franklin Roosevelt and thought Woodrow Wilson was a self-righteous prig. Well, how had FDR reacted to criticism, particularly to his foreign policy? He parried it and laughed. And what had Wilson the self-righteous done? He acted wounded and bitter and won himself more enemies.

Goodwin yawned, said he had to leave, and departed. I kept going. What we ought to be doing, I said, was to help the President relax and turn this situation to his objective of being a truly national leader. One of the reasons the intellectual and artistic communities reacted against him was their feeling that he really didn't give a damn about them. Why not give a damn and take some occasion to bring up the point raised by Lowell's withdrawal, with the attitude that it was an interesting, important point and one worth discussing. For years the intellectuals and artists had been saying that government should encourage and support their work without imposing restrictions on what they did or said. Well, a President had now pushed through Congress the legislation establishing the national councils on the arts and the humanities, without restrictions on the recipients of grants, and was about to stage a festival to honor them without policy tests—in fact honoring a host of his critics. Then *they* tied politics to the arts; *they* said, We don't like LBJ's foreign policy, and therefore we don't want to come to his house for a ceremonial occasion.

There was a crisscross of comment in the room, all of it impatient and most of it to the effect that, in the words of one aide, "there are some practicalities in the world. When something turns sour, you jettison it." Realizing that I was only conducting a futile monologue, I stopped.

Social Secretary Bess Abell was stirring, and so was her chief assistant, Mrs. Barbara Keehn. Mrs. Abell had inherited a closeness to President Johnson as the daughter of former Senator Earle C. Clements of Kentucky, an LBJ intimate from the Senate days; apart from that, the President valued highly what he called her political hardheadedness. As the tensions over the festival developed, Bess made plain to me that President Johnson had instructed her to keep a careful eye on it.

Plainly, the chief remaining potential for trouble was the opening session, the readings by literary figures. Of the five authors invited to read, by now one had withdrawn and three had spoken out against the Vietnam War. In addition, John Hersey had made his statement that he was choosing selections not from his novels but from *Hiroshima*.

From Mrs. Johnson came a call asking if I knew exactly what Hersey proposed to read, and I sent the First Lady the three passages Hersey had chosen. Two of them concerned Miss Toshiko Sasaki, a clerk at the East Asia Tin Works in Hiroshima, and they were descriptive—the mangling of her body at the time of the bombing and, a month later, as she was being moved from one hospital to another, her first sight of the ruins of the city. The third passage gave statistics about the destructive power of existing and potential nuclear weapons.

The next day Mrs. Johnson asked me to lunch with her and members of her staff for some "final planning" of the festival. The lunch was set in the Queen's Room of the private quarters, and the First Lady began the discussion in her most gracious way. But I was soon uncomfortable. Quickly it became clear that the purpose of the session was not planning but the deplanning of John Hersey. I was the more uncomfortable because Mrs. Johnson made it explicit that she was speaking for her husband, and I thought that in a matter as sensitive as this the President should speak for himself.

Mrs. Johnson read from one of Hersey's statistical passages: "President Truman, announcing the Hiroshima bombing, told the world that the force of the atomic explosion that day was equivalent to that of some twenty thousand tons of TNT." The First Lady laid the paper aside and said with a frown, "The President is very close to President Truman. He can't have people coming to the White House and talking about President Truman's brandishing atomic bombs."

I realized that Mrs. Johnson was trying to be indirect, but I simply did not understand what she was driving at and I said so.

She became direct indeed. "The President is being criticized as a bloody warmonger. He can't have writers coming here and denouncing him, in his own house, as a man who wants to use nuclear bombs."

I tried to straighten things out. "Mrs. Johnson, may I have the passage you were referring to?" She handed me the paper and I read aloud the whole brief section. "Now, nothing in this states or implies in any way that President Truman and President Johnson do not abhor the use of nuclear bombs. We all know that every decent man loathes the thought of being responsible for a nuclear holocaust. What Hersey is saying is something quite different. Asked to read from his work, he

; chosen selections that talk about the great
ral problem of our age—nuclear war. He is doing
n a context which expresses his opinion that the
etnam War, utterly contrary to President John-
n's wishes, might escalate into nuclear war, just
President Truman, against his own personal
lings and because of his conception of the na-
nal good, felt it necessary to give the order to
op an atomic bomb."

"It's all disgusting," Mrs. Abell interrupted. What right does some writer have to tell the Pres-
ent to come and listen to him so that he can make
adlines denouncing the President's foreign pol-
?"

"Gall, incredible gall," Mrs. Keehn said. "Next 'll be telling the President what to eat."

I ignored that. "Bess, I'm sure you misunder-
and. Hersey did not seek out the situation. He was
lephoned by a reporter and asked whether he was
oing to withdraw, like Lowell. He answered that
though he agreed with Lowell's opposition to the
ar, he believed the correct thing to do was to go
the White House and express his criticisms and
orries by the choice of what he read. That is all
ersey could say because that is what he happens
think. As for telling the President to come and
sten to him, he certainly did not do that. He said
e hoped the President would be there, which is
urely quite different."

I turned to Mrs. Johnson. "And if I may say so, too hope the President will be there. As you know, ne festival schedule calls for the President to ap-
ear only at the reception and late session—a fact, ncidentally, of which Hersey is unaware. But if ne President chose to come to the readings, walked p to men like Hersey and Bellow and spoke with is natural self, perhaps invited them into his office or a talk about his war policy, he would appear a nighty big man to a group whose change of im-
ression about him would make a huge difference. What he would be saying, and saying in a highly ffective way is, 'I really care about, I really want o understand, I really want to consider the criti-
isms of responsible, thoughtful men.' "

Mrs. Johnson's face hardened. "The President and do not want this man to come here and read this."

I decided not to take the remark as an order, nd to appeal to the practical. "Mrs. Johnson, if phoned Hersey and asked him not to read from *Hiroshima*, the odds are ninety-nine to one that he would immediately withdraw from the festival."

"Good!" Barbara Keehn said.

"Of course," Bess Abell added, "I simply don't nderstand all this fuss over some silly writer."

I'm sure my face hardened too. "Hersey is not some silly writer.' He is a distinguished writer. What's more, he is a distinguished American, hav-
ng given a great deal of himself to his community On both counts he deserves our respect, not asper-
sions. But the fuss is not over Hersey, whatever his qualities. It is, if you will pardon the blu word, over principle. An author was asked to come to the first house of the United States in the name of the President of the United States to read from his writings. He accepted. The President and the White House are symbols of freedom. It is not freedom to tell him what he can and cannot read."

For such a discussion, the scene was bizarre—four highly political women and a professor in a room of exquisitely feminine decor, around a table of delicately prepared tearoom salad. No one was eating much. Mrs. Elizabeth Carpenter—the many-faceted "Liz" Carpenter, Mrs. Johnson's chief aide—had said little so far, but her few comments had made clear her absolute loyalty and her personal agreement with the position of the President and the First Lady. But Liz Carpenter has the kind of mind that looks for a way out and the kind that understands nuances; she had always been extremely friendly to me and to my work. "Eric," she said now, "isn't it true that Hersey is known mostly as a novelist? Couldn't you tell him that we want to honor him for his main field and ask him to read from one of his novels?"

I hesitated before answering. Out of a desire to solve an impasse and out of friendliness toward me, Liz Carpenter was obviously offering a compromise. Shouldn't I go along with her? During the discussion, which had now run well over an hour, disturbing thoughts had gone through my mind. Was I playing the Boy Scout liberal, indulging my own kind of self-righteousness, lecturing people about principle, insisting on a situation that upset a President with grave problems on his desk? Was I really achieving what I wanted to do, helping him as much as possible?

I hesitated, but I simply could not accept Liz Carpenter's suggestion. It was another, more tactful way of telling Hersey that he was not to read from *Hiroshima*. It would only lead, I had no doubt, to Hersey's withdrawal and to an uproar that presented President Johnson in an extremely unfortunate light.

I sighed and said, "Liz, you're right in one sense. But all that really isn't the point. I invited Hersey to read from his writings, choosing as he pleased. For me to call now and suggest that he read from *A Bell for Adano* or *The Wall* would be as obvious as a brick through the window. I'm afraid there is no other word. It would be censorship."

Mrs. Johnson flushed. "Censorship is a harsh word—"

"This is all ridiculous," Bess Abell cut in. "This festival has caused enough trouble already—"

The First Lady interrupted firmly. She was angry and she was taking charge. "The President and I," she said slowly, "do not want this man to come here and read these passages. The question is how best to handle the situation." She looked at me coldly. "Don't you know some mutual friend of Hersey and yourself who could handle this tactfully?"

"Yes, I do. Alfred Knopf publishes Hersey's books and mine, and is a personal friend of both of us. But it is my strong opinion that if I asked Knopf

to intervene in the way that you want, he would say no."

I glanced at my watch. It was two-thirty, and I was scheduled to introduce Secretary Rusk to a group across town at three o'clock. I told Mrs. Johnson of the appointment and asked if she wanted me to cancel it. Still seeking a way out, Liz Carpenter jumped at the opportunity for a breather. "Yes, maybe we ought to settle this later. I also have to take care of some people."

But I did not want to let the matter ride. I was weary of the problem and my instinct was that the quicker it was settled, the better. The picture of the First Lady as the daughter of the book- and opera-loving Minnie Lee Patillo, the University of Texas coed who had asked that dates take her to Chekhov and O'Neill plays, came into my head. I turned to her in an effort to reach that part of Lady Bird Johnson. Later, when I tried to make notes about what I said, I found I had forgotten most of the words. I must have spoken in a torrent for two or three minutes.

The gist of it was, Let's drop trying to find a way around this. I can certainly understand how the President feels. He has the world on his shoulders. He is putting through the kind of domestic program the liberal intellectuals and artists have always wanted. He is doing it by ideals, hard work, and skill. But many intellectuals and artists keep throwing Kennedy in his face, keep calling him a Texas ignoramus, keep acting as if he had no motives beyond the nearest vote. He embarks on a war that he is convinced is necessary for the national good, and many of them assail it. He approves a festival of the arts, which is not his dish to begin with. Some refuse to come, and a novelist says he is going to read about atomic bombs. It all seems to him a concerted effort to demean him and to embarrass his war leadership. But these were not Hersey's motives. There are many worlds of the arts and Hersey comes from the great tradition—the tradition of humaneness which has created the environment that makes the President's domestic successes possible. He is not against Lyndon Johnson the human being; he is not against *any* human being. He is simply worried about Lyndon Johnson's foreign policy.

Don't let the President put himself in the position of appearing to conform to his enemies' picture of him. Let Hersey read from *Hiroshima*. People will say, What an open White House, and go on with other matters. Tell Hersey he cannot read from *Hiroshima*, and people will say the President is a man who simply cannot take it—and, worse, a man who is insincere about one of his favorite words, "freedom."

Mrs. Johnson made no effort to interrupt. When I stopped, I learned immediately that I had not been talking to the daughter of Minnie Lee Patillo or to the devotee of Chekhov and O'Neill, but to Mrs. Lyndon Johnson. Once again, this time very slowly and very firmly, she stated, "The President and I do not want this man to read these passa in the White House."

So it was an order, unavoidably so. I said only thing there was to say: "Mrs. Johnson, w the greatest respect for the President and First Lady, I must refuse to call Hersey. I dc think it is the right thing to do and as a per who is trying to contribute what I can to the A ministration, I also think that it would harm rat than help the President. I am sorry, very sor that I feel forced to say this because my resp for you personally—and if you will permit me, affection—goes far beyond my respect for you the First Lady of our country."

Not knowing what else to do and suddenly fe ing very hungry, I took a piece of tomato from t exquisite salad and ate it. Everyone said mechani goodbyes and I hurried to my waiting car.

As I rode across Washington, the inevitable qu tions went through my mind. Would the Wh House ask someone else to approach Hersey? Wou the President now definitely refuse to come?

It was Tuesday, six days before the festiv Word came from Marvin Watson, one of LB closest aides, that the President was leaving f Texas at the weekend and would "probably st there until the middle of next week." I knew it w useless—worse than useless—for me to interve further with the President or Mrs. Johnson. I w now a copiously certified, card-carrying "these pe ple." Then an order came from the President: t festival was to be blacked out. No reporters, photo raphers, or television people except those alrea invited as guests were to be present. A televisi network was planning a one-hour special on t festival; preparation on this was halted.

LBJ went further. A group of last-minute invit tions were ready to be telegrammed; he ordered a FBI check of everyone on the list—not the routi inquiry to identify potential physical danger to t President and his family, but one that looked in beliefs and associations. Marvin Watson was make the judgments. The FBI hastily made t inquiries, and Watson telephoned me with t names of six people who were to be removed fro the invitation list.

It was another old story. To a person of Watson habits of thinking, a man who at some point in hi life had been a member of a group including Com munists was not fit for the President's house furthermore, he was likely to criticize Lyndo Johnson. All the people under Watson's interdi tion fell within this category, and no good purpos is served by mentioning any of the names no except perhaps one. It is indicative of the kind o atmosphere that was developing in the White Hous that one of the excommunicates was the late New bold Morris, who had been invited to the festiva as board chairman of the New York City Center o Music and Drama and who, in addition to th organizational affiliation that caught Watson's eye

s a Republican and an Episcopal vestryman, a mber of the law firm of Lovejoy, Morris, Was- and Huppuch, a director of the New York nk of Savings, Continental Can, and U.S. Steel, official of the New York Civilian Defense, the lice Athletic League, and the League for the eservation of Antiquities, and a recipient of the gion of Honor from the hand of Charles de Gaulle. With no taste left for this kind of battling, I nt to Watson. I did not talk principle—Watson's nd simply did not run in that direction—but prac- ality. Four of his six people were artists with rks in the festival exhibitions. How would he plain publicly a failure to invite them?

That would be awkward, he agreed. But after all, d I want subversion in the White House?

I took a grip on my impatience and declared the vious. In the circles in which these people moved d at the time they joined the particular organi- tions, none of this meant subversiveness. "It was st humanitarianism. They were simply the most alous Great Society people of that day," I found vself saying. I felt condescending and silly and pressed at talking this way to an aide to the esident.

Watson, a man of intelligence and sincere dedi- tion to the President's best interests but confined a rigid parochialism, genuinely listened to what was saying. "Well, what about these people and ietnam?" he asked.

"Come on, Marvin," I said, "we can't start that again. The White House will be full of people ho are opposed to the war."

"You know, if I showed these reports to the esident, he'd cut off even more names."

"I don't doubt that, in his present mood. But one the ways we can help him is to protect him from is present mood."

The lights on Watson's phone console were blink- g. He was a fantastically busy man, and he too anted to be rid of the problem. "Suppose we in- ted them but held up their wires of invitation to, ay, June 12th [two days before the festival]?"

I laughed and so did Watson. "I'll bet they come nyway," I said.

"Yes, dammit," he replied, "they will." (Four ut of the six did.)

The day before the festival, Sunday, was at hand. Mrs. Abell was in charge of the logistics of social nd ceremonial events at the White House, and in ne case of complicated programs she customarily eld a rehearsal. Most of the Sunday was given to trial run of the festival and the writers' session ame late in the afternoon. No one in the White ouse had seen what Mark Van Doren, who was be chairman, planned to say. Now, while Bess bell held a stopwatch, he began making his intro- uctory remarks.

A tall, slim man of seventy-one, with an arresting erenity of face, Van Doren read from his manu- cript with measured emphasis. Most of his remarks concerned Robert Lowell. He praised the man and his poetry, and discussed and supported the right of literary dissent. Then he spoke ambiguously of Lowell's withdrawal. It was not clear whether he was agreeing with Lowell or, without taking a position pro or con, wished to express his respect for Lowell's stand. Moreover, though his remarks were to be the opening statement at the festival by a guest, they included no statement of appreciation to the President and First Lady for sponsoring it.

As Van Doren finished, Bess Abell was at my side, steering me to a corner so that she could not be overheard by the non-White House people who were present. She was so angry her finger wagged in my face. "I've had enough. That man is not going to use the White House as a soapbox, and you are not going to continue to get away with defending such things. The President has told me to watch over this crazy festival. Either you do something about Van Doren or I will. And if you don't do something fast I'm getting on the phone to Texas and telling the President about this latest mess, and you know what will happen to you then."

I flared back. "Don't you threaten me. You know damn well that if I were just trying to please the President and to hold on to my job here, I would not have been saying the things I have. I suggest that you think more about the issues involved and less about running to Papa."

I calmed down and turned to my last weapon. "Bess, the President may very well have told you to keep an eye on the festival. He told me to run it. As long as I'm in charge, I am against any restrictions on these writers. If anyone—I mean *anyone*—in the White House attempts to impose them, I will immediately resign from the staff with a public statement."

Bess Abell said nothing for a long few seconds. "Then you won't talk to Van Doren?"

"I didn't say that. While Van Doren was reading I was thinking that probably it would be helpful if he and I sat down together and talked. I'm not at all sure that his remarks convey the impression that he intends, or that they say everything he wants to say. Obviously he has written them under various pressures, some of which the White House has been doing its damnedest to create. But I am not going to tell Mark Van Doren what he should or should not say."

I asked Van Doren to come to my office so that we could talk privately. I did not have to explain why I wanted to confer; he was a troubled man. He spoke of the number of people, some of whom he respected highly, who had urged him to withdraw from the festival, and of his own ambivalent feelings. He asserted, sadly but firmly, that he felt he must make clear to the audience that he was not appearing in repudiation of Robert Lowell.

I told Van Doren that I happened to disagree with Lowell's argument for withdrawal, but of course that was not the reason I had asked to speak with him. I thought he ought to know—in confidence

–that the President and Mrs. Johnson were bitter at what they considered the use of the festival to harass the President. He would understand, I was sure, if I did not think it appropriate for me to say whether I agreed with their attitude. I wanted him to be aware of it and also to know that this festival, a minor episode, had taken a turn which could have serious effects on something in which he and I were equally interested–the development of a healthy and fruitful intercourse between the White House and intellectual and artistic groups. I chose my words carefully as I added, "In light of these circumstances, I wonder whether your present statement is just the one you want to make–as a matter of fact, whether it makes clear what you really want to say and says everything you would like to include."

Van Doren stirred irritably. "I am not going to come down here and repudiate Lowell–"

"I was not referring to that. What I do have in mind is that your statement, which is to be the opening one of the festival, concerns Lowell almost entirely, does not make clear whether you think intellectuals and artists should boycott Presidential ceremonial functions when they disagree with certain Presidential policies, and does not mention the fact that a President of the United States has chosen–whatever his alleged motives–to undertake an unprecedented salute to the arts and to the people encouraging them."

Van Doren and I were now in rapport. "What I had uppermost in my mind," he said, "was this Lowell matter."

"I'm sure you did, and that's why I asked to speak with you. And what I'm asking now is whether, in the light of our conversation, you would like to take another look at your statement."

Van Doren again came to the nub of the situation. "The White House is not saying I cannot discuss Lowell?"

"Speaking for the White House–and I will take the responsibility of speaking for it in this matter –I am saying the reverse. I'm saying that you have every right and a warm welcome to speak as you please. That means, very specifically, that you are welcome, if such is your choice, to read your present statement down to the last comma."

Van Doren replied that he would go back to his hotel, think things over, and telephone me. Within an hour he called to say that he had decided to prepare a different statement. He read the revision to me. It treated the Lowell issue much more briefly, stated clearly what he wanted to say on the subject, and included a warm expression of appreciation to the President and the First Lady for sponsoring the festival.

About half an hour later John Hersey telephoned. He was, Hersey told me, staying with Van Doren in Washington and the two men had been talking. He had decided to call because he thought I ought to know that he had prepared a brief statement with which he intended to preface his readings fro *Hiroshima*, and he wanted me to hear it.

Hersey's full text was: "I read these passage on behalf of the great number of citizens who hav become alarmed in recent weeks by the sight o fire begetting fire. Let these words be a reminde The step from one degree of violence to the next i imperceptibly taken and cannot easily be taken bac

"The end point of these little steps is horror an oblivion. We cannot for a moment forget the trul terminal dangers, in these times, of miscalculatio of arrogance, of accident, reliance not on mor strength but on mere military power. Wars have way of getting out of hand."

Of course what was on Hersey's mind wa whether, under the circumstances, he should retai these prefatory remarks. I could only comment tha in Van Doren's case there was the question o whether his words conveyed what he wanted to say This was not true of Hersey's preface; he eithe did or did not want to read it. Hersey said he woul let me know about the statement in the morning.

That Sunday evening, festival eve, was not fes tive. After speaking with Hersey, I had a bite o food with Saul Bellow, who was in a decidedly un settled mood. Now that he was actually in Washing ton, Bellow wondered whether, feeling as he di about President Johnson's foreign policy, he really should have come to the festival. He was also upse by what he called "pressure from the New Yor crowd" of intellectuals and artists–letters, phon calls, and telegrams demanding that he withdra from the festival. As Bellow described it, this wa not the kind of pressure–the concerned comment of friends–that Van Doren had referred to. It wa vitriolic denunciation, charges of turncoating fo publicity and preferment, even hints of literary blackmail. Bellow's report was not the first I ha heard. The novelist Ralph Ellison, who was coming to the festival as a member of the National Coun cil on the Arts, had spoken of the same treatment and Roger Stevens, chairman of the Council, said he had indications of a "real campaign."

The next morning Hersey came to my office with his decision. He had given careful thought to the matter of the prefatory statement, Hersey said, and he had decided to read it. He regretted that the preface, particularly when added to the *Hiroshima* reading, would probably contribute to the develop ment of a situation he did not like, but in good conscience, he felt he must go ahead. We shook hands, I believe, in mutual understanding and with more than a touch of, It's a hell of a world.

Monday, June 14, was a lovely summer day in Washington, cloudless and windless. Early in the morning I went into the White House by the East Gate, in order to enter as the festival guests would do. Workmen were still busy with finishing touches but nevertheless the brilliance of the art burst upon the viewer. Harry Lowe, the exhibit expert of the

National Collection of Fine Arts in Washington is a man with a magic touch. In the lobby, as a signature to the whole day, he had placed José de Rivera's "Homage to the World of Minkowski," its chrome, nickel, and stainless-steel circles winding off in charming grace. The adjoining corridor, the long narrow hall of the East Wing, had seemed to me a death trap for paintings. Lowe interspersed the paintings with small sculptures that gave just enough interruption to avoid a cluttered effect. He blended traditional, abstract, and pop and op painting in a way that made the corridor a blaze of color and design.

J. Carter Brown, the youthful and talented Assistant Director of the National Gallery of Art in Washington, supervised the placement of most of the sculpture. He turned the garden just off the East Wing into a piquance of small sculpture. His triumph was the sweep of the South Lawn. There, usually on rises of ground, he arranged the huge works of sculpture—among others, the abstract bronze of Jacques Lipchitz's "Mother and Child," the half-classical, half-mocking "Ancestor" of Seymour Lipton, the welded chrome plate of automobile bumpers and grille of Seley's "Masculine Presence." At the head of the South Lawn, near the White House entrance, Brown placed Alexander Calder's "Whale II," done in black sheet metal, and, far down the lawn, David Smith's 101-foot "Lectern Sentinel," constructed from highly polished stainless steel. Floodlit at night, the Calder and the Smith saluted each other.

Mrs. Johnson, looking as pleasant as if she were delighted with everything, opened the festival with cordial remarks. As the First Lady spoke, I received word that President Johnson intended to make his scheduled appearance for the reception.

At the opening event, the readings, Mark Van Doren's introductory words were received, as is usually the case with chairmen, in silence. Saul Bellow read from *Herzog* without additional comment, and received applause. Catherine Drinker Bowen had chosen passages from her biography of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, *Yankee from Olympus*. She read with such zest, and her selections contained so much wry humor, that she brought down the house.

John Hersey took the podium, pale and serious. He read his preface and the selections from *Hiroshima* with slow emphasis, occasionally lifting his eyes to look straight at Mrs. Johnson, who sat in the front row. When he finished, there were a few seconds of silence, then vigorous applause. The First Lady, who clapped for all the other readings, sat motionless.

Phyllis McGinley, present as the mistress of light verse, had decided to add the blithesome note. An attractive suburbanite, her right arm broken in a skiing accident and now in a gay silk sling, she chose as her chief reading her poem, "In Praise of Diversity," and added a new verse:

[illegible]

The festival wound on. At lunch in the lushly beautiful East Garden Court of the National Gallery, George Kennan delivered his address on "The Artist and American Society." Back in the White House, Marian Anderson, stately in her tall black turban, presided over an all-American musical program ranging from Leonard Bernstein's *Candide* to the Louisville Symphony Orchestra playing recent compositions by Ned Rorem and Robert Whitney. The East Room had been transformed into a small theater to present segments of Frank Gilroy's *The Subject Was Roses*, Tennessee Williams' *The Glass Menagerie*, Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*, and Millard Lampell's tart political lampoon, *Hard Travellin'*, which was playing at Washington's Arena Theater and had been selected to represent the local theater. The daytime program closed with Charlton Heston, recently returned from participating in civil-rights demonstrations, reading the narration for a film put together from five outstanding American movies made since World War II.

For the most part, the guests simply enjoyed themselves. Most of them had little in common save their interest in the arts. A number were conservative Republicans who completely separated their dislike for Lyndon Johnson and his policies from their pleasure in his sponsorship of the festival. A Midwestern banker, asked about the Vietnam War, replied, "His whole foreign policy is dreadful; he ought to stop giving our money away. . . . Isn't that an interesting Noguchi over there?"

Painters as different as Peter Hurd and Robert Motherwell thought the issue raised by Lowell, in Motherwell's word, "preposterous." The sculptor Dimitri Hadzi, who was in Paris when he received his invitation, flew back at his own expense—without knowing that his "Helmet V" had been chosen for exhibition—specifically to protest Lowell's "nonsensical" letter. Others agreed with Mildred Dunnock's remark: "I have my political opinions and I express them elsewhere. The whole fuss is as silly as people who said I was a socialist because I played in *Death of a Salesman*."

But for many, perhaps a majority of the intellectuals and artists present, the salient personality of the White House Festival of the Arts was the man who was not there. They did not really agree with Robert Lowell—after all, they had come—but his letter continued to have its effects, touching off all kinds of opinions and emotions, some significant and relevant, others merely snide. Contributing to these attitudes was the special quality of many intellectuals and artists—the yearning for popular recognition and yet the dread of being considered popular. The White House was permeated with a kind of schizophrenia. One painter was observed smiling happily as he overheard his

work being praised by a manufacturer who sat on the board of a Southern museum and then remarking to a member of my staff, "I couldn't care less what these culture morons think." A member of Duke Ellington's band, having toured the South Lawn, offered his diagnosis: "Man, the trouble with these cats is that they wanna be here and they don't wanna be here."

Some felt no confusion at all. Saul Maloff, an associate editor of *Newsweek* for books and cultural matters who had been invited before President Johnson's crackdown on the press, arrived with a conviction that the festival was a war plot, and a "middlebrow mess" to boot. At the end of the readings in the morning Maloff came upon Bellow near the stairs leading to the East Room. He hurried to the attack. "How could you stand up there and read after what that man has done in Vietnam?"

Embarrassed, Bellow replied, as he had previously stated publicly, that he considered the festival a ceremonial occasion and that he chose to make plain his views on foreign policy elsewhere.

Maloff did not stop. He spoke of "sellouts" and said, "We made you and we can break you." Bellow edged away.

And there was Dwight Macdonald. A heavy, quick-moving man with a bearded, interesting face and a clever tongue, Macdonald can be quite engaging. He was not engaging at the festival. The day before, still exercised about the festival, Macdonald had discussed it with a friend who had an idea: Why not distribute a pro-Lowell petition at the festival? Macdonald liked the suggestion and drew one up: "We should like to make it clear that in accepting the President's kind invitation to attend the White House Arts Festival, we do not mean either to repudiate the courageous position taken by Robert Lowell, or to endorse the Administration's foreign policy. We quite share Mr. Lowell's dismay at our country's recent actions in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic."

The next morning, boarding the New York-Washington air shuttle, Macdonald ran into an acquaintance, Thomas B. Hess, executive editor of *Art News*. Hess thought the petition was a great idea. As he and Macdonald alighted from the shuttle, they started buttonholing White House guests for signatures. They began in the taxicab taking them and others to the White House and continued between sessions of the festival. After a while Hess stopped. "Dwight sure is running around," he remarked, and turned to other pursuits.

In addition to himself and Hess, Macdonald acquired six signatures: the sculptors Herbert Ferber, Isamu Noguchi, and Peter Voulkos; the painter Willem de Kooning; Sam Hunter, the director of the Brandeis University Museum; and Reed Whittemore of the Carleton College English Department, who at the time was serving as poetry consultant to the Library of Congress.

Guest after guest turned Macdonald down, but the repeated rebuffs seemed to spur him on. He kept seeking signatures, from the opening of the festival until late into the evening. At the cocktail party Macdonald approached Charlton Heston, who was standing in the Rose Garden adjoining the President's office. When the actor declined to sign, Macdonald let him know that he considered him a lowbrow lackey of Hollywood. Heston retorted that he had marched in civil-rights demonstrations, at risk to his movie career, and asked Macdonald where he had been on those occasions. "But that really isn't the point," Heston went on. "Having convictions doesn't mean that you have to lack elementary manners. Are you really accustomed to signing petitions against your host in his home?" For three or four minutes the two men argued toe to toe, Macdonald's voice rising to a shout. Then Heston, recovering his control, walked away.

In the afternoon Maloff had returned to New York, but Macdonald remained and expressed his contempt in all possible ways. At the dinner, he sneered at the exhibits and attacked the President personally in a voice that carried across tables and made other guests squirm. His furious activity had left his blue-striped sports coat wilted, his shirt damp, his face dripping perspiration, his shirt and undershirt pulled out with round pink belly showing, and he had made no attempt to repair himself in the break provided before dinner.

President Johnson, having decided to appear at the festival, had also decided to make a further gesture. He found a reason to call to his office Senator Fulbright, the Rhodes Scholar and Vietnam War critic who was rapidly becoming a hero to "thes people." After the conference the President took the Senator for a walk around the White House ground and had a photograph made with the two of them studying Calder's "Whale." The expression on Lyndon Johnson's face was somewhat enigmatic. But anyhow, there it was, the picture in all the afternoon papers, LBJ and the Rhodes Scholar Vietnam critic taking an interest in culture together.

When President Johnson returned to his office he learned of Hersey's prefatory statement and of Macdonald's activities. Once more the word came down; he was not going to appear at the festival. This time I started to think about a substitute who might make his absence less glaring—perhaps Chief Justice Earl Warren, whom I had seen looking with intense interest at Louise Nevelson's sculpture, "Royal Game I," and who was deft at the few appropriate remarks. Then I brushed aside the thought. The Chief Justice could not put himself in such a position. Now Lyndon Johnson either would or would not attend, and the chips would have to fall where they might.

An hour before the President was scheduled to appear I received the firm assurance that he would in fact show up. He stood in the reception line, his face hard as caliche soil. After a few handshakes he

t and let the First Lady do the rest of the greeting. He did not join in the buffet supper, and returning to make his remarks which opened the outh Lawn performances, he omitted his customary easantries and ad-libbed the gratuitous sentence: ou have been "asked to come not because you are e greatest artists in the land, although in the dgment of the people who made up this list you ay have been. . . ." The speech over, he did not ingle with the guests as usual; he strode brusquely his office.

The White House Festival of the Arts was closg. The Robert Joffrey ballet company went on, ien Duke Ellington's orchestra. As Ellington oved into *Impressions of the Far East*, I walked ack to my office, located just off the South Lawn. the White House I had developed the habit of aking ten-minute catnaps which for me were wonerfully refreshing. I kicked off my shoes and put y head down, but things kept going through my ind.

From the remarks made to me, I knew what most f the art critics were going to write. The experts we ad consulted had not failed us. The reviews would ay that the White House had offered a salute to he American arts that made no compromise with uality or conventionality. Some of the general press ould go on to state, as The New York Times did, hat "by tolerating dissent within its own precincts, he White House raised its own and the nation's tature. For here was proof that democracy could ractice what it preached in its most distinguished itadel."

I felt proud. As for the little band who had vorked with me, I was bursting with pride in them. We had insisted upon quality and integrity. This was not difficult for me; I could always return to ny professorship and writing. They had their futures very much at stake, and at least two of them were directly dependent upon the White House for heir livelihoods. Yet they had gone straight down he line with me, working their long hours with enormous good cheer and never, directly or indirectly, making a single move to dissociate themselves from the storm.

I felt pride, but puzzlement too. When the troubles came, I had steadfastly and sincerely maintained hat the festival was a salute to the arts, and nothng more, and that Lowell was wrong in his statement that he could not appear without at least a 'subtle commitment." Now, having lived through this experience and learned what one political leader actually expected from his ceremonial guests, I wondered. On the other hand, could the intellectual and artistic communities seriously expect to be encouraged and supported by government while some of their leaders engaged in open contempt for the head of the government, and others, although preserving respect, refused even a ceremonial invitation from him? The question was no philosophical one. With the establishment of the national councils on the arts and the humanities, the U.S. government was embarking on its first program of support of these groups. Were the only ground rules to be a countervailing play of hostilities?

I had seen a President reacting with arrogant know-nothingism, and influential figures in the cultural world reacting with an equally arrogant know-it-allness. Lyndon Johnson was obviously a special case, and so were the Maloffs and the Macdonalds. Most Americans, intellectuals and artists or politicians, are bored by such boorishness. But had we reached a point in the United States where one section of the population, filled with a sense of elitism and snobbery about its ability to take action, was in hopeless confrontation with another segment, equally filled with its own elitism and snobbery about its cultural superiority?

Above all, there was the immediate situation. The President of the United States had embarked on a program of major domestic changes and was taking the nation into a grave war. He needed all the help he could get, particularly from the country's better-educated citizenry. He needed this help especially in the form of criticism and urgings for restraint, the kind that would have come to him if he had looked into the face of John Hersey when he spoke his haunting statement that wars have a way of getting out of hand. He would also benefit richly from stimulating rapport with gifted and skeptical Metroamerica. At the same time Metroamericans, intellectuals and artists or simply Metroamericans, needed some sense that just because they had read Macdonald in *The New York Review of Books*, and could discuss Calder's "Whale" knowledgeably, they had not attained final omniscience in public policy, foreign or domestic.

Judged by these criteria, the White House Festival of the Arts had been an unmitigated disaster. Almost everything that happened after Lowell's letter and President Johnson's reaction to it had added bricks to a wall between the President and these groups. Mercifully, much of the story was unknown. But enough had become public to make the wall seem as impassable as the barbed concrete between East and West Berlin.

My catnap was not working; I could not get to sleep. Duke Ellington was into his last selection, "Black, Brown, and Beige," and the jazz drifted into my office. I walked back to the South Lawn, glanced up at the family quarters of the White House. Obviously President Johnson was not coming down, as he often did, to say good night to these guests. I looked off to the David Smith, which now seemed to be glittering in the floodlights in a mocking jousting with the President's quarters.

Standing there, I suddenly realized there were tears in my eyes. This is the silliest thing yet, I told myself; you really must be tired.

I wiped my eyes, walked into the crowd, found my staff. Others from the guests accumulated and we went off for a gay, a very gay drink.

Nancy Milford

THE GOLDEN DREAMS OF ZELDA FITZGERALD

The Jazz Age belle who once danced on tabletops and came home to die in a terrible fire has not been forgotten by her onetime schoolmates, beaux, and rivals in Montgomery, Alabama. Their genteel, devious, and sometimes malicious recollections evoke the portrait of a dazzling young woman who was very much the creature of the Southern life-style on which she tried to turn her back.

We knew all about each other in Jeffersonville: how each other swam and danced and what time our parents wanted us to be home at night, and what each one of us liked to eat and drink and talk about....
—"Southern Girl"
by Zelda Sayre Fitzgerald

I have been to Montgomery, Alabama, only twice, both times for short visits, to talk about Zelda Sayre who was born and raised there at the turn of the century. She is known there as Zelda Sayre and never as Mrs. F. Scott Fitzgerald, for to those who knew her in her younger days it was Scott who ruined her, who single-handedly destroyed their lovely and flawless girl. And although it was not she Scott had in mind when he wrote "The Last of the Belles," that is how she is remembered in the Deep South. It is by preference that they remember her in that way, almost possessively, for she returned to Montgomery in 1940, a woman nearly forty, changed physically beyond recognition. It was no easier for her that her friends refused to admit the profound alteration they found in her. To this day they disregard her mental illness as if it were a facial tic, something one is uneasy about. She is their kittenish belle in a leghorn hat with streamers down her back, who danced on table tops at the University of Alabama, and Auburn and Georgia Tech.

I flew to Montgomery on May 30 of 1968 for the fiftieth reunion of Zelda Sayre's high-school



Zelda Fitzgerald in Switzerland, 1930-1931
(Photograph, courtesy of Mrs. Grace Smith)

duating class. I planned to listen to her class-
es' reminiscences, to learn what I could of her
hood, for she had always run against the
am rather than with it, and to recapture, if I
ld, "Montgomery as it was." Scott Fitzgerald
it that way in his Notebooks under "Nostal-
or The Flight of the Heart." Most of the
ple I would talk with are now in their sixties
seventies, and they are in some ways the
pers of what is left of the old South and its
litions. To communicate with them about one
heir own is not easy. Appearance counts, and
does your name. There was not a woman
re whom I met who did not use at least three
nes, Christian, maiden, and married. They
w who you come from and where you've gone.
e old woman told me that another biographer
the Fitzgeralds had simply missed the point
ut Zelda's background. "Of course the Sayres
n't have much money in those days, none of
did. But, my dear, Judge Sayre [Zelda's
her] was from Macon County, and that meant
was a Whig. To be a Whig was to be an
stocrat."

After my plane from New York landed in
ntgomery I drove from the airport toward the
y on U. S. Route 80 which, like all the cement
hways that crisscross the South, looks new
l clean and freshly poured, past fields of black-
ed Susans and masses of that elegant weed,
een Anne's lace. The color of the earth is
sty, or redder than that, like dried paint, and
was very hot with waves of heat shuddering up
m the highway. The land is rich and the fields
ve a gentle roll bordered by clusters of trees
th their heavy, beautiful Spanish moss. The
dscape is incredibly clear, like a cutout. The
scription on the red and white license plates
ys, "Heart of Dixie," and on the lower left
ner is a large heart.

After several miles of farmland, Route 80
comes Fairview Avenue and then the tremen-
us new growth of Montgomery is apparent.
w gas stations and motels and drive-ins line
e road; Fairview becomes South Perry Street
ich leads me past Zelda's sister's house down
rectly into the center of town. I descend into
ntgomery from a hill, and ahead of me, just
yond the city, is the Alabama River, curled
e like a flat brown ribbon.

The center of town is hot and treeless. It is
rren in the intense sunlight, which seems to
tten everything. The stores are run-down;
ere is almost nobody on the streets. The build-
gs are one-, two-, and three-story bricks of the
t century with modernization stuck on their
fronts: plate-glass windows displaying chunky inexpensive furniture, painted signs blistering on the sides of buildings, dusty neon signs with the current off looking dead. The population of Montgomery has quadrupled since Zelda's birth when it was about 35,000, and doubled since the second world war. But the growth of Montgomery, as elsewhere, has been to the suburbs, withering the center of town.

The Capitol at the top of Dexter Avenue is a reminder of the pastoral beauty Montgomery must once have possessed. Dexter Avenue, when Zelda was a girl, was a wide boulevard with shade trees along either side leading up to the white Capitol. The trees were all cut down one night without warning to the public, who awoke, as one lady would tell me, to find "Dexter stripped clean as a whistle." Metal parking meters now line it. But the Capitol, with its high dome and black filigreed iron balcony, is a splendid building. Jefferson Davis took the oath of office to the Confederacy from the steps of its colonnaded portico. It is flanked by trees and sits at the top of several tiers of whitish marble steps. It has a classical Georgian grandeur and its very whiteness is striking; it shimmers in the heat like a mirage of cake at a banquet.

Both the Confederate and the State of Alabama flags fly from its dome, but not the American flag. In April 1963 George Wallace ordered the Confederate flag to be flown in the face of Robert Kennedy's showdown with him on integration. Since then the Capitol has been designated a historical monument; the Confederate flag remains in place. I remember the early morning of March 26, 1965. It is my birthday; the telephone is ringing and I'm packing to go to Montgomery. The voice from Montgomery is breathless. I am told not to come: Mrs. Liuzzo has been murdered. The Southern voice is steadier now, the rage is clearer: "They are fornicating with nuns on the steps of our Capitol. They are defecating on the steps of the Capitol. I don't believe they are *our* nigras. I don't believe it."

Perhaps the ugliness of the center of town is exaggerated because of the prettiness of the houses that edge it. Coming down Perry Street last May I noticed great gum and cedar trees arching over the streets, and lush green gardens by old houses. Most of the houses look like storybook illustrations, two- and three-story Victorians of white frame and stucco or reptilian stone with generous porches and wide bay windows, capped with pointed cupolas of tin like lance caps.

I checked into the Whitley Hotel and asked if there were any messages; there weren't. I knew there was a banquet scheduled for tonight and that I was not invited to it. A member of Zelda's class whom I knew had explained to me that some of the forty-odd people who have come back for the reunion had not seen each other since 1918 and they wanted a time alone together. This was their reunion and not Zelda's. I was invited to join them on Friday for a bus trip around Montgomery, to see the old and the new in the city, and to a luncheon afterwards.

In my room were three red roses with a card welcoming me to "the cradle of the Confederacy." They were from Paul, who knew Zelda at the end of her life in 1947 when she was living in a tiny cottage called "Rabbit Run" on Sayre Street with her mother, and he was a student in creative writing at the University of Alabama. Paul had met Zelda for the first time when he was in high school in 1941. He was a friend of Livye Hart Ridgeway's son, and Livye Hart and Zelda had been friends since girlhood. In his freshman year at the University of Alabama his roommate was crazy about F. Scott Fitzgerald and was trying, according to Paul, to run himself out as Fitzgerald had. When he learned that Paul had met Zelda he pressed him for details. A little embarrassed that he could remember none, Paul decided he would call her the next weekend he was in Montgomery.

"She was so kind to me always. First time I called she said, 'Of course I remember you,' and she asked me to come by to visit for tea, I think." It was the beginning of many visits and discussions and letters about writing that lasted until her death in 1948. "I had the feeling she didn't see many people anymore, and she made me feel she wanted to see me and talk to me. She didn't talk down to me at all. If anything I had a hard time following her, keeping up with her, I mean, she was brilliant. I've never heard a voice like hers before, not soft, but sort of husky, musical maybe, but with an edge to it."

Zelda wrote to him about the stories he left with her, and then she would caution him like a maiden aunt against drinking and smoking. He read her letters three or four times, he said, before he understood what she meant.

"She would talk about the past: her reveries were always in the past and her mind often turned to Paris, which she loved. Then she would talk about Scott and Hemingway. But she spoke very little about herself. She told one story on herself that I can remember. At a Sigma Nu dance at the University of Alabama small glass baby bottles were given as favors. She said [illegible] and her date filled theirs with straight gin [illegible] had more fun than anyone there."

Paul began to grin. "And there is one I rem[illegible] ber that everybody knows who ever went to [illegible] University of Alabama. Zelda was asked to t[illegible] the leadoff of the Black and White Ball that [illegible] SAEs give at Christmastime and something ab[illegible] it must have irritated her. Anyway it was [illegible] formal ball of the year at Alabama; the men w[illegible] tails and probably still do and the girls came [illegible] white. Zelda led the grand march around [illegible] ballroom in a flaming red gown with a sprig [illegible] mistletoe pinned to her rear. There isn't a boy [illegible] Alabama to this day who doesn't know that sto[illegible] She's a legend; there was nobody like her."

To the left of the couch where I was sitting w[illegible] a painting Zelda had given Paul just before h[illegible] death. It is a painting of the Champs-Elys[illegible] with the Arc de Triomphe in the background, a [illegible] a very cheery-looking automobile, fenders almo[illegible] off, bouncing down the road with a dog and [illegible] couple of bright flowers. It is now badly fade[illegible] Paul explained that the man who framed it f[illegible] him in New Orleans said Zelda must have paint[illegible] with anything on anything and cut her pain[illegible] with mineral water.

Zelda was killed in a fire that gutted the t[illegible] floor of the building at Highland Hospital [illegible] Asheville where she was recuperating from i[illegible] sulin treatments. After her death, Paul said, h[illegible] had written a letter in his grief to the *Saturda[illegible] Review* saying he had known Zelda and askin[illegible] for any information about her that their reade[illegible] would care to share with him. He received sever[illegible] letters, but none from people who had even m[illegible] Zelda. He brought them out to the sofa from h[illegible] bureau, a small packet of envelopes, and carefull[illegible] read each of them to me. One was from a strang[illegible] man who wanted to know how Paul could po[illegible] sibly have known Zelda if she had died in [illegible] mental institution unless he was in one too. An[illegible] other was curiously touching. It came from [illegible] girl living in New York City by herself in [illegible] women's residence hotel. She was taking nigh[illegible] courses at Columbia, she said, and *Tender is th[illegible] Night* held special meaning for her. She won[illegible] dered how much of it was autobiographical. Sh[illegible]

Nancy Milford has spent much of the past four years working on a biography of Zelda Fitzgerald [illegible] she began as a Master's essay at Columbia University. She has two children and is teaching freshman composition at Columbia. She traveled to Montgomery last year for a fresh assessment of Zelda's origins.

. there was something fine about Zelda's life. style, and she guessed that Zelda's élan had narked Scott's life that it came through in writing. She thought Zelda was probably less toward life, whereas she was afflicted by r. She wanted to know if Paul would write to , and he did. But she never wrote again.

n old Kodak snapshot of Zelda fell from ong the letters. She looks about sixteen and is wearing a swimming suit sitting beside a l. Her hair is long, still wet and sticking to her e. She is leaning backwards on her elbows. h feet up in the air, and she is laughing rily out from between her legs. Clearly she is the least bit concerned about showing her kside to the camera, for it is prominent in the

riday morning I was picked up shortly after e o'clock to be driven to the bus that would e the Class of 1918 around Montgomery. Milo ward, Jr., the curator of the Department of chives and History for the State of Alabama. s to give "the spiel," as he called it, during the e, and squire me about during the morning afternoon. But beforehand he offered to drive wherever I'd like to go in the forty-five min- s we had before the trip. Howard is the hew of Genie Blue Howard, a member of the ss of 1918, who was voted the "Most Popular" l of their class. Zelda was the "Prettiest" and e "Most Attractive."

I wanted to see the old Confederate cemetery ere Zelda had walked "to *feel*," as she put it Scott when they were courting, "the death of illiam Wreford, 1864 . . . in a hundred years I nk I shall like having young people speculate whether my eyes were brown or blue—of rce [*sic*], they are neither—I hope my grave s an air of many, many years ago about it—

n't it funny how, out of a row of Confederate ldiers, two or three will make you think of dead ers and dead loves—when they're exactly like e others, even to the yellowish moss? Old death so beautiful—so very beautiful— We will die gether—I know—"

We drove into the cemetery up through twin es of poplars to the Sayres' plot. We walked nong extravagant gray angels with chipped ngs, and broken columns, and those shiny inted phalluses of white marble that mark the ost distinguished graves; we walked through iron fences with little rickety gates that eaked open, past blue weeds and pieces of glass. d we saw the rain-streaked Confederate flags d the fresher ones, stuck crossed in pairs in front of the tombstones, like gay banners of pride. Zelda's grave was not there, of course, because she is buried next to Scott in Maryland, but we found many Sayres and Goldthwaites and Scotts and Codys, but no William Wreford.

When we got to the bus most of the classmates of 1918 were already there. On the side of the bus was a banner painted in blue: "Reunion of the Class of 1918." A lady who was the daughter of someone there stood taking movies of the people who were gathered in front of the bus, [illegible] and then the lady said, "This is a movie. Y'all gotta move!" So they waved a little self-consciously and one of the old men dropped down on his left knee abruptly with his right fist stuck in the ground in front of him like a runner and grinned, but his wife plucked at his sleeve and said, "Oh, honey," and he got back up and stood woodenly with the others. There were about forty people and of them only three spoke to me. About the heat: it was 93°. About my age: I was young to be writing a book about Zelda. About Montgomery: it sure had changed. Whether they were shy of me or suspicious I could not know. Certainly, I did not then realize that it was a question of agreed-upon policy about Zelda Sayre.

The ride lasted nearly two hours. I sat by myself at the back of the bus. We passed through new suburban housing developments named McGee Estates and Gay Meadow, and they all looked like Hollywood sets with imitation antebellum brick houses, fake Tudors, and one lonely-looking shingled saltbox. In the older residential part of town, called "The Hill", where Zelda had always lived, the old houses had begun to rot and fall apart. The white frame Victorian at 6 Pleasant Avenue with its brick front porch and potted plants where Zelda lived while she was going to high school had been torn down to make way for a highway.

We stopped only once, at the old Sidney Lanier High School, which is now called Baldwin High. It is a yellow brick four-story building, and the two naked statues of the goddesses of wisdom and justice upon which the boys of Zelda's class used to drape "certain articles of female attire" have long since been removed. As we walked into the auditorium to take photographs of the class, a woman told me that even in 1918 the auditorium had been too small to hold their Commencement exercises. It was at the Grand Theater at eight o'clock, Friday evening of May 31, 1918, that 59 seniors (45 girls and 14 boys) from the Sidney Lanier High School received

their diplomas from Lieutenant Lister J. Hill. But Zelda was not among them on the stage. No one any longer remembers why she was not with the rest of them. But the president of their class, Irby Jones, remembers her sitting in the audience in a beautiful white silk dress with a tunic of chiffon over it. He said she told him afterwards, "Why, Irby, I just came to hear you speak." And he wondered then, as he wonders now, whether she was teasing him or making fun of all of them.

The day before Commencement was Class Day and a class prophecy was read along with a class history, and a "crazy poem" written by Zelda's friend, Eleanor Browder. She said of Zelda tongue-in-cheek:

> There's Zelda Sayre a quiet child
> Who never makes a noise
> She eats but little, thinks a lot
> And's awfully scared of boys

The girls' quartet sang "My Lady Chloe," and a boys' quartet sang "Honey Child," then the entire class joined in while Theodosia Burr Lee played "Of Br'er Rabbit" on the piano. Even when Zelda was seventeen this kind of thing could not have been her scene. She had stood in the wings of the auditorium with her stockings rolled to her knees, which was a racy thing to do in 1918, and she was asked to roll her stockings back up and she wouldn't. Jesse Traywick was standing with the principal of their high school watching Zelda because, as he says, "She sure was a pretty little thing to watch," and the older man turned to him and said that for the first time in his life he wished he were younger.

After visiting the school we got back on the bus to drive to the luncheon. Colonel Jesse Traywick sat next to me; we began to talk about Zelda. He said he had never taken her out. "You know how girls that age are, they date the older boys." A man across the aisle leaned forward and said, "Jesse, Zelda dated them all, all ages." They both laughed. "By the time we were graduating the soldier boys were in town," Colonel Traywick said. "Why old Montgomery just spun with soldiers coming in from Camp Sheridan. I worked at May's Drugstore, jerking sodas, you might say, and there were dances held in a big room above the store. But I could never afford to go. There was this dollar cover, and then the man was expected to bring his flask. But I'll tell you, Zelda was there. Zelda was there in glory."

The two men began to talk about the time Zelda had ridden down Dexter Avenue in a one-piece flesh-colored knit bathing suit with her legs draped barefooted out over the back of a rumble seat. A group of boys who were ca Jelly Beans were loafing at the drugstore on corner when Zelda went by. They hollered at and seeing them, she stood up in the car, lau ing, and stretched out her arms wide and s *"All my Jellies!"* One of the men said, "You you got to remember, to us, Zelda was a . . kingmaker."

The luncheon was a garden party, buffet-s with Southern fried chicken, sliced ham, sal tomatoes, iced tea, and Southern women in p dresses. There were four tables with white ta cloths set up on the lawn, and cut-glass bo filled with gardenias. Balancing my plate I ca up behind the president of the class who h pened to be telling the nine other people at table, "Now I think we just aren't going to t about Zelda at the end of her life. We are go to protect . . ." With several stricken faces look at him he realized that I was there. He turned me, smiling hugely, and asked me to sit bes him, slapping the seat of a chair with the flat his hand, "Draw up a chair for this little g . . ." But by then I was maneuvered to anotl table.

Why, they all wanted to know, was someone age interested in Zelda? "Of course," one wom said, "every idea Scott ever had came from Zel We all knew that." Someone interrupted h "Now that's not fair, Cousie, I think Zelda m have helped, but she didn't write them." "I did say she did, did I? I said they came from h they were her ideas." A man at the far end of t table said, "Zelda was brilliant. If she ever or tried to do something in school she was a crack jack at it. I remember she'd come into class wit out her theme written and ask me what it w supposed to be about, and by the time class w up she'd have written hers. And she won priz too, for her writing." A woman said, "Mrs. Say wrote those for her and you know it." "I know such thing for sure."

How well, I asked, was she really liked, espe ally by the girls? The woman next to me sai "Honey, we all *loved* Zelda Sayre! We surely did Why weren't there any snapshots of her in the yearbooks? And why hadn't she belonged to the clubs, like The Dirty Five, The Babytots, or T Yama-Yama Girls? The lady said, maybe Zel wasn't the clubby type.

A woman in a bright orange dress with a bla straw matador's hat perched rakishly on her r curls came over to me and said, "Zelda Say knew how to have a good time, don't you think I said yes she knew how to have a good time, b

t the good times had not lasted very long. She
l, "Well, she had it for a while anyway,
ey," and with that she swayed a little un-
tainly back to her seat. She called back to me,
od times don't last!"

The man at the far end of my table who began
ook more and more like Eisenhower was smil-
and began insisting that Gainesville, Georgia,
duced four to five million chickens a day. "Yes,
'am, *live* chickens, a *day*!" The woman on my
ht said, "You listen to him, he ought to know.
u ever heard of Jewell chickens? Well, that's
vell!" He kept smiling, and then he said, "Zelda
ced on the tops of tables at Auburn. On the
s! Of course I remember Zelda. What man
uldn't remember a pretty girl on the *top* of a
le at Auburn! But I didn't take Zelda out. We
l a lot of competition in those days from the
diers." A woman interrupted him, "I don't
pose any nice girl dated Yankee soldiers."
elda did," the man said. "*And* she danced on
tops of tables at Auburn besides."

When we finished eating, the hostess stood up.
e pointed to a black woman who had served us
l said, "This is Emma, and she's been with us
twenty-eight years, and I'd rather let her go
n my husband." She corrected herself, "I
an I'd rather let him go than her." Everyone
ghed comfortably. Then she said she wanted
introduce a stranger in our midst." But she
uld not remember my name. Finally she asked
to stand up and introduce myself. "Now we
e going to talk about Zelda Sayre," she said.
ere was an awkward pause until Mrs. Anne
ul Goldthwaite Durr rose, and walking forward
emphasis, told about Commencement. "We
d decided to spend five dollars on our dresses
d they had to measure no more than ten inches
m the floor. Now Zelda used to come to school,
u all remember, in those poor frayed little
ddies that must have been hand-me-downs
m her sisters. But you should have seen the
ess she showed up in! My, but it was lovely,
k and chiffon, but it most surely did not cost
t five dollars! Then she had rolled her stockings
d I remember our principal telling her to roll
em back up then and there, and she did. That
s Zelda." In the general laughter, I caught the
e of Traywick; he winked at me.

Mary Elmore Persons, half-standing and half-
ting, said: "Now I don't want to say anything
t of turn, but the Sayres should have paid more
tention to Zelda. She got no disciplining at
me the way the rest of us did."

Irby Jones interrupted her and began to tell
out playing hooky on April Fool's Day. "I don't
want to say that Zelda was the ringleader, but she surely did not hold back at all." Again everyone laughed. "Wasn't it Zelda persuaded the ticket taker at the Grand Theater to let us all in for free?" he asked. Mrs. Durr answered him, "We collected less than ninety cents among us and Zelda persuaded him to let us all in for that." Irby Jones said, "That was Zelda."

The Reverend Frank Moseley came up to my chair during this speak-out. "You know what I remember best about Scott? I can never forget the first time I met Scott. He made an impression that lasted a lifetime. We were all on the train between Montgomery and Auburn, I believe. It was late May and you know how hot it is then. Why, coming toward me, down the aisle, was this handsome man wearing a derby, spats, and carrying a walking cane! I had never seen anyone dressed like that in my life, and except for Scott, I still haven't."

It seemed for a moment that we were all receding into another time. Stories about Zelda exploded into conversation, but in all of them there seemed to be something held back and left unsaid. There were insinuations about what Scott had called her "sexual recklessness," but only the lightest touch of it. Someone began to describe swimming in the nude, but a woman interrupted to say that she was there, and Zelda was *not* in the nude. She had on that one-piece flesh-colored swimming suit. Or was it white? In one story it would be silk, in another knit, in another she was sitting on a block of ice with it on, sliding down Dexter Avenue on the hottest day of the summer when everyone was bound to be out on their porches. Nothing was suggested about that side of her which wrote about William Wreford. And I realized for what must have been the hundredth time in my life the occupational hazards in being a biographer, especially of someone who is legendary, but perhaps of anyone, and it is that the stories get enlarged, or changed, or even made-up over the years until no one knows the difference, until they are believed, and believed deeply, and until it no longer seems to make any difference to anyone whether the stories are real or not. Zelda liked to be the center of attention, and she worked toward it as if possession were a gift. Men liked her, women didn't. None of her contemporaries talked about her own writing; no one had read *Save Me the Waltz*, which was published in 1932 by Scribner's, and which had been reissued in the summer of 1967. One of her old classmates called her painting "peculiar, like Picasso." Zelda existed for them as the girl they had read about more surely than as the girl they had known, if

they had known her, and they held to that knowledge with tenacity, as if by preference. They dissembled because among themselves they had decided to "protect" her; some perhaps because they resented her, but some dissembled because it had become a habit of mind with them and they could no longer tell the difference, even to themselves, about that which is and that which is not.

Back at my hotel I began to make arrangements for my interviews the next day, but now I could feel the wariness even on the telephone. Mrs. Gannon hadn't the time, Mrs. Garland felt she had nothing to offer, Mrs. Mercer couldn't see me, Leon Ruth was dead.

Amelia Harper Rosenberg, who taught dancing for years in Montgomery, knew Zelda well, especially on her return to Montgomery in 1931 from her breakdown in Switzerland and her final trip home in 1940. "I gave Zelda a key to my studio and she came and danced whenever she felt like it, almost every day. She took two private lessons a day during the period Scott was in Hollywood." That was in 1931. "Scottie, their daughter, had a Frenchwoman for a governess, and Mademoiselle would come and play the piano for Zelda. Zelda's technique was good, very good indeed, but something was not there; her elevation wasn't that good. She didn't have whatever it is that is extra that makes a dancer special. In 1940 Zelda would come every day that she was able. She took classes for a while with my fourteen-, fifteen-, and sixteen-year-olds. Some of their mothers called me and didn't like it at all. I said if you don't like it you are free to withdraw your pupils."

Mrs. Rosenberg was the first of three women to admit that Zelda was lonely during her last years in Montgomery. The usual reply to my question was, "Why Zelda was with her friends. She had come home. How could she be lonely?" Mrs. Rosenberg snorted at this. "Of course she was lonely. She saw very few people. I remember that she was happiest, almost meek, when I would give her difficult combinations of ballet steps to do. She would become very serious then. You could see that she loved it. She said dancing was her one salvation."

Painting was another salvation. The Museum of Fine Arts has three of Zelda's paintings and I went to have a final look at them. None are on display; they all hang in storage. All of the paintings are done in oil and are flaking badly. One is of two ballet dancers in front of a curtain, perhaps on a stage. Both of these figures are apparently female with long blonde, almost colorless, hair, and both are nude. They hold out from their bodies a ruffled garment, perhaps their ... carded costumes, but they are held as if t... were capes. They look like pancreases. The co... are chalky and muted. The figures all hea... muscled with enlarged feet and legs; their he... bend downwards, and the one facing forwar... featureless. The other's head is averted fi... view. The more interesting painting is of a cir... pair. In this the figures are in motion, but t... look suspended, as if floating within the cont... of the circus. There are two tiny white cir... horses with plumes in their manes. The col... are muted pinks, grays, and lavender. The ... ures are distorted, their hands open, almost s... plicating. Both are nude but their sex is in... terminate. Their lips are very red, their fa... marked by only the slightest indication of featu... a line to indicate where the eyes would be, a... they are both hairless.

The final painting which Zelda called "Hop... is made up of about twenty or thirty circu... shapes like cotton balls. Perhaps they are bl... soms, for there are a few very slight touches ... green on what might be stems. The painting ... vague and watery—very pale, blue and white a... gray. It is the most innocuous of her painting... the one that is most frequently hung in Mon... gomery. "Well, of course," the lady who took m... to see them said, "a lot of people in Montgome... think Zelda was a little bit ahead of her time... She laughed. "They figure that if a picture of ... person doesn't look like a person it's modern art...

The next day in Montgomery I talked separate... with two women who insisted I not publish the... names with their reminiscences. "I would ... crucified," one of them said. Both of them saw ... good deal of Zelda from 1940 to 1947 and the... remembered her walking the streets of Mon... gomery in high white stockings, like knee sock... wearing a funny little Alpine hat, bicycling eve... in the heat. "Of course at first she was invite... to parties. I remember one she came to. Everyon... was standing in the garden with drinks in the ... hands and when Zelda saw them she dropped t... her knees in prayer. You can imagine how tha... ripped Montgomery." Her skirts were too lon... and her hair wasn't right and she couldn't carr... it off any longer, so she retired more and mor... into the world of her mother and her painting... The lady said, "I always left my door open to he... and there were plenty of books in the library an... a light wine on the table. One day I came hom... and walked into the library and sat down by my... self. All of a sudden I sensed somebody was there... and I turned and saw her. I said, 'Zelda wh...

lidn't you make a noise?' And she said, 'This is he only place where I can sit by myself and take drink and read.' "

The other woman talked about the last time she saw Zelda: "We went to a little tavern on the outskirts of Montgomery. She was never allowed to go anywhere alone. So we just sat there for some time talking about when we were young together, sipping a light wine, when someone must have called Mittelle Noble." (He was Zelda's niece's husband; Zelda was close to them both.) 'Mittelle was not the kind of man to lose his temper or to show it, but he came in and got Zelda and took her home with him. She was so embarrassed; she tried to tell him that we were just passing time, but then she stopped trying and left with him quietly. You see, she couldn't do or go anywhere anymore and it nearly killed her sometimes."

Later, I took a walk over the octagonal blue and white cement sidewalks in the old part of town, the part of Montgomery that Zelda describes in her fiction. I went by the Sayre Street school where Zelda had gone to elementary school, one of those cheerless buildings with a red sandy playground behind it. Close by was a magnolia tree; it must have been at least three stories high. I took a blossom from it, because I had never seen a magnolia up close, nor smelled its fragrance. The blossom is the size of a man's hand with eight thick white petals set in a cluster of flat, deep-green leaves. The smell of the blossom is as potent as musk: heavily sweet and too rich. It is unforgettable. I remember a story Gerald Murphy had told me years ago about Zelda. They were sitting together in the garden of the Villa America at Antibes, and he had asked her about her youth in the South, for she never talked about her life before Scott. She was fingering, he remembered, a brilliant fuchsia peony. She said that when she was a girl her beaux would leave her a single petal of the magnolia with a message pricked upon it with a pin, and within an hour after it had been picked, the part that was marked turned brown.

In the late spring of 1940, only a few weeks after Zelda had returned home to Montgomery for the last time she wrote to Scott, ". . . it's been a long time since I lived here and most of my friends are long since swallowed up . . . a lone and middle-aged woman is a far pleasanter spectacle when merged in her traditions. To a man, I suppose the pressure of life is always supposed to be paramount but to a woman the poignancy of personal desirability is almost inescapably paramount.

"It makes me sad to lose forever, in the recapturing, the scenes of my youth."

What must it have been like to return here disfigured by years of fighting against schizophrenia, after having left Montgomery as a prize? "The prettiest girl in Alabama *and* Georgia," Scott said. Painting in other people's gardens; bicycling or walking five miles a day because that was doctor's orders, but no one knew that in Montgomery; praying because there was very little else to do when you had exhausted everything else.

After leaving my last interview I saw some boys and a one-armed man playing ball. After we were introduced, the man said, "My mother knew Zelda Sayre; she knew all the Sayres because they lived close by to her." He asked me if I wanted to come into his house because he had a painting of Zelda's. I walked into the new ranch house, and on the wall to the left of the entrance was a painting of red flowers, unmistakably Zelda's. The organic-looking red blossoms, swollen and twisted, jagged in their pot, hung in a central position on the wall.

"It sure is a pretty picture," his wife said as she came from the kitchen.

"I think it's one of her best," the man said.

"Hey, tell her what you used to call Zelda, honey."

"She wouldn't be interested in that, I was a kid then."

"No, go on and tell her what you used to call her, honey."

"Well," he said, "I used to—we all did—call her that crazy woman. We'd say, there goes that *crazy woman*." He paused. "You know she was crazy.

"You see she used to ride a bicycle around town and nobody her age did that in Montgomery, so we just used to always call her that crazy woman." He replaced the painting, adjusting it carefully on the wall, and walked me to the car. "You know what I think?" he said. "I think that picture will be worth something someday."

Writing about Montgomery, but calling it Jeffersonville, Zelda had said, "Every place has its hours. . . . So in Jeffersonville there existed then, and I suppose now, a time and quality that appertains to nowhere else." And she was right. The landscape is by Rousseau and something savage lurks in the extravagantly green gardens. The time is of the past. Zelda had come full circle to her origin. She was the American Girl living the American Dream, and she became mad within it.

Harper's Magazine, January 1969

Gay Talese

THE NEW YORK TIMES:
Inside a Great Newspaper—Part I

The New York Times is perhaps the greatest newspaper in the world. It exerts an unusual influence on this country, where it is the closest newspaper we have to being a truly national institution, and on global affairs as well. It is rich in its own history, and in memorable and sometimes flamboyant personalities who over the years have given it its distinctive character.

In this issue **Harper's** begins a two-part series excerpted from Gay Talese's book on The Times—**The Kingdom and the Power**—to be published by World-New American Library in the spring. Mr. Talese, a former top staff writer for The Times who has devoted more than three years to this work, treats The Times as the unique institution of power in America that it is, and as the focus for conflicting ambitions and ideas that any human undertaking of its scope must inevitably be.

This first installment, which deals with several contemporary Timesmen and with part of the history of The Times' ruling family, takes shape before an afternoon editorial conference . . .

It is now 3:10. It is a sunny afternoon in early summer and Clifton Daniel sits in his large office off the busy newsroom on the third floor of The Times building. He had arrived at The Times in the morning feeling relaxed and looking well, the beginning of a deep suntan obscuring the circles under his eyes and accentuating the silver in his long wavy hair. He and his wife, the former Margaret Truman, had rented a summer home with a pool near Bedford Village, a somewhat exclusive [illegible] community in New York State with plenty of trees and space and unpaved country roads for [illegible] with none of the frantic entertaining that Margaret and Clifton Daniel try to avoid in Manhattan but not always can. They had married late in life—she was thirty-two, he forty-three—and at that time, the spring of 1956, they had both enjoyed the full fling of freedom and were ready to settle down.

Now, ten years and four sons later, Daniel was enjoying a new sense of being somebody other than Harry Truman's son-in-law. He was finally get[ting] singular recognition as an important figure i[n] journalism. Magazine articles had recently featu[red] him, he had just made *Current Biography*, an [illegible] speech he had delivered a month ago to the W[orld] Press Institute, a speech about a tense scene wit[hin] The Times building prior to the Bay of Pigs invas[ion] of Cuba, received nearly a full page of cover[age] in The Times itself. It had been a remarka[ble] speech. It told of Times editors fuming and [in] agreeing with one another over how the pre-in[va]sion story should be played on the front page [on] that particular evening in 1961. Originally, Dan[iel] recalled, the story had been scheduled for the l[ead] position on Page One. But then the publisher [of] The Times, Orvil Dryfoos, following the advice [of] his close friend, James Reston, ordered the st[ory] toned down, moved to a less prominent place on [the] page, its headline minimized, and any reference [to] the imminence of the invasion eliminated. It was [in] the national interest to withhold certain vital fa[cts]

Copyright [illegible] by Gay Talese. From the forthcoming book: The Kingdom and the Power.

n the American people, including the CIA in-
ement, Dryfoos and Reston felt, but other Times
ors strongly disagreed. One of them, according
Daniel's speech, became so infuriated that he
ered with emotion and turned "dead white"
demanded that Dryfoos himself come down
n the publisher's office and personally order The
es' self-censorship. Dryfoos did, justifying it
rounds of national security and concern for the
ty of the men preparing to offer their lives on
beaches of Cuba. But after the invasion had
ed, Daniel said in his speech, even President
nedy conceded that perhaps The Times had
n overly protective of American interests; if The
es had printed all it knew about the Cuban ven-
beforehand, Kennedy suggested, the invasion
ht have been canceled and the bloody fiasco
ided.

What was most interesting about Daniel's speech
not the presumption that the mere printing of
ds in The Times could stop a military invasion,
otion acceptable to many people who respect The
es' persuasive power in Washington; rather it
that The Times, in publishing the full text
Daniel's speech, had inadvertently given new in-
t into itself. It had thus admitted for the first
e the existence of discord among its editors,
fuming and fretting in the newsroom, and
undoubtedly was a startling revelation to many
ders who had never before conceived of The
w York Times offices in quite this way. They
l probably imagined the interior of The Times
be closer to its prevailing image, a cathedral
quiet dignity, the home of the Good Gray Lady,
l perhaps years ago The Times was more like
s. But now, in the 1960s, it was not.

On the surface things seemed fine—circulation
s higher than ever, advertising linage was up,
ney was pouring in, the newspaper was expand-
in prestige and power. But as the paper had
wn it had become less manageable, office empires
l flourished, and during the last few years a quiet
olution had been going on within The Times, a
olution distinguished for its tactics and intrigue,
l Daniel's speech had hinted at only part of it.
was more than diversity of opinion, the vanity
l taste of men at the top; there were also philo-
hical differences dividing older Timesmen who
red that the paper was losing touch with its
dition and younger men who felt trapped by tra-
ion, and there was reappraisal and doubt even
ong members of the family that owned The
nes, the heirs of the great patriarch, Adolph
hs, who had come up to New York from Chat-
ooga before the turn of the century and had pur-
ased the declining Times and revived it. When
hs bought the paper in 1896 its daily paid circu-
ion was down to 9,000, less than The Times had
l when it was ten days old in 1851. At Ochs' death,
1935, the daily circulation was 465,000. T
ure has now nearly doubled, and there have bee
several changes for the better since the death of Adolph Ochs. But in many ways The Times remains Ochs' paper, his shrine, his words of wisdom re-echoed by old sages still under his influence.

A photograph of Ochs, white-haired and imperious, hangs on Daniel's office wall, as it does in the offices of all other top editors. A bronze statue of Ochs stands in the lobby and also on the fourteenth floor where the stockholders and directors meet, and Ochs' credo—"To Give The News Impartially, Without Fear or Favor . . ."—is on display in various places around the building and in Times bureaus around the nation and world.

Until relatively recent years the editors who had risen within the institution had been those most reverential toward Ochs' fundamentalism, and the highest-paid reporters were those who were the most objective and accurate, aware of the weight of each word in The Times. This awareness often stifled their writing style. They might have written with lucidity and freedom on other publications but on The Times they felt the weight and became overly cautious, rigid, and dull. But dullness had been no sin during the Ochs era. Better to be a little dull than to dazzle and distort, the thinking went, and as long as they remained faithful to the principles of Ochs, a sense of responsibility and caution, the old morality, they need not worry. They were secure on The Times. They were paid well, treated fairly, protected from the sham and uncertainties of the outside world. Economic recessions and depressions did not cut off their income, and threats to world survival seemed not to disturb the inner peace of The Times building. The Times stood apart, solid and unshakable. If it sometimes seemed a bit crusty and out of touch with popular trends, this was not so bad.

It was, like Ochs, never frivolous. It was never caught out on a limb. The New York Times was a timeless blend of past and present, a medieval modern kingdom within the nation with its own private laws and values and with leaders who felt responsibility for the nation's welfare but were less likely to lie than the nation's statesmen and generals. The Times was the Bible, emerging each morning with a view of life that thousands of readers accepted as reality. They accepted it on the simple theory that what appeared in The Times must be true, and this blind faith made monks of many men on The Times. Many. Not all. There had been Timesmen who were less than truthful, or truthful in their fashion, or not truthful in the journalistic sense, which is a truth that is limited but verifiable. Or they had perhaps been *too* truthful, so controversial as to not be in the national interest or the newspaper's interest, which was often the same thing. The New York Times, after all, grew with the nation during the two great wars, prospered with it, and The Times and the nation were equally committed to capitalism and democracy, and what was bad for the nation was often just as bad for The Times.

And it was this thinking, Ochs' ghost of caution, that had come filtering into the newsroom on that night in 1961 when The Times decided not to publish all it knew about the Bay of Pigs invasion. The decision had been debated, accepted in one corner of the newsroom, damned in another, but it had finally prevailed. Orvil Dryfoos, The Times publisher and husband of Ochs' first and prettiest granddaughter, and James Reston, The Times bureau chief in Washington and star of the staff, had teamed up to tone down the story, and thus had reaffirmed once again the bond between them, a personal and philosophical compatibility that was Reston's main source of power in the New York office.

It was not surprising that Dryfoos would be so fond of Reston personally and so respectful of Reston's judgment. Even before he had known Reston well he had admired Reston's writing style, which was bright and informal, different from The Times and yet complementary to it. And not long after Dryfoos had left Wall Street in 1942, six months after his fortunate marriage, to begin his career on The Times, Reston had left reporting temporarily to serve as an executive assistant to Dryfoos' father-in-law, Arthur Hays Sulzberger, the handsome man who in 1917 had married Ochs' daughter and only child—and upon Ochs' death in 1935 Sulzberger had assumed command of The Times, ruling it for the next twenty-six years, until stepping aside for Dryfoos in 1961, with a particular modesty and self-consciousness that come from marrying into the Ochs dynasty and moving among senior Timesmen who had made it the hard way. But The Times prospered under Sulzberger, as it would under Dryfoos, because both men had the wisdom to guide The Times gently and the money to resist impropriety, and both men maintained enough of the Ochs-ian atmosphere to attract and keep employees who were dedicated and talented, and none was more dedicated and talented than James Reston.

A short, dark-haired man with a spry step and an air of self-assurance that was never graceless, Reston had been born in 1909 to poor and pious parents in Clydebank, Scotland. When he was eleven his parents immigrated to the United States, settling in Ohio, and Reston attended public schools but was undistinguished as a student, neglecting his books for the golf course. With some financial assistance from a rich man for whom he had caddied, Reston got through the University of Illinois. Though he was a slow starter, his dream unfocused, he possessed tremendous energy and ambition, and w
he finally concentrated on journalism he shot
through the system more swiftly and smoothly t
any young man of his generation.

But despite the success that would enable hir
meet the great thinkers of his time, and w
eventually make them as eager to meet him, Re
never forgot his impoverished past and the circ
stances that allowed him to be where he was.
was a poor boy to whom America had indeed b
a land of opportunity, and out of this grew a gr
tude, a patriotism that made him a better con
than a critic. He was clearly an American advoc
and, even as he matured, he would never achieve
universal scope of a Walter Lippmann. Colur
by Reston on national or foreign affairs often
flected the pardonable prejudice of the sportswri
he had once been. He was reluctant to condemn
home side, even when it made the errors, or
concede that the local heroes also played di
sometimes when they had to win. Occasionally
seemed naïve, seeing only righteousness and ne
greed in American ambition, and somehow sugge
ing that there were probably more good guys in
CIA than in the spy ranks of the enemy. But he w
at least never cynical and always readable, and t
made him just right for The New York Tim
where cynicism would not be tolerated, Ochs h
ing detested it, and where readability was oft
rare. And there was finally in Reston's style
element far more significant than his writing st
or wit, and this was his persuasive tone of mor
ism and idealism that brought to his readers t
inner elevation of a good Sunday sermon—Jam
Reston was something of a preacher. His str
Scotch Presbyterian mother had wanted him to b
come a preacher, and as a Timesman he had beco
one, his column being the podium from which
could spread his Calvinist view of life througho
the land, thrilling thousands with his sound log
and clarity, influencing students, educators, a
politicians, sometimes infuriating such Presiden
as Eisenhower, who once asked, "Who the h
does Reston think he is, telling me how to r
the country?" Reston expected great things fro
the mighty, not only muscle and heart but also son
piety and nobility of spirit; and yet when th
failed him, as they most often did, he did not dam
them but rather foresaw signs of redemption an
hope. This was Reston's special appeal. He con
municated hope. The front-page headlines we
overcast with gloom and doom, but if one turne
to Reston's column the world seemed brighter. O
if not brighter, at least less confused. He coul
somehow cut through all the complex facts and fig
ures, the allegations and lies and illusions of dail
life, and put his finger on a central point that suc
denly brought everything into sharp focus, makin
it clear and understandable. There was little nega
tivism or doubt in his vision, and thus his Americ
was a positive place of right-thinking people, an

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was on our side—it was as it had been during
ld War II.

those days, twenty-five years ago, Reston had
a young political reporter in Washington, and
re that a war correspondent in London during
Blitz, living with his winsome Midwestern wife
baby son on the edge of destruction and rubble,
king among a generation of American journal-
profoundly influenced by the spirit of that time
place. There was then a purity about the Allied
ose, and the characters in the war drama were
-defined, it was the Virtuous versus the Huns,
there was great adventure, danger, and com-
nent to being a newsman then, and London left
sting mark on many of these men, giving to
ard R. Murrow a voice, giving to Clifton Dan-
style in manner and dress, and giving to Reston
a deep conviction about the war as a holy
ade that he wrote a book about it, and this book
his first big step to fame. Entitled *Prelude to*
ory and published in the summer of 1942, it
oduced for the first time the spark and pa-
tism of Reston's prose. The theme of the book
that "we cannot win this War until it ceases to
struggle for personal aims and material things
becomes a national crusade for America and the
erican Dream," and the voice of Reston from the
it could almost be heard in such passages as:
. We must defy the danger and welcome the
ortunity. We must strengthen the things that
e us and remove the things that divide us. We
t look forward to the future with faith in each
r and in the rightness of the American Dream.
this is the Prelude to Victory. . . ." Rave re-
vs greeted the book's publication both in Amer-
and England, and the movie producer, Walter
nger, was so inspired by it that he arranged for
ollywood bookshop to refund the money to any
der who did not share his views of the book's
ortance. The book also expressed great loyalty
The Times, and this fact, together with Reston's
eral philosophy and the acclaim it received, did
no harm with The Times publisher, Arthur
ys Sulzberger.

lzberger was then, in 1942, in the prime of his
—fifty years old, a lean and well-tailored man
h gray hair, alert blue eyes, wrinkles in the
ht places, and finally in a position to make big
isions without having to first clear everything
h his father-in-law. Ochs had now been dead
seven years, and Sulzberger was the boss, al-
ugh he could never be the boss that Ochs had
n. Nor would he wish to be. Sulzberger was by
ure a modest man, not a monument builder, and
preferred making decisions quietly, taking into
ount the counsel of his colleagues, and then
aining in the background with the other shrine
pers and playing homage to the memory of the
arted patriarch. Except for the fact that Sulz-
ger was of German-Jewish ancestry, as Ochs had been, the two men had little in common. Adolph Ochs' climb had been a continuous struggle against great odds: quitting school at fifteen to begin at the bottom—a printer's apprentice and floor sweeper in the composing room of a small newspaper in Tennessee. Sulzberger had been privileged from the start. He had been born of a prominent New York family—one of his mother's relatives, Jacob Hays, had been New York's first police chief and had supervised the security when George Washington took the first Presidential oath—and Sulzberger had been educated in good schools, and been permitted to indulge a taste for expensive things. He wrote verse, had some talent as a painter, and thought seriously of some day becoming an architect. But after graduation from college he became, like his father, a textile importer, and was on a buying trip in Peking, China, when the United States entered World War I. He quickly returned for training as an artillery officer, and while in the Army he met again some of his New York friends, one being a nephew of Ochs. And it was through the latter that Sulzberger became reacquainted with Ochs' daughter, Iphigene, whom he had known casually a few years before when they both had attended classes on the campus of Columbia University.

When the courtship began, Ochs had been displeased. Ochs had fashioned his daughter to his Victorian taste and thought there was no great need for her to marry, all her needs being satisfied at home; but if she were ever to seriously contemplate marriage, as she obviously was with Sulzberger, Ochs had hoped that she would at least select someone with a journalistic background who could make a useful contribution to The Times and perhaps one day help run it. But his daughter was set on Sulzberger, and Ochs finally consented on the condition that the young man, after his discharge from the Army, join The Times and learn the newspaper business. If he had any ability, he would rise within the hierarchy—meanwhile, Ochs could keep an eye on him.

In 1918, a year after the wedding, Arthur Hays Sulzberger appeared at The Times. He was given an office and a secretary and very little to do. His presence naturally caused curiosity throughout the building, particularly among some of the women who found him extremely attractive, and few details about him eluded their gossip. He loved flowers in his office and was fond of miniature animals, there being some samples on his desk and atop the bookshelves. He was forever moving furniture around the room, and emptying the ashtrays, and rolling a stand that held a large atlas globe back and forth along the floor until finding a spot where the north light hit it at an interesting angle. He was absorbed by music and poetry, color and fabric, and could properly have worked in some cultural department on the newspaper, which he would have preferred. But Ochs kept him away from the more

glamorous aspects of the business. After he had been assigned to work for a while on The Times' annual charity drive, The Hundred Neediest Cases, he was sent for half of each day to The Times' paper mill in the Bush Terminal building in Brooklyn, where he was to familiarize himself with the logistics of newsprint. Soon he became more knowledgeable about this than anybody on The Times, and within a few years it was obvious that Sulzberger possessed a great willingness for work and was learning fast. He seemed constantly busy, remaining late at his office studying the complicated tabulated reports of the various departments within the building, always appearing at The Times on Sundays and holidays if for no other reason than to walk around the place, to talk to people, and, as he once put it, "to register the fact that I wasn't playing polo with the boss's money."

By the late Twenties, with Adolph Ochs slowing down as he approached seventy, Sulzberger's authority increased, although never to a point of presumption. Once when Sulzberger went a bit far Ochs reminded him, "I'm not dead yet." And Ochs became irritated on another occasion when he learned that Sulzberger, whose taxicab had been delayed by the Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade, had suggested to an editor that The Times might print a paragraph or two about the congestion. While Ochs would never alter news to accommodate advertisers, he was nonetheless a practical man, and he saw no reason to risk offending Macy's just because his son-in-law had gotten into a traffic jam. There were other things about Sulzberger, too, that grated on Ochs in the beginning, small things that were not the result of any disaffection but were inspired rather by their difference in style and by Ochs' desire to have The Times run as he wished not only until his death, but long after it.

This was one reason why, in his final years, Ochs became almost obsessed by his last will and testament, consulting endlessly with his lawyer lest there be confusion about his ultimate dream: The New York Times must, upon his death, be controlled only by his immediate family, and in turn by their families, and it would be the responsibility of them all to govern during their lifetime with the same dedication that he had during his. But he knew also that this was the predictable dying wish of many men who had established dynasties, it having possibly been the same with Joseph Pulitzer, the great publisher of The World, who died in 1911. But by 1931 Pulitzer's heirs had sold The World to Scripps-Howard. This fact, occurring so shortly before Ochs' own death, had caused him particular despondency. For The World had been a remarkable combination of writing and reporting, urbanity and intelligence, and what hurt it was not so much an editorial decline as the mismanagement of its business side. Ochs knew that a talented and idealistic staff alone could not guide The Times through future decades. The paper a[lso] had to make money. Ochs' genius had been [not] only in the type of newspaper he created but in [the] fact that he had made such a newspaper pay. [Of] course Ochs had worked hard, being an indomita[ble] little man with no interests outside his newspa[per] and with no doubt that news, as he presented [it] was a durable and salable commodity. But with [his] business acumen Ochs had an instinct for avoid[ing] the temptations of business, and he hoped his he[irs] would also inherit some of this. During Ochs' e[ar]liest days in New York, for example, he was [so] short of money that, to save a few pennies, he wo[uld] sometimes wander through The Times shutting [off] the lights over desks not in use—and *yet*, whe[n a] prominent New Yorker, a trusted friend, offe[red] him a contract for $150,000 worth of municipal [ad]vertising with no strings attached, Ochs refus[ed]. He did so on the theory that he needed the rever[se] so desperately that he might adjust his operat[ion] to the windfall and he was unwilling to trust hi[m]self as to what he might do if, after that had h[ap]pened, he was threatened with a cancellation of t[he] contract. Ochs was a very human man with [his] share of human frailties and, knowing this, he w[as] wary of the slightest twitch of temptation in hi[m]self. As for his heirs, he could only hope that th[ey] too would possess the wisdom to resist, and wou[ld] run The Times not merely for profit but somewh[at] along the business lines of a great church, gildi[ng] the wealth with virtue, and in such a place Adol[ph] Ochs, after death, could live long in the liturgy.

How long he could live, of course, depend[ed] largely on how well his heirs got along in the d[e]ades ahead. Nothing would crumble his foundati[on] faster than family squabbles, selfish ambition, [or] shortsighted goals. His successors would have [to] make money but not be enticed by it, would have [to] keep up with trends but not be carried away [by] them, would have to hire talented people but n[ot] people so talented or egocentric that they beca[me] too special as writers or indispensable as edito[rs]. Nobody could be indispensable on The New Yo[rk] Times, including Ochs. The Times would go on i[n]definitely, he hoped, towering over all individu[als] and groups in its employ, and his family wou[ld] work together, repressing any personal animosi[ty] for the greater good, and, if possible, choose mat[es] in marriage who would also be wed to The Time[s].

This was part of Ochs' dream, and when he di[ed] in 1935 during a nostalgic visit to the place [in] Tennessee where it all began, the fulfillment of h[is] wishes became the responsibility of Sulzberger, t[he] son-in-law, and of Ochs' daughter Iphigene.

Iphigene Sulzberger was a serious, somber-ey[ed] brunette, no great beauty but pleasant to look a[t] and beneath a seemingly soft surface, of very fi[ne] fiber. As a girl she had been Ochs' little princes[s] and as a young woman at Barnard, from which sh[e] graduated in 1914, she had been alert and brigh[t]

king her father, who had always been impressed education and envious of it, extremely proud. r mother, the unconventional member of the nily, was a marvelously strange tiny woman with en hair who wore long dark dresses and walked ound the house alone at night, sleeping by day, l who seemed more charmed by the animals ound the Ochs household, including the mice, for ich she sometimes left bread crumbs in the fire- ce, than by the important men who so often ne to dinner. She was the daughter of the dis- guished Rabbi Wise of Cincinnati, founder of brew Union College, and Adolph Ochs had met r while visiting the rabbi's home one day in 1882. ey were married a year later, spending their neymoon in Washington, where they had tea with esident Chester Arthur, and Ochs then returned th his bride to Chattanooga, where he was the ecocious publisher of The Chattanooga Times, ining experience for his future venture in New rk. His wife's interest in journalism was limited nost entirely to the literary supplement, for nich she wrote book reviews, and she had little linination for cooking or running a home. But this as no problem in Chattanooga because Adolph hs' female relatives there, including his mother, ppily occupied and helped run the big house, thus maining close to Adolph, their pride and joy, and e younger Mrs. Ochs, a guest in her own home, as free for such things as riding the new horse at her husband had bought for her soon after eir marriage. Far from being displeased with her hereal quality, Ochs was actually attracted by it, ding it a congenial contrast with his more bour- ois background. The only thing lacking in the rly years of their marriage were children, two ving died, but nine years after their marriage, 1892, a baby girl was born and survived, and e ecstatic Ochs named her Iphigene in honor of s wife.

oung Iphigene shared her mother's great interest literature but little of her mother's romantic tachment. She was her father's child. Had he rmitted it she might have become a journalist, crusading sort urging reform. As a schoolgirl she d been keenly aware of the slums of New York, d during her family's many trips to Europe she w more of the same. At Barnard College, where e majored in economics, she developed what was en considered a socialistic point of view. She ined with other students in advocating a better elfare program in New York and also worked as volunteer in some of the city's settlement houses. er father admired her idealism but he was some- mes startled by the assertive manner in which e expressed her opinons. One day he introduced r to a passage in Benjamin Franklin's autobi- raphy in which Poor Richard, discussing the tility of trying to win arguments by dogmatic rce alone, advocated instead the use of such so- phrases as "I apprehend"—and this approach in conversation, reinforced by Ochs' own example of never raising his voice and his tolerant way in correcting Iphigene ("perhaps you had better look into that a little more"), gradually influenced her girlhood and it grew as she got older to a point where people were impressed by her reasonable nature, mistaking it sometimes for timidity.

No perceptive editor on The Times, however, made this mistake, particularly after Ochs' death. It was not that Iphigene Sulzberger was ever intrusive. In fact she was hardly ever seen in the newsroom and her visits to The Times building were usually limited to social calls to her husband's office or to meetings of The Times board of directors. And yet the impression was shared by nearly all senior Timesmen that Iphigene, in her gentle way, her friendly hints and reminders, in her very existence as Ochs' only offspring and the direct heir to his fortune, exerted a tremendous influence on the character of The Times and on the three men who had followed her father to the top—her husband Arthur Hays Sulzberger, her son-in-law Orvil Dryfoos, and finally, in 1964, her son Arthur Ochs Sulzberger. She was the living link in their lives with the spirit of Ochs, and during the century she had grown from Ochs' little princess into the *grande dame* of The Times, its good gray lady, and the editors and executives were courtly in her presence and mindful in her absence, and some of them would quote from her favorite stories or observations when they made speeches in public. One of her favorite stories that they used was the medieval tale about a traveler who meets three stonecutters along a road one day and asks each of them what he is doing. The first stonecutter says, "I am cutting stone." The second stonecutter, when the question is repeated, replies, "I am making a cornerstone." But when the question is asked of the third stonecuttter, he answers, "I am building a cathedral." The strength of The New York Times, Iphigene Sulzberger always said, lies in the fact that most of its staff are cathedral-builders not stonecutters. And of all the cathedral-builders to join The Times in the last twenty-five years, perhaps her favorite was James Reston.

She admired his idealism, his devotion to The Times and the nation, his solid middle-class values that were not unlike those of her father. Reston and Ochs had never met, their generations separated by a half-century, but both had made their own way from the smaller cities to the Eastern seaboard, and both had been guided by many of the same principles and inspirations. Much of what Ochs had understood and admired in America, but could never put into words, would later be written by Reston, and if Adolph Ochs had lived long enough to read Reston and know him personally, he would have undoubtedly shared Iphigene's enthusiasm for him. Reston was just right for The Times. His writing expressed faith in the nation's future,

was gentle with the Establishment—he did not rock the boat. He wrote interestingly, often humorously without being excessively cutting or clever. Reston, like Ochs, saw the spirit of America not in the large cities with their teeming tenements, their angry demonstrators and tough labor unions, but rather in the smaller towns with their God-fearing families, their sandlots and Rotary clubs. Having emerged from this America, and having accepted it, James Reston reflected much of its mood in his writing, and thus his America was a land in which the citizens seemed not so disenchanted, the police not so brutal, the United States' bombing in Vietnam not entirely unjustified, the politicians in Washington not so self-serving, the age of Jefferson not so long ago or lost in essence. The fraternity houses on college campuses, as Reston saw them, were not perpetuators of prejudice but were places where poor young men such as he had been could learn to use the proper fork, and his attitude toward women was, like Ochs', both romantic and puritanical. Reston thought that a woman's place was in the home, and when one of the best reporters in the country, Mary McGrory, appeared for a job on his Washington staff, he said she could have it if she would work part-time on the telephone switchboard, which she refused to do. The heroines in Reston's world did not work in offices—they were mothers and wives who excelled in their roles, who inspired their husbands as his wife had always inspired him, and he was deeply saddened when, as he first began to work in Washington, it occurred to him that the women of that city, the wives of newly arrived Congressmen, would now have to lie to protect their husbands. He could not condemn them for it, for this was their duty as wives, but he was saddened by the thought.

There was much in Reston's lofty outlook that quietly piqued some of his fellow journalists, but both Iphigene Sulzberger and her husband were very proud of him and that was what mattered. Arthur Hays Sulzberger, to be sure, liked Reston in a somewhat different way from his wife. He was awed by Reston's talent and admired him personally, having gotten to know him quite well in the 1940s during Reston's days as his young administrative assistant and occasional traveling companion, although there *were* times when Reston's early-to-bed habits and rigidly moral character palled on Sulzberger a bit, the latter being an extremely sophisticated man who drank well and had an eye for an ankle, and who, away from his work, knew the art of relaxation. But Reston's shortcomings, such as they were, could not detract from his overwhelming assets. Sulzberger recognized that he had a preacher on the payroll who could pack the church, and he also knew that Reston was much harder on himself than he was on others. For example during Reston's first year on The Times, in 1939, he and a fellow Timesman in the London office committed an indiscretion that most journalists would have soon forgotten, or would have laughed off or bragged about, but the incident remained on Reston's conscience for the next twenty-five years.

It happened in the late fall of 1939 when, after a Nazi submarine had penetrated the British Sea defense around the Firth of Forth and damaged a British cruiser, Reston and a colleague contrived a way to get the news past British censorship. They accomplished this by cabling a series of seemingly harmless sentences to The Times editors in New York after having first sent a message instructing the editors to regard only the last word of each sentence. Thus they were able to convey enough words to spell out the story. The fact that the news of the submarine attack was printed in New York before it had appeared in the British press sparked a big controversy that led to an investigation by Scotland Yard and the British Military Intelligence. But it took the investigators eight weeks to decipher The Times reporters' code, an embarrassingly slow bit of detective work, and when it was finally solved the incident had died and little was done about it. The Times editors in New York, though they had given the story very prominent play, later expressed dismay that the reporters had risked so much for so little; but the incident left Reston deeply distressed. It was so out of character for him to become involved in such a thing. The tactics were questionable and, though the United States was not yet in the war, Britain was already established as America's close ally and breaking Britain's censorship seemed both an irresponsible and unpatriotic thing to do. A more mature Reston, such as the one who in 1961 opposed the publication of The Times' Bay of Pigs story, would never have indulged in such journalism.

As far as anybody on The Times staff knew, this incident in 1939 was Reston's last and only claim to fallibility, for not long after that, particularly after the publication of *Prelude to Victory* in 1942, Reston's career took a sharp turn upward and his fellow reporters would never again get a level look at him. Following the book, which the critic Clifton Fadiman said established Reston as a "valuable propagandist," Reston left The New York Times temporarily to help the United States government reorganize the London bureau of the Office of War Information. While there, he greatly impressed the United States Ambassador, John Winant, who later praised him to Sulzberger, and not long after that Reston had come to New York as Sulzberger's assistant. It was during this period that Reston met Orvil Dryfoos, the future publisher, then just beginning his career on The Times, a somewhat shy thirty-year-old son-in-law of *the* son-in-law. By 1944 Reston was working again as a reporter, this time in the Washington bureau under the durable Arthur Krock, soon becoming the young star of Krock's staff and winning a Pulitzer Prize and receiving

pressive offers from other publications, one being editorship of The Washington Post's editorial e. Reston found this very tempting in 1953 and told Krock about it. Krock did not want The nes to lose Reston, but Krock suspected that the v job that could keep Reston was Krock's own.

Krock was then sixty-six years old, having been bureau chief in Washington for twenty-one rs. During this time he had achieved much of social and professional status he had dreamed ut during his younger days in his native Kenky. He had first come up to Washington for The isville Times during the Administration of esident Taft in 1910, and in 1927, on the recomndation of Bernard Baruch, Krock had been hired Adolph Ochs, who in 1932 asked Krock to reorize The New York Times bureau in Washington. ock did so with reluctance, preferring at that e to remain in New York, but for his willingness received almost *carte blanche* treatment from hs. Since things change very slowly at The Times, ock was still running his twenty-four-man bureau h autonomy long after Ochs' death, taking very le advice and certainly no nonsense from the tors in New York, even those who outranked him. tranking Mr. Krock was of dubious value so long Krock was unwilling to be outranked; to oppose n would cause a scene, and nobody likes scenes The New York Times. And so Arthur Krock ar after year ran the bureau as his private prinality, establishing a relationship with the New rk office that continued until the 1960s, at which int it became one of the most dramatic and bitter ues in The Times' interoffice power struggle.

But in 1953 things were going as Krock wished d, having reached that age when important men often become magnanimous, or if not magnanous, realistic, he voluntarily relinquished his title Reston, though continuing to write his column d to occupy a revered position within the bureau its *éminence grise*. In James Reston, then fortyree, Krock believed he had a successor who had ough stature as a journalist and more than enough ature with the Sulzberger family to stave off any empt by the New York editors to encroach upon e Washington bureau; and Krock was right.

Smoothly, discreetly, rarely ruffling feathers, eston not only preserved the bureau's autonomy t also increased its prestige within a very few ars. To Krock's staff he added many new men and, was soon obvious, a special breed of man, an most Restonian species: they were lean and eedy journalists, usually quite tall, educated better universities and brighter than they first emed to be. They were deceptively bright and low-essured, slow nodders and ponderous puffers of pes, very polite and altogether disarming. Most them had been reared in the Midwest or South, at least affected the easy manner of small-tow merica, contrasting noticeably with the many fast-iking, city-sharp men who had emerged from crowded urban neighborhoods and worked on The Times' staff in New York, a city that, as time went on, Reston began to loathe almost as much as did Arthur Krock, who, in later years saw New York as a city of decadent aggression.

Having hired such men, Reston, unlike the editors in New York, did not let them languish in a large impersonal newsroom waiting for another *Titanic* to sink; with a staff one-twentieth the size of New York's, Reston could and did get to know each man personally, and he assigned each of them to cover an important phase of government activity that would guarantee ample space and a byline in The Times, and this in turn gave them an identity in the newspaper and an entrée to the influential circles of the capital. To work on Reston's staff was to be a member of an elite corps of Timesmen, and Reston used his considerable influence with top management to see that his men were well-paid and appreciated, and he expected nothing in return but loyalty to The Times, pride in the bureau, and he also asked that they please call him by his nickname—"Scotty." Even the office boys called him that. Scotty Reston. They idolized him.

To the younger men on the staff, it was *Reston* who personified whatever grandeur The Times had, not the high priests in New York, and when one of his reporters was offered a much better job on another paper, he was very slow in accepting it. It meant leaving Scotty. Some reporters were so inspired by Reston's manner and talent that they tried to imitate him, one going so far as to dress like him, switching to bow ties and button-down shirts, to smoke a pipe like him, to walk with his bounce and glitter, to try to mimic the way he spoke—the latter being an impossible undertaking—for there was something in the timbre of Reston's wonderfully distant voice, the words he slowly chose, the way he paused, that gave to almost everything he said the ring of instant history.

Many New Yorkers, not unexpectedly, were envious of Reston's staff, and would have loved to become a part of it. On those rare occasions when New York reporters would be working with Reston and some of his men on a special out-of-town assignment, such as a big space shot from Cape Kennedy, Florida, the New Yorkers would become the beneficiaries of certain little conveniences rendered by Reston's mere presence; for example, in the morning outside of Reston's motel door there would be a fresh bundle of twenty-five copies of The Times flown to Florida from New York at Reston's request. Reston understood the journalists' ego—he knew that what most of them miss when working on a remote assignment is the breakfast pleasure of their own words and byline.

Several New York reporters tried to be transferred to Reston's bureau, but very few made it. Reston did not have to accept any applicants or choices from the New York office, and he usually

did not, preferring to make his own discoveries in the smaller towns closer to the heart of America, and Reston could also prevent New York reporters from moving into the Washington area to cover news. In 1959 he even did this to one of New York's specialists, A. H. Raskin, generally regarded as the best labor reporter in the nation. Raskin had then been covering the daily developments of a big steel strike, moving with the story from New York to Pittsburgh, and then he followed it into Washington as a Presidential panel was about to hold hearings on a possible emergency injunction. But when Raskin appeared in the Washington office Reston informed him, politely but unmistakably, that the strike story would now be taken over by one of the Washington reporters. Raskin telephoned New York for instructions. He was told to return home. Later there was much fuss in New York about this incident, one editor declaring loudly that The Times was being run from New York, not Washington; another editor observing that The Times, after all, was *one* newspaper and not a cluster of feudal fiefs—but this talk was mostly out of embarrassment or resentment, and none of the editors wished to have a showdown with Reston at this time, all being cognizant of Reston's closeness to the ruling family. As for A. H. Raskin, he was not really surprised by what had happened in Washington; like most veterans of the New York staff, he had previously experienced difficulty with the bureau, finding them slow or reluctant to help him reach sources in Washington to check facts, or quick to dismiss as insignificant almost any news tip he offered—and, if anything, the scene with Reston had been far more cordial than Raskin would have expected had Arthur Krock still been the bureau chief. Raskin remembered one experience with the Washington bureau back in 1949 that was so awful it was comic. During that year, a period of national economic decline marked by substantial unemployment, Raskin learned from a friend in the Federal Security Agency that President Truman was preparing to send to Congress a special message urging that the federal government appropriate funds to help the states and cities run emergency work relief programs for the first time since the WPA in the Great Depression. Suspecting that it would be hopeless to get anybody on Krock's staff to help confirm this tip, Raskin did his own research by telephone and he finally got enough facts together to write the story from New York. This story made Page One of The Times, appearing at the top of the page under a two-column headline, and when it reached Washington there was fury in Krock's bureau. Krock's deputy, Luther Huston, quickly assigned reporters to prove that Raskin's story was a hoax. Huston even went to the length of having The Times' White House correspondent, Anthony Leviero, put a press conference question to President Truman in a negative enough way to invite, and get, a negative response. Then Huston sent an irate letter to New York listing the nam of high-ranking officials in Washington who h told the bureau that there was absolutely nothi to Raskin's story. The letter ended with a stro reiteration of the theme that trying to cover Wa ington from Times Square was bound to result disaster and when would New York learn its lesso (On the same day that Huston's letter arrived New York, President Truman sent the work-rel message to Capitol Hill, and everything in it c responded to Raskin's forecast.)

But James Reston would never have condon such pettiness, nor would he have permitted h bureau to function with such haughty arrogan that was bound to boomerang sooner or late Reston presented himself and his staff as tea players. And his artistry as an administrator cou not be measured simply by the fact that he usual got his own way—what was more interesting w that Reston's way, as he presented it, seemed sole designed for the greater glory of The New Yo Times. Reston, after all, was a cathedral-builde not a stonecutter, and it would have been high imprudent of any New York editor openly to cha lenge Reston's motives. They might be angry at hin as when he prevented Raskin from writing the stee strike story in Washington, but they could neve catch Reston in an act of arrogance or selfishnes or power-building. He might have indulged in suc things, but they could never catch him. Everythin he did seemed of high purpose and sound principl In taking the strike story away from A. H. Raskin Reston did not deprive The Times readers of know edgeable coverage; Reston had wisely developed hi *own* labor specialist.

In any case, if Reston's hand seemed to be involve in some tricky office maneuver, as it would fron time to time, particularly during the shake-up o the 1960s, his participation would be from such high moral position that it would be almost trea sonable of any New York editor to call it offic politics. For all they knew, Reston probably ha cleared his moves in advance with the publishe Arthur Hays Sulzberger, or after Sulzberge retired because of ill-health in 1961, with Orvi Dryfoos. Reston and Dryfoos had become exceed ingly close as friends during the 1950s, and when Reston came up to New York he often stayed at the Dryfoos home, serving as the new publisher's confidant and adviser, and serving within the insti tution as part of its national conscience, its legate to the capital, its poet laureate. He sang the praises of the paper and the family that owned it in his speeches and writings, and, when workers struck The Times in 1963, Reston rebuked the labor leaders with an indignant lament: "Striking The Times is like striking an old lady. . . ."

And so it was not surprising then, when the Ba of Pigs story demanded a big decision in The Tim newsroom on that night in 1961, that Orvil Dryfoo

wly in command, would turn to Reston for advice—d Reston, so sensitive to the national interest and The Times' stake in that interest, would advise at the story be toned down; and it was. It would ve been toned down, published, and forgotten, too, ong with a hundred other big stories and delicate cisions made since 1961, if Clifton Daniel's speech St. Paul, Minnesota, in the spring of 1966, had t dredged up the issue once again, and if the ew York editors who had been overruled five years fore had not played up the story of Daniel's eech as they did in The Times edition of June 2, 66. They spread the entire 4,000-word text of the eech across six columns inside the paper and also inted a photograph pertaining to the Cuban invaon and a 700-word story written by the AP man vering the speech in St. Paul, under a headline: Kennedy Later Wished Times Had Printed All It new." Such extensive coverage of Daniel's speech, hich surprised even Daniel when he returned from livering it, was ostensibly justified on the rounds that it contributed an important footnote history. But there was little doubt that another ason for its prominent display was that the speech ade heroes of the New York editors who had been toed in 1961 by Dryfoos and Reston—it actually, a subtle way, pointed a finger at the Dryfoos-eston alliance, something that might not have curred five years before, but now things were ifferent. Orvil Dryfoos was now dead.

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Talese's book, moving from one generation to the other and back again, portrays some Timesmen who are not so well-known as Reston, Krock, Catledge, Daniel, Rosenthal, et al. It examines also some Timesmen who are relatively anonymous, and yet very powerful. For example, John B. Oakes, editor of The Times' increasingly controversial editorial page. As this issue went to press, The Times was in a smoldering dispute with Spiro Agnew, now Vice-President-elect, because of John Oakes' editorials, suggesting as they did that Mr. Agnew was not sufficiently proper or qualified to be one step away from the Presidency. A week or so before, The Times building was picketed by angry New York teachers, protesting Oakes' editorials that had condemned the teachers' strike. The portion that follows explores an earlier scene in Oakes' career, and also the influence of his past upon his present simmering sensitivity.—The Editors

* * *

The editors in the newsroom, having heard from their correspondents that the world today was in its usual state of greed and disorder, confusion and apathy, were now preparing to attend the news conference and relay the information to Daniel. Daniel would take it all very calmly, they knew, and within an hour the conference would be over, and within a few hours the news would be printed, and then most Timesmen would go home and forget about it, knowing that in the morning it would all come out neatly and tidily in The Times.

They regarded The Times as one of the few predictable things left in modern America and they accepted this fact with varying degrees of admiration and cynicism, seeing The Times with a varying vision: it was a daily miracle, it was a formula factory. But no matter. It was The Times. And each day, barring labor strikes or hydrogen bombs, it would appear in 11,464 cities around the nation and in all the capitals of the world, fifty copies going to the White House, thirty-nine copies to Moscow, a few smuggled into Peking, and a thick Sunday edition flown each weekend to a foreign minister in Taiwan, for which he would pay $16.40. He would pay this because, with thousands of other isolated men in all corners of the earth, he required The Times as necessary proof of the world's existence, a barometer of its pressure, an assessor of its sanity. If the world did indeed still exist, he knew, it would be duly recorded each day in The Times—as the world was in the process of being recorded on this particular afternoon in New York, at three minutes to four, in The Times' massive Gothic gray-stone building.

At this moment there were approximately 4,000 employees working within the fourteen-story building. They were receptionists and telephone operators, printers and photoengravers, map makers, cafeteria cooks, nurses, editorial writers. Most of them had been in the building since 9:00 or 10:00 A.M., arriving as big trucks were backed into the curb unloading dozens of huge rolls of paper that went bumping, thumping down into the Times' basement and into machines whose paper consumption per year devours more than five million trees.

Of The Times' complete roster of 5,307 employees, only 700 work within the News department on the third floor. They are editors, reporters, copy-readers, critics, news assistants, and they tend to think of themselves as the totality of The Times, its embodiment and only spirit. If they do not completely ignore such other large departments within the building as Production, Promotion, and Advertising, they acknowledge these others with a certain condescension. This is particularly true with regard to the Advertising department, which, after all, deals directly and constantly with the most contaminating of commodities, money. It hires hundreds of men to sell what in the News department cannot be bought. It exists as the mundane side of Ochs' sanctuary.

In the beginning Adolph Ochs was fundamentally a businessman. Later he became much more than that but without his uncanny business sense he could not have taken over the declining Times in 1896 and revived it, an achievement accomplished by such expedient if inglorious tactics as price-

cutting. Ochs in 1898 reduced the price of The Times from three cents a copy, which is what most respectable journals were then charging, to one cent, which was the standard price of the more sensational sheets. Ochs' associates thought he was making a major mistake, cheapening The Times' image without solving its financial problems. Ochs disagreed. The New York Times would not diminish in character, only in price, he said, adding that great numbers of bargain-conscious New Yorkers might switch from the cheaper papers to The Times if the price were the same. That his assumption was correct was quickly apparent within a year as The Times' circulation tripled and advertising revenue poured in. By 1915 Ochs' paper was rich and powerful enough to select and reject advertising and to eliminate certain ads when more space was needed in the paper for late-breaking news. Such prerogatives, which would quite naturally breed pride and pretension within the News department, were highlights in the career of Adolph Ochs, allowing him to satisfy a duality of drives—he could, under one roof, run both a thriving business and a theocracy; but there must be no intermingling, he knew, they must function separately on different floors, the money changers must stay out of his temple. He meanwhile, financially solid and rising socially, responded to higher callings, never succumbing to such circulation gimmicks as comic strips in his newspaper (although comics were tolerated in his first newspaper, The Chattanooga Times, and still are); and following his death, history would not place Adolph Ochs with so many of his *landsmen*, those great businessmen, the merchant princes who became bankers: Ochs would be in the more stately company of noble servants, and his daughter, Iphigene, when asked many years later about The Times' great tradition of principle before profit, would gently explain: "We are not the sort of people who feel we must have yachts."

Still, Ochs never left his store untended, and now the man in charge of making money for The Times was an all-business, no-nonsense type named Monroe Green. Green, who is sixty, sits behind a busy desk in his big office on the second floor directing the 350-man department that brings in more than $100 million a year by selling ads. A full-page advertisment costs roughly $5,500 in the weekday edition and $7,000 on Sundays, and the revenue derived from advertising is three times what the paper earns from its circulation sale and its other business ventures combined.

Monroe Green is a big, dark, wavy-haired man who wears sharply tailored dark suits, gleaming cuff links, white or silvery ties. He speaks quickly, forcefully into a red telephone that rings incessantly on his desk, and he keeps a thousand facts at his manicured, tapping fingertips. He has been on The Times for twenty-five years as an advertising man, and before that was on the advertising staffs of The Herald Tribune and The Journal-American, and before that was advertising manager of Macy's department store, to which he had gone after working his way through the University of Pennsylvania. The luxurious world that is portrayed each day in the advertisements of The Times, the romping happy people off to Europe on holiday, the slim mannequins wearing mink or Tiffany gems, resembles not in the least the world that Green knew most of his life. His father, who ran a small clothing store in South Amboy, New Jersey, died when Green, an only child, was ten years old, and while he can be lighthearted and pleasant, he is more naturally a serious man, a hardened realist, one not easily affected by the airy dreams of his ads.

From his office window he can see the street, a wino sleeping on a stone step behind an old theater. Green can faintly hear the horns of a traffic jam that will inevitably attract a mounted policeman who will inevitably notice press cars or trucks parked illegally but will give out no tickets, knowing that he will park his horse in The Times' enclosure behind the loading ramps later in the day. Green can feel the vibrations of the press machinery below and sense the power of The Times in ways quite different from those of Clifton Daniel on the floor above and his view of life is certainly different from that of the editorial writers on the tenth floor who within their quiet retreats write of lofty expectations and ideals that sometimes irritate Green. He remembers one morning when he read a Times editorial critical of the new luxury-apartment skyscrapers being built along the Hudson River on the New Jersey side a mile south of the George Washington Bridge; the buildings as seen by The Times editorial writer were a desecration to the natural beauty of that section of the Jersey cliffs. But Green did not agree—and besides, he had just sold the builders and owners of the apartments, the Tishman Realty & Construction Company, a $50,000 advertising supplement that had just appeared in The Times praising the project. The Tishman family would be most unhappy about *that* editorial, Green knew, sitting at his desk expecting a call from them at any moment. They might even wish to withdraw future advertising, which is not an uncommon reaction among some big businessmen when a Times article or editorial offends them. A cigarette manufacturer boycotted the Advertising department after a Times editorial dealt with smoking and lung cancer, and this cost the paper several thousand dollars. But with the possible exception of Green, no executive at The Times really cared. When The New York Times cares about what its advertisers think, a few executives have said, it will no longer be The New York Times.

While this is true, Green nonetheless quietly resents the cavalier attitude of a few of his Times colleagues on the floors above, suspecting that their approach to the business side of the paper might also be a reflection of the way they secretly feel about him. He is as aware as they of The Times'

MEMORIAL HALL, CAMBRIDGE, JULY 3

by L. E. Sissman

What eighty dead years did to their grave bones
Is nobody's business. It is safe to say
Not much remains belowstairs of those blond
Remains that were fresh-killed at Petersburg,
Manassas, Shiloh, in the Wilderness
Of an insatiable war which ate
Them all alive, each fleshly graduate.
Here carven marble plaques commemorate
Their sheer forgottenness on the sheer wall
Of this steep, idiot Memorial Hall,
Lit by bare bulbs on long stalks, occupied
By one unmartial and unmarital
Couple tonight. Not touching, but enclothed
In auras of each other, they patrol
The white-flagged truce lines of a battleground
Where many a boyo took a fatal wound
Athwart his arrogance and went below
The mud and kingcups to begin to grow
His swash mnemonics in this floreate
Museum of unnatural history.
Outside, a war, a spurious mystery
In its remoteness and immediacy,
Is drowned in volleys of Sharps-rifle fire
And trolley busses snarling down the wire.

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magnetic appeal, but he also believes that it is not this magetism alone that attracts more than $100 million a year in advertising revenue—*Green* had something to do with this, his drive, his determination, and that of his staff. It is *they* who bring in the money that permits piety to reign among the ten wisemen who write editorials on the tenth floor, and it is this money too that permits reporters on the third floor to place a telephone call to Cambodia if necessary to check a single fact. Green also feels that the advertising, though it is paid for by partisans, still provides legitimate news to Times readers. It not only tells what is selling and where, but it also gives a daily portrait of the nation's economy, an insight into contemporary taste. The ads offer a second perspective on the day, proof that the world is not entirely preoccupied with poverty and threats, bombs and ashes. The pretty girl in the ad wearing a Peck & Peck dress, the man inhaling a mild luxury-length Pall Mall, both offer Times readers an indulgent pause between the gray columns of gravity. And the historians fifty years from now, Green suspects, when they want to know how people lived and dreamed in the 1960s, will get as many clues from reading the ads as from reading the news. Of course, the advertising will stress the positive, the news the negative. The truth will be somewhere in between.

The news of this day in June focused on the "long hot summer," the race riots in Mississippi; the ads highlighted the summer's bargains—Macy's mink stoles, regularly $299, were now down to $236. The news singled out the vast problem of unemployment; the help-wanted ads were jammed with job offers for the skilled and unskilled. The news stressed the shortage of housing; the ads emphasized the availability of housing of all prices in and around New York, praising the neighborhoods without hinting at the discrimination that exists in these neighborhoods. The news was concentrated on fame and power, grand success and grand failure; the ads catered to the everyday dreams of Everyman, the attainable sweet life, the gadgets and vehicles of escape.

The ads recorded the average man's tragedies, too, but only in the smallest print in the back of the newspaper, back between the stock-market listings and the bland photographs of executives on the rise—here, buried near the bottom, one could read in tiny type the names of those who had gone bankrupt, those who had been abandoned, those who had lost something, including dreams, and sought recovery, and they told this to The Times. The Times would publish this, charging a few dollars a line, within its classified advertising pages —a special department on the sixth floor of The

Times building largely staffed by middle-aged women who sit within glass-partitioned cubicles, telephones to their ears, jotting down the forlorn facts of daily life, and then relaying these facts, if they are not too vulgar or vengeful, to the composing room on the fourth floor where they are methodically set into type for the next edition of The Times.

Today the Times would announce the fact that Jean Pompilio, salesgirl, 89-01 Short Rd., Brooklyn, has [illegible] her liabilities being $15,251. [illegible] Edward Dougherty, 89-36 207th Street, Queens, would declare in The Times that his wife, Florence, "having left my bed and board several months ago," was now completely responsible for her own debts, he would pay no longer. Today the wife of a runaway husband would plead in The Times: "Len W.—Elizabeth and I are alone and lost. We know you feel our pain and tears. We have nothing without you. Please hurry home." A Manhattan woman on the East Side, upset because she had misplaced her favorite watch, called The Times and announced: "I Patek Philipe square shaped watch, white & yellow gold band. Liberal reward. RH 4-2765."

The watch was never returned, so the East Side lady soon purchased another one, *not* Patek Philipe, but this was not news for The Times. The whereabouts of Len W. and Florence Dougherty would not be followed up in The Times either, nor would Times readers ever know the precise circumstances that caused Jean Pompilio, salesgirl, to fall $14,000 in debt. If asked to discuss her financial plight she will not do so, it is nobody's business, she will say. It is not news. News, to The Times editors on the third floor, is composed of *significant* current events that you do not know and should know. News, in the world of Monroe Green, is the drumbeat of business with an emphasis on the upbeat, success, comfort, enchantment. It is news to Green that B. Altman & Co.'s shoe salon has an "exciting op-art pump" for $41, that J. Press Inc. has jackets of weightless Vycron polyester Cotton Coolie cloth with path & flap lower pockets, book vent, washable, dryfast; that Eastern Airlines has nonstop jet service to San Antonio. It is news to Green that "Coppertone gives you a better tan!" and illustrating this point in the ad is a big tawny photograph of Raquel Welch in a bikini, a *Playboy* pose that raised the eyebrows but not the objections of The Times' advertising acceptability department, which has become more liberal in recent years. These men, who work with Green but not under him, reject advertisements dealing with fortune-telling and horoscopes, miracle medicines and speculative investments in mines, and they generally tone down the words in ads to avoid [illegible] "one of the best buys," and "the finest coat we have ever seen" becomes "the finest coat we have ever sold." They will not permit advertisements in a foreign language unless the English translation is included, and they are quick to turn down advertising copy that is too sexually suggestive or tasteless. They disallow nudes in ads except in the case of children, but they will permit the scantiest of bikinis in ads for tropical islands and suntan lotion and soap—The Times, one executive explained, now accepts the fact that women have navels. When good news to Green, and he has since made a fortune for The Times in ads of ladies' panties and bras, particularly in The Times' Sunday Magazine, which has been called The Girdle Gazette. It was rare insight on Green's part to recognize the commercial possibilities of selling ladies' underwear within a magazine noted for its weighty content, its articles on the Common Market, famine in India, dilemmas in Washington; but Green knew that the Sunday Times, with its circulation of more than 1.4 million, was browsed through by as many women as men, and the improved color process for advertising gave him an added incentive for turning part of the magazine into a flamboyant leaning ladies' locker room which, while it sometimes showed scenes from the foreign ministers photographed on the facing pages, actually gave bounce to the product, a recurring stimulant that seemed to unite within the pages these men who were ideologically different.

Monroe Green and The New York Times—the combination can sell almost anything, and it was quite natural that Green, hearing of Tishman's skyscraper apartments along the Hudson, would approach his friend, Alan Tishman, and suggest that he purchase advertising space that would call attention to the construction and would lure tenants. Tishman agreed, and the $50,000 advertising supplement was put together. Then came The Times editorial condemning the Tishman construction, and now Monroe Green sat in his office awaiting Alan Tishman's call. There was little Green could do. It had been a most unfortunate editorial, but it was too late to do anything about it. Personally, Green did not believe, as the editorial writer did, that the skyscrapers marred the natural beauty of the New Jersey cliffs along the Hudson River. The land used by the Tishmans was not a historical landmark or sanctified preserve, Green reasoned, it was almost the opposite—grim acres of weeds and shanties and untrimmed trees, and the construction of apartment houses there, Green thought, were more an improvement than anything else. But Green had no influence with editorial writers. He was not even sure who had written about the site, each editorial being written anonymously by one of the ten-man Editorial Board, but Green knew who was responsible for having it written.

He was John Oakes, the Editor of the Editorial Page, an individual widely known throughout the building and beyond as a zealous conservationist, one almost obsessed with the defense of trees and streams and mountains against the intrusion

ıd developers. Oakes was a high-minded person th almost an abhorrence of money and the profit otive, and once he even denounced the gold-tinted ıminum telephone booths along Fifth Avenue, claring in an editorial that "the bogus opulence golden phone booths and golden trash cans . . . erely detracts from the integrity of the avenue."

Of the men with power on The Times, perhaps two have less in common than Monroe Green and ohn Oakes. Oakes is a tweedy man in his fifties ith tight curly white hair, pale blue eyes, very outhful but serious face; a Princeton graduate ho became a Rhodes scholar. Oakes has strong inions on almost everything and, more important, s opinions dominate the editorial page of the aper. While it is true that he does not expect his litorial writers to espouse causes with which they not agree, it is also true that he does not expect em to espouse causes with which *he* does not gree. If their views conflict with his, they are not ublished. If they are consistently in disagreement ith him on the major political, social, or economic sues of the day, they are wise to consider transerring to another part of the paper because Oakes sists, as any editorial page editor must, on a nsistent and unified policy harmonious with his wn views and those of the publisher, to whom akes is responsible.

The editorial page, Oakes believes, is the "soul" f a newspaper, a reflection of its inner character nd philosophy, and since he took over the page at he Times in 1961 that character and philosophy as been more vividly revealed than ever before. t has been condemning the war in Vietnam, taunch in its support of the civil-rights movement. t has been generally pro-labor but critical of such eaders as James Hoffa and the late Michael Quill, a upporter of Israel in wars with the Arabs but ritical of some Israeli territorial ambitions and ctions following the victories. Though endorsing ohn F. Kennedy for President, it became disenhanted later when Kennedy did not, in Oakes' pinion, fulfill his promise with the Federal Aid to Education bill, and as the editorial sniping conınued on this and other issues during the Kennedy ears many family members and friends of the President came to detest John Oakes more and more, charging that the negativism was really a manifestation of a deep personal disaffection that Oakes had cultivated during Kennedy's earlier years in the Senate.

It was Oakes, a few of them suspected, who helped spread the rumor in late 1957 that Kennedy was not the sole author of *Profiles in Courage*. Oakes actually played no part in the spreading of this rumor. The man most responsible was probably Drew Pearson, who made the charge on an ABC television show, causing the network to follow up with an investigation that could not produce sufficient evidence to justify the charge, and ABC later apologized to Kennedy. All that Oakes did was to inquire of an editor whom he met at a social gathering, a Harper editor who had worked with Kennedy on the book, if there was any substance to the rumor that Theodore Sorensen, or some other Kennedy associate, had helped with the writing. The editor denied it, and that was the end of it as far as Oakes was concerned. But some weeks later, while John Oakes was in Washington on one of his regular visits to various Congressmen, he was greeted in Kennedy's office with a long hard look from the Senator; then Kennedy lifted from his desk a letter and handed it to John Oakes, saying, "I'll give this to you now rather than send it to you." The letter began, "Dear John: It recently came to my attention that you had been quoted as stating that the rumors concerning my authorship of *Profiles in Courage* were true. . . ." The letter, 300 words in length, went on to state unequivocally that no other author had collaborated on the work, and after Oakes had finished reading the letter Kennedy wanted to prove the point further by having Oakes examine stacks of notes in Kennedy's own handwriting that formed the book. Oakes assured Kennedy that this was unnecessary and soon they were discussing other things, but Oakes was most impressed with the time and effort that Kennedy was devoting to the refutation of the rumor, and Oakes concluded on this January day in 1958 that Kennedy now had serious plans for the Presidency. Later, in New York, Oakes received a copy of *Profiles in Courage* from Kennedy; it was inscribed: "To John Oakes —with high esteem and very best wishes from his friend—the author—John Kennedy."

The deferential treatment accorded John Oakes by ambitious men outside The Times building as well as within is not based entirely on his position as Editor of the Editorial Page, as prestigious as this may be; also involved is the fact that Oakes is a member of The Times' ruling family. His father, who altered his surname in 1917, was a brother of Adolph Ochs. The name change by George Ochs to George "Ochs-Oakes," with the stipulation that his sons be known as "Oakes," was inspired by a belief that a decidedly German name such as Ochs would be considered repellent by Americans for many years to come. The opinion was certainly not shared by other members of the Ochs family in Chattanooga or New York. They were in fact insulted by George's presumption, but on second thought, they were not altogether surprised. They had always looked on George Ochs as something of a maverick within the family, an unpredictable and complex person who sought his own identity and fulfillment beyond the pale of indebtedness and yet could not or would not permanently leave the guaranteed grandeur provided by his older brother Adolph.

Adolph Ochs was three years older than George, the first in a family of three sons and three daughters. They were a remarkable combination of conflicting character; they were the progeny of Ger-

man Jews who had met and married in the American South before the Civil War, parents whose political allegiances clashed during the war—their father, Julius Ochs, was a captain in the Union Army; their mother, Bertha Ochs, was loyal to the South and was accused, with some justification, of being a Confederate spy. Their family might well have been separated in later years if Adolph, the child genius, had not at the age of twenty begun to buy and build newspapers that would become towering totems of nepotism, elevating and shaping his family, his grandchildren, nephews, cousins, and in-laws for almost an entire century, committing them to an orthodoxy stronger than their religion—and establishing Adolph Ochs as their benefactor, a little father-figure even to his own father.

Julius Ochs, who immigrated to America in 1845, was a wise and well-educated man of many talents, but making money was not one of them. He was a fine guitar player, an amateur actor, a classically educated student of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, and fluent in English, French, and Italian. He first settled in Louisville where two of his sisters were living and where a brother-in-law, refusing to subsidize Julius' re-entry into college in America, put him to work as a peddler. He soon quit that and later found a job teaching French at a girls' seminary at Mount Sterling, Kentucky. When war was declared against Mexico in 1848, Julius Ochs enlisted and, because of his military background in Germany, was made a drill sergeant, but the war ended before his unit was sent to the front. He spent the next several years trying to find work that would suit his intellectuality and wistful idealism and curb his restlessness, but he never found it, being neither very determined nor lucky. He became a road salesman for a jewelry company, owned and operated dry-goods stores, organized small theatrical clubs; he dabbled in small-town politics and held municipal government jobs, he occasionally served as a rabbi in marriage ceremonies, and during his ventures into Mississippi he played the guitar at plantation parties. In Natchez, Mississippi, where he briefly settled and ran a store, he met an attractive, somewhat dogmatic young woman named Bertha Levy.

Born in Landau, Bavaria, she was then living with an uncle in Natchez, having been sent there by her father so that she could escape prosecution from German authorities because of her role, when a sixteen-year-old student in Heidelberg, in a political demonstration at the graves of several martyrs of the revolutionary uprisings of 1848. Julius Ochs met her in 1851 but his stay in Mississippi was too brief for a romance to flourish. They met again in Nashville, Tennessee, in 1855 and within the year Bertha Levy and Julius Ochs were married. Three years later, in March of 1858, in Cincinnati, where Julius Ochs was based as a traveling salesman, was born the future publisher of The New York Times, Adolph Ochs.

Julius Ochs joined the Union Army when the Civil War began, becoming a captain in a battal assigned to guard the railroad between Cincinn and St. Louis. His wife stayed with him during t war but she remained intensely loyal to the Sou On one occasion a warrant for her arrest was issu after she had been caught by Union sentries wh attempting to smuggle quinine, hidden in the ba carriage of her infant son George, to Confeder troops positioned on the opposite end of a brid across the Ohio River. This put Captain Ochs in most embarrassing and critical situation, requiri of him a performance far more persuasive th he had been able to demonstrate during his care as a salesman; but he somehow managed to get senior officer whom he knew to dismiss the warra an act of generosity that inspired no sign of grat tude from Mrs. Ochs. She persisted in her dedic tion to the Southern cause and way of life, beir unappalled even by its system of slavery, and yea later when the family settled in Chattanooga sh became a charter member of the local chapter the Daughters of the Confederacy. Before her deat which came in 1908 during her seventy-fifth yea she requested that a Confederate flag be placed o her coffin, and this was done. Next to her grav on a knoll overlooking the city of Chattanooga that of her husband; he died in 1888 in that cit and, as he instructed, his funeral was conducted b the Grand Army of the Republic with the Stars an Stripes placed on his coffin.

Such open partisanship and commitment t causes, particularly to lost causes, never entice their son Adolph. Being a natural businessman an unfanciful middle-of-the-road thinker, he saw n virtue in offending one faction to please another He was a truly precocious young man who recog nized early the aimless varied course of his father's life, and he set out to concentrate on *one* thing, t stay with it, succeed with it. This vehicle for him was the newspaper business, which promised some of the prestige and excitement that he sought, an opportunity to follow in the tradition of his boyhood hero, Horace Greeley, who rose from a farm in New Hampshire to the ownership of The New York Tribune.

Ochs began at fourteen by sweeping the floors of The Knoxville Chronicle. Three years before he had been a newsboy at The Chronicle but had left to earn a bit more money as an apprentice at a drug-store, then as an usher in a theater, finally as a clerk in his uncle's grocery in Providence, Rhode Island, attending business school at night. He was bored by these jobs, experiencing none of the exuberance he had felt during his newsboy days at The Chronicle office; and so in 1872 when he applied to The Chronicle for a full-time job, and was hired as an office boy, he decided that newspapers would be his life's calling and his parents did not attempt to dissuade him.

Ochs' nature, combining the idealism of his

ther with the *chutzpah* of his mother, seemed ell suited to the demands of a newspaper. It could ave led him into politics, where he might have ful- led some of the social-worker spirit within him, it the spotlight would have distracted him and eremphasized the awkwardness he felt whenever ndue attention was focused on him. He was acutely ware of his limitations, both educationally and cially, and he was forced to compensate in an ndless variety of ways even after he had achieved reatness at The New York Times, or possibly *ecause* he had achieved this greatness. He would sually smile or grin after delivering a comment or bservation to his editors so that, should it seem ane or in some way wrong, it might appear that is words were not really meant to be taken all hat seriously. At times his grammar was faulty, is words poorly chosen, but he balanced this by n enthusiasm for detail and an enormous sympathy nd tolerance for subject. His mind was always uietly at work challenging the obvious, and this vas true even when he was driving through the ountryside and had stopped to ask directions; he ever accepted the directions without asking if he ould not also get to the same place by taking a dif- erent route. He was both cautious and optimistic, entimental and tough, a short, dark-haired, blue- yed little man who, when someone observed that he esembled Napoleon, replied, "Oh, I am very much aller than Napoleon," and yet he was very humble. He was a modest organizer of grand designs, pos- sessing a sure insight into human nature and into what would sell, and still he was dedicated to the old verities that in another age would mark him as "square." But he truly believed that honesty was the best policy, and he honored his father and mother and was never blasphemous, and he was convinced that hard work would reap rewards.

Shortly after his debut as an office boy on The Knoxville Chronicle, Ochs was promoted to printer's apprentice, learning a skill that would become a hall- mark on the papers he would own, and this would also make him a printers' hero throughout his later years and even decades after his death—in the 1960s, during a newspaper strike in New York, picket lines of printers would respectfully part ranks, forming a path whenever Ochs' white-haired daugh- ter Iphigene, then in her seventies, would approach the front entrance of The New York Times build- ing.

When Adolph Ochs was eighteen, he was setting type for The Louisville Courier-Journal, living with cousins and sending his savings to his family in Knoxville, and working during his spare hours as a part-time reporter, proving to be a dull writer but a very reliable gatherer of facts. When he was nine- teen he and two older men obtained an interest in a failing newspaper, The Chattanooga Dispatch, which they could not revive, but it provided for Ochs an introduction to a new city, one that was on the brink of a building boom, and Ochs sensed this and stayed.

Chattanooga, whose ridges and plateaus had been singed and scarred by the cannons and rifle fire of thousands of battling troops during the Civil War, and whose population in 1865 had been less than 2,000, had grown to 12,000 when Ochs arrived in 1877. There had been rumors of iron ore in the mountains, and now the dirt roads were being cov- ered with planks, and stores and homes were being built; there was an atmosphere of optimism, of prosperity among the new settlers. There were no telephones or information centers in Chattanooga then, and newly arrived strangers seeking informa- tion had to ask around—until Adolph Ochs came up with the idea of printing a city directory. In it he listed every store in Chattanooga, its location and the type of merchandise it sold, and in the process of collecting this information he walked back and forth through every block in the city, getting to know the merchants, politicians, bankers—people who would be very helpful and useful when, one year later, in 1878, he needed a loan and advertis- ing support to buy and rebuild The Chattanooga Times. The Times was then a mismanaged four- page paper so poorly printed as to be almost il- legible, with a declining circulation and little hope of recovery. Its owner was so desperate to sell that Ochs was able to buy it with an initial down pay- ment of $250 and a total cost of $5,750. Ochs' father came down to Chattanooga from Knoxville for a ceremony that highlighted the change of ownership —not for purely sentimental reasons, but also to sign the legal papers in his son's behalf. Adolph Ochs was eight months shy of twenty-one.

He did with The Chattanooga Times what he would later do, on a much grander scale, with The New York Times—he made it into a *news*paper and not a gazette of opinion, or a showcase for star writers, or a champion of the underdog or topdog, or a crusader for political or social reform. Ochs had something to sell, news, and he hoped to sell it dispassionately and with the guarantee that it was reliable and unsoiled and not deviously inspired. Adolph Ochs wanted to be accepted in Chattanooga, to grow with the town and help it grow, and he knew that one way to do this was not to criticize it but, inoffensively, to boost it. As the building boom continued in Chattanooga, as land speculators and investors moved into the valley and up along Lookout Mountain, chopping down trees and level- ing the land that had been a Civil War battle- ground, Adolph Ochs saw this as progress and he did not, as his nephew John Oakes could afford to do almost a century later, worry about the destruc- tion of trees or the desecration of natural beauty.

Ochs worried about, and advocated on his editor- ial page, the dredging of a deeper channel in the bordering Tennessee River, the construction of an opera house for the increasingly cultured commu- nity, the building of better libraries and schools for

the young who would one day read and support his newspaper. When the yellow fever epidemic spread into Chattanooga, stalling the economy temporarily and killing 366 citizens, The Chattanooga Times helped conduct an emergency relief fund and Ochs wrote in an editorial: "Will this ruin Chattanooga? No! If this city was born to be ruined, it would have been blotted out years ago."

[illegible] optimism, and it was this more than anything else that attracted financial support from bankers and businessmen, although in his first years in Chattanooga Ochs was also a fantastic wheeler and dealer. He printed his own checks on high quality paper of exquisite design, signed them with a flourishing hand and then he would just barely get to the bank on time with newly borrowed money to prevent them from bouncing. He was forever juggling a loan here to repay one there, but he was very honest and punctual, and he demanded that his debtors be equally scrupulous in their dealings with him. Subscribers who had fallen behind in their payments would receive stern notes from Ochs: "The Times will be discontinued if not paid for within five days after the presentation of this account. We will not carry a deadhead list. Everyone must pay." He then needed every nickel he could lay his hands on to help with the purchase of legible type, better machinery, and to expand his staff. And after he achieved these goals he met larger challenges, his horizons ever widening, his success inspiring him toward greater risks rather than toward smugness or quiescence. Within not too many years, without his realization at first, Adolph Ochs began to outgrow his town.

Chattanooga, to be sure, was not fulfilling its promise as the South's leading industrial center. While it had recovered from epidemics and small economic crises, it suffered a serious setback when its ore proved to be too sulfurous to produce the high-quality steel of which Birmingham was capable. This discovery took much of the momentum out of Chattanooga. It made money very tight at a time when Ochs was desperately in need of more loans to continue to improve his newspaper and to complete its new six-story granite building that would be topped by a glittering gold-painted dome.

There was no question in his mind, or in anybody else's, that he was a good business risk. He had demonstrated as a young man in his twenties that he could take a wreck of a newspaper and, within a decade or so, convert it into a large and enterprising journal earning $25,000 annual profit. He also owned a small farmers' weekly that was making money. He had bought a big, rambling brick house in one of the better residential areas of Chattanooga and into it he had moved his parents and brothers and sisters from Knoxville, and then his wife from Cincinnati, and there, too, he entertained many distinguished people when they were visiting Chattanooga. When President Grover Cleveland came to Chattanooga, Ochs was on the greeting committ
Borrowing an elegant gray coat for the occasi
he rode in an open carriage near the President
the parade, and during the festivities he conver
privately with the President, confident he was
impressive to the President as the President was
him—and after Grover Cleveland returned to Wa
ington, Ochs kept in touch. And yet despite Oc
pluckiness and his profitable management of T
Chattanooga Times, he was deeply in debt. T
was partly the result of the over-borrowing he h
done to keep improving his growing paper, a
partly the result of his being lured by his o
optimism into a land speculation project across t
Tennessee River that failed as Birmingham's f
tunes rose, costing Ochs more than $100,000.
knew he could not recover unless he could ma
more money at a faster rate, which was not p
sible in Chattanooga during a recession, so he wou
have to expand elsewhere. He must try to ke
his Chattanooga Times running at a profit while
traveled through Tennessee and beyond in sear
of another newspaper that he could buy cheap
and rebuild as he had The Times. Any thought
trying to make money in a nonjournalistic w
was rejected by Ochs from the start. The real-esta
fiasco had taught him his lesson. From that poi
he vowed that he would never again invest in an
thing but newspapers, the only business he real
liked.

Newspaper publishers in those days were give
free rides by many railroad companies, a for
runner of the "junket," and Ochs made good use
his pass as he traveled back and forth betwe
Nashville, Knoxville, Cincinnati, Louisville, a
even New York, familiarizing himself with t
larger newspapers and the men who ran the
Much of the responsibility for the running of T
Chattanooga Times was meanwhile transferred
his family, whom Ochs had started to emplo
shortly after he had acquired The Chattanoog
Times. His father had been appointed treasurer
the newspaper; his younger brother George an
then his youngest brother Milton were trained a
reporters. Following the marriage of two of h
three sisters, Ochs brought their husbands into th
business; and then there were cousins, nephew
and family friends. Everybody in the family, a
one time or another, seemed to be working fo
Adolph Ochs, and they blended into his institutiona
framework with proper modesty and reverence
all but one, his brother George.

George Ochs, or George Ochs-Oakes as he wishe
to be called after 1917, joined The Chattanoog
Times in 1879 as a reporter, earning nine dollars
week. He had completed three years at East Ten
nessee University in Knoxville and achieved suc
high grades that, though he joined his family i
Chattanooga rather than complete his senior year
the university awarded him a Bachelor of Arts de

e with his class of 1880. He was sensitive, an
culate young man who had been a member of
university's debating society, and he was very
erent from his older brother Adolph. While
olph sought to avoid controversy, George seemed
court it. Adolph did not crave personal atten-
n, having had more than he wanted as the fam-
s favorite son; George, three years younger
n Adolph, could never get enough of it. He clung
he memory of every honor he ever received. He
er forgot a compliment, no matter how small.
never tired of hearing his mother retell the
ry of how, during the Civil War, she had con-
led supplies for the Confederates in his baby
riage, with him asleep within, and he would be-
ne infuriated and often cry whenever Adolph
uld teasingly suggest that it was he, *Adolph*,
o was actually sleeping in the carriage. But
olph did not often try to provoke his younger
other, a thing too easily done; instead he tried
help George as he had helped the entire family,
iding and inspiring as he earned their respect
d devotion, maintaining his position as the lov-
g older brother, the imperturbable marvelous man-
ild who was his mother's favorite. But George,
o would lose his temper in public and bring em-
rrassment to the family, seemed almost driven
prove how different he could be from Adolph.
a young boy, if told *not* to do something, he
uld be sure to do it. As a young man, working
his brother's staff at The Chattanooga Times,
became embroiled in dramatic situations, con-
oversies, threats—and once he almost killed a man.
George was then a twenty-two-year-old newspa-
rman on The Chattanooga Times and on this
rticular day, while he was in the county court-
use making notes from a divorce record that in-
lved the name of a prominent county official, the
me county official strolled by and noticed what
eorge was doing, became very angry, and warned
at if George printed the item he would "shoot
im full of holes." George printed it. A few days
ter, as George was conversing with a friend on
e main street, he suddenly felt on his head a
harp blow from behind; turning, he saw the
unty official holding a cane upraised to strike him
gain. George shouted, "If you strike me again,
ou'll pay the penalty." As the county official hit
im again and also reached into his pocket, pos-
ibly for a pistol, George reached into *his* pocket,
ulled out a gun, and shot the man through the
wer abdomen and hip. Though staggering, the
an continued to raise his cane and attempted to
raw the object from his pocket, whereupon George
ushed his gun to the man's throat and pulled the
rigger. The gun jammed. But the man collapsed to
he ground and George did not fire a second shot.
A large crowd had now gathered, and the victim
as removed to the hospital where, after being in
ritical condition for several days, he recovered.
George surrendered to the sheriff but no warrant
was issued. Nor did George cease to carry a gun.
When he was approached a week later and was
threatened by the brother of the victim, George
dissuaded him by pointing *two* guns at him. The
aftereffect of this encounter left George emotionally
shaken but he soon recouped his sense of daring
—and a few months later he was knocked uncon-
scious by a large Negro for publishing the fact
that there had been an angry dispute in the train
station between the Negro and a railroad official
who had refused to let the Negro sit in the parlor
car. A posse was instantly organized to capture the
man, but he fled to Texas and did not return to
Chattanooga for several years, by which time
George Ochs had drifted into politics and had been
elected Mayor of Chattanooga. As Mayor he gra-
ciously accepted his assailant's apology.

Having entered political life over Adolph's strong
but futile objection, George turned out to be a
very successful Mayor of Chattanooga. He won two
terms as a Democrat, beginning in 1893 when he
was thirty-one years old, and he could have won
the party nomination a third time had he wished.
His administration was so efficient that it lowered
taxes while improving the welfare of the citizens,
but George Ochs remained as independent and un-
predictable as ever. In 1896 he refused to support
the Democratic party's choice for President, Wil-
liam Jennings Bryan, and the local leaders in Chat-
tanooga demanded that Ochs resign as Mayor, which
he would not do. On another occasion Ochs withheld
patronage from one of the local political bosses
who had strongly supported him, and this provoked
a protest visit to the Mayor's office from a delega-
tion of leading Democrats that included George's
younger brother Milton and one of his in-laws. But
George remained implacable. He had made no deals,
he said, adding that he would run the city in a
manner he thought proper. He fancied himself an
incorruptible man, independent and different, and
while he occasionally flaunted his integrity, he
nevertheless behaved in accordance with his self-
image, doing as he wished and saying what he
wanted to say even if the subject were controver-
sial, which it often was.

As a German Jew, George Ochs shared with some
members of his family and many German Jews
around the nation a feeling of superiority and dis-
affection toward the more recently arrived Jewish
immigrants from Eastern Europe—and, unlike
Adolph, George was outspoken on this subject.
While he sympathized with their poverty and strug-
gle, George had little tolerance for Jews who ad-
hered to foreign customs after settling in America.
Jews who persisted in speaking Yiddish along the
street, who read Yiddish newspapers on trains and
saw Jewishness in terms of a nation or race rather
than in terms of a religion. Such Jews, he felt,
encouraged by their clannishness the bigotry that
kept them aliens, disqualified them socially, stereo-
typed them commercially, made life more difficult

for them but, regrettably, also for the more established Jews who had assimilated themselves and prospered in America. He was equally critical of the get-rich-quick Jews who displayed their wealth with ostentation, if not vulgarity.

Throughout his lifetime to the year of his death, which came in 1931 when he was seventy, George Ochs-Oakes overwhelmingly opposed the Zionists and all other advocates of a Jewish state in Palestine, and this view was also endorsed by Adolph Ochs and for years it was part of the editorial pol- [illegible] Arthur Hays Sulzberger became publisher of The Times in 1935 he made speeches and statements urging Jews not to agitate for a Jewish Palestinian state, and in 1939 Sulzberger was among a group of influential Jews who urged President Roosevelt not to appoint Felix Frankfurter to the Supreme Court because they believed that it would intensify anti-Semitism in America, a notion that Roosevelt resented and ignored. In 1946 The New York Times canceled an advertisement submitted by the American League for a Free Palestine, infuriating Zionists and causing Sulzberger to explain at length that while The New York Times had in the past often run the ads of organizations that it opposed editorially—it had previously carried many Zionist ads, Sulzberger reminded them, and had even run advertising by the Communist party; had in fact once loaned The Daily Worker newsprint when the Communist journal was short of it—the decision to cancel the Zionist advertising on this occasion was based, first, on The Times' conviction that the American League for a Free Palestine was directly connected with one of the Jewish terrorist groups in the Middle East; and second, the anti-British charges in the ad were not supportable by facts, and thus Sulzberger said he could not be responsible for the ill will that the advertisement in The Times would stir between Britain and the United States. "We happen to believe that the British are acting in good faith and not in bad faith," Sulzberger wrote to one of the Zionist leaders. "From our standpoint, therefore, your advertise- [illegible] there is no yardstick by which truth of this kind can be proved, it means that we are putting our judgment ahead of yours [illegible] will not approve and which we do only with the greatest hesitancy."

By the time George Ochs-Oakes' son, John Oakes, became influential on The New York Times, the state of Israel had become a reality and The Times' editorial page has been generally friendly to it in recent years, reaching a high point in 1967 when, during the Israel-Arab war, The Times reminded the United States Government of its commitment to defend the sovereignty and independence of Israel and even advocated the intervention of American forces if the Israel army needed help, which, as things turned out, it did not. The New York Times' News department has also maintained [illegible] a number of years, and *still* maintains in the 1960s, a full-time reporter who specializes in [illegible] ering Jewish activities in America, a very se [illegible] tive assignment whose aims include, accordin [illegible] one editor, "keeping the New York Zionists [illegible] Sulzberger's back." And yet the old German-Jew [illegible] attitude that George Ochs-Oakes expressed n [illegible] than thirty years ago, the disenchantment [illegible] American Jews who dwelled on their Jewishn [illegible] the desire that Jews blend into the American s [illegible] —this thinking on occasion still pervades the h [illegible] archy of The New York Times. Veteran repor [illegible] in The Times' newsroom have long been aware [illegible] higher management's sensitivity to things Jew [illegible] One manifestation of this, they say, is the [illegible] that The Times has not had a Jewish manag [illegible] editor since the paper became the Bible. They [illegible] sense that, when they are working on stories t [illegible] are about Jews or are of special interest to Je [illegible] the editing and handling of these stories is [illegible] bit more delicate and cautious, if such is possi [illegible] to perceive—and even if it is not, the reporte [illegible] mere supposition sustains some of the past c [illegible] sciousness of George Ochs-Oakes. The New Y [illegible] Times does not wish to be thought of as a "Jew [illegible] newspaper," which indeed it is not, and it will be [illegible] over backwards to prove this point, forcing its [illegible] at times into unnatural positions, contorted [illegible] compromise, balancing both sides, careful not [illegible] offend, wishing to be accepted and respected f [illegible] what it is—a good citizens' newspaper, law-abidi [illegible] and loyal, solidly in support of the best interests [illegible] the nation in peace and war.

That such a formidable institution as The Tim [illegible] should be so lacking in arrogance, so weighed dov [illegible] by its sense of responsibility and a fear of goi [illegible] one step too far, may explain in part its surviv [illegible] and strength and it may also hint at a part [illegible] its vulnerability—not only the vulnerability of th [illegible] Jewish family that owns it but also the vulnerabi [illegible] ity of the nation upon which the family has hitche [illegible] its star. The anti-Semitic slights and subtleties b [illegible] neath the surface of America have, in one way [illegible] another, touched nearly every member of the fam [illegible] ily, extending even into the third generation [illegible] Sulzberger's son "Punch" (the present publisher) [illegible] a Marine on his way to Korea, was turned awa [illegible] from a restricted resort in Hobe Sound, Florida; [illegible] Sulzberger daughter in a girls' private school i [illegible] New York was assumed to be a friend of the onl [illegible] other Jewish girl in the class (the two girls cam [illegible] to dislike one another rather quickly); George [illegible] Ochs-Oakes' son, John Oakes, a brilliant student [illegible] was accepted within a Jewish quota at the Law [illegible] renceville School. Given these and similar incidents [illegible] the fact that even the family that owns The New [illegible] York Times can be subjected to such social scru [illegible] tiny, it is no wonder that there would be within [illegible] the institution a sensitivity to anti-Semitism and a [illegible] fastidiousness about keeping The Times above re-

ch, untouched by the prejudice within the na-

ne prejudice first became apparent to certain
bers of the Ochs family when they began to
e northward shortly after Adolph had purchased
New York Times in 1896. In Chattanooga they
sensed no anti-Semitism, a circumstance that
have been the result of the very mobile, loosely
ctured society that had settled there after the
l War, turning Chattanooga into a kind of
ntier town, and it was also possible, George
s-Oakes believed, that his type of Jew was more
eptable to Gentiles than the Eastern European
s who would immigrate to America in great
bers at the turn of the century. George inter-
ted his own acceptance in Chattanooga, and that
his family, as evidence to support his theory.
father was for years the lay rabbi of the Jew-
community in Chattanooga, and George had
g in the choir, and he would later marry a Jew-
woman and bring up his sons in the faith; he
himself as a "good" Jew insofar as religion
concerned, but otherwise he avoided any eth-
or nationalistic commitment to Jews, and when
was elected Mayor of Chattanooga in 1893 he
convinced that he had conducted his life wisely
well.

But when he moved to Philadelphia in 1901, ac-
cepting his brother's offer to run a newly acquired
Ochs newspaper in that city, George gradually be-
came aware of the fuller meaning of being Jewish.
The more tightly entrenched society of Philadelphia,
was not in the least but subtle in its discriminations,
and George was surprised and appalled, although,
uncharacteristically, he did not make an issue of it.
He believed that to do so would only further ag-
gravate an unpleasant situation, and he held the
Jews partly accountable for the prejudice. If Jews
would curtail their desire for their own schools
and universities in America, would not seek politi-
cal power through a Jewish vote, would stop think-
ing of themselves as primarily Jewish, he felt sure
that the wall between Jews and other Americans
would be lowered. He conceded that full integration
into the American social system might take sev-
eral years or even decades; the first generation of
Jews born in America, and perhaps also the sec-
ond, might not fully achieve a 100 per cent Amer-
ican status. But if they remained patient and set
a fine example as outstanding and loyal citizens,
then the third and fourth generation would un-
doubtedly gain acceptance different from their
compatriots in church affiliation but otherwise
typically and totally American. That at any rate,



"Hugh just loves to drive."

is what he hoped would happen, and he attempted to live the latter part of his life in a way that would further this cause and benefit the future of his two sons.

Both sons were born and reared in the Philadelphia area, as had been his wife, the daughter of a merchant and banker whose family had been residents of Philadelphia for nearly three quarters of a century. The second son, John, was born in 1913. Approximately one week later, owing to complications during the birth, the mother died, and thereafter George's sons were brought up with the help of an unmarried sister, Nannie. The boys adored Nannie, and as they got older they came to appreciate her keen mind and her strong social conscience which, in the early Thirties, transformed her into an ardent supporter of the New Deal, one who stood up to all the opposition she received at the large family gatherings of the Ochs dynasty, particularly from Arthur Hays Sulzberger and his wife Iphigene, both of whom could barely tolerate Roosevelt. But Nannie was invariably persuasive in her views, and many years later John Oakes would trace part of his own political origin as a liberal Democrat to his Aunt Nannie, his formal personality warming up with the mere mention of her name, although the overwhelming influence on his life was his father George.

Long after most sons have abandoned the final illusion about their fathers, John Oakes remains firmly convinced that his father was a brilliant man of rare integrity, one who certainly possessed a superior mind to, if not the gall of, the celebrated Adolph. John has always admired his father's forthrightness in doing and saying what he thought, regardless of how unpopular or awkward the result.

John Oakes' interest as editor of The Times' editorial page in the protection of trees, rivers, and mountains against the ambitions of land developers was also partially inspired by his father, a devotee of national parks and an enthusiastic hiker, although John Oakes is a much more passionate conservationist than his father ever was—Oakes, in fact, is capable of more emotion and intensity over trees than perhaps any New York Timesman since Joyce Kilmer, the poet, who at the time of his death, in 1918, while serving in the United States Army, was on military leave from The Times' Sunday department. Since Oakes became influential on The Times, the changing seasons have been regularly rhapsodized on the editorial page, and one of the major themes on that page has been the endless battle of nature against human greed. Such issues often bring Oakes into disagreement with men of influence, wealth, and self-righteousness, qualities not entirely lacking in John Oakes himself, and it is precisely this delicate balance between Oakes and the world that he weighs, the reflection of himself that he sometimes sees in the people whom he criticizes, that has no doubt contributed to his hypersensitivity a soul-searching manner. He seems to be const in a state of self-examination, fussing with words that he writes, agonizing over ideas, wo that he is either too critical or not critical enc careful to avoid the impression that it is a per motive that prompts him to do what he is d has done, or will do. Thus he may not publi deserving editorial about a school that he onc tended, or an organization to which he belo at other times he will condemn something of w he is a part but he will not sever his connec with it because this would be a predictable act, he does not wish to be predictable. As a stu editor at Princeton he was critical of the system, but was a member of a club; as a Ti editor with a commitment to the civil-rights m ment, he was personally repelled by some of racial policies of the Metropolitan Club in W ington, among other similar organizations, but did not join the distinguished ranks that quit club in the early 1960s, making headlines; Oa quit a year or so later, quietly, and refused to cuss for publication the reasons for his resignat

Like most newspaper editors and critics, Oa does not relish criticism. Should unflattering c ments about The New York Times, particula about its editorial page, appear in another jour or magazine, Oakes will quickly send off a let of reply. His letter will most often attempt to c credit the criticism by dwelling on any errors fact or interpretation that appeared in the cr cism, even if the errors were minor or inconsequ tial to the larger purpose of the piece. It is not th Oakes is more prissy than other editors are, must often be; it is rather that he is unable resist the impulse to lash back whenever there an attack, however slight, upon something that very close to his heart. He is thin-skinned and tense, a man whose life was made no less compl by the tragedy associated with his birth, by t strong sentimentality for a father reared in tight family dominated by an older brother, by h name-change that requires clarification as to w he is, where he stands, how he got there. Oak accepts all these challenges, and his life h been a series of small skirmishes, mostly wi himself.

Shortly after returning home from Oxford 1936, he applied for a job at a Trenton newspap while wearing an FDR button on his lapel; he g the job, but the editor warned him not to reappea in the office for work until he had removed th button. Oakes was offended by the remark, inte preting it somehow as an affront to his indepe dence, and he waited a few extra days, until afte Roosevelt's re-election, before reporting to Th State Gazette and Trenton Times without his FD button. Later at The Washington Post, and sti later at The New York Times, Oakes seemed un able to decide precisely how he wished to sign hi

icles, and as a result his bylines have varied ough the years from John Oakes to John B. kes, J. B. Oakes to John Bertram Oakes—and ie of the articles on conservation that he wrote The Times were signed "by John Bertram." ter he took over The Times' editorial page and gan publishing pieces by Tom Wicker, Oakes gan to wonder if that byline was not perhaps too ormal, and one day he wrote Wicker inquiring Thomas Wicker or Thomas G. Wicker might not more appropriate. Wicker said he liked his name way it was.

While John Oakes claims to be pleased that his her changed the name, relieving his family nch of some unnecessary Ochsian weight, he nonetheless disappointed by his father's ob- urity and the lack of high regard that some mem- rs of the family had for him. In a biography out Adolph Ochs written with the cooperation Iphigene Sulzberger and other close relatives, eorge was referred to as a "gun-toting dandy." dolph himself retained a deep affection for his unger brother throughout his lifetime, but he parently also sensed in George qualities that ere out of harmony with institutionalism, and so always kept George at a safe distance from the nter stage of power. When Ochs began spending ore time in New York than in the South, he ap- inted George to manage The Chattanooga Times, id he was well satisfied with things until George ecided that he wanted to run for Mayor. Unable discourage him, Adolph neither helped him nor d he vote for him. After George had left political fe, Adolph offered him a job in Paris to supervise he New York Times' exhibit at the Paris Exposi- on of 1900, a responsibility that included the pub- shing of a daily Paris edition of The Times; eorge accepted this challenge and was very suc- essful, both professionally and socially, moving round town with the international set and pro- oting The Times as well. When the Exposition nded, George received from the French govern- ent the Legion of Honor.

A year later George went to Philadelphia to run he Ochs newspaper there, a profitable venture that nded in 1913 when Adolph Ochs, becoming in- reasingly involved in The Times' expansion in New York, remaining sentimentally attached to his aper in Chattanooga, accepted George's advice and old the Philadelphia newspaper to Cyrus Curtis or $2 million, with the stipulation that George be etained as publisher of the Philadelphia paper. But policy differences soon arose between George nd Curtis—one of George's complaints had to do vith Curtis' installing his son-in-law in the business lepartment—and by 1915 George had resigned and vas again working for Adolph, this time in New York. George was put in charge of two auxiliary publications of The New York Times Company, *Current History* magazine and the *Mid-Week Pic- torial,* and he had an office on the tenth floor of The Times building, the same floor on which John Oakes now supervises The Times' editorial page.

George never did become involved with The Times' News department—nor has his son John. And John Oakes prefers it that way, liking the clear line that separates his editorial-page staff from the rest of the newspaper, protecting it from the commercial ambitions of Monroe Green on the second floor and the sprawling bureaucracy of Clifton Daniel on the third floor. Oakes enjoys an independence within the institution that is rare—his opinions, and those of the editorial writers under him, are subject only to the scrutiny of the publisher. Oakes is regularly in touch with the publisher and receives what amounts to total freedom, and as a result the editorial page in recent years has been converted from vapidity to vibrance, attacking issues with an aggressiveness that Adolph Ochs would have never tolerated, and sniping at important people once regarded within The Times as "sacred cows," such people as Chiang Kai-shek, Robert Moses, and Francis Cardinal Spellman. When Oakes began writing editorials for The Times in 1949, after three years of writing for Lester Markel's Review of the Week section in the Sunday department, the editorial policy was strongly in support of Chiang Kai-shek. The editorial specialist who produced most of these pieces was an old China hand who had become an admirer of Chiang and expressed few opinions that might offend the Generalissimo, who read The Times in translation. After the writer's retirement, and with the increasingly important role played by John Oakes in the Fifties, highlighted by his scathing editorials on McCarthyism, The Times' policy on China, among other major issues, noticeably began to change. Oakes weighed the wisdom of having Communist China admitted to the United Nations, and when this thinking started to penetrate The Times' editorial page, Chiang Kai-shek was furious. One such editorial appeared a day before a Times correspondent in Taiwan was scheduled to have an interview with Chiang, an exclusive story that the correspondent had dutifully arranged weeks in advance. When the correspondent appeared, the Generalissimo, arms flailing, angrily refused to cooperate, being unappeased by the correspondent's explanation that the news staff and the editorial page run as entirely separate departments within The New York Times.

The privileged treatment accorded Robert Moses by The New York Times until relatively recent years was remarkable, and it was achieved mainly through Moses' audacity, his skill at using his personal connections, or the *presumption* of such connections with top people at The Times, including the Sulzbergers, to browbeat some Times reporters who were assigned to cover aspects of his vast and varied career. As New York's most powerful public servant—during the 1950s he was, among



"Every time I look at this damn thing, I lose my appetite."

other things, the Commissioner of Parks, head of the Mayor's Slum Clearance Committee, Chairman of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, Chairman of the State Power Authority, a member of the Planning Commission—Moses was undeniably a great and valuable source of news. It was also true that he had definite ideas on how news should be covered, and if he were displeased by a story in the newspaper he would unhesitatingly fire off a telegram to The Times denouncing the reporter as incompetent, or he would sometimes call a press conference to castigate the reporter publicly, or sometimes he would write a gentle letter of complaint to Arthur or Iphigene Sulzberger, a note that would be bucked down through channels to the third floor, ending up in the hands of perhaps a second-assistant city editor who might quietly wonder if Robert Moses' low opinion of the reporter was not in some way justified. While Moses never did succeed in getting a Times reporter dismissed or even chastised, he was never discouraged from trying, and what he did accomplish was to alert reporters to his possible reaction, making many reporters—[illegible]ss secure ones, to be sure, but The Times always had its quota of these—extraordinarily cautious with every story they wrote about him; they became sensitive to his sensitivity. These reporters knew, or thought they knew, or preferred to believe, that [illegible] be more delicately handled than other important newsmakers in New York. They had heard it rumored about the newsroom that Moses was a friend of the family, that Iphigen Sulzberger particularly liked his manner in respon ing to her suggestions about city parks; and to wh extent this was true was unimportant, truth c rumor being equally persuasive in this context there *seemed* to be sufficient evidence within Th Times building to support the theory that Robe Moses required special handling, and so he got i

For example in 1959 when Moses became angere by a series of articles in The Times dealing wit the city's Title I slum-clearance program, which h headed, his letters of objection did not appear i the Letters-to-the-Editor space, where they be longed; instead they were published on various days within the news columns, as *news*, being preface by an explanatory paragraph, appearing under a news headline, and being given immediate and serious play. This not only raised readers' doubts about the credibility of the series, but it also took some of the edge off the series which the reporter had carefully researched for months—and which was accurate and objective, if not totally satisfactory to Moses in all of its detail and interpretation. When Moses wrote magazine articles in The Times for his friend, Lester Markel, an editor known for the severity of his stylistic standards, there was rarely any tampering with Moses' florid prose, cushioned as it was with barbs and pretension, and these articles were featured in The Times Sunday Magazine almost as prominently as those written by Markel himself. During these years, too,

He was employed on The Times news staff a veran reporter who was known among his colleues as a "Moses man," meaning that Moses ha him as a confidant and friend, entrusting to hi his private telephone numbers and his whereabuts on weekends so that should The Times wish to each Moses to confirm or deny or comment on sc e news development, The Times' editors could do o by contacting Moses' man, who would contact Moses. This particular reporter's status on the staff, h inner confidence and manner and no doubt his co rage in seeking merit raises, was fortified in p t by his relationship with Robert Moses; and w n Moses went into decline as an important newsm ker in the 1960s, so did Moses' man decline in The New York Times newsroom.

Robert Moses' deterioration as a sacred cow on The Times was largely attributable to the newspaper's great organizational shift during the Sixties, events prompted by the illness and incapacity of Sulzberger and then the unexpected death of his fifty-year-old successor, Orvil Dryfoos, in 1963. The quick exit of two publishers in three years, together with the reshuffling of the old guard under him, had a disruptive effect on many traditional habits and values at The Times. Suddenly there were new editors with new ideas making decisions on the third floor, and there was John Oakes running the editorial page on the tenth floor, and most of these men had little reverence for the sacred cows. Among the first to feel this change was Robert Moses; another was Francis Cardinal Spellman. Moses began to feel it during the winter of 1963 when, as president of the forthcoming New York World's Fair, he encountered a chilly press reception to so many of his plans and deeds—the mood of the media seemed against him, tired of him, not only The Times but the other newspapers as well, plus radio and television. It was not that they reported the news incompletely or inaccurately. If anything they were *too* complete, *too* accurate, they overlooked nothing. They quoted that one extra word or phrase that was too much, inserted that extra little detail that can subliminally convey skepticism to a reader. They had fun with Moses, this cranky old man trying to ballyhoo the Fair, and they picked it apart before its flimsy construction was complete, and then they continued to downgrade it through the next two summers.

The Times' editorials criticized Moses' financial handling of the Fair, his "penchant for invective," and the reporters seemed to delight in recording his every frustration—his futile attempt to get the A & P to remove its big neon bread sign that peeked over the fairgrounds, his inability to get the Russians to participate in the Fair, his unfulfilled optimism about the number of people who would be visiting the Fair each day. The press, including The Times, overdramatized the Fair's opening-day threat of racial disturbances, including an automobile "stall-in" by Negro militants along the highways—a threat that, while it never materialized, did not help attendance. No one seemed particularly interested in helping Moses at this point, and the press would display little of the blithe spirit, the indifference to minor flaws that had characterized its coverage of the previous Fair in Brussels, or would spark the reporting of the later Fair in Canada. Moses, the symbol of the New York Fair, had made too many enemies during his long career. He had written too many letters, pushed too many people. And he got what he deserved even though, as is often the case, he did not get it when he deserved it. For the New York World's Fair of 1964-65 was not really the ugly, dull, uninspired extravaganza that much of the press coverage indicated. Each day thousands of visitors greatly enjoyed the Fair, found the sights and sounds both marvelous and memorable, but they had no way of expressing this, no voice that could compete with a press that focused on the demonstrators at the gates, the problems of parking, the labor disputes, the flaws that can always be found if one looks for them—as one Timesman did when he reported in a column, "At The Fair," that there were no paper towels in the men's room of the Scott Towel Pavilion.

Francis Cardinal Spellman was one of those men who for decades in The New York Times was written about constantly, but never deeply. The Times from Adolph Ochs' day was hypersensitive in its coverage of religion, ever fearful of offending one group or another, and in Cardinal Spellman's case the editors' job was even more precarious because he was not only an immensely powerful clergyman but he also sometimes said or did things that were controversial, putting the onus on the editors to somehow print the news and yet to not offend the Cardinal or his many thousands of followers. The editors managed to do this in their fashion for many years with great skill, blunting the reportorial edge, softening the headlines, emphasizing whenever possible his personal kindness, his charities, his simple manner, and the warm applause he received at parochial school graduations and police communion breakfasts, without ever stressing and sometimes totally ignoring Cardinal Spellman's less glorious moments—his blessing of bombers, his affection for Senator Joseph McCarthy, his involvement in New York politics. And this polite press policy toward him would undoubtedly have continued indefinitely had he not so persistently paraded his patriotism during the Vietnam War, a time of loosening restraint in America, of growing discord within his own Church—Spellman in the Sixties had, like Robert Moses, gone on too long, and the liberals were now becoming increasingly less liberal, including some on The New York Times like John Oakes. One year before Spellman's death an editorial in The Times attacked the Cardi-

nal for saying, during his Christmas visit to American troops in Vietnam, that anything "less than victory is inconceivable," a remark not only repulsive to many Catholic liberals in America but also to Pope Paul, who had been carrying on a campaign for a negotiated peace. Even in The Times' news columns, in an analysis article by the religious-news editor, John Cogley, a liberal Catholic formerly of the Catholic magazine *Commonweal*, the Cardinal was chided for his words; Cogley also pointed out that the number of Catholics who traditionally express serious moral reservations about war is proportionately smaller than the number of Protestant and Jewish objectors—a statement that no Times journalist would probably have gotten into print a few years before, and a Timesman with a Jewish byline might not have gotten it into print even on this occasion.

Even more remarkable was the editorial on Cardinal Spellman that appeared in The Times on the day after his death, an appraisal that not only shocked many Catholics but surprised many other Times readers who had mistakenly assumed that The Times editorial page would now temper its views on the Cardinal and publish a kind of eulogy to him. Instead, describing him as a man of fixed convictions, strongly expressed, the editorial dredged up what it deemed to be his sins: "He backed the late Senator Joseph McCarthy in his demagogic excesses, and he made a dismaying attack on Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt when she upheld separation of church and state in education. In political affairs and in public debate he often tended to speak in a commanding tone and to don a mask of authoritarianism which, however appropriate in some other time and some other place, was ill-suited to a pluralist democracy. Whether he was trying to ban the motion picture *Baby Doll* or block the reform of New York's divorce law, Cardinal Spellman sometimes squandered his own and his Church's prestige on trivial issues and lost causes."

Dozens of letters and calls of protest immediately followed, overwhelmingly opposing the editorial. Of the first seventy letters received, sixty-two condemned it, and a few of these were later published in the Letters-to-the-Editor space on the editorial page. In *National Review*, its editor, William F. Buckley, wrote an editorial about the editorial, rebuking The Times for not criticizing Spellman's delinquencies at the time he committed them, charging that it had been editorially silent about Spellman when his friendship with McCarthy and his differences with Mrs. Roosevelt were newsworthy. The Cardinal had then terrorized The Times into restraint, Buckley wrote, and because of this, Buckley concluded, "We mourn the Cardinal's passing even more."

Buckley was incorrect in his assertion that The Times was silent over the Mrs. Roosevelt incident; in two editorials in 1949 it supported Mrs. Roosevelt's position, although its rebuff of the Car[di]nal was most delicate.

John Oakes remained calm through the cl[a]m following Spellman's death. Oakes had been thr[ough] this sort of thing many times before, and he w[ould] again, and he rather liked the excitement that editorials can provoke. He had wanted to r[un] stimulating editorial page in The Times and [to] was what he was now doing, expressing opin[ions] that were not always popular but were at least [his] own, and the publisher's, and were not influe[nced] by powerful people outside The Times nor by advertisers who buy space in The Times f[rom] Monroe Green.

* * *

Monroe Green sat in his office waiting for t[he] telephone call from Alan Tishman about his $50[,] advertisement of the new luxury skyscraper-ap[art]ments that The Times' editorial page today [had] scribed as a desecration of the natural beauty of [the] New Jersey cliffs along the Hudson River. W[hen] Green's secretary announced that Mr. Tishman [was] on the line, Green was not surprised by Tishm[an's] immediate tone of anger and confusion. It was [ter]rible, Tishman said—terrible, cruel, stupid, unfi[air]. The apartment buildings did not violate the sky[line] as the editorial claimed; instead they brou[ght] elegance to that dreary plot of land, Tishman s[aid]. Why had The Times permitted such a diatribe [to] be published? What was gained by it? Who had d[one] such a thing? Could the advertising supplement [be] overridden like that?

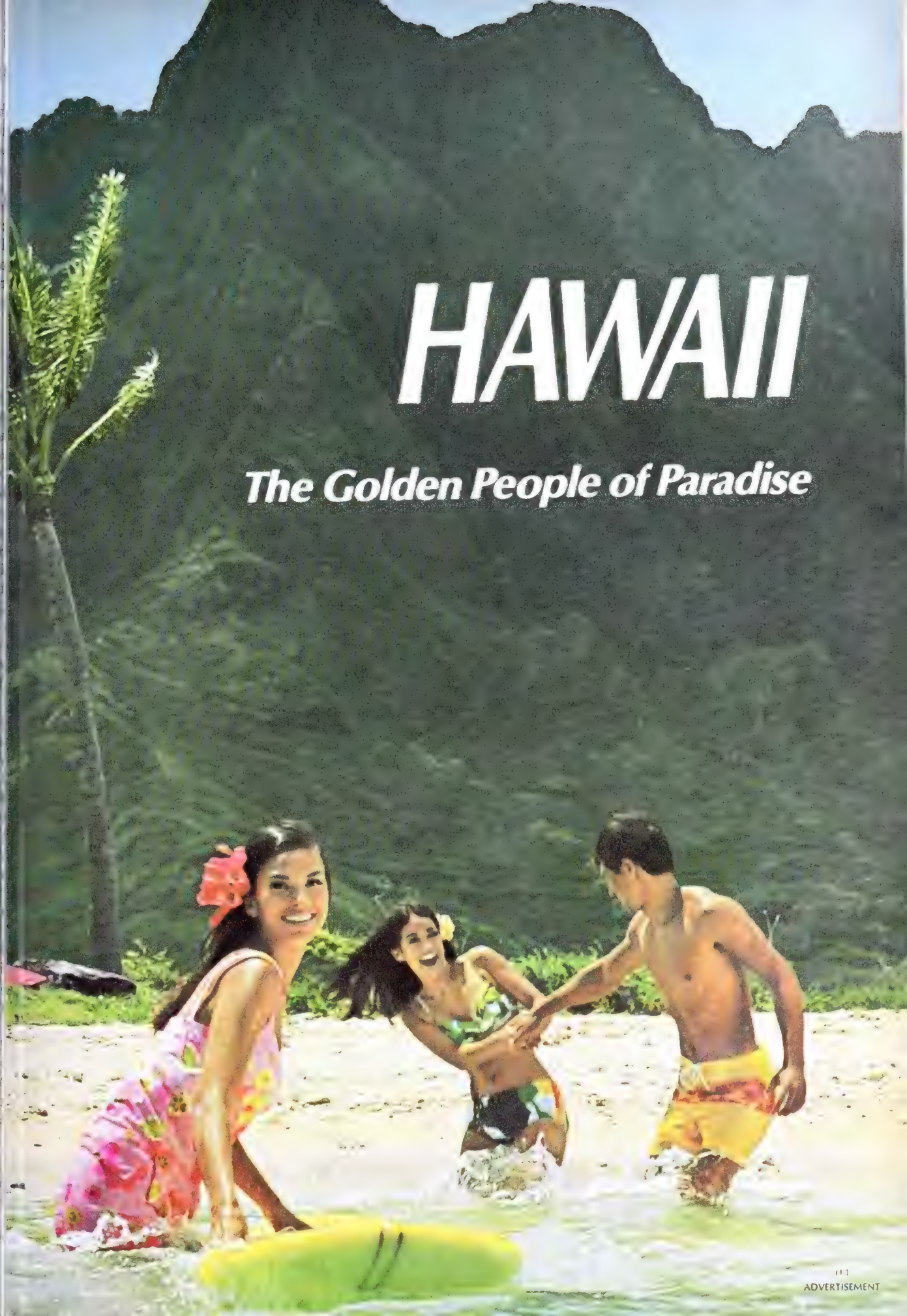
Monroe Green, who had been listening sym[pa]thetically, told Tishman that he was sorry and th[at] while he agreed with Tishman, he had no con[trol] over the editorials. As to what recourse to t[ake] Green said that Tishman had two alternatives. [He] could write a letter of protest to the editorial pa[ge] and it would be printed and might do some go[od] or it might do more harm. It might merely call [at]tention to the editorial itself. Green strongly [ad]vised against sending the letter. The best thing [to] do, Green continued, his salesman's voice becom[ing] more reassuring, was to do nothing. Forget about [it]. Pretend it did not happen. The advertising supp[le]ment would offset whatever damage that the e[di]torial had done, and personally, Green said, he d[id] not think that the editorial had done any dama[ge] at all. Nobody reads the editorials, Green said.

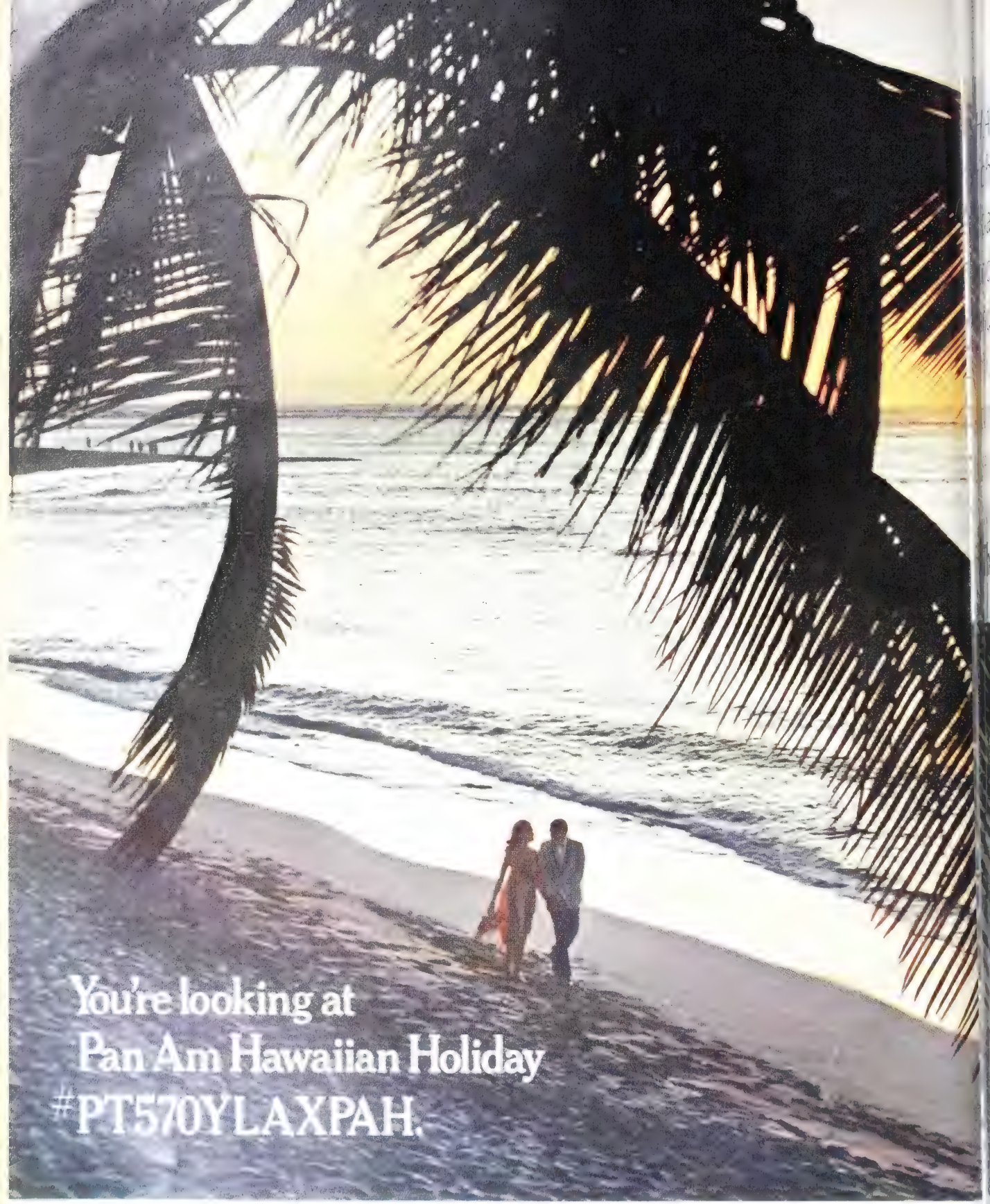
Tishman gave it some thought, and he fina[lly] decided to follow Green's advice. And later, after t[he] luxury apartment houses had opened and were fill[ed] with tenants, Tishman decided that Green h[ad] probably been right. Nobody reads the editoria[ls].

* * *

Next month, concluding this narrative, Mr. Tale[se] will discuss the current reigning powers and b[ig] liners at The Times.

Harper's Magazine, January 19[71]


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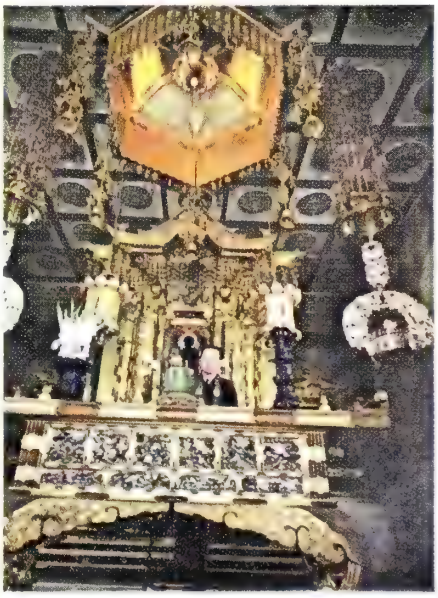
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obbing happily with contrasting
rents of an ancient East and a restless,
eking West . . . melded under a familiar flag
h 50 white stars . . . Hawaii is the Island home of

e Golden People of Paradise



am Kalaniopio, full-blooded Hawaiian, decks his family with leis Sunday picnic at Maui's Seven Sacred Pools, a place once reserved oyalty. Bill is head of paniolos at Hana Ranch on idyllic eastern t of Maui, an island studded with secluded coves and beaches quiet, graceful mountain vales.



The Reverend Yoshiaki Fujitani, raised on Maui, prepares incense for Sunday morning services at Honolulu's Honpa Hongwanji Mission, main temple of Hawaii's largest Shin Buddhist sect. History of racial migration and assimiliation has produced diverse religious expressions, both Western and Eastern.

Elizabeth Logue, Lynn Kimoto and Mike Apele, who among them represent ten different racial strains, typify Hawaii's golden people enjoy a warm, wintertime day at Oahu's Kualoa Point

advertising section published for HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU and STATE OF HAWAII









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Swing a little on fun-splashed Waikiki Beach at the Hilton Hawaiian Village. You'll find sparkling surf, sleek catamarans, fifty smart shops, five exotic night-spots and more—all on our twenty tropical acres. Or experience the quiet elegance of Kahala Hilton, just a 15 minute drive from Waikiki. This luxury resort faces its own sandy beach in Honolulu's finest residential area. From Oahu, adventure on to the two neighbor island Hiltons. At the Maui Hilton three miles o cluded beaches and a championship golf course i you to total relaxation right at the doorstep. Ar the Big Island of volcanoes and orchids, Kona H offers you all the tranquility of Old Hawaii spectacular coastal setting. See all three islands. when you do, stay with us—experience world-fa Hilton hospitality along with your Hawaiiana.

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th Yuen Maul, Molokai's
ate since 1958, stands by
n-of-the-century courthouse
akakai, where she also
an eye on Yuen family
ises and practices law. The
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Moon Yee, means "satisfac-
Long a quiet little island,
ai now has modern hotel
modations.



Harris, naturalist at Maui's
kala National Park, and his
Bonnie Jo, begin descent from
r several days of camping in
kala's volcanic crater, so
ous it could hold Manhattan
. Strange, moonlike interior
dormant volcano's crater has
used to train astronauts.



ldine Hee, pert Chinese
er whose grandfather was an
to China's great 19th-century
cal leader, Sun Yat-Sen,
aints preschoolers with their
ue Pacific heritage in trip
gh Honolulu's Bishop
um. Containing extensive
esian collection, museum was
ded in memory of Hawaiian
ess.

There's only one thing wrong with Kaanapali Beach

It spoils you!

HAWAII'S COMPLETE VACATION AREA ON THE VALLEY ISLE OF MAUI



Championship Golf Course

Every Kaanapali Beach hotel rims the Royal Kaanapali Golf Course. Created by Robert Trent Jones, its 7,179 championship yards, par 72, offers a thrill to professional and duffer alike.



Exciting Outdoor Sports

Kaanapali Beach has them. Golf, skin-diving, shell-collecting, water-skiing, surfboarding, sailing, hiking, fishing and tennis. Or you can laze in the sun watching the 60 ton Humpback whales frisk like colts in the azure Pacific during the winter months.



3 Miles Of White Sand

There's the Kaanapali, Sheraton-Maui, Royal Lahaina, International Colony Club and Hilton Hale Kaanapali . . . over 900 modern hotel rooms bordering the most beautiful beach in all of Hawaii. And you're just a sandy footprint from the warm blue surf.



Historic Lahaina

A short drive from Kaanapali Beach. Once the royal capital of the Islands, Lahaina offers a wealth of historic attractions and quaint shops. Ghosts of grisly whalers and laughter of comely maidens past still linger among the streets of Hawaii's most charming town.



28 Minutes From Honolulu

Board a swift inter-island jet. Just $5 common fare. Or take a relaxing air taxi direct to Kaanapali Beach. Either way, you'll view the peaceful Lahaina Roadstead where whaling ships once wintered. The friendly Islands of Molokai, Lanai and Kahoolawe jutting from the sea. And the ever-changing shades of blue, green and gold of the West Maui mountains.

Kaanapali Beach is everything you've ever dreamed Hawaii would be. And more. Come be our guest . . . soon.

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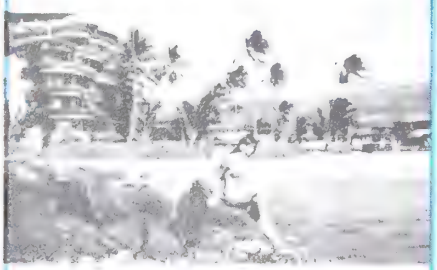
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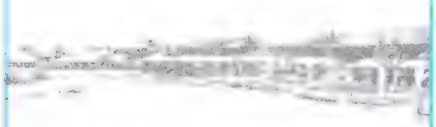


Sheraton-Maui

On Kaanapali Beach, Isle of Maui

A stunning hotel, with a championship golf course on one side and one of Hawaii's most beautiful beaches — three glistening miles long — on the other.

The lobby's on top, the rooms and fun are all around. Just five minutes away: fascinating, historic Lahaina.



Sheraton-Kauai

On Poipu Beach, Isle of Kauai

An enchanting, rambling hotel nestled amongst swaying palm trees on an unspoiled, jewel-like beach. Within easy driving distance are several golf courses and all the scenic splendor of Kauai. The new Sheraton Kauai extends the same [illegible] which has made its sister Sheraton hotels in Hawaii famous.

[illegible] from Honolulu to either Maui or Kauai. (On new common air fares.)

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Robert Koyanagi, young Japanese seismologist with Hawaii Volcano National Park Observatory, installs sensing device in Kilauea Crater about three-fourths of a mile from steaming Halemaumau Firepit. Hawaii's volcanoes, a favorite attraction, are active and erupt spectacularly every few years. Scenic roads and trails wind through area, giving visitors easy access to the craters.



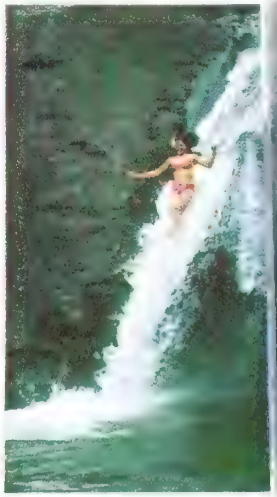


Lionel Mathias, 30, pours molten metal into ingot molds in Oahu steel mill. Hawaiian-Spanish-Indian-German, he lives in Nanakuli. Weekends he swims off Maili Pt. or plays his ukulele at family luau.

Martha Carrell, 25-year old beauty of Guamanian-Hawaiian-Caucasian parentage, studies for a master's degree in speech at University of Hawaii by day. After dark, she dons grass skirt of a Tahitian hula dancer and joins excitement of Waikiki's varied nightlife scene.

Dela Cuesta sisters, La Verne Akiko, 14, and Karen Fumiko, 17, Honolulu schoolgirls of Japanese-Filipino-Spanish descent, wear kimonos for a "bon dance," one of many ethnic celebrations.





Kanani Dizol, 18-year-old beauty of Filipino-Hawaiian-Portuguese-Chinese descent, a student during the day and a hula dancer at night, zips down Kaui's "Slippery Slide" near her home. The slide at Waipahee Falls is typical of the isle's scenic splendor.



Lowell S. Dillingham, Kamaaina businessman, checks stock market at his Mt. Tantalus home. Worldwide operations of Dillingham Corporation are directed from headquarters in Honolulu, where shipping and communication networks link East and West.





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MOANA—A classic South Seas hotel, roomy, comfortable, it embraces an ocean-side courtyard under a mammoth banyan tree.







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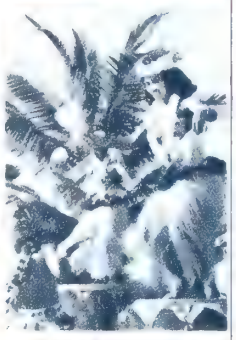
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Ku'upualehua Kelekolio, 24, [illegible] Irish-Italian, rides porpoise [illegible] marine attraction, Sea Life P[illegible] in Kealakekua, Big Island fis[illegible] age, she works at Park days [illegible] studies marine biology at U[illegible] of Hawaii nights.



Louis Kealiipuaina Kau and Gladys Hokulani Brash, King and Queen of Honolulu's 1967 Aloha Week, embark on grand parade through Waikiki. Each year Aloha Week revives ancient Hawaiian traditions, arts, crafts and customs. Other festivals celebrate many Isle cultures.



Kekoa D. Kaapu, 31, Honolul[illegible] councilman, scans across Oah[illegible] ena Point from fragile glider h[illegible] weekends. Hawaiian-Chinese-[illegible] casian, he grew up in a grass [illegible] is a Harvard graduate. Richly g[illegible] Windward area's beach parks [illegible] quiet counterpart of bustling W[illegible]





Ted Makalena, ranking young golf pro, relaxes from a PGA tour at one of Hawaii's spectacular oceanside courses, Waialae Country Club, where the Hawaiian-Chinese golfer won the Hawaiian Open. Golf is highly popular in the islands and there are some 40 public and private links to choose from.



Dwayne Strong, 11, a Samoan fire dancer since he was six, is Hawaiian-Chinese-Cherokee-Japanese. Dwayne dances under the name "Manulele," sings in both Hawaiian and Japanese and has performed in Orient and in Hawaii where nightlife encompasses entertainment forms from around the Pacific Basin.



Peter Cole first took his Hawaiian-Caucasian son, Kaaina, out in the Waikiki surf at the tender age of two years. Now five, Kaaina hardly misses a weekend surfing with his father, a civilian mathematician for the Navy. Famed Waikiki Beach, birthplace of surfing, is the Pacific's most glamorous resort area, with a variety of modern hotels.

liyahira, Yokohama-born
Hawaii Japanese, and
neighbor, Mary Ann
, raised in Michigan, shop
ana Center, an exciting
of 155 shops—one of
rgest.





LeRoy Lindsey, Hawaiian-Irish-Puerto Rican-English, roams vast Parker Ranch with cloud-shrouded peak of 13,796-foot Mauna Kea at his back. Dominating northern half of Island of Hawaii, it is capped with snow for winter skiers. The fourth generation of Lindsey paniolos (cowboys) in Hawaii, LeRoy heads ranch's riding stables.



Sam K. Puahala, pure Hawaiian who has lived all his life on Maui and now works as a hotel bartender, spends a quiet afternoon fishing for ulua off Lahaina, one-time whaling center of the Pacific and first capital of Hawaiian Islands, a short distance from the luxury hotels at golden Kaanapali Beach.

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Where else but at Hawaii's Mauna Kea could you find all the beachfront pleasures of a Polynesian paradise, the thrill of championship seaside golf, and the high adventure of a Western ranch—all in one great international resort. You'll sail, swim, snorkel and sport fish in Polynesian waters. Play 18 holes of championship seaside golf with a backdrop of a snow-capped mountain. Ride and hunt on a Western ranch Hawaiian style. Enjoy the true "Aloha Spirit." That's Mauna Kea—quite possibly one of the world's most unique and beautiful resorts. For information and color brochure, call your Travel Agent or contact Glen W. Fawcett Inc., in the West, Resort Representation Service in the East.

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Daniel Saragosa, 18, Puerto Rican-Hawaiian, darts for a lateral during football scrimmage at Waianae High School. Famed surfing beach, Makaha, is nearby but Danny gave up his surfboard, temporarily. He and his nine brothers and sisters make good use of Hawaii's year-round balmy climate for outdoor sports.



James W. Smith, Jr., field maintenance superintendent at Dole Company's pineapple plantation on Lanai, kneels next to wild goat he shot with bow and arrow. Dole owns the entire island, where forested hills and canyons conceal prize game, such as Mouflon sheep and pronghorn antelope.



Napolean Durante, 36, assists school children through Waikiki crosswalk near base of famed Diamond Head. Hawaiian-French-English-Chinese, Nappy is a 14-year veteran of the highly-reputed Honolulu police force and has six children of his own. With over half its residents under 24, Hawaii has one of the youngest state populations in the nation.

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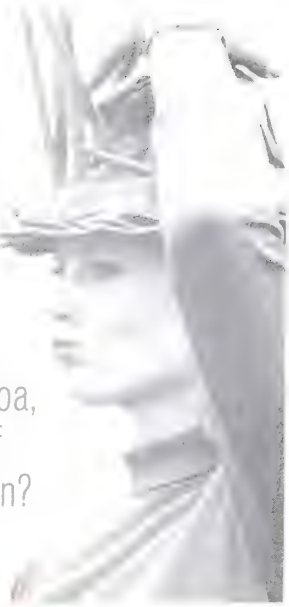
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HAWAIIAN HUIKAU

(Potpourri)

Hawaii, the youngest of the 50 States, has many distinctions, some admittedly more important than others. **PEOPLE:** The resident population of 792,444 is a veritable ethnic potpourri, consisting of 39% Caucasian, 28% Japanese, 14% part Hawaiian, 10% Filipino, 5% Chinese, 1% pure Hawaiian, 1% Negro and 2% other (Korean, Samoan, Indian, Puerto Rican, Cuban and other Pacific extractions). Hawaii hosted more than one-million visitors during 1967. **GEOGRAPHY:** Hawaii is both the southernmost and westernmost state of the United States. Located 2,396 statute miles from San Francisco (or 5,030 from New York), the Hawaiian Island group stretches northwest 1,900 miles from Hawaii Island to Kure Island (about the same distance from St. Louis to Seattle). The eight major islands (Hawaii, Maui, Oahu, Kauai, Molokai, Lanai, Niihau and Kahoolawe) comprise 6,415 square miles, 47th in size among the states, and have 750 miles of coastline. **FEATURES:** Kauai's Mt. Waialeale is the world's wettest spot with annual rainfall averaging 460 inches. But at Puako on Hawaii Island, annual rainfall doesn't exceed nine inches. Niihau's 841-acre Halalii Lake (which dries up every summer) is the smallest biggest lake in any U.S. state. Hawaii's three national parks cover 246,929 acres. Over 650 tropical fish species swim among the reefs, and over 94% of the 1,800 different floral plants are not found elsewhere in the world. **CLIMATE:** The average temperature annually ranges between 56 and 88 degrees. But during the winter months while skiers slide the snow-covered slopes of Mauna Loa (13,680 feet) and Mauna Kea (13,796 feet) on Hawaii island, golfers flock to the state's 39 courses. **HISTORY:** Hawaii is the only state with monarchial beginnings and Honolulu's Iolani Palace is the only royal palace in the United States. The Hawaiian language has the world's shortest alphabet (12 letters: A E H I K L M N O P U W). And Hawaii's Aloha spirit remains the hallmark of warmth and hospitality over the world.



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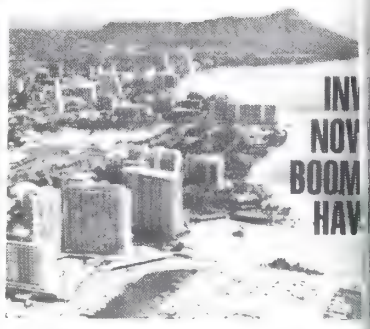
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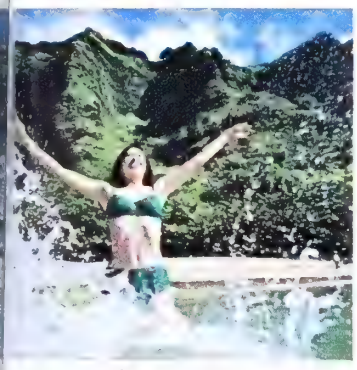
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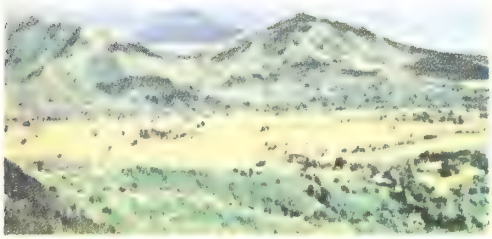












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THE OFFAL KIND

story by Ayi Kwei Armah



When she went away from her people she was till very young. She did not know the lady who ame to take her away, but her mother knew her. 'hey had sat talking all night about her. She /as going to be the lady's household help, and if he was good and learned everything there was o learn, she would perhaps be a lady herself one .ay, perhaps.

They had had to walk the few miles to the oad before they could get on a lorry that would ake them into the town. They were three: her nother, the lady, and herself. She was used to valking; every day she had gone to the stream o fetch water for the family, and the stream vas down farther than this road, in the other direction. The lady tired very easily, and her own sweat made her angry, so that she stopped talk-ng long before they got onto the road. The first driver said the lady could not come in front, so they had to wait for another lorry. It was hot, and the girl was thankful when at last one driver took them. Sitting crushed between older people in the middle of the lorry, she had seen nothing of the green countryside flowing past the lorry. Her mother said it would have made her dizzy.

The first day after they arrived in the town was a good day. The girl's mother prepared to go back to the village alone. She had brought along a lot of food, and the lady was very liberal with it, to her own immense satisfaction.

The second day, with her mother gone, the girl was given more work and a little less food. Now she had to eat alone, apart from the lady and her two children. Afterwards she washed all the dishes, bringing water from the public pipe. With the passage of days her work increased, until she came to understand, without having to be told, that under normal circumstances she should regard all the household work as her very own. She was eating less and less now, so that eventually her mealtimes produced only a slight appeasement of the hunger that was always with her now. And the less the lady gave her to eat, the more often she told her, "Food costs money here. Don't waste it." The girl would smile timidly, look down, and proceed with her work.

Every day, when she went to the market to buy food, she would watch the mammies—the market women. To herself, very secretly, she imagined she was one of the mammies, selling her own things with a smile, a song, or a frown if she pleased; growing fatter and fatter with everlasting contentment; able to eat whatever her appetite demanded, to wear rustly new clothes frequently, and to work or rest whenever she felt like it. She had heard her mother say she was going to have things to sell, and she waited

eagerly for the day when the lady would let her do that. Once the lady praised her for some work she had done, and she felt she could safely ask about things to sell; but her question produced a violent change in the lady. Her eyes flashed angrily, and she shouted, "What do you think I am, your servant?"

The girl's voice softened to a whine. "Please, I beg your pardon."

"Well, don't question me again."

The gap between the lady and the girl, already wide, grew wider. Work had drugged the girl so that she did not have enough energy even to resent it, and even her enforced silence meant to her a measure of safety; she knew, at least, that she was not offending anyone by talking. Though she could not ask questions aloud, she could still think of the market women, watch them, and still wish she could be like them, rich and free. But when would the lady let her buy and sell things? When would the lady let her live?

It was disappointing, but after all it was to be only a beginning. Something better would follow if only she did this well. She was going to sell *atadwe*, tiger nuts. She would work the whole day, and then at night, when the lady and her husband and her children were in bed, she would go out to the Bus Stop, under the electric street light, and sell the tiger nuts. The first few days were lonely, and, sitting there under the pale light of the lamp, she had longed for sleep; but soon people started buying from her. The children of the neighborhood came to beg for the nuts, and when she said she could not give them any, they remained to tease her. When they were done teasing they would sit around her and tell stories. At times they were unruly, and would dip their hands into the basin and scoop up a handful of nuts; then, running wildly away from her, they would prepare for another swoop. When the lady heard of this she made a terrible noise and called the girl a thief and a wastrel. That was the end of the tiger nuts.

The hunger grew. The jobs increased so that the girl now had to wake very early and sleep very late, except for the few times when her mother came to ask how she was doing. Then the lady would say how all was fine in her household, and how she had taught the girl to do this and that, and how she sometimes misbehaved but was generally not too bad. At such times her mother used to ask her, not out of doubt, but of joy and enthusiasm, "Is that true, Araba, is that true?"

She could only look down at her feet and nod, "Yes, my mother, it is true." And the inner hurt she felt at the lie disappeared when she thoug of the tremendous outer hurt she would suff if she told the truth.

Tiger nuts were out now, their season gon The lady complained more often now abo money. Then she took the girl to the Unit Africa Company stores where everybody boug imported things. They brought back a big b full of Cabin biscuits and Players. The lady sa she could sell the biscuits on the beaches, whe the Ewe fishermen worked. A carton of biscuit would make exactly one shilling profit, the cig rettes only fivepence a tin.

"So sell quickly," the lady said, "and don't g wasting anything. Look out for thieves. Ewe steal like monkeys."

In the first weeks she sold a carton a day, be cause the fishing season was at its height, an the beaches swarmed with people fishing, pullin the rope, haggling, buying, selling, and people a play.

The rains make everything angry in the town In the country the rain falls first on the thick canopy of trees, losing its destructive force Slowly, it loads the leaves and branches, and when they are full and heavy it slides down or drops lazily, making hardly any noise on the soft leaf-covered humus underneath. But in the town there are no trees. The ground is dusty and hard, and the violent rain hits it with a large, repetitive report, tearing the remaining bits of hard soil and exposing the smooth pebbles just below. The sea itself is affected. It swells and moves nearer; the waves begin farther out and are bigger and louder when they break. All the sand is wet with the now dirty seawater. The fishermen pull their canoes off the shore, onto the land itself, and they themselves travel back to their tribal lands, to wait until a better season comes.

The rainy season was in the air, though as yet it had not broken. Only a few fishing crews were left, and Araba had to walk far to get to them. The men were busy struggling with their ropes, and did not take time off to buy anything. The girl felt tired. She was very hungry. She watched the men struggle and sweat, and the emptiness

Ayi Kwei Armah's first novel, "The Beautyful Ones Are Not Yet Born," was published in 1965 by Houghton Mifflin. He was educated in his native Ghana and received a B.A. degree at Harvard. He has been a scriptwriter and teacher in Ghana and a translator-editor on the staff of "Jeune Afrique" in Paris.

hin her twisted itself into a knot of pain, n vanished, and came again. She thought of biscuits, but then the old fear came; she st not eat any of the biscuits. The pain came in, and this time it did not go away. She ked up one of the biscuits. Unthinkingly, she it slowly. Then she ate two more. The pain s off now, but the emptiness rose from her mach to her mouth. She ate three more of the cuits. The net was in now, and from nowhere ittle crowd came and surrounded the fisher- n. Four little boys detached themselves and ne toward the girl. They hovered around her.

"You want to buy some?" she asked. They dded. "Where's your money?"

"We'll give you our fish."

"I can't take fish," the girl said.

"You can sell it."

"No."

The boys moved off, laughing together. They ined the fishing crew, and busied themselves lling the last length of rope that would bring the big bag-net. Faster and faster the rhythm the fishermen's song went. The black net ap- ared now and then out of the heavy surf, and e seagulls came nearer the men. The men's nging broke into hoarse shouts, and they ished the little boys out of the way. The boys me back to Araba. One of them stepped for- ard.

"You still don't want our fish?" Araba hesi- ted. The boy went on. "You can sell it for a t of money once you get back into town."

The girl was quiet for a moment; then she id, "O I know. You won't get any fish. The shermen don't know you. I saw them push you way." At this all the boys laughed, and Araba elt foolish.

One of the boys, the same one who had spoken o Araba, came forward and said to her, "You on't believe us. I am going to get my fish. Come nd see for yourself."

The girl looked at the carton of biscuits. "I an't leave them here," she said.

"The sea will wet them if you come with them. he others will take care of them."

The girl looked fearfully at the three boys, but hey were serious. "All right," she said to the ourth, "let's go. You'll give me a lot, won't you?"

The two moved down toward the surf. Araba glanced back from time to time to make sure he three boys were still there. They smiled whitely and waved to her. Over the deafening noises of the men, the floundering fish, and the seagulls circling low over the bag-net, the boy shouted harsh staccato phrases to Araba. "I am looking for my master. Every boy has a master. He teaches him. Ah, there he is. The other side. Follow me."

Excitedly, the girl ran after the boy, stumbling awkwardly in the wet sand. She saw the boy move towards a very tall man, and she straightened herself to stop. But the boy did not go to the man. He ran past him, and vanished beyond the coconut trees. Panic-stricken, the girl ran back toward the three boys and her biscuits. They were gone.

* * *

She grew used to such severe beatings. She felt little pain now that she was resigned to them and could relax. But the hunger she could not bear. She was growing up, and resentment was setting in. She began to buy things in the market. She knew the women from whom she always bought her food, and they now gave her a little extra if she haggled pleasantly enough. This way she pared off a few pennies each day, and bought herself something to eat. Then the lady found out. She was sitting on a low stool when the girl came back from the market that day. She let her put down her load and then attacked her, using the broom as a whip. "You ate in the market today!" the lady screamed.

The broom frightened the girl. She raised her arms to protect her face. A feeble "No" escaped her. Her voice reverted to a whine. "Please, not the broom," she pleaded. The blows fell harder.

"Tell the truth!" the lady shouted. "Esi saw you. Shall I call her?"

When the girl admitted the offense the whipping did not stop. From the look in the lady's eyes, the girl knew begging would do her no good. When she ran out into the street the lady followed her to the gate, cursing her all the time. "Don't ever come back here, you thieving daughter of a whore!"

She had not thought of going anywhere in particular, but when the sickly, yellow lights came on she was walking toward the lorry park behind the market. She went toward the fire of one of the women selling hot *kelewele*, and when the woman said nothing, she drew near and warmed herself by the fire. Soon she drew her cloth up tightly overhead, and, in the crouching position she had taken, went to sleep.

Brusquely, she was shaken awake. Araba was still half asleep, but she saw that the fire and the women were no longer there. Two women, one of them in police uniform, were holding her.

"Go inside!" one of them shouted, and the other laughed. A small van stood nearby. A man

came out of it and half lifted, half pushed Araba into the back. The policewoman sat by her, and had to wake her up again when they came to the gate of the Remand Home. It appeared the watchman was asleep, because the other woman had to rattle the knocker rather loudly before he came to open the tiny wicket. Then his drowsy old voice came, "Who dere?"

"Open the door!" the woman snapped. Hurriedly the old man opened the big gate and let in the woman and the girl. The police van drove off into the night, and the woman turned to the watchman. "You were sleeping," she said archly.

"O, Matron, no-sah, madam."

"You lie." The old man said nothing. The woman repeated, "You lie."

The watchman said uncomfortably, "Madam, Ah sleep small. Ah dey walk aw de day. Ah tire mall."

"We pay you to watch, not to sleep." The woman sounded a little less cross.

"Ah, madam, how for do? Money palaba."

"Good night, watchman. And don't sleep."

The girl followed the woman into a long room. There were sounds of snoring. They stopped at an empty bed. "Here," the woman said, "this is your bed." When the Matron went out, several voices broke into excited whispers, but the girl was too sleepy to listen to them.

Araba was relieved when the lady refused to take her back, though life at the Remand Home was at first quite hard. Somehow, the other girls managed to make her do their share of the work. But soon other girls were brought, and the girls stopped making fun of her and turned their attention to the newer ones. She even got to like them, and loved to listen when they talked in the night about all the things they knew and had done before coming to the Remand Home. Some of the girls were a little older than Araba, and they always talked of men and money. They said they would all escape one day. Indeed, from time to time someone would escape. Then the Matron would shout and scold the watchman, and treat the remaining girls very harshly; but after a few days the fugitive would be brought back, and the matron would smile primly and tell the girls, "I will always know where to find you people." Then things would return to their normal state. The Matron never asked herself why girls only escaped when their terms were coming up. As for the girls, though they liked their freedom, life in the world outside they hated. But friendship of the others inside the home. It pleased the Matron to think them very stupid, that was all to the good.

Araba made two escapes, both times short before she was due to be released. To go back her people now would have killed her with sham For the third time, her time was drawing nea This time, however, she was going to wait. Sl worked very conscientiously now, and the Matr often said to the other girls, "Look at Arab She is growing into a responsible woman."

Now the others liked her less, but she did n care very much. All that mattered to her was th Matron's promise that if she would be a goo girl she would be discharged without having t go through a period of probation. There was n doubt that she was being a good girl, a very goo girl, indeed, and this irritated the other girl because they did not understand this change tha had come over Araba since her second escape.

She had kept it to herself. Not even the Matro could find out the story of Araba's second fligh into the town. That night the girls had talke for a long time about men. Listening to the othe girls, Araba had felt foolish because she had n story of her own to tell. Still, the stories had ex cited her as if she herself had had all these thing happen to her, and, early in the black morning when she was climbing over the back wall of th Home, she had wondered what it would be like t live with men the way the other girls had done She had left behind the long uniform of th Remand Home, and in her covershirt and cloth she felt safe. In the daytime the sun grew ter ribly hot and the dust burned her feet. She wa very hungry. She went toward the market.

In the park huge Ashanti lorries, covered with thick brown dust, were unloading foodstuffs onto the ground. The girl went toward a pile of man goes and picked one up.

"Hey, drop it!" A driver's mate, wiping the dust off his face, swaggered toward her. He looked her up and down.

"Anything wrong?" he asked. His eyes came to rest on her face.

"No," she said simply.

"You are hungry." She nodded. He picked out three huge, ripe mangoes, and gave them to her. He came nearer to her. Though the park looked empty, he dropped his voice. "You have a place to sleep?" She did not answer, but he went on. "Come here again. Six."

She was still there at sundown. When the boy came, she followed him through an interminable maze of alleys lined with corrugated iron walls. They came to a low, small house. The floor was down below ground level. He went in first, switched on the electric light, and called out to

r. The room smelled of mud. She looked up at e lamp. It was a very weak, small bulb, hang- g naked from an old beam in the center of the om. The cord looked frayed, and in the light e saw cobwebs there. There was no ceiling, only e roof. The boy walked the short space over to e far wall, and leaned against it. He indicated bed to his left.

"Sit down," he said. The girl looked around er. The bed was the one piece of furniture in e room.

"What is your name?"

"Araba," she answered.

"Araba?" It was half repetition, half question. he girl nodded, but did not ask him anything.

"Mmmmm Araba." The boy stood still for a oment, then came toward her. She did not move, ut when he held the cord around her waist, she egan to struggle. He was trying to untie the not. She held his hands. The knot slipped, and rew tighter. The boy was panting. He held his reath and laughed weakly.

"You think you're strong, eh?" He pulled arder, but the cord was too strong. He stopped, nd his panting grew louder now. Steadying his rm, he drew a small penknife from his pocket. Without a word, he cut the cord, and drew apart ner undercloth.

"I shall cut the beads," he said, his voice tense, out of all control. That frightened her. They would find out at the Home.

"No, no," she protested. "I shall—" Without completing her sentence she hurriedly removed the little bandage, but still, when he climbed into the bed, she struggled. She knew from the girls that that was the way. Silently, the boy raised his right arm and bent it. With the elbow, he struck her a sharp blow in the thigh. She lay quite still, and the boy chuckled. Stretching out his right hand in an awkward movement, he put out the light.

It was the next morning that she met Elizabeth. The boy had taken her there. The old woman lived in the last of a row of rooms each of which had a long, narrow green door. The boy had knocked on the door and called, "Elizabeth!"

The old woman's voice asked, "Who?"

"Open the door. It's me."

"Why you come so early 'n de morn?" She ran the last words all together and grunted good-naturedly.

"I have to work," the man said. "I brought my cousin."

There was a soft, oily "Oooooh," and the old woman appeared. Her white hair was all over her face. The wrinkles in her face deepened with her incessant smiling, and her tongue played constantly around her smooth gums. She smiled at the girl, and the girl smiled back. The boy said, "Give her some food, then send her home. Can't hold her here."

With one last look at the girl, he turned and disappeared down the alleyway. The old woman took her in and let her sleep. In the daytime she gave her some very tasty food to eat. The women, young women, in the other rooms came, and were also very good to her. They listened to her, and asked her questions about herself and her people —soon she told them things she had told no one before, and by their looks they seemed to understand, and she liked them for it. In the afternoon Elizabeth said she was sorry, but if she stayed with them now the police would make trouble for her. She asked her gently, "Why don't you go back to the Home? How long will they keep you?"

"A year, nine months." Araba was not sure.

"Time pass quick, chile." Everybody laughed, and the girl laughed too. "Ever need ainthin', you come 'ere. Come back see us."

She had made her way to the center of the town, where the girls always went to get themselves recaptured. The old Elizabeth had slipped a two-shilling piece into her hand, and while she waited she bought some rice and stew and cake and toffee and ate it all. She could tell the other girls a lot of things they had never dreamed of. In the evening they came and took her. The policewoman was stern, and the Matron gloated, "I told you, Lady Constable. I knew where to find her."

Now the last day, the very last day, was over. She was going back to Elizabeth. Already she had thought of the place so often that she almost called it home.

Elizabeth was sitting in front of her door when the girl came. She jumped up and went to meet her. "O my chile," she shouted, and the joy in her face was unmistakable, "you come back." She rained questions excitedly at the girl. Was she hungry? Did she not want to rest a little? At least she was thirsty? She gave the girl some cool water. More questions followed, and then after a brief silence Elizabeth asked, "Now what you for do?"

"I would like to trade. In the market."

"Jus' now?" the woman pressed. Araba nodded. The old woman burst out into loud peals of laughter. When she stopped laughing, she climbed up into her room and brought out a shiny key, and gave it to the girl. She pointed to one of the doors, and told the girl it was her room. Araba

GATES TO THE CITY—BOWERY HOTEL

by Don McCaig

In the last stage [illegible] possession,
gets strange: a couple
[illegible] streets if you keep moving 6x4
[illegible] here you sleep blankets
are ambitions. "Old man, you eatin' good?"
Some
are not in contention trust glow in your hands
(cupped cigarette) "I was a combat
engineer" .Some
have had virgins. one
was a mark himself once he learned.
The washrooms are only half
dangerous (worse
in summer whn
sighs gather under the roof like bees (ghosts?)
This is meant praise of flesh.
what makes decisions.

KEEP YOUR HEALTH
lattice work instead of transoms,
outside windows glazed. Is Ice!
only a buck 80
a night & Ray, the fat man on the desk, has bluesy illusions.
Peace. Love if you have the strength
[illegible] schoolboy's room
warm between the injured & the injured.

---

liked this little room. It was small, but very neat. On the bed that filled most of the space were white sheets and two large pillows. On the table in the corner away from the bed was a fine cooler. A chair stood between the bed and the table, underneath the little window. The room had a [illegible] sweet smell.

Araba went back to Elizabeth. "It is beautiful," she said.

"Ah," the old woman asked, "you like it?"

"Ooooh yes," the girl answered.

Later Elizabeth told the others what the girl had said about wanting to trade in the market. Everybody laughed very loudly, and very long. One of the women said, "Sissie, we all de same. But where money for trade?"

The laughter rose again, and another explained, "All de mammies wey den dey for market, where you tink say dey begin? 'E be here!" She turned her thumb down, pointing it between her thighs. There were wails of laughter all round the girl, and she understood.

Elizabeth tried to explain later, but she had [illegible] when Elizabeth asked her, "You wan' stay?" she did not hesitate: "Yes," she said, "you are my friends."

"Then you wan' rest small before?" For a moment the look in the old woman's eyes was one of compassion. But Araba understood now, and she was ready.

"No," she said simply.

In the evening her first man came. He was huge, and at first the girl closed her eyes and felt herself shudder. Between her thighs she felt unpleasantly moist. She was going to be pleased with it, she told herself; but still she had to fight this rushing, rising fear. She beckoned to the man, and climbed up to the little door. Over the thick bull shoulders of the man, she saw Elizabeth's kind face. The old woman was smiling her encouragement. Briefly, the concrete posts of the Remand Home passed before the girl's eyes. Then she looked again at the man before her.

"Come in," she said forcedly.

The man cleared his throat, spat the mucus out by the doorstep, and climbed inside. The door closed behind the girl, and only Elizabeth's smile remained.

Harper's Magazine, January 1969

Claire Sterling

PRAGUE: THE GRAND ILLUSION

The Russian occupiers of Czechoslovakia face a society that may relinquish, but may also have been permanently altered by its brief and heady taste of freedom.

"
ne reporters have left, the Alcron lounge is deserted, Czechoslovakia seems to have gone down for good. It was sad but comfortably remote—the Communists' affair, not ours. Nevertheless, the first sad story about this country marked the beginning of the Cold War in Europe, and the one before that opened the second world war. We often thought of this, here in Prague, as we watched the Czechs going under.

The end came surprisingly soon. Two months were enough for the Russians to get a signed treaty, legalizing their occupation of a country so united against them that not a single citizen could be found to form a puppet government: a unique case in history. Was it best for the Czechs to go like this, little by little, hoping against hope, forced at last to sign away their independence without firing a shot? Would they be better off if they had "bared their breasts to the bayonets," as the head of their Parliament asked in despair, and defied the Kremlin to do its damnedest? Could they be much worse off, either way, whatever they did?

There were moments when we in the press corps would have said Yes to all three questions. We were sure the Czechs were doomed, half-certain of their insurrection, unable to believe they could get away with things they were in fact getting away with day after day. What struck us was not so much their nerve or ingenuity or sheer mulishness, as their faultless, intuitive solidarity. It was their one frail chance to get out from under the crushing weight of half a million occupation troops, and clearly they were going to make the most of it.

The first dramatic phase of resistance had ended when I reached Prague in the wake of five Warsaw Pact armies, and the pall hanging over the city was thick enough to touch. Soviet tanks were clogging the main squares, surrounding Ministries and Party offices, backed up into outlying suburbs. On Wenceslas Square, a young honor guard kept vigil at the Good King's statue, where Soviet machine guns had mowed down several youths. Otherwise the streets were empty, black flags fluttering from windows above, the eerie silence broken only by occasional bursts of gunfire after nightfall. In the flat lent to me by a family that had fled to Vienna, I found depressing signs of nervous haste: unmade beds, dirty dishes in the sink, a gnawed dog biscuit on the kitchen floor; and a dozen futile phone calls made it clear that every Czech I knew had vanished.

A weekend went by, while I navigated blindly through a countryside stripped of signposts, before I tracked down the first of my friends. Relieved that he was not yet in jail, I offered the help he must surely need to cross the border: hard currency, a place to stay, introductions for a decent job. He declined politely. He would be miserable as an émigré, he said, and preferred to face what was coming with his countrymen at home. He was expecting arrest momentarily, not to mention dismissal from the university, and though hating the idea of imprisonment, did not at all mind working in a factory again, as he had done under the Stalinist Novotny regime. He had given up any thought

of a better life for himself and his children. He did not share his leaders' innocent belief that they had merely failed to explain their planned reforms properly to Moscow, that all this was just a misunderstanding which could somehow be ironed out. Still, whatever happened, he meant to give the Russians a run for their money.

Most of my Czech friends agreed. Some were more critical of their leaders for treating with the Kremlin instead of fighting it head-on. The lives spared now were bound to be lost or hopelessly blighted later, they argued, and since the Kremlin was going to run things anyway, it should be made to bear the shameful responsibility alone. All the same, they had no intention of leaving. Relatively few had panicked and dashed for the frontier, and those hiding in country cottages were already drifting back to the capital, if only to move from house to house. Nearly all had been warned by Party leaders or the Czech police that they were on the Russians' wanted list, prepared in Moscow and brought to the scene of the crime by the KGB's secret agents. Several were so dangerously exposed that a white-faced Party functionary appeared in person at the Alcron to beg Western journalists not to get in touch with them. So far, however, barely a handful of Czechs had actually been arrested, within hours of the invasion, to be quickly released. For all the 3,000 KGB agents fanning out on the hunt, with special Soviet military tribunals waiting in Prague to handle summary trials (and in some cases, executions), not one arrest had been made since.

That first arrest was what everybody was waiting for, as one waits for the second shoe to drop. We could imagine the Russians making do without a puppet government, though the fact that not a soul in the country would touch the job must have been a stunning shock. We could even see them turning this to advantage, by forcing the very men who had the Czechs' deepest trust to do the dirty work. But we could not see them letting the dirty work go undone. An occupation army must travel with its guillotine, an occupied nation must understand that it is occupied, the price of defiance must be high enough to destroy any lingering romantic illusions. Besides, the Russians would have to prove how right they were to come in the first place, by bringing to justice the seditious counter-revolutionaries—10,000, by *Pravda*'s count—whom an irresponsible Communist leadership had left at large.

Nevertheless the days passed and my friends were still turning up to meet me at street corners, uneasy about sitting in a restaurant but more than ready to walk. As we paced the streets for ho on end under an everlasting, dreary rain, I be to see why all those KGB agents were gett nowhere. From the President, Premier, and en Communist leadership to the national army, p ple's militia, and security police, to the humb janitor and street cleaner, the Czechs had for a human wall around the KGB's intended victi

Twenty-four hours after the troops came, w high Party leaders in handcuffs and an iron r of tanks encircling his headquarters, Inte Minister Josef Pavel informed Soviet command that he would neither make arrests nor permit staff to help the Russians do so. No sooner had shown them the door than he ordered criminal p ceedings against suspected collaborators on staff, and fired his evidently guilty Deputy Mi ter, Colonel Salgovic, who thoughtfully took ref in the Soviet Embassy. Obliged then to resi under imperious Soviet pressure, Pavel promp moved into the safe haven of Prague Castle President Ludvik Svoboda's invitation.

Among the President's other guests were P mier Oldrich Cernik, Party Secretary Alexan Dubcek, and National Assembly Chairman Jo Smrkovsky, just back from the first Moscow tal Little was known then about their brutal tre ment at Russian hands. We knew only that Pre dent Svoboda, a Hero of the Soviet Union for wartime services, had saved their lives in Mosc by pulling out a gun and threatening to take l own, before the Russians' eyes; the world wo never believe it was suicide, he had warned. Up coming back, they had been forbidden to leave Castle until they proved their cooperative incli tions. That was where they named their n Interior Minister, with whom the Russians fa no better.

The KGB was thus thrown on its own resourc in a city that had turned into a trackless jun overnight. The smallest clue to anybody's whe abouts had disappeared: names on letter box house numbers, street names, road signs. I quiries drew a blank stare, and the few wretch offering to guide Soviet agents had no time regret it: a movie camera caught one as he w beaten to death by an outraged mob near O Town Square. Never shown to the public, the fil was often run off privately in those days by underground group in the Interior Ministry ale

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Claire Sterling, who lives with her family Rome, was a foreign correspondent for "The R porter" magazine before joining "Harper's." S has traveled widely and often in Central Euro Africa, and the Mediterranean area.


To live
To laugh.
To forget time.
Cointreau.
COINTREAU
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SPÉCIALITÉ LIQUEUR

ed around the clock, revolver in hand and telephone at arm's reach. Anyone in their ranks who failed to get the film's educational message was quietly taken care of.

The group's existence rarely came up in my talks with Czech friends. Its work was ugly, hardly a score of *lumpenproletariat* collaborators had materialized, and there were worse things to worry about. "Optimism equals lack of information," I had read somewhere, scrawled on a Prague wall. My friends had no lack of information.

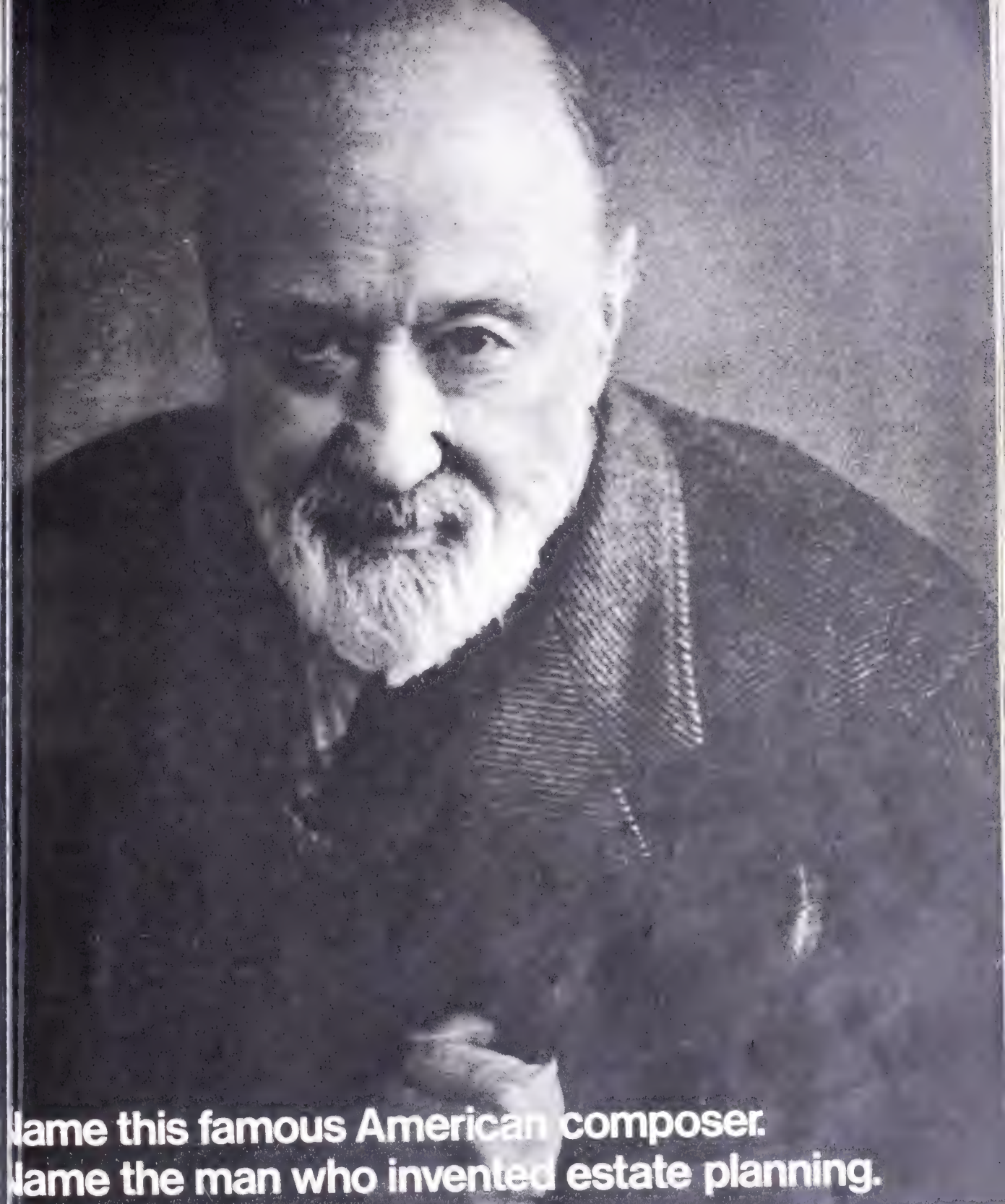
They were reasonably safe for the moment. "I could not answer for my own head three weeks from now," a high Communist official had told one, "but until then I can vouch for yours." From top to bottom, indeed, the grapevine was in perfect working order. Twice in as many days, a journalist I knew was tipped off in time to slip away from home before KGB agents came to get him in a military ambulance. Everybody carried a valid passport on him, ready for instant flight if the word came and sure of willing hands to help him across the border. There was, too, a memorable Sunday when the signal went out that Soviet agents were going to provoke an incident as an excuse to crack down. Some Praguers took off for the Bohemian forests to pick mushrooms, others dropped in on a military band concert at the Castle, the rest stayed indoors. That afternoon, local police picked up a number of KGB agents for circulating with false identity papers, and handed them over to the Soviet Embassy. They had betrayed themselves by the carefully pressed crease in their blue jeans.

Anybody knowing no better might have thought this exhilarating sport could go on forever. With troops and tanks withdrawn to the outskirts of town by early September, Prague looked normal again, even gay. On Wenceslas Square, the young honor guard had gone, leaving behind a neatly planted flower bed at the Good King's feet. Crowds of shoppers strolled casually down Narodny and Prikope, sausage vendors were back at their old stands, lovers posed for snapshots and kissed in doorways, restaurants were open after dark and doing a roaring trade. But this kind of normalcy, if pleasant, was irrelevant.

Whatever the Russians meant by "normalization," it was a distinctly dirty word which the Czechs were trying studiously not to hear. At best, it implied going back to the gray mid-Sixties, at worst to the Stalinist dark ages, and the worst appeared to be what a hysterical press in Moscow, Warsaw, East Berlin, and Sofia had in mind. Apart from publishing the drollest samples of this prehistoric thought, however, the Czechs were about their business almost as if none of capitals had ever sent an army here. Mea taken by the Dubcek regime—"temporary" sorship, "exceptional" restrictions on free a bly, a ban on new political parties, replaceme three cabinet Ministers and two directors o mass media (one a Soviet sympathizer)— indeed concessions to the armies' presence. there was no recantation of heresy, no frater tion with the invader, no sign of a Quisling purge. As a Polish newspaper aptly observed, version of normalization was "not sincere. fact, it was so patently halfhearted that the sians couldn't conceivably put up with it.

I was often told in Prague that Dubcek honest but not brilliant man, was genui puzzled by the discrepancies between what thought he had heard in Moscow and what Russians had really said. Two or three of his m sophisticated colleagues in the Presidium w trying gently to set him and the public strai It was plain to them that the Kremlin expec more from this operation than withering critic from practically every existing Communist pa and most of the civilized world. Half a mill troops had not come here only to turn around a march home again. Neither could they have co with paternal blessings for an ideological revo tion threatening to undermine every ortho Communist regime in Eastern Europe. Yet Cze leaders had confidently assured the public sin August that the troops would leave at any m ment, while they themselves went right ahe with their post-January policies, recognizing t rights of man and humanizing Communism general. The Kremlin agreed, they said, but tho among them with sharper ears knew it didn' "You may as well get out while you can," a mem ber of the Presidium told students coming fo advice. "Your generation has no future."

Nevertheless most of my friends were deter mined to stay. They would tell me so jauntily a times, at other times with a shrug of resignation depending on the news and the weather. A sunny morning, a spirited quip in *Rude Pravo*, and they would give way, as we all did, to an unreasonable belief in miracles. With the inevitable evening drizzle, however, would come the realization that miracles do not happen. They were simply staying because they could not bear to go. They believed, first of all, that short of consigning the lot of them to a dank dungeon, Moscow would like nothing better than to see the departing backs of this country's intellectuals, the scourge of Stalinist non-thinkers like Antonin Novotny and cause of



lame this famous American composer.
lame the man who invented estate planning.

swer to both, Charles Ives. A creator, a doer.
oser who wrote some of the most exciting and
ionary music of this century. And, as an
ce man, an innovator — developer of the
t of estate planning, and many agent training procedures. We'd like to think that we're following in his footsteps — by being ahead of our time, by creating new insurance plans that anticipate the diverse needs of our policyholders. Charles Ives would probably agree that this is beautiful music in its own right.

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erica Group STATE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA • MONADNOCK MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY • GUARDIAN MUTUAL ASSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA • CHELMS MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY • AMERICAN VARIABLE ANNUITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY • ACADIA MUTUAL INDEMNITY COMPANY • AMERICAN SELECT [illegible]

so much torment since his fall. Furthermore, they thought it unpardonable to leave the working class in the lurch. The conversion of Czech workers in a few short months had been altogether remarkable. Suspicious or actively hostile when the January revolution got going, they had become its true heroes, defending their new leadership and enlightened principles with a ferocity that sent the Russians reeling. "After all, we got them into this," I was reminded by a writer friend. "I could never forgive myself if I ran out on them now."

He might not be forgiven too easily either. Drawn together by adversity, workers and intellectuals had formed a singularly intimate friendship, warmly affectionate and mutually protective. Up to now, the workers had shown nothing but compassion for men who, with a price on their heads, had chosen exile. The Russians, though, were doing their best to stir up rancor in the factories against rats leaving the sinking ship; and anguished appeals from Czech leaders showed how desperate they were to keep the front unbroken. "We understand the complexity of your situation," they said in a joint proclamation to the émigrés. "But staying abroad multiplies distrust and confusion. Your place is here. The Republic needs your abilities, knowledge, education, creative work. Our greatest strength is reason and honor, our best property is tenacity. Let us prove it now."

None of us Western reporters could help being caught up by this spirit of *camaraderie*. Yet we were always outsiders, well-meaning, often useful, occasionally taken into the Czechs' confidence, but only as spectators incapable of sharing their experience. I had never seen such a lonely people. Though grateful for a thousand proofs of sympathy from all over the globe, they did not think for a moment that world sympathy was going to save them. Nor had they ever believed salvation might come from the West. Popular sentiment, they knew, had nothing to do with the great strategic decisions made in Moscow and Washington. A line had been drawn down the center of Europe at Yalta in the last world war; Czechoslovakia lay to the east of it; and no force on earth could change that unless Moscow and Washington drew another line—a worse one, more likely than not.

The Czechs took it for granted, then, that the White House would not lift a finger to interfere with the Russians here. Some suspected, what's more, that American strategists might be privately relieved to see the end of an unsettling experiment in humanized Communism. The experiment could be dangerously contagious, if cessful, on both sides of the line. It was in case demonstrably disruptive on the Soviet and thus an impediment to smooth interco between the two superpowers.

The last point was particularly intriguing. was the White House so unaccountably calm w Warsaw Pact troops were in movement on NA doorstep, not just in the hundreds of thous but in millions, not just pressing on Czech vakia but on Romania, Yugoslavia, Albania, entire southern tier of Soviet Russia's East European empire? Could Czechoslovakia been no more than an initial pawn's move i vastly bigger game, with the U. S. as a si partner? The highest Czech military offi thought so. The Kremlin's ultimate move, t said, would be an attack on Red China to kn out Mao Tse-tung's nuclear installations w there was still time. Prior to such an imme undertaking, the Russians would understand want total military security in their unst European backyard. No doubt they had failed anticipate the mess they would get into h Even so, they could count on compliance from White House, surely advised in advance.

True or not, the theory fascinated the Czec underlining as it did their sense of being eter ly trapped by their geographical contours. Th times in this century, a tiny but valuable pa on the map at the heart of Europe had invi inescapable tragedy: in 1938, when Hitler took in 1948, when the local Communist party took in 1968, when the Russians took it. Each time, Czechs in their solitude had recognized the ho lessness of physical resistance. Only now, howev did they realize with finality that they could ne be masters of their own house. "We were alw sure Hitler would go to pieces some day," a wri told me, "and even in the black Stalinist Fift we dreamt of making Communism better even ally. The Russians have taught us at last that no ing of the kind is going to come from here anywhere else except Moscow. My grandchildr may live to see it, by the grace of the Kremli

It was a broken Dubcek who returned from second trip to Moscow. The Kremlin's desi were now clear. There was not going to be a "third way" between capitalism and socialis Czechoslovakia must renounce its Weste inspired post-January plans (including Ota Sil so-called "New Economic Model"), thank the Ru sians for saving it from sin, submit to their gu ance henceforth, accept a permanent Sovi military presence and Soviet advisers in key Mi

ARLIE GREENE'S COME HOME

Times were hard in the Blue Ridge mountains of North Carolina when Arlie Greene left some years ago. Jobs were scarce — and people were on the move to the cities.

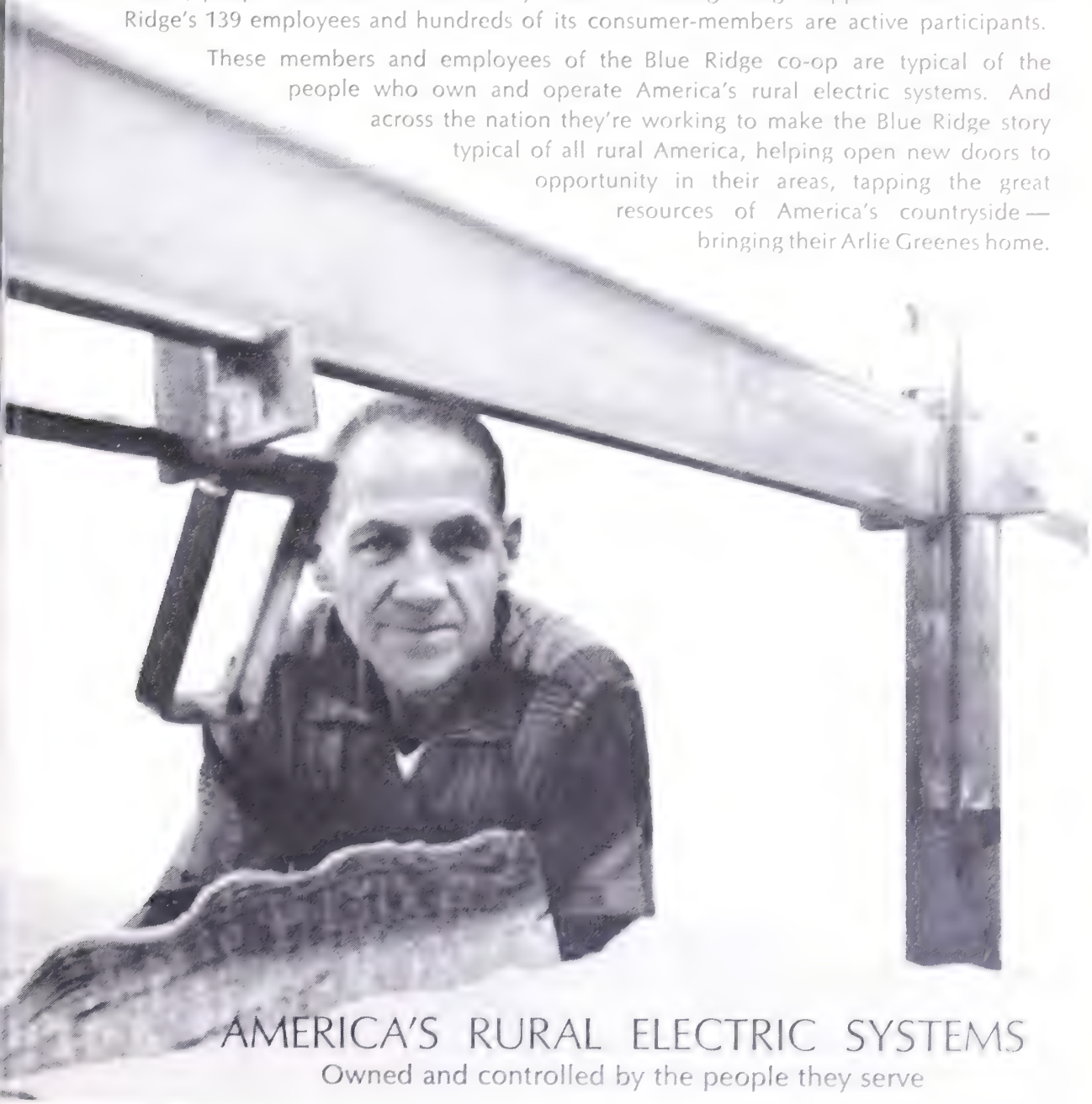
That's changing now, and Arlie Greene is back home, working in a paper products company.

The people of Blue Ridge Electric Membership Corporation — one of the nation's 1000 consumer-owned rural electric systems — are proud of their area's progress. They knew the potential was there and, working with other community leaders, sparked a broad economic development drive.

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Statistics can't begin to tell the whole story, though. It's basically a story of *people* — people with pride and initiative, people involved in community affairs — making things happen. Most of Blue Ridge's 139 employees and hundreds of its consumer-members are active participants.

These members and employees of the Blue Ridge co-op are typical of the people who own and operate America's rural electric systems. And across the nation they're working to make the Blue Ridge story typical of all rural America, helping open new doors to opportunity in their areas, tapping the great resources of America's countryside — bringing their Arlie Greenes home.



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istries (the Interior, for instance), muzzle the intellectuals, and in short restore the clockwork order prevailing in Novotny's day. Dubcek and his colleagues could acquiesce or make room for others who would. Three or four of Novotny's stamp were finally inching out of their foxholes. A puppet government was no longer out of the question.

This was it. Every inch of ground yielded since the invasion had been offered up in the expectation that it would lead eventually to the withdrawal of Soviet forces. The Czechs had made each successive sacrifice with increasing reluctance, often against their better judgment, in fear that the smallest break in discipline would weaken the hand of their trusted leaders. These leaders had vowed, in turn, that they would never betray the nation's confidence, that they would stay in office only so long as they could shield their compatriots from fear and indignity, and not a minute longer. The minutes would start ticking off when they signed a treaty reducing their country, in effect, to the status of a Soviet protectorate. Soviet troops would be stationed here in unspecified numbers, for an unlimited period, concentrated around Prague and Bratislava, the Slovak capital. Soviet "coordinators" would open offices in both cities. Soviet civilians, naturally including KGB agents, could enter Czech territory at will without checking in at the frontier. Doubtless they would find house numbers and street names clearly marked for their convenience.

Toward the end, nearly everybody knew it was coming. There were only two ways to get rid of the Russians, ran the popular joke here: the natural way, wherein the Angel Gabriel would descend from heaven with his flaming sword to drive them out; and the supernatural way, wherein they would just go. Now, said those of my friends who had realized this all along, the Dubcek regime must do what improbable optimism had kept it from doing since August 21: say No and be damned to the Kremlin.

To sign the infamous treaty, they declared, would be to give Soviet Russia legal title not only to Czechoslovakia but to every other country in its captive "socialist commonwealth"—a surrender bound to leave its mark on many more than fourteen million Czechs, perhaps for several generations. The treaty must never be signed; the Czech crisis must be kept open like a running sore; the Russians must be obliged to govern Prague with a Soviet Gauleiter, by naked military force, taking full responsibility for their criminal act before the world.

It was too late. The world was already forgetting a criminal act which, according to the Fre[illegible] government, was merely one of history's tr[illegible] accidents; and the Czechs' magnificent unity, b[illegible] on taut nerves and impossible hopes, was crack[illegible]

Even so, they might have responded to a n[illegible] tant call from their leaders. Sentiment ran strong against capitulation that workers thr[illegible] ened a general strike, and nearly a third of [illegible] deputies in Parliament refused to endorse [illegible] treaty. Nevertheless the government signed [illegible] Parliament ratified. When the press publishe[illegible] heavily abridged text of the treaty, without c[illegible] ment, the Czechs, for the first time since [illegible] January revolution began, did not bother to l[illegible] their morning papers. Defiant Czech editors, v[illegible] had agreed to accept censorship again only [illegible] condition that they could "look directly into th[illegible] readers' eyes," could do so no longer; *Rude Pr[illegible]* could have little more to say that the Cze[illegible] cared to read.

The same leaders are still in office as I write[illegible] keepsake of their country's grand illusion. Th[illegible] may save a little from the ashes. The Slovaks v[illegible] have their coveted autonomy in a federated sta[illegible] since the Russians don't seem to mind. Most [illegible] the 140,000 former victims of the Stalinist purg[illegible] here have already been rehabilitated. The conc[illegible] of socialist legality, the inviolability of the in[illegible] vidual citizen, due process of law, will probal[illegible] endure; the Soviet Union itself accepted the[illegible] principles years ago and has not had much troul[illegible] finding suitable laws to prosecute its politi[illegible] criminals. But the free press, heart and soul [illegible] the revolution, is gone, and very little else c[illegible] reasonably be expected to remain of the Czec[illegible] ambitious plans to give Communism a hum[illegible] face.

If Dubcek and his colleagues have failed to sa[illegible] the revolution, however, they have at least won[illegible] precious reprieve for the helplessly vulnerab[illegible] intellectuals who are still, incredibly, at libert[illegible] That is surely why they cling to office yet, knowin[illegible] the path must be downhill all the way; and th[illegible] Czechs, understanding their tragic dilemma, a[illegible] grateful. For a number of my friends, though, th[illegible] question of how much more the Dubcek regim[illegible] can do, for how much longer, is almost a matter [illegible] indifference. It cannot be very much, for very lon[illegible] they say, and they were after something bigge[illegible] than merely saving their own skins.

"Don't pity us," said one of them as we walke[illegible] through a city whose last spark of gaiety wa[illegible] gone. "The word freedom hardly registers an[illegible] more in your jaded Western society. For us, [illegible] any rate, the memory is fresh."

individual who pollutes the air factory and the ghetto kid who store windows both represent ne thing. They don't care about ther—or what they do to each

is pessimistic note—that most of an problems are due to a com- eakdown in our "sense of com- "—Daniel P. Moynihan brought to a recent Bell System TV Special entitled "Cities Have No Limits."

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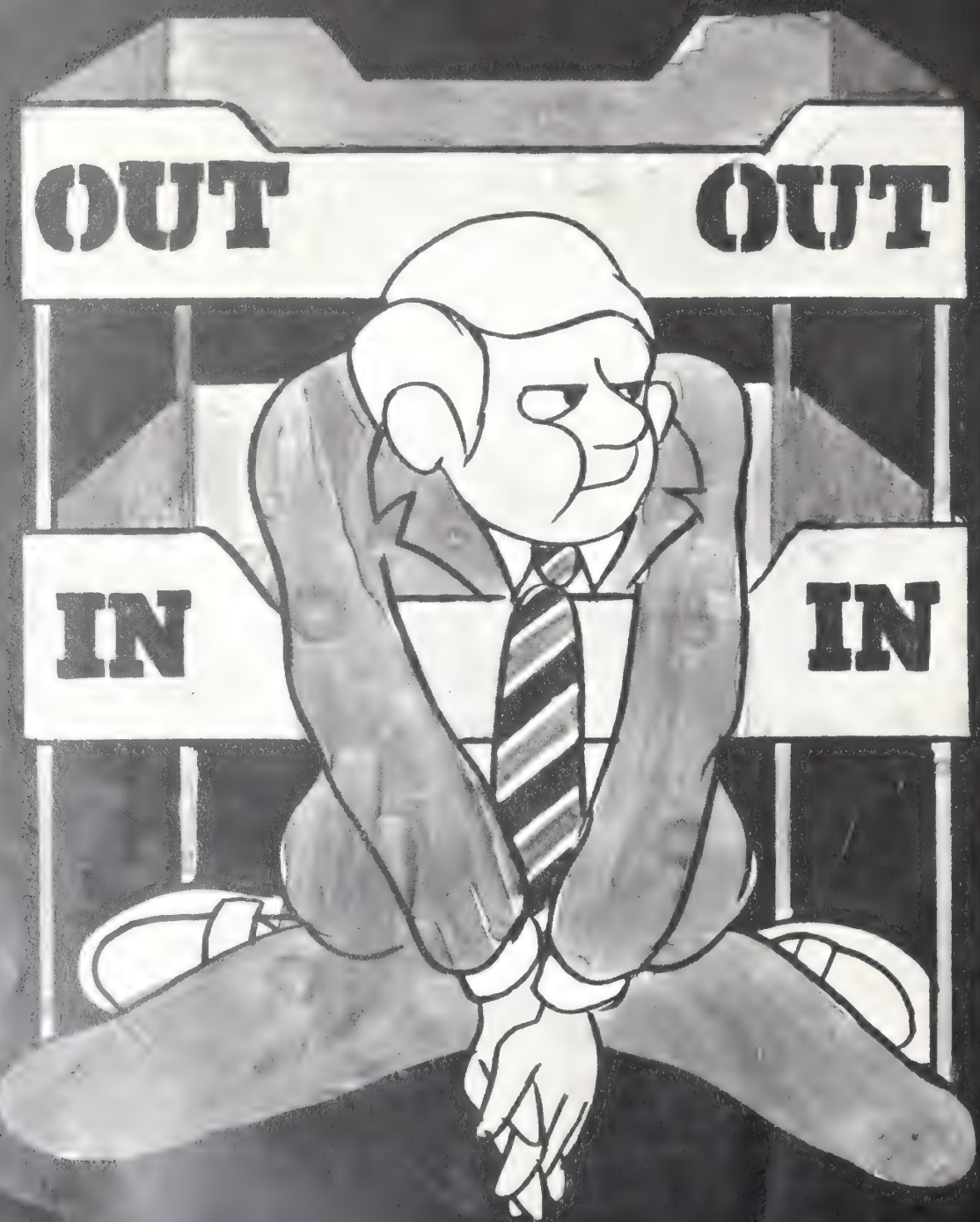
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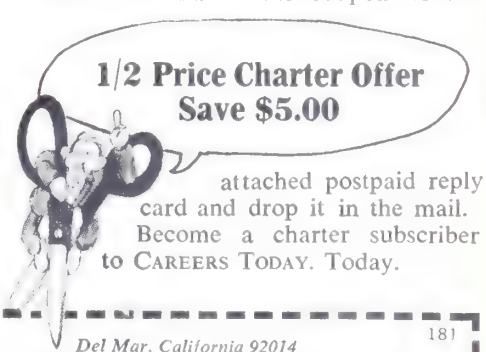
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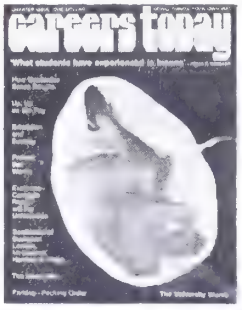
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GEORGE ORWELL: "As The Bones Know"

by Irving Howe

Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters of George Orwell. Edited by Sonia Orwell and Ian Angus. Harcourt Brace & World. Vol. 1—**An Age Like This** 1920-1940; Vol. 2—**My Country Right or Left** 1940-1943; Vol. 3—**As I Please** 1943-1945; Vol. 4—**In Front of Your Nose** 1945-1950
Vols. 1, 2, 4, $8.95; Vol. 3, $7.95

Renoir said he painted with his guts. Hazlitt tried to think about it. Balzac might have said he wrote with his guts, Conrad with his nerves, Jane Austen with her eyebrows. George Orwell, however, wrote with his bones. To read again his essays, together with previously uncollected journalism and unpublished letters, as they have been brought together in this superb four-volume collection, is to encounter the bone-weariness, and bone-courage, of a writer who lived through every public disaster of his time: the Depression, Hitlerism, Franco's victory in Spain, Stalinism, the collapse of bourgeois England in the Thirties. Even when he wanted to pull back to his novels and even when he lay sick with tuberculosis, Orwell kept summoning those energies of combat and resources of irritation which made him so powerful a fighter against the cant of his age. His bones would not let him rest.

For a whole generation—mine—Orwell was an intellectual hero. He stormed against those English writers who were ready to yield to Hitler; he fought almost single-handed against those who blinded themselves to the evils of Stalin. More than any other English intellectual of our age, he embodied the values of personal independence and a fiercely democratic radicalism. Yet, just because for years I have intensely admired him, I hesitated to return to him. One learns to fear the disappointment of fallen heroes and lapsed enthusiasms.

I was wrong to hesitate. Reading through these four large volumes—the sheer *pleasure* of it can't be overstated—has convinced me that Orwell was an even better writer than I had supposed. He was neither a first-rank literary critic nor a major novelist, and certainly not an original political thinker; but he was, I now believe, the best English essayist since Hazlitt, perhaps since Dr. Johnson. He was the greatest moral force in English letters during the last several decades: craggy, fiercely polemical, sometimes mistaken, but an utterly free man. In his readiness to stand alone and take on all comers, he was a model for every writer of our age. And when my students ask, "Whom shall I read in order to write better?" I answer, "Orwell, the master of the plain style, that style which seems so easy to copy and is almost impossible to reach."

If you look through them casually, the earliest of Orwell's essays seem to share that blunt clarity of speech and ruthless determination to see what looms in front of one's nose that everyone admires in his later essays. The first important essay reprinted here came out in 1931, when Orwell was still in his late twenties, and is called "The Spike." It describes his experience as an unemployed wanderer on the roads of England, finding shelter in a "spike," or hostel, where the poor were given a bed and two or three meals but then required to move along. The piece makes one quiver with anger at the inhumanity of good works, but it is absolutely free of sentimentalism, and almost miraculously untainted by that sticky *luring* condescension of Thirties radicalism.

Any ordinary writer should be willing to give his right arm, or at least two fingers, to have written that piece. Yet a close inspectio show, I think, that it doesn't Orwell's highest level as soc porter. There is still an occ clutter of unabsorbed detail, self-consciousness about his half-outsider barging in upo thereby perhaps subtly betrayi lives of the men on the roa discipline of the plain style—an fierce control of self which for foundation comes hard.

But for Orwell, it also came ly. In a piece called "Hop Pic written only a few months lat never before published, Orwe scribes some weeks spent as ar cultural worker in the hop field prose is now keener:

> Straw is rotten stuff to sleep i much more draughty than hay Ginger and I had only a blanke so we suffered agonies of cold first week. . . .
>
> Dick's Cafe in Billingsgate . one of the very few places whe could get a cup of tea for 1d, an were fires there, so that anyon had a penny could warm hims hours in the early morning. On last week the London City closed it on the ground that i unhygienic.

In "Hop Picking" Orwell ha ready solved the problem of n tive distance, how to establi simultaneous relationship with men whose experience he share the readers to whom he make experience available. "Hop Pick was a small effort in the kin writing Orwell would undertak

Mr. Howe is the author of "St Work: Essays in the Politics of ocratic Radicalism 1953-1966" other books. This year he is a Fe of the Center for Advanced Stu the Behavioral Sciences at Stan University.

scale a few years later, when
ced his classic report on the
n of English miners, *The*
Wigan Pier. What Orwell
led, above all, was a natural
'or the workers. He saw and
m as they were, not as he or
al party felt they should be.
't twist them into Marxist
ions, nor did he cuddle them
shion of New Left populism.
he workers neither as poten-
olutionists nor savage inno-
r stupid clods. He saw them
ıary suffering and confused
eings: quite like you and me,
ıuse of their circumstances
different from you and me.
ıe thinks of the falseness that
ough so much current writ-
this kind—consider only the
" posturings of Murray
ı—it becomes clear that
was a master of the art of
on.

sides of Orwell's talent soon
unfold. He develops quickly,
regard to him the idea of
is decisive. His career can
erstood only as a series of
ınd intellectual crises, the
confrontation of a man
to plunge into every vortex
ry or injustice that he saw,
ıan who had an obvious dis-
or the corruption of modern

in casual bits of journalism,
ce begins to come through.
lom had the patience as a
critic to work his way deep-
a text, though he did have
ıue sort of literary penetra-
e remarks, in an otherwise
ıplace review, that George
the half-forgotten English
of the late nineteenth cen-
ıjoyed the advantage of "not
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shows the peculiar sand-
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tly sickening.... The sweet smell
ecaying paper appeals to me no
r. It is too closely associated in
nind with paranoiac customers
dead bluebottles.

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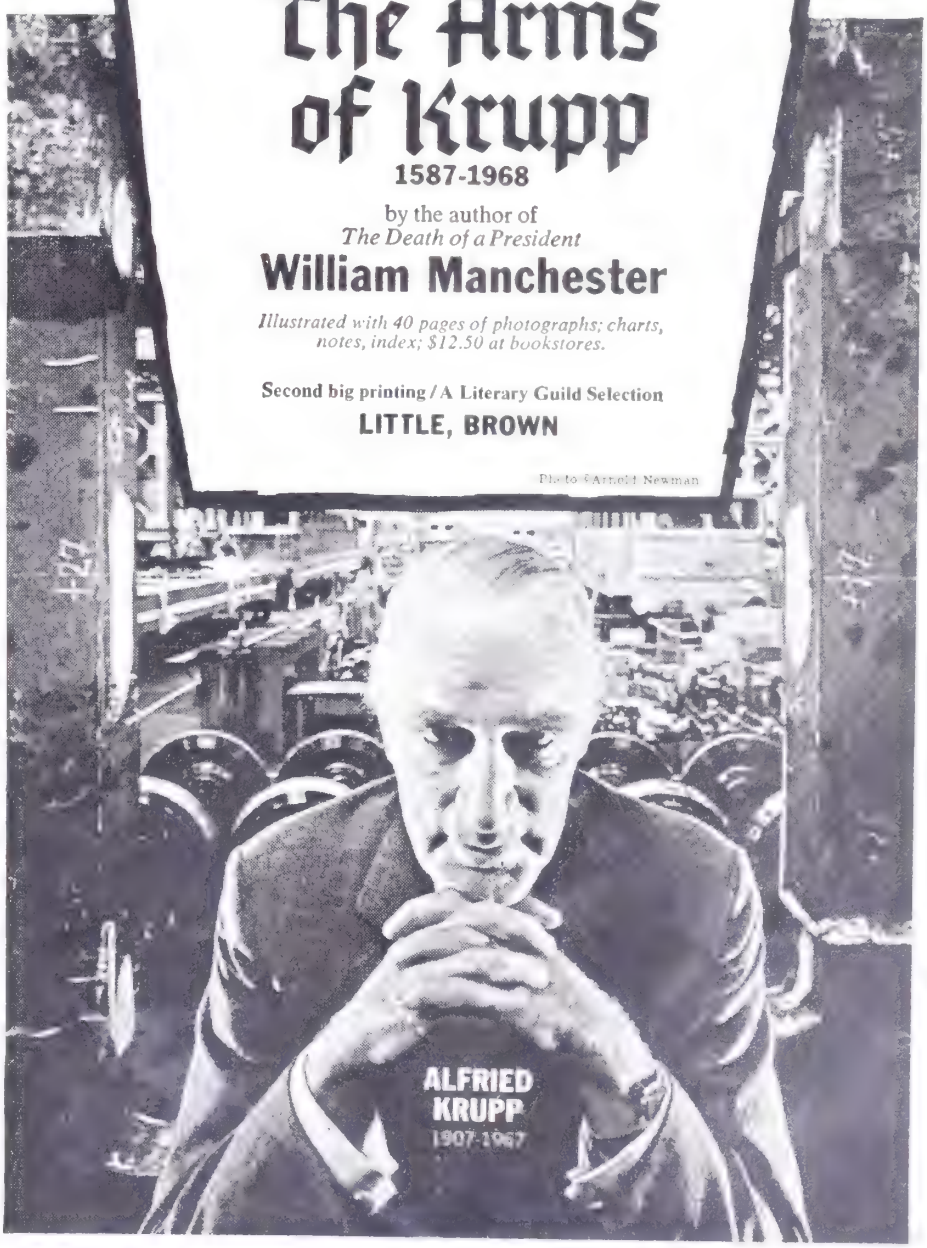
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LITTLE, BROWN

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In another early piece, not otherwise notable, there suddenly leaps out a sentence carrying Orwell's deepest view of life, his faith in the value and strength of common existence: "The fact to which we have got to cling, as to a life-belt, is that it *is* possible to be a normal decent person and yet to be fully alive." Let that be inscribed on every blackboard in the land!

Orwell's affectionate sense of English life, its oddities, paradoxes, and even outrages, comes through in an anecdote he tells:

> . . . the other day I saw a man—Communist, I suppose—selling the *Daily Worker*, & I went up to him & said, "Have you the DW?—He: "Yes, sir." Dear Old England!

There are even a few early poems, slightly this side of *Weltschmerz*, which I rather like:

> I know, not as in barren thought,
> But wordlessly, as the bones know,
> What quenching of my brain, what numbness,
> Wait in the dark grave where I go.

Orwell's first fully achieved piece of writing appears in 1936: "Shooting an Elephant," a mixture of reminiscence and reflection. The essay takes off from his experience as a minor British official in Burma who, in the half-jeering half-respectful presence of a crowd of "natives," must destroy a maddened elephant, and then it moves on to larger issues of imperialism and the corruption of human nature by excessive power. For the first time, his characteristic fusion of personal and public themes is realized, and the essay as a form—vibrant, tight-packed, nervous—becomes a token of his meaning. The evocation of brutality is brought to climax through one of those symbolic moments he would employ brilliantly in his later pieces: "The elephant's mouth was wide and open—I could see far down into caverns of pale pink throat."

During these years, the late Thirties, Orwell went through a rapid political development. He kept assaulting the deceits of Popular Frontism, and this brought him even more intellectual loneliness than it would have in America. He tried to find a tenable basis for his anti-Stalinist leftism, a task at which he encountered the same difficulties other intellectuals did—these, after all, were intrinsic to a worldwide crisis of socialist thought. For a while he fought in Spain with the militia of the POUM, a left-wing anticommunist party, and suffered a throat wound; back in England he spoke some painful truths about the Stalinist terror launched against dissident leftists on the Loyalist side, and for this he was cordially hated by the *New Statesman* and most of the liberal intellectuals. He published one of his most valuable and neglected books, *Homage to Catalonia*, the record of his experience in Spain. He went through a brief interval in which he put forward a semi-Trotskyist line, denying that the bourgeois West could successfully oppose Hitlerism and declaring that the prerequisite for destroying fascism was a socialist revolution in England. But when the war broke out, he had the good sense—not all his co-thinkers did—to see that his earlier views on combating fascism had been abstract, unreal, ultimatistic. He supported the war yet remained a radical, steadily criticizing social privilege and snobbism. Here is a passage from his previously unpublished "War-Time Diary," breathing his ingrained plebian distaste for the English upper classes:

> From a letter from Lady Oxford to the *Daily Telegraph*:
>
> "Since most London houses are deserted there is little entertaining . . . in any case, most people have to part with their cooks and live in hotels."
>
> Apparently nothing will ever teach these people that the other 99% of the population exists.

The high plateau of Orwell's career as essayist—and it is as essayist he is likely to be remembered best—begins around 1940. He had by then perfected his gritty style; he had settled into his combative manner (sometimes the object of an unattractive kind of self-imitation); and he had found his subjects: the distinctive nature of English life and its relation to the hope for socialism, a number of close examinations of popular culture, a series of literary studies on writers ranging from Dickens to Henry Miller, and continued social reportage on the life of the poor. His productivity d[u]ring the next five or six years is [a]mazing. He works for the BBC, he [w]rites a weekly column for the so[cialist] *Tribune*, he sends regular L[ondon] Letters to *Partisan Review* in [N]ew York, he keeps returning to h[is] fiction, and he still manages to pr[o]duce such extraordinary essays a[s] the appreciation of Dickens, the pi[o]neering investigation of boys' maga[zines], the half-defense half-assaul[t] on Kipling, the brilliant "Raffles [a]nd Miss Blandish," the discussi[on] of Tolstoi's hatred for Shakesp[eare]—to say nothing of such gems, re[ad] from little magazines, as a [fine] piece on Smollett and a long o[n] George Gissing.

We see him now in his fin[al], his mature, public role. The [re] something irascible about O[rwell], even pugnacious, which both co[n]ventional liberals and literary aest[hete] find unnerving. He is constantly [g]etting into fights, and by no m[eans] always with good judgment. [Im]meanwhile his curiosity also [ex]panding. In Volume III one fi[nds] neat little set of essays, previ[ously] unknown to American readers, [a]bout such native institutions as the [Lon]don pub, tea-drinking, and En[glish] cooking, as well as the ambi[tious] short book called *The Lion and [the] Unicorn* in which he tries to ar[ticulate] socialist values in a realistic a[nd re]hension of English custom.

My sense of Orwell, as it em[erges] from reading him in bulk, is r[adically] different from that which be[came] prevalent in the Fifties: the "s[ecular] saint" one of his biographers c[alls] him, the "conscience of his ge[neration]" V. S. Pritchett declared [him] to be, or the notably good man L[ionel] Trilling saw in him. The more I [think] of Orwell, the more I doubt tha[t he] was particularly virtuous or g[ood], but why should that worry any[one]? Neither the selflessness nor the [pa]tience of the saint, certainly not [the] indifference to temporal passion [that] would seem a goal of sainthood, [is] be found in Orwell. He himself w[rote] in his essay on Gandhi: "No d[oubt] alcohol, tobacco and so forth [are] things a saint must avoid, but sa[inth]ood is a thing that human be[ings] must avoid."

As a "saint" Orwell would trouble us, for by now we l[ove] learned how to put up with sai[nts]

nonize them and are rid of
Orwell, however, stirs us by
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nwhile, reading through these
es from remarkable essay to
one suddenly comes to a stop
otices that Orwell's letters are not, as letters, particularly interesting or distinguished. At first, this comes as a surprise, for one might have expected the same pungency, the same verbal thrust, as in the public writing. There is, however, nothing to be found of the qualities that make for great letter writing: nothing of the brilliant rumination of Keats in his letters, or the profound self-involvement of Joyce in his, or the creation of a dramatic persona such as T. E. Lawrence began in his. He seems to have poured all his energies into his published work and used his letters simply as a convenience for making appointments, conveying information, rehearsing opinion. Perhaps it's just as well, for he had a horror of exposing his private life and asked that no biography be written about him. In these days of instant self-revelation, there is something attractive about a writer who throws up so thick a screen of reticence.

One reason these uninteresting letters do finally, however, prove interesting is that they put to rest the notion that Orwell's prose was an achievement easily come by. The standard formula is that he wrote in a "conversational" style, and he himself is partly responsible for this simplification. I think, however, that Yvor Winters was right in saying that human conversation is a sloppy form of communication and seldom a good model for prose. What we call colloquial or conversational prose is the result of cultivation, and can be written only by a disciplined refusal of the looseness of both the colloquial and the conversational. If you compare the charged lucidity of Orwell's prose in his best essays with the merely adequate and often flat writing of his letters, you see at once that the style for which he became famous was the result of artistry and hard work. It always is.

In an essay called "Why I Write," Orwell ends with a passage at once revealing and misleading:

> All writers are vain, selfish and lazy, and at the very bottom of their motives there lies a mystery. Writing a book is a horrible, exhausting struggle, like a long bout of some painful illness. . . . Good prose is like a windowpane. I cannot say with certainty which of my motives are the

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> strongest, but I know which of them deserve to be followed. And looking back through my work, I see that it is invariably where I lacked a *political* purpose that I wrote lifeless books and was betrayed into purple passages. . . .

Orwell is saying something of great importance here, but saying it in a perverse way. (After a time he relished a little too much his self-image as embattled iconoclast.) He does *not* mean what one literary people would gleefully suppose him to mean: that only tendentiousness, only propaganda, makes for good prose. He deliberately overstates the case, as a provocation to the literary people he liked to bait. But a loyal reader, prepared to brush aside his mannerisms, would take this passage to mean that, once a minimal craftsmanship has been reached, good writing is the result of being absorbed by an end greater than the mere production of good writing. A deliberate effort to achieve virtuosity or beauty or simplicity usually results in mannerism, which is often a way of showing off.

In his best work Orwell seldom allowed himself to show off. He was driven by a passion to clarify ideas, correct error, persuade readers, straighten things out in the world and in his mind. Somewhere Hemingway speaks of "grace under pressure," and many of his critics have used this marvelous phrase to describe the excellence of his style. What I think you get in Orwell at his best is something different: "pressure under grace." He achieves a state of "grace" as a writer through having sloughed off the usual vanities of composition, and thereby he speaks not merely for himself but as a voice of moral urgency. His prose becomes a prose of pressure: the issue at stake being too important to allow him to slip into fancies or fanciness. Moral pressure makes for verbal compression, a search like Flaubert's for *le mot juste*, but not at all to achieve aesthetic nicety, rather to achieve a stripped speech. And the result turns out to be aesthetically pleasing: the Christians, with much more to be risked, understood all this when they spoke of "dying into life."

Good prose, says Orwell, should be "like a window pane." He is both right and wrong. Part of his limitation as a literary critic is that he shows little taste for the prose of virtuosity: one can't easily imagine him enjoying Sir Thomas Browne. If some windows should be clear and transparent, why may not others be stained and opaque? Like all critics who are also significant writers themselves, Orwell developed standards that were largely self-justifying: he liked the prose that's like a window pane because that's the kind of prose he wrote.

His style doesn't seem to change much from early essays to late, but closely watched it shows significant modulations. At the outset his effort to be clear at all costs does involve him in heavy costs: a certain affectation of bluntness, a tendency to make common sense into an absolute virtue. But by the end, as in the superb prose of "Such, Such Were the Joys," there has occurred a gradual increase of control and thereby suppleness.

"Pressure under grace" brings rewards. Orwell learns to mold the essay into a tense structure, learns to open with a strong thrust ("Dickens is one of those writers who are well worth stealing"), and above all, to end with an earned climax, a release of the tension that has been accumulating and can now be put to the service of lucidity. I think a useful critical study could be made of the way he ends his essays. Here is the last paragraph on Dickens:

> When one reads any strongly individual piece of writing, one has the impression of seeing a face somewhere behind the page. It is not necessarily the actual face of the writer. . . . What one sees is the face that the writer *ought* to have. Well, in the case of Dickens I see a face that is not quite the face of Dickens' photographs, though it resembles it. It is the face of a man about forty, with a small beard and a high color. He is laughing, with a touch of anger in his laughter, but no triumph, no malignity. It is the face of a man who is always fighting against something, but who fights in the open and is not frightened, the face of a man who is *generously angry*—in other words, of a nineteenth-century liberal, a free intelligence, a type hated with equal hatred by all the smelly little orthodoxies which are now contending for our souls.

The passage is marvelous, but criticism is to be made, it is Orwell has composed a set piec easily lifted out of context, and in the final sentence he has all himself to turn away from his ject in order to take a smac fanatics of left and right. Yet self-indulgence, if it is one, pretty well, mainly because has by now so thoroughly persu his readers that the qualitie admires in Dickens *are* indee mirable.

Here is another Orwell en this time from the essay on "Politics vs. Literature," publ some seven years after the o Dickens. Orwell makes some i tant observations on the proble "belief" in literature:

> In so far as a writer is a prop dist, the most one can ask of h that he shall genuinely belie what he is saying, and that it not be something blazingly sill day . . . one can imagine a good being written by a Catholic, a munist, a Fascist, a Pacifis Anarchist, perhaps by an old- Liberal or an ordinary Cons tive; one cannot imagine a goo being written by a spiritual Buchmanite or a member of t Klux Klan. The views that a holds must be compatible with s in the medical sense, and wit power of continuous thought yond that what we ask of h talent, which is probably ar name for conviction. Swift di possess ordinary wisdom, but h possess a terrible intensity of . . . The durability of *Gul Travels* goes to show that, i force of belief is behind it, a view which only just passes th of sanity is sufficient to prod great work of art.

What grips our attention he the ferocity with which Orwell d home his point—by reaction, w most see old Tolstoi rising fro grave to thunder against this he Rhetorically, the passage depen the sudden drop of the last sent with its shocking reduction o preceding argument so that i movement of his prose Orwell s to be enacting the curve of his ment. It is a method he picke from Swift himself.

And finally, here is the endi

eat essay, "How the Poor Die":

dread of hospitals probably still vives among the very poor and ıll of us it has only recently diseared. It is a dark patch not far eath the surface of our minds. I e said earlier that, when I end the ward at the Hospital X, as conscious of a strange feeling familiarity. What the scene reded me of, of course, was the cing, pain-filled hospitals of the eteenth century, which I had er seen but of which I had a litional knowledge. And someıg, perhaps the black-clad doctor h his frowsy black bag, or pers only the sickly smell, played queer trick of unearthing from memory that poem of Tenny's, "The Children's Hour," which ıad not thought of for twenty rs. It happened that as a child ad had it read aloud to me by a :-nurse. . . . Seemingly I had forten it. Even its name would probv have recalled nothing to me. But first glimpse of the ill-lit, murrous room, with the beds so close ether, suddenly roused the train thought to which it belonged, and the night that followed I found self remembering the whole story and atmosphere of the poem, with many of its lines complete.

This ending seems to me a triumph of composition. All that has been detailed with such gruesome care about the terribleness of a French hospital is brought to imaginative climax through the anecdote at the end. Proust could hardly have done better.

Orwell died, in 1950, at the age of forty-six, stricken by tuberculosis. It is depressing to think that if he had lived, he would today be no more than sixty-five years old. How much we have missed in these two decades! Imagine Orwell ripping into one of Harold Wilson's mealy speeches, imagine him examining the thought of Spiro Agnew, imagine him dissecting the ideology of Tom Hayden, imagine him casting a frosty eye on the current wave of irrationalism in Western culture!

The loss seems enormous. . . . He was one of the few heroes of our younger years who remains untarnished. Having to live in a rotten time was made just a little more bearable by his presence. ❙❙

RODUCED IN HARPER'S

ns or adaptations of the following ooks appeared in this magazine book publication.

Solitaire, by Edward Abbey. aw-Hill.

eligious Business, by Alfred Balk. Knox Press.

oy, His Dream, His Rest, by John man. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

from a Cloud, by Truman Capote. m House.

Iuanita, by Malcolm Cowley. Vik-

Lampooned: Cartoon Criticism of n B. Johnson. With an introduction es Feiffer, Cobble Hill Press.

Way It Spozed to Be, by James lon. Simon & Schuster.

mo Joyce, by James Joyce. Edited hard Ellmann. Viking Press.

hat End—Report from Vietnam, by S. Just. Houghton Mifflin.

ıd Other Dirty Stories, by Larry ng. New American Library.

Unblinding, poems by Laurence rman. Macmillan.

The People Machine, by Robert MacNeil. Harper & Row.

Armies of the Night, by Norman Mailer. New American Library.

Miami and the Siege of Chicago, by Norman Mailer. World/New American Library.

In a Narrow Grave: Essays on Texas, by Larry McMurtry. Encino Press.

Making It, by Norman Podhoretz. Random House.

The Closed Corporation, by James Ridgeway. Random House.

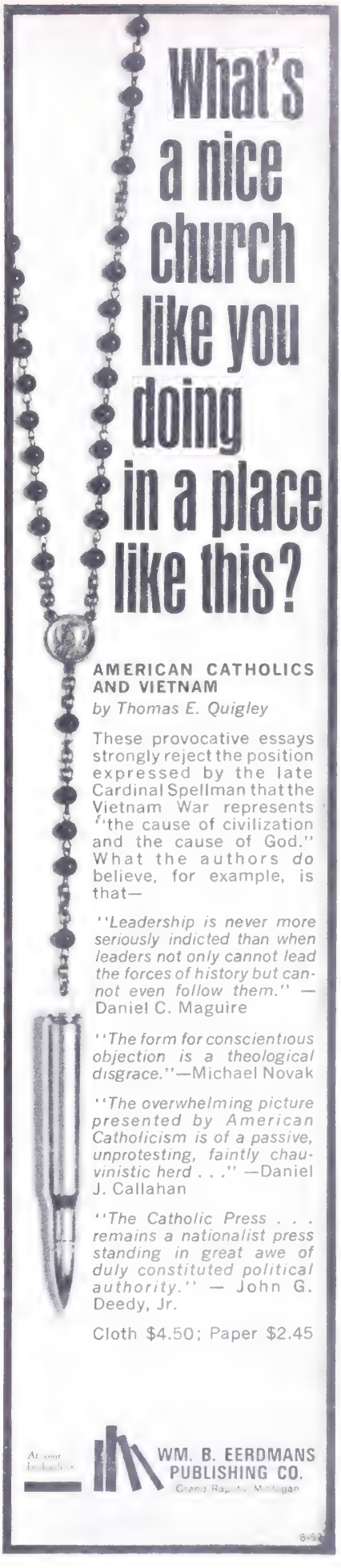
The Joys of Yiddish: A Lexicon for Readers of English, by Leo Rosten. McGraw-Hill.

The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell: 1914-1918. Little, Brown.

The American Challenge, by Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber. Translated from the French by Ronald Steel. Atheneum.

The Search, by Isaac Bashevis Singer. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

A Place to Live: The Crisis of the Cities, by Wolf Von Eckardt. Foreword by August Hecksher. Delacorte Press.



BOOKS IN BRIEF

by Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

A World of Profit, by Louis Auchincloss.

Mr. Auchincloss, author of *The Rector of Justin,* is again writing of a family in his New York world of old society, old landmarks, old schools, old clubs, old and new businesses, but this time his hero—unless I read him wrong—is a Brooklyn Jew, a real-estate man who has changed his name to Jay Livingston. And it is this Jay Livingston, with his great vitality, his hunger for life and all the things he has missed, to whom each member of the old family comes in turn for help. It is an interesting concept; the author's New York is always interesting and convincing; but the people are cardboard whose conversation often seems embarrassingly contrived. One discussion between a Shakespeare-minded psychiatrist and his patient seemed, well, implausible to a degree. There are ideas full of vitality:

> That's the tale of America. The better sort are too good for the dirty work. They have to be creative. They have to be lawyers, doctors, brokers, bankers. They must leave the essential task of reducing our homeland to a rubble of unplanned housing horrors to the new Livingstons.

And:

> The only thing that keeps a man going is energy, and what is energy but liking life?

The characters just don't live up to the ideas. Houghton Mifflin, $5.95

Nonfiction

War for an Afternoon, by Jens Kruuse.

A German SS company in the south of occupied France in June 1944 had great trouble making its way north to Normandy. The Resistance, inflamed by the news of the landings there, harassed them at every turn. German morale was very low. When on June 10 they arrived at the peaceful little town of Oradour-sur-Glane, near Limoges, no one there had ever seen the enemy. It was agriculturally self-sufficient and otherwise far removed from the war and even from the Maquis. But here the Germans decided an example must be made. To make the story as blunt and sudden as it was, the men were rounded up and shot; the women and children were marched to the church, where the lucky ones were shot or killed by hand grenade bursts; then brush and other combustibles were piled on top of them and the whole structure went up in flames. One woman escaped. . . . The farming valley (township) had 1,400 inhabitants, 330 of whom lived in the central village. 642 were shot or burned to death. The story of these happenings is told against that peaceful summer landscape in a stark, quiet narrative almost poetic in its simplicity, from actual records or conversations.

It is truly horrible but the real horror comes eight years later at the trial. None of the survivors can recognize the defendants (they were not in uniform and anyway those who survived had been in hiding). More than half of the accused turned out to be not Germans but French Alsatians forced into the German army; and in the very middle of the trial the law under which the accused could be convicted was repealed by the French Chamber of Deputies.

At the end of this numbing yet somehow beautiful narrative, so authentically documented, the author finishes his work with a sentence of transcending sorrow: "What I have tried to do is, by adhering strictly to the truth about what happened, to point out a further truth." Professor Kruuse is a Dane who taught Danish literature at the Sorbonne and is now a full-time writer and literary critic in Denmark.

Pantheon, $4.95

The Shadow of Blooming Gr Francis Russell.

Why, though there have bee dals in many other President ministrations, have those h over Harding—the man wh nominated in the 1920 convent being everybody's second c been most persistent? Was it of the rumors of his bein Negro which haunted the a from the time he was a boy in ing Grove (Ohio)? Was it his imate child by Nan Britton a disclosure of the whole affair erotic book, *The President's ter?* Was it his affair with a bor's wife, Carrie Phillips, a recent discovery of his love to her? Was it Teapot Dome?

In any case, this sympath ography, though it hides n makes of the story of the kind Warren Gamaliel Harding, human document. He just sh have come to be President United States. But that, of is the point. Before he beca tor of the Marion *Star* and go ested in politics he was sub severe depressions which sent the Sanitarium in Battle Creek times two or three times a y he became successful, these a not surprisingly, diminishe parts of the book about sma growth and life in Marion ar and gossipy, and the rival name-calling among the local papers make some of the be sages in the book. The pag pages on politics, so necessary history—his Senatorial caree nominating convention, the Porch campaign, and his Admi tions—will be fascinating to so they are all clear and full of alities, but I found myself sk sometimes. One passage re the conversation between H and the crippled Wilson in the sine en route to the Inaugura a touching footnote to history

The part of the book tha really make talk is the par doesn't appear—the love lett Carrie Phillips. They had been text (Mr. Russell was responsi finding the letters and turning over to the Ohio Historical S and that fascinating story w sequel also appears here) judge's restraining order no

heir use. So the book appears spaces where the letters were:

tself it is a smallish omission [the r says in a preface], a matter of a or so spaces and some 800 words a text of 300,000. Yet, to my regret, hing of the full flavor of Harding reby inevitably deleted. Compared at is available today at any drug- rack, Harding's eroticism as ex- d in his letters is naïve, and even tic as the quality of his mind peeps gh the boudoir phrases. The letters, y can be considered shocking—as of them can—are more so because vere written by a President of the d States than through the tumes- of their content. When I first read I felt a sense of pity for the lonely ng; for Carrie Phillips was clearly ve of his life, and he was more lov- an loved.

as not prepared to find the book ssing, but it is. Book of the h, December.
Graw-Hill, $10 until January 1; $12.50 thereafter

on Parks: A Poet and His Cam- Preface by Stephen Spender. In- ction, Philip B. Kunhardt, Jr. these remarkable photographs, times matched with a poem, times not, the Negro photog- er and author of *Choice of ons* chooses both. The subjects birth, life, love, fear of death— condition of man. The photo- hs are sometimes so full of tex- so veiled and muted in color as em another medium. But as in poetry (deceptively simple) the e is always plain. A very special . Viking, $8.95

s Country and My People, by ght Morris.
fferent as these two books are spect—Mr. Morris's black-and- e photographs have the rural ty of an Andrew Wyeth paint- right down to the milk pails— underlying feeling is the same. ts grew up in Kansas; Morris's celebrates boyhood in Nebraska his parents belong to the era n the plow first broke the plains. sense that comes out from this entation of plains towns, farms, ns, gadgets—a barber's chair, a y, a swing, a depot—and the prose goes with them is as historically ative as the views that come in windows of the great cross-continental trains, which, incidentally have, of course, their place in this saga. One of the most touching poem-photographs in Mr. Parks' book (above) called "Kansas Land," sad as it is, carries the same feeling that inspires Mr. Morris, who says, "The landscape is within me and proves to be a fiction that resists erosion." His prose is often poetry and is often very funny too. And though there are no photographs of people except within frames in the photograph of a room, the word pictures of his family characters are obviously drawn by Mr. Morris, the novelist.

One picture of a Queen Anne house (all his architectural photographs are starkly luminous), whose location I feel I recognize since all Queen Anne houses are so alike in their turreted splendor, has this legend:

> What made the house a home was the runaround porch, a screen that stuck or slammed, a wire basket of dead ferns, a swing that scuffed the paint off the clapboards, a rail to lean on when you threw up, a stoop to sit on when you watered the grass. Under the stoop you'll find a scooter made of one skate, a wooden-runner sled, a pair of stilts, an iron wheel rim and a stick to push it, parts of an Irish Mail, parts of a tricycle, a cigar box full of tinfoil worth eight cents a pound. Light comes in through the crisscross of slats on the side. A boy seated in the soft, powdery dust can see out better than you can see in. He goes there to pee, fizz up strawberry pop or just think. Time does not fly, or lose itself, or turn to money, or tick like a watch. Time blurs the wheel of a passing buggy or blackens the coal on the locomotive tender where it also spills like water from the lowered chute. There is no end of it. The Jewel's Tea wagon stops where the horse crops the ditch grass, his brown hide twitching under the fly net, the sparrows feeding on the steaming manure in the wagon's shade.

That is the allusive flavor of this stunning book; in a time of change it speaks the permanence of landscape and family feeling which will dog us even to the moon.

Harper & Row, $10

Where They Go to Die, by Richard M. Garvin and Robert E. Burger.

In spite of a rather lurid title and some equally shocking chapter headings—"The Pre-Funeral Home," "The Inducement," "The Last Resort," etc.

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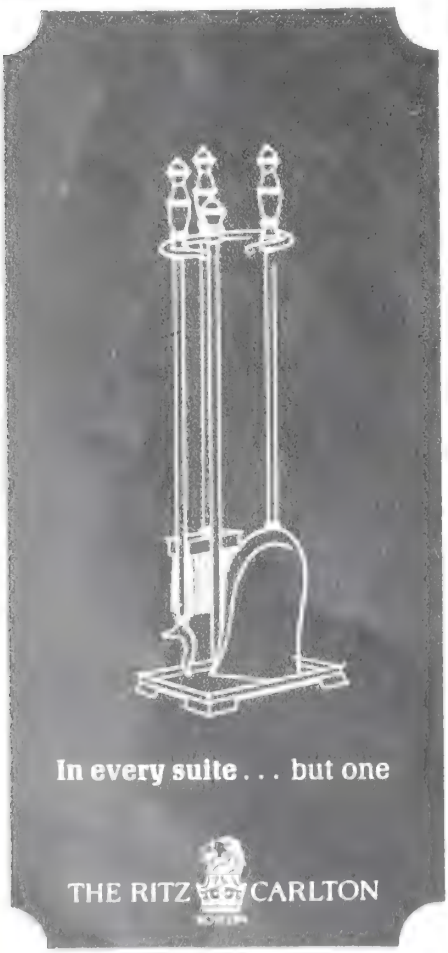
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> as vital-organ transplants, is
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The Youth Doctors, by Patr
McGrady Jr.

This book about "the peopl
want to stay young and the
who keep them that way" is
haustive examination (with ca
tories) of the doctors of all
who deal in youth-giving fo
and operations—cell therapy
face-lifting, hormones, laying
hands. Many of the doctors a
tinguished and highly respecte
the stories of patients inclu
divergent people as Somerset
ham and Henry Wallace. The
concerns itself deeply with the
lem mentioned in the review
of whether man can live longe
ter. Mr. McGrady's researc
taken him two years and to any
ber of countries, and his th
treatment of the subject is bo
be of interest to nearly anyon
thirty. Coward-McCann

Lectures into

The Strength of Governmen
McGeorge Bundy.

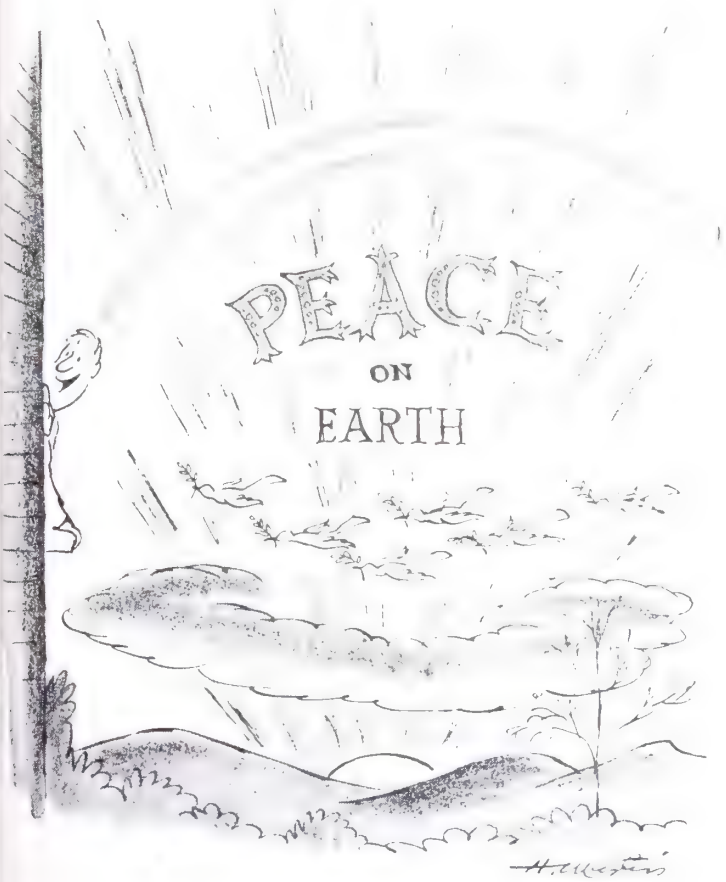
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government is a somewhat exp
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out of a series of lectures wh
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He has been personally involv
nearly all the issues he discusse
is particularly enlightening o
servation, the truth about le
(consumer and personal credit
the problem of tax loopholes.
Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.

forming Arts *by Robert Kotlowitz*

TIMS: TWO FILMS AND A PLAY

m that John Franken-
as made of Bernard Mala-
vel, *The Fixer*, is an act
ent homage to the book,
ut in nearly line-by-line
ess to the story, to its
s, and especially to its
the redemptive powers of
. The novel was perhaps
ctly contained—by its very
osed-in and airless—and its
ov Bok, existed in a state of
ire pain; to resurrect him
n, bone by aching bone, to fit the needs of a technicolor screen seems an act of gratuitous cruelty. The film has nothing to tell us beyond Mr. Malamud's novel; it simply reproduces it; and even its chance—the chance every movie has—to show us the details of a special social setting and the "temperature" of its social climate, in this case what Czarist Russia looked like more than a half-century ago and how people behaved in it, slips by after the film's opening moments. Once Yakov Bok has been framed for ritual murder by the Russian bureaucracy and put into jail, almost all sense of time and place disappears. The movie shifts into abstractions. What is peculiarly Russian in Yakov Bok's story is bleached out in the attempt to make Bok's sufferings do for us all. (It would be difficult, maybe impossible, for anyone unfamiliar with pre-World War I Russia to learn from this film, for example, who the Czar was in 1910.) In the end, having borne everything that prison can supply in endless inventive variations, Bok gets the legal trial he wants; but by then we have almost forgotten what the charges are.



"Come take a look, Midge. It's one of those days that make you feel good just to be alive."

In the face of Frankenheimer's beautiful intentions it is really awful to have to say that *The Fixer* is a high-minded, monotonous drone; it droned as a novel, too; in each case, perhaps, a matter of the artist too much in love with pain. Yakov Bok is betrayed by everyone, except his aristocratic prosecuting lawyer, Bibikov, and Bibikov himself is also soon betrayed. Three women try to destroy his life; each is mean-spirited, vindictive, sexually possessive. Bok's wife has deceived him and wants his name for her bastard child. The daughter of the anti-Semite whose life he has saved accuses him of rape. The mother of the murdered child around whom a case against Bok is built has herself murdered her son. And we are forced to confront each of them in a big scene, played to its neurasthenic hilt, as though our experience were too petty, too constricted, to catch their natures by our own effort. In the same way we must confront every square inch of peeled, bleeding skin on Yakov Bok's body, each fleshly degradation, the shaved head, anal examination, kidney beating, and more; and then, once we are done, we must confront the fantasies and hallucinations they

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Harper's Puzzle No. 5

(December issue, page 138)

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Acrostician: Leonard Bernstein

PERFORMING ARTS

produce. It is a way of limiting our imaginations, a technique that leaves us with no surprises and emphasizes our passivity as the audience; and that is why the movie depresses rather than releases us.

Alan Bates plays Yakov Bok. His north-of-England accent, absolutely undisguised, comes as a shock that we never really get used to. It is especially hard to accept in the early exchanges with the Jews of Kiev's ghetto, all of whom intone their lines with a dreadful theatrical Jewishness, at once ineffably sad, wise, and benign. Yet Bates, through, I think, sheer force of intelligence and will does manage to create a consistent, thought-out performance, even though it is never really possible to believe, in the face of all the evidence—the accent, the four-square, unmistakably Lancashire face, among other things—that he is Jewish. Dirk Bogarde makes an elegant, weary Bibikov, elegant weariness being his specialty, so fastidious that even in death he looks as though he can still smell the special corrupt stink of his native Kiev. David Warner is a suggestive, epicene Minister of Justice and Ian Holm is perfect as the man-you-love-to-hate, Grubeshov, state prosecutor.

Like nearly everyone else, I went to *The Great White Hope*—Howard Sackler's new play about the prize-fighter Jack Johnson and how the white world destroyed him—prepared to be shaken to my boots. Everything I had heard predicted a cataclysm for the audience. The opening night reviews had the air of Broadway hysteria that marks the advent of almost any novelty that generates enough noise; and the "sudden emergence" of a new star also helped. In this case, his name is James Earl Jones. While his emergence is something less than overnight—he's been around for many years, working hard—he is indisputably a star, offering a striking combination of enormous size, assurance, and humor. He also possesses a booming, hollow voice that may not be beautiful or susceptible to nuance but is able to make the words of a play whose language needs heightening sound better than they really are. He can make an audience laugh and he can make an audience cry; it's the ordinary stuff of life that is a problem, for formance as Johnson (cal Jefferson in the play) lies one extreme or the other, as most everything else in the

For that, only the playwr accept the blame. Sackler ha a play of caterwauling thea in which all the surface te are distracting enough to n scure the fact that almost at all seems to be happenir any of the characters. Wei effects come at us at une moments, designed to dea minds and soften us up for emotional kill. A huge cast roles in almost every scene from Ohio to San Francisco and Chicago and then on to Mexico, and Cuba. Perfectl managed props slide on- stage, fluidly creating new It is no wonder that after the play's nineteen scenes eral monologues the audienc porarily blinded to the arbi of some of them, the meanin of others, and the self-indul much of the rest. Jack Je mother, for one example, h to do with *The Great White-*H any relevant dramatic terms is made the focus of two lon emotional scenes, one of whi funeral. A third scene in a p War I Berlin café is there make fun of Prussian milita to give a gifted young p named Don Blakely a chanc an African Negro living in Often, too, this kind of in is matched by the perform directed by Edwin Sherin, e shout the show along its wa ing the most casual excha passionate dialogue.

And with it all goes an un able, nagging feeling that seen it before, nearly a qu a century ago, that it remin much, in fact, of *Native S* Jack Jefferson is Richard agonized hero, Bigger Thom len to celebrity size. But whil *Son* was the direct, hot expr uncontrollable black anger, *T White Hope*, written by a wh seems in some of its aspect of nearly appalling self-hat populated by a huge cast angels (with one exceptio malevolent whites (with tw

which allows us, the (mainly audience, to make a perfect : we can't identify with those onstage, it's not us up there, ace of other, vile Americans, guilt, however, we are per- willing to shoulder for the .

Great White Hope has an us impact on audiences; and is impact, not the play itself, what people talk about: how ht they were there everyone nt rose to their feet in a g ovation for James Earl how exciting everything was at, how bloody the play was, l. That is how dull the Broad- eater has become. We are eas- ured by the sheer physicality oduction—here, a kind of peri- e, in style and intent the best uld be done in, say, 1948—and ponses it forces on us through ve size, sound, and the maneu- of many actors on a crowded

urious thing about the film of James Goldman's play, *ion in Winter*, is that it is t resonance of any kind. Once r, it's over. It has no life, no no reverberations, beyond its scene; and what good is a about real historical figures— nglish Henry II, his queen, r of Aquitaine, and three of nattractive children—if you he theater thinking of the who played the leading parts is case, Peter O'Toole and ine Hepburn—rather than of ple the movie is about? Or is e real secret of movies, the fact 's always Katharine Hepburn re (or the Star) and no one hatever period costume she's g? No one will go home from *on in Winter* to dream away nights about life in Plantag- England or Capetian France onder whether those hardy ts were as smart-talking and ss as Mr. Goldman's screen- would have them. Certainly, r's world is always worth d thought; it was the best of a Europe, a comfortable and ing enclave for a new breed g arrivistes who wrote poetry sic and created, within a hun- ars or so, chivalric enterprises that were to reform people's ideas about love, marriage, art, and even pleasure.

Of this, the film gets very little. Its concern is the succession to Henry's throne, the plotting among his three sons for the crown, and Eleanor's wily, thrusting ambition to have it all her own way, as though she were Jim Farley. At Henry's order, the family gathers for a court Christmas; Eleanor is released from her prison in Salisbury Towers for the occasion and arrives spitting fire. A long series of crackling confrontations follow: between husband and wife, mother and son, brother and brother, father and mistress, and so on. They all speak candidly to each other, or that part of the truth that is cruelest. Bastards are bastards, a cuckold is a cuckold, even when it's your father who has slept with your wife, and homosexual love is more or less explicit.

Mr. Goldman's script cannot resist undercutting the subject by trivializing it. Henry and Eleanor have a nice, nasty set-to, which gathers a good deal of force, but as soon as it's over, Eleanor sinks to her knees and mutters an aside to the audience: "What family," she asks, "doesn't have its ups and downs?" That's American momma talk, out of Bruce Jay Friedman, and it cheapens the movie. Peter O'Toole is Henry, as dirty, vulgar, bearlike, and noble as he should be; his three sons are all correctly cretinous (Richard the Lionhearted offers a surprise or two); and Katharine Hepburn, of course, is Eleanor. It's that performance again, the one we carry around in our heads—all brisk, impatient intelligence, a certain sentimentality, and more tears, perhaps, than are necessary. But it remains inimitable and irreplaceable; also stalwart.

Note: In the review of *Star!* which ran in this column in the November issue, I described the late Gertrude Lawrence as singing "Jenny" in front of a closed curtain, alone, in *Lady in the Dark*. As several readers have pointed out, Miss Lawrence actually sang "Jenny" on a stage filled with almost the entire cast of the show. My regrets for the error; and my gratitude for the considerable pains those readers took in confirming the error. [ ]



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Music in the Round *by Discus*

MISS SUTHERLAND AND A CRAZY PLOT

New recordings of lightweight operas afford wonderful moments of singing and wit.

At the Paris Opéra everything is, or used to be, sung in French (only recently have operas, especially Wagner, started to be presented in the original). French is a strong language, in that it has a certain nasal quality, spoken or sung, that sets it apart from all others. Any opera translated into French suddenly assumes the French character. For some reason, serious opera tends to sound like Massenet. The Opéra used to do Verdi's *Otello*, and damned if it didn't sound like *Thaïs*. Everything suddenly became smoothed-out, and Verdi's great outbursts of passion became refined and all but effeminate. Similarly comic opera translated into French sounds, almost invariably, like Offenbach. And that can be said of Donizetti's **La Fille du Régiment,** even if (a) it was not translated into French but originally written to a French libretto, and (b) it was composed in 1840, several decades before Offenbach appeared on the scene.

It *does* sound like Offenbach. It even has a crazy plot that would have been right at home in the *Bouffes Parisiens*. Here is Marie, adopted by an entire French regiment. She loves Tonio, who even enlists to be near her. Enter her mother, the Marchioness of Berkenfeld. Marie is the result of a youthful indiscretion, and the Marchioness bears her off, claiming that Marie is her niece. The Marchioness will make a lady of her. She also arranges a great marriage. The soldiers of the French Twenty-first come back. They will rescue her. But Marie di that the Marchioness is her n She will, out of duty, marry t picked out for her. But the suddenly comes to her sens gives Marie to Tonio. Gene joicing.

This is all lightweight stu our forefathers adored it. *L du Régiment* was one of th popular operas of the nineteen tury, and the greatest divas l sing in it. Jenny Lind, M Alboni, Adelina Patti . . . an our century, and Luisa Tet and Lily Pons. Since Pons' opera has been out of the Ar repertory, nor has it turned often overseas. But about tw ago Joan Sutherland resurre and a production at Covent was built around her. Those w it reported that it was high Sutherland is a big girl, and carry on. (Any soprano wh cializes in *Lucia* and other with mad scenes needs an occ release.) When she was mothe the French Twenty-first, it b London Tower down; and, th when she was taking her vocal in Act II there was a certain her eye and madness in her

She will not sing it in the States—this season, anyway—h has recorded it with a cast t cludes Luciano Pavarotti (Monica Sinclair (the Marchi and Spiro Malas (Sulpine). F Bonynge, her husband and nent conductor, leads the chor orchestra of the Royal Opera, Garden (London OSA 1273, 2

La Fille du Régiment is work. Except for "Rataplan" very few familiar arias, but work that moves with spirit more breadth than can be fo many bel canto operas, and bouncing fund of melody. Amo special treats is a simply ench trio in Act II, "*Tous le trois r* As a bel canto opera, it affords erland and the other singers a to interpolate cadenzas, alte sages (all singers of the middl teenth century did so), and rea into the stratosphere. Suth who is in good voice here, unh ingly does so. Her diction is as as ever (a Frenchwoman listen the sung and spoken French i album, and not only by Suth



"You waited until you were ten to compose that!"

· kept her gravity for a while
en broke into hysterical laugh-
ut her vocalism is breathtak-
ariously, she sings "straight"
album, and there is none of
nkey business reported from
age appearances at Covent
.

lair is the one who kids around
recording. Some may find it
ne. But Sinclair does sing well,
er low notes are impressive.
is a fine bass, Pavarotti a
ing tenor who even blasts out
gh Cs, albeit somewhat pierc-
By now Bonynge has devel-
nto a competent conductor, and
s understand the idiom of early
opera as well as anybody
. It remains to be said that the
is presented substantially un-
cept for the spoken dialogue,
great chunks are removed (as
ould be, in a recording); that
f the later recitatives written
Fille du Régiment have been
olated; and that this is the
vailable recording.

Gigli's Golden Voice

used to be a recording in
the great Lina Pagliughi sang
It has never been reissued.
sing, for many fine opera re-
gs of the past have been trans-
to LP and retained in the
gue. One such is Verdi's **Un
in Maschera**, that wonderfully
ous work, and it has an all-star
this reissue—Beniamino Gigli,
Caniglia, Gino Bechi, Fedora
ri, and Edda Ribetti, with Tul-
rafin leading the Rome Opera
Orchestra and Chorus (Sera-
1B 6026, 2 discs). The sound
lly is not hi-fi, but it is good
h. In any case, it makes no dif-
e. because the golden sound of
voice would come through
if the original records were
ic. Every singer in this cast
hampion, and this is the *Ballo
aschera* a record collection
I have, with all deference to
ssy stereo versions now avail-

other opera recording should
ntioned because of its novelty.
was Mozart's last opera?
g. It's not *The Magic Flute*.
a Clemenza di Tito, a long
seria. But the work is almost unknown. Has it ever received a staged presentation in the United States? Certainly not from a major company. There is a good reason for its neglect, as one can see from a recent recording (London 1387, 3 discs). The opera for the most part is dull, as Mozart's other "serious operas," *Idomeneo* included, also are. In both *La Clemenza di Tito* and *Idomeneo* there are wonderful moments; but, to paraphrase the famous remark Rossini made about the Wagner operas, the wonderful moments do not compensate for the bad half-hours. In Mozart's five great operas, he had librettos to which he could respond, librettos that had real people, and situations that afforded chances for musical wit. The stilted mythological librettos of the *opera seria* form obviously inhibited Mozart. He became stilted too.

La Clemenza di Tito is also very hard to sing, and in this recording some of the artists sound desperate. Werner Kremm, Teresa Berganza, Maria Casula, Lucia Popp, and Brigette Fassbänder are the singers. The best impression is made by Kremm, a young Viennese tenor with a cultured voice and smooth and flexible production. He even makes a respectable stab at some of the coloratura.

Fassbänder, by the way, is the daughter of the Willy Domgraf-Fassbänder who was the Figaro in the famous prewar Glyndebourne set of Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*. Those interested can still obtain that performance. Originally recorded by HMV in England and released in this country by Victor, it was transferred to LP by Victor and then discontinued. Now it is on the low-priced Turnabout label (4114/6). Most music lovers of a certain age memorized their Mozart operas through the Glyndebourne sets, and those recordings still have much to offer. There were three of them, *Così fan tutte* and *Don Giovanni* in addition to *Figaro*, all conducted by Fritz Busch, and Turnabout has made the three available. The other great prewar Mozart recording was *The Magic Flute*, conducted by Beecham, with such notables as Tiana Lemnitz, Erna Berger, Helge Roswaenge, and Gerhard Hüsch in the cast, and no greater cast has ever been assembled for a *Magic Flute*. Turnabout has this, too. [ ]

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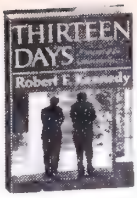

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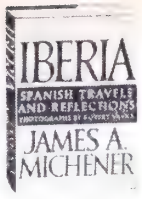
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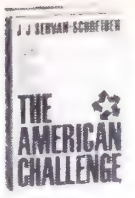
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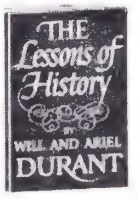
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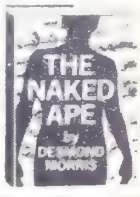
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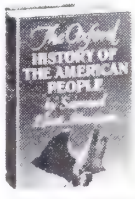
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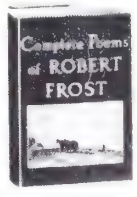
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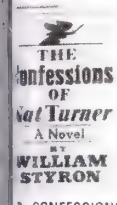
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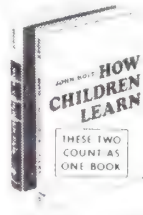
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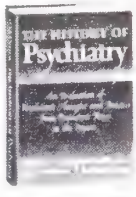
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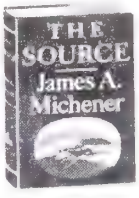
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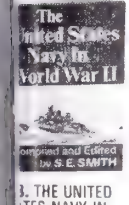
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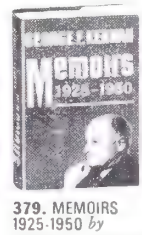
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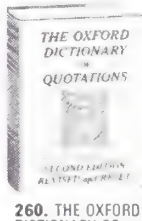
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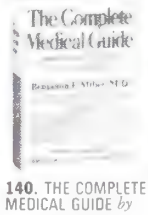
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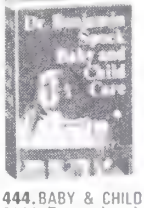
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Harper's magazine

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1969

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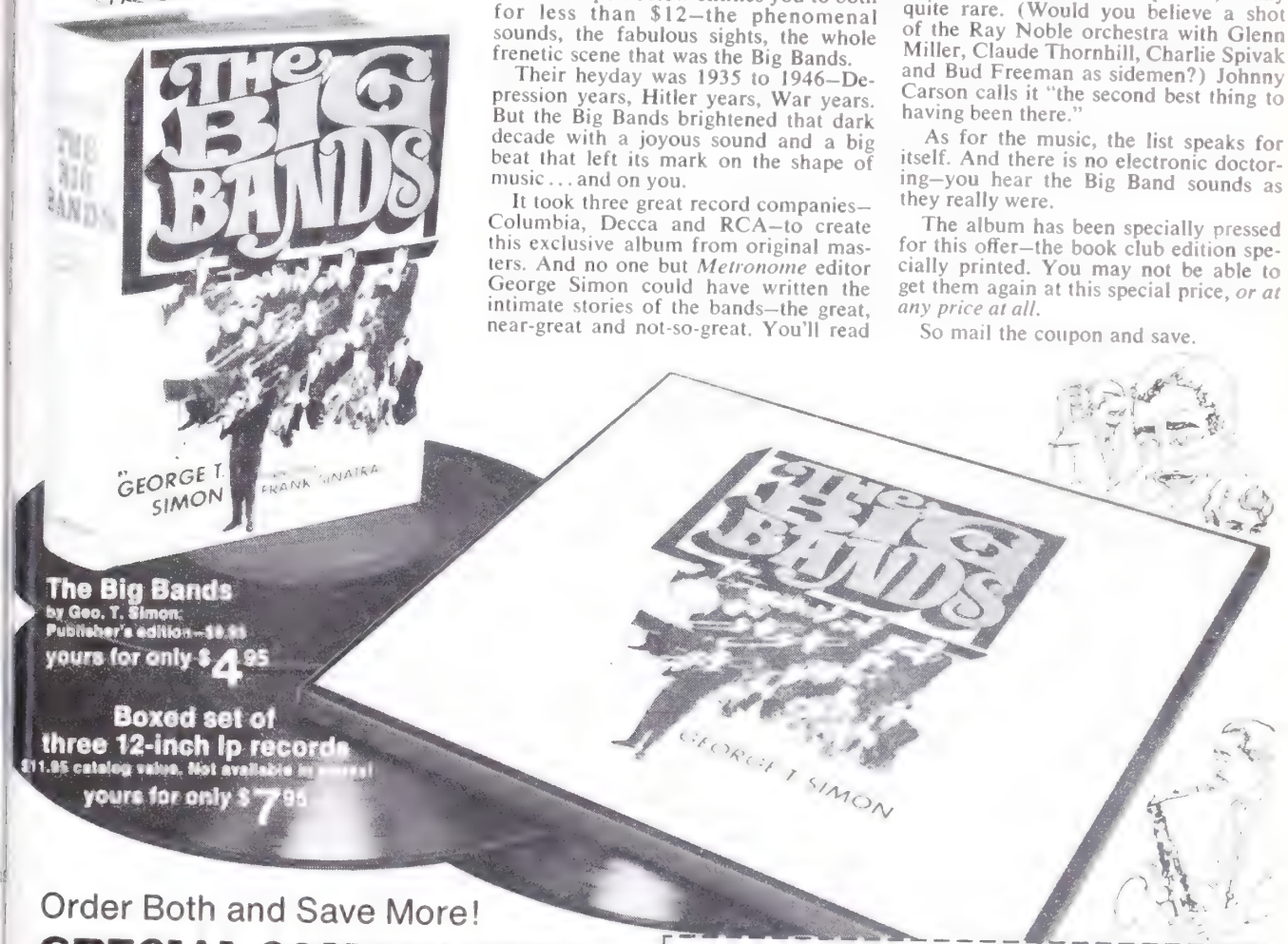
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Letters

Geographical Dispute

One hardly knows where to begin in reaction to Peter Drucker's "A Warning to the Rich White World" [December]. There is a strong likelihood that he is correct in his assessment of what are the most practical ways to produce industrial development where not enough exists now, but the initial premises used to support those ideas are almost unbelievably inaccurate.

Despite ideas popular in the U.S. and Europe, on a world climatic basis "south" is not synonymous with "tropical." Remember Antarctica? China *is* totally in the northern hemisphere but bananas and double crops of rice are land use features in parts of south China. If tropical means "located between the tropics," it is probable that most Indians live in the north, but just barely. Since, however, Mr. Drucker suggests a climatic meaning for the term in Latin America, it is unlikely that as many as a fourth of the Indians live where there is a regularly occurring frost season. Mr. Drucker states, "Every single population center of Latin America lies climatically in the temperate zone." This statement escapes being ludicrous only if one includes highland climates as part of the "temperate zone." It remains inaccurate, however. All Caribbean population centers are tropical, as well as coastal clusters in Brazil, Peru, Ecuador, and Colombia. Panama and Nicaragua have most of their population in tropical lowlands. . . .

It is not clear what definition of race is used by Mr. Drucker, but it is obviously not one based upon physical anthropology. He states that "all of the world's poor nations, excluding only part of Latin America, are colored." Presumably, then, Greece, Portugal, and Albania are either rich or colored nations. The same may be assumed concerning Egypt, Syria, Iran, and Pakistan. What he evidently does not realize is that, based upon visible physical features (the only criterion that has at least some rational basis), over half of the world population is Caucasian. I don't believe that the majority is rich. Of all the features to associate with world economic development, race is one of the poorest.

Even some easily verifiable economic data are suspect. Rice yields on favorable land in China averaged more than forty bushels per acre more than thirty years ago. They are no less today. On the other hand, yields of over 400 bushels per acre (according to Mr. Drucker's formula) in California and Arkansas would be astounding but welcome news to the growers there. He has probably confused yield per man-hour with yield per acre.

These are only a few of the examples of slipshod writing which virtually destroy the value of what is probably a provocative interpretation of world development needs and methods.

THOMAS D. ANDERSON
Dep't of Geography
Bowling Green State U.
Bowling Green, Ohio

Downgrading the value of agriculture to the poorer nations is of no benefit to them or us. There are many respected economists who share Gunnar Myrdal's view that "agricultural progress is the cornerstone of economic growth." Peter Drucker's article clearly rejects this view as to the importance of agriculture in the development of a national economy. He is correct that "development can no longer be financed by agriculture as it was in the nineteenth century," in the sense that underdeveloped nations can't hope to sell enough to the West to industrialize. Yet a good local food supply would release much capital and labor to be used in more productive activities.

Drucker also fosters misconceptions as to the efficiency of industrialized farming and the merits of contract growing. Industrialized farming as conducted in the U.S. results in high production since we have the opportunity for extensive agriculture (no land shortage). Yield per acre can be higher where there is intensive agriculture as in Japan without much new technology other than fertilizers. By way of contrast, Russia, which has made enormous investment to industrialize farming, lags in agricultural development. Growing crops under contract to meet a foreign buyer's needs is just another variation of the cash crop. Such a tying of resource[s] an overseas market can really hu[rt] economy, as the countries geared t[o] production of rubber and sugar[-] crops learned after the second [world] war.

Radical changes in the organiz[ation] of agriculture in the underdeve[loped] world are necessary to increase pr[o]ductivity which in turn will help general economic buildup. The u[nique] features of agriculture, however, [ne]cessitate separate treatment from th[e rest] of development. MARSHALL D. [Ske]Skok

New Credibility

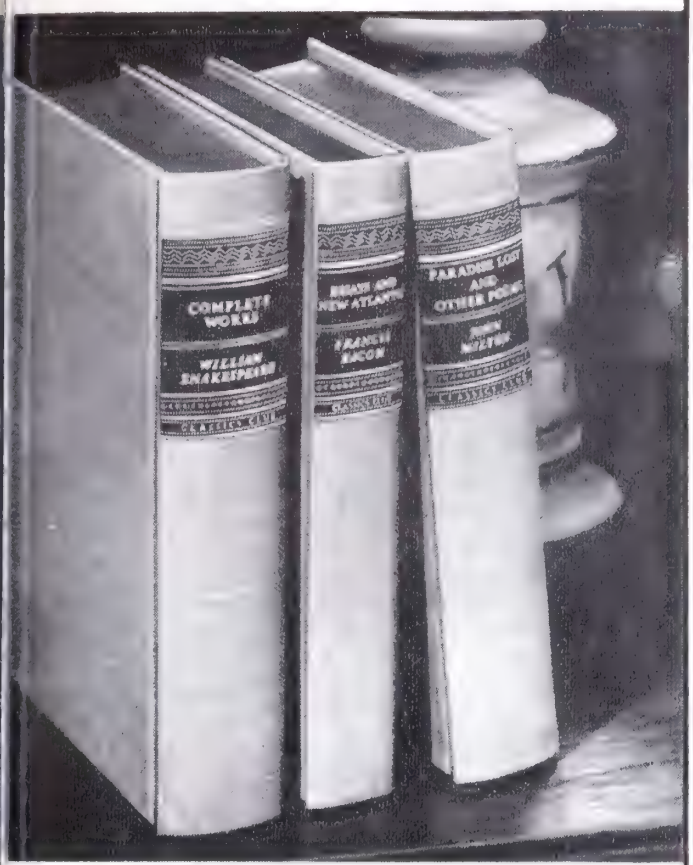
I enjoyed David Halberstam's [article] Man Who Ran Against Lyndon [John]son" [December] immensely. How[ever] I believe that Mr. Halberstam has [misused] of a "credibility gap" of his ow[n] states, "The Kennedy people, shat[tered] are largely unable to move toward Mc-Carthy. There are too many bruise[s] there is too great a difference in [style] . . ." I feel that it is rather hard [to] lieve that a group as well educate[d] as fervently against the war as the [Ken]nedy people were, failed to come o[ver to] McCarthy just because of a differe[nce in] style or because of previous battl[es be]tween the two.

True, Kennedy ran a high-pitche[d] most frantic campaign, and McC[arthy] used an almost ridiculously low-[key] approach. But still, they both had [basi]cally the same solutions for the wa[r and] other matters.

Mr. Halberstam goes on to say, [Ken]nedy, like his older brother, alway[s had] the ability to make intellectuals fee[l] they were of value in the inner c[ircle] that they were making points and [influ]encing decisions; but there is a l[ack] ness and an austerity to McCa[rthy's] decision making." Does Mr. Halbe[rstam] mean to tell us that the intelle[ctuals] failed to go over to McCarthy's [side] because McCarthy did not make t[he] tellectuals wanted? If so, the Ke[nnedy] camp was full of fools who cared [much] more about being "in" than about [stop]ping Hubert Humphrey from getti[ng the] Democratic nomination

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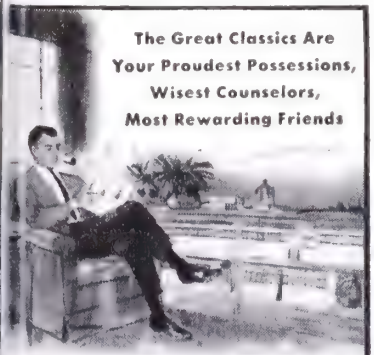
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further to explain why the Kenne
ple did not transfer their allegia
McCarthy. I cannot believe th
Kennedy people behaved like
children, in the manner the arti
scribes. They were too smart, t
cient and too concerned about th
namese war to act in such a man

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Reporters and Rom

All through Norman Mailer's b
piece ["Miami and the Siege of Ch
November] one thing bothered
first it was uncertainty as to w
"reporter" was he kept referr
then, the shock to discover that
was referring to himself. Heav
serve us.

Though I write for a living as a
zine correspondent, it would neve
to me to refer to myself as a w
author. That is Mr. Mailer's b
he does it superbly. So I resent
sumption in arrogating to him
title of reporter—a profession
however vulnerable, does try ar
at least modest obeisance to a
and balance. And to being on th
of an event when that event occ

Mr. Mailer's one-dimensiona
centered account of the Chicago
tion qualifies him as a formid
mantic and a justifiably ce
writer. But a reporter, no. H
should appreciate the distinction

LANSING
Washingt

I read with amazement the fi
ized description Mr. Mailer gav
"Hubaret" in his article. The w
ance between his account of th
ties at the "Hubaret" and what
occurred leads me to believe tha
never there. No alcoholic bevera
served in the "Hubaret." Mr.
reference to "every girl name
had a coif like Marie Antoinett
me. Perhaps he took a wrong t
ended up at the Essex Hotel ba
the street.

Mr. Mailer's comments regar
groes at the "Hubaret" were as
tive as his references to alcohol
quality of women to be foun
"Hubaret." Certainly, all who
the "Hubaret" were welcome;
fact, the majority of those w
were white college students ar
professionals. . . .

The tone of Mr. Mailer's art
virulent toward Vice Preside
phrey and his supporters that
scarcely be surprised to disc

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IcLuhan, however, suggested that we title it, arshall McLuhan Bad-News Letter'.

ecause of the fact that this entirely different Newsletter will be a startling, shocking, monthly rning system for our era of instant change, we ggested the title, "The McLuhan Dew Line".

what you will, this entirely different kind of er will not be confined to the newsletter format ut will also come to you in the form of records, sensory retraining kits, and even advance re- chapters from Dr. McLuhan's newest books. ritten for the man (or woman) of responsibility annot afford to be wrong in his evaluation of nt, or prediction of the future. It is designed , and analyse, the vast underground transform- s you must deal with in the dazzlingly different tomorrow.

why—

Which Of These Danger Signals e You Already Interpreted Falsely? Of These Technological Break-Throughs ompletely Hidden From Your View?

et specific for a moment. Throughout history *ple have obsessively viewed new developments extensions of old, worn-out and now-useless* (what Dr. McLuhan calls "living in a rear- or")—*and therefore never really saw or understood at all.*

ample, the railway engine was at first called the rse". The automobile was called the "Horse- age". The radio was known as the "Wireless". *men and women who so mistitled and so misread them, woke up to their true opportunities ADLES after those with clear vision had seized ated them.*

bout you? Here is a brief sample of the most elopments of our day—filled with both im- nger and previously undreamed-of potential. *ot really understand them unless you can an- questions after each title.* If these questions thing or even paradoxical to you, beware. *The*

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satellite as the end of Nature.
axies as art forms.
artist as the antennae of the race.
substitution of man-made environments ological evolution.
end of the visual organization of knowl- nd experience.
as slowed down speech. Instrumentation ded up speech.
and LSD as chemical simulation of our environment.
the message will be dropped in favor of ct
disappearance not only of writing but of
end of the split between Business and e.
end of History via the computer.
s and Humor as the infallible test of ce areas in a society.
es and Sports as live models of existing ures in Business.
the "backward" countries will inevitably ze the western world.
as the effort to recover an *old* image of and purpose.
our first TV war has ended the boundary tween civilian and military life.
The prayer-mat shall replace the Cadillac ence as the quest for identity.
A as an obsolete program.
Future of Convalescence. (Anesthesia applies not only to surgery but to total recovery.)
Computer as the LSD of the Business
as Education, Education as War, Cloth- Weaponry. (Fashion as The Bore War.)
there is a return of horoscopy in the age.
end of the Stock Exchange via the com-

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DR. MARSHALL McLUHAN

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"...sudden insights that can, for a moment or two, light up a confused landscape and show the odd order underlying seeming chaos... his theories are big enough and bold enough to mobilize the revolution he is examining... his most casual thoughts are often full of the excitement of discovery." **Richard Schickel in HARPER'S.**

"Other observers have been content to repeat criticisms of industrial society that were formulated a century ago, as if civilization had (...) steadily emptied out since the advent of the power Loom... McLuhan has dared to seek the cure in the disease..."
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present has turned a corner when you were not looking and you have been dangerously left behind!

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We must emphasize this core fact again: if these terms sound like science-fiction to you, there is an excellent reason. Dr. McLuhan is dealing—as no other [illegible] in our time—*with social phenomena which have not even today been commonly accepted.*

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There has never been a period in the history of the world that has been quite so frightening, or so fluid. Everything is changing: businesses, occupations, opportunities, the very definition of what it means to be a leader, a husband, a human being. *Only those who have the ability to detect change the instant it happens... understand its trend and its consequences... realize not only its dangers but its opportunities... will survive.*

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The quoted prologue illustra
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an odds-on bet to attain immedia
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has served five terms or more. A
years only a few have failed to
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to the complex of interests-
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Indeed, through television an
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has a chance to become known
his own constituency rather
Furthermore, many will use th
as a stepping stone to other offic
ernorships, judgeships, the U.S.
and even the Presidency. . . .



The Band of the 1st Battalion of the Welch Regiment plays outside Caerphilly Castle.

ome and see Prince Charles' heritage–the ancient incipality of Wales–when you visit Britain this year

"Thou most renowned Wales,
thou famous ancient place,
Which still hast been the Nurse
of all the British race."

nglish poet, Michael Drayton, wrote lines during the reign of the first beth. In July this year, the second beth gives her son to Wales, when s invested as Prince of Wales at narvon Castle.

ıernarvon, like Caerphilly, Conway, maris, Harlech, is one of an incomble series of medieval fortresses, built e 13th century. Today, they still guard reen valleys of the Welsh landscape.

many ways, Wales is still a remote tr/. There are few big towns, so the way to see it is to hire a car (cost fortnight about $115, add about $25 1,000 miles for gas). Stay in tiny ıltain and seaside villages, or in a country house, hotel or castle. One of them, Ruthin Castle, holds Welsh medieval feasts in the banqueting hall each evening by candlelight. It costs only $6, including all the mead you can drink!

If you're setting out from London, drive via Bath, a Regency town which hasn't changed since the early 18th century. Or take the route through Oxford and the Cotswolds, and see some of the prettiest country in England.

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ons industry does, the better
l do. The more information-
dling devices that are developed,
greater the need for connecting
y of them through our nation-
e switching system.
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eloping, building, and updating
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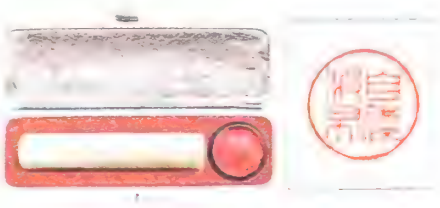


In Japan the festivals find you. Each with its own delightful legend and color Candlelit lanterns floating on a quiet stream. Elegantly staged pageants commemorating a page of local history. Whole villages turned out in parade Traditionally dressed children thanking animals for their fur with gifts of food.

Or perhaps it will be a tiny street fair you'll discover just around the corner from your new western-style hotel. Big or small, you're bound to sight a celebration almost any day in Japan. Complete with costumes and customs from another era. In delightful contrast to the bustling present

It's all part of the charm of visiting Japan. The old and the new happily blended—to see, and to enjoy. Travel by luxurious jet to a town where time seems to have stood still, and where the houses are festooned with bright streamers for the Summer Star festival.

Stay in a 17th-century ryokan—inn—and enjoy ham and eggs for breakfast. Feast your eyes on shops loaded with cameras, pearls, silks. Indulge yourself in one of the unique crafts—perhaps a han seal with your own name delicately engraved



in Japanese characters. Or, just down the street, join the owner of the tiny antique shop in tea and sweet senbei crackers before he shows you his treasures.

For the festivals aren't the only thing that's old in Japan. So is the tradition of hospitality. You'll feel as welcome as a personal guest wherever you go

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...e are many further criticisms ...e point-value of King's emotional ...ent. Perhaps reflecting his own ...-town Texas-to-Washington, D.C.,-...w York City success story, Mr. ... is being overly cynical, unduly ...blishment" conscious, too prone to ...asize the shortcomings of individ... ...eakness of his "inside story" is the ...ll on the "wheeling and dealing," ...ry-club-like atmosphere to which ...ing was overexposed. . . .

...it like it "may have been." Well ...than half of his anecdotes and most ... political science books he cites pre-...962. Capitol Hill, inside or outside, ...erent now. Speaker Rayburn died ...61 and was succeeded by a South ...n, self-educated Irishman, John ...rmack. LBJ moved on from the ... and the Vice Presidency. Mans... ...field and Everett Dirksen preside ... far different Senate than the one ...King came occasionally in contact ... (probably mostly by telephone) ... "Johnson Room Office Building" ...oom. The House, its committee ...men, and its members have changed ...ch or more than the Senate in the ...going years. It would take a lot ... to depict (on the Congressional ...cratic bar of the Congressional Ho... ...I anybody in 1968 how the House ...".

...
Dep't of Political Science
The John Hopkins U.
Baltimore, Md.

Where Credit Is Due

...the "After Hours" column that I ... ...sue (it was called "Ouch") I men-...d a Peter Arno cartoon that is a ...al favorite of mine. It depicts a mild ...man holding up another man with ...n, and the caption is, "This is a ...pistol . . . I mean this is a stickup." ...e had a letter from a lady in New ... ...rass her son) saying that when her ...as eleven years old he thought up ...aption and made a drawing to go ...t. He gave it to his drawing teacher ...in turn, took it to the folks at *The ...Yorker*. "They did not accept the ...ional drawing," the lady writes, ...ad Peter Arno do the one to which ...efer. I think my son got $16.00 for ...

...seems a pity not to mention the ...g man's name. It is a great caption ...e should have the credit.

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The Easy Chair *by Nicholas Johnson*

WHAT YOU CAN DO TO IMPROVE TV

Critics of radio and television are generally agreed that the Federal Communications Commission is a far from effective guardian of the "public interest" in broadcasting. It has failed [illegible] because it has, in effect, been "captured" by the industry it was established to regulate. How did this come about? And what can you do about it? Many people have written me letters asking essentially that question. This article is an attempt at an answer.

So far as I know, the problem is not that sinister forces staged a coup one dark night in the FCC's headquarters at 20th and M Street in Washington. The problem is much more subtle, and common to virtually all regulatory agencies. As James Landis put it in his devastating report to President Kennedy: ". . . it is the daily machine-gun-like impact on both agency and its staff of industry representations that makes for industry orientation on the part of many honest and capable agency members as well as [illegible]."

The remedy, in my view, is not going to come from spontaneous government action. Ordinary citizens can, must—and upon occasion do—influence those administrative decisions. But *effective* citizen representaton requires considerably more sophistication than has been generally evidenced.

One basic principle, which I will call "the law of effective reform," is this: in order to get relief from legal institutions [illegible] assert, first, the factual basis for the grievance and the specific parties involved; second, the legal principle that indicates relief is due (Constitutional provision, statute, regulation, court or agency decision); and third, the precise remedy sought (new legislation or regulations, license revocation, fines, or an order changing practices). When this principle is not understood, which is most of the time, the most legitimate public protests from thousands of citizens fall like drops of rain upon lonely and uncharted seas. But by understanding and using the right strategy the meekest among us can roll back the ocean.

Here is an illustration of both points.

The health hazards of cigarette smoking and, especially, the impact of TV cigarette commercials on teen-agers, have been matters of wide concern for a good many years. Yet despite ominous government reports, and despite the warning notice now printed on cigarette packages, the commercials continued, cigarette consumption increased, and more and more teen-agers picked up a habit which TV told them was the road to sexual prowess and a fun-packed adult world. A Federal Trade Commission report deplored the impact of cigarette commercials. Senator Robert Kennedy had suggested legislation outlawing them. Hundreds of thousands of Americans wrote letters to everybody they could think of—Senators, Congressmen, the networks, advertisers, the FTC—and the FCC. Most got replies; some did not. But nothing happened.

This protest failed I believe, because it ignored "the law of effective reform." Vague feelings rather than facts were presented. The letter writers were not specific about who had done something wrong. They did not refer to any legal principle that had been violated. And, finally, they did not seek a precise remedy. Indeed, many such letters begin, "Can't the FCC do something about . . . ?" The answer is that it can't—at least that it won't—until you tell it what you want it to do.

Fortunately, however, there [illegible] young man who understood the [illegible] effective reform" and attacked t[illegible] lem accordingly. He was John B[illegible] a New York lawyer in his twenties. Banzhaf, too, wrote to "Wash[illegible] But his "letter" was different. H[illegible] it a "Fairness Complaint." In it [illegible] fied an offender: the CBS-own[illegible] ship station in New York City, [illegible] He said the station ran great qu[illegible] of cigarette commercials. He t[illegible] ferred to a legal principle, the "[illegible] doctrine," which has evolved o[illegible] years from the Communicatio[illegible] FCC regulations, and FCC and c[illegible] cisions.* It provides, in summa[illegible] a broadcaster has an obligation [illegible] "controversial issues of public [illegible] tance" fairly, and to present all [illegible] such issues during the course of [illegible] gramming. The remedy it provi[illegible] which John Banzhaf sought, is [illegible] FCC can order a station complai[illegible] present the omitted points of vie[illegible] FCC generally leaves it up to the [illegible] to decide how this is to be done.) [illegible] case, said Mr. Banzhaf, the deba[illegible] cigarette smoking is "a controve[illegible] sue of public importance." C[illegible] commercials constitute the pres[illegible] of a particular point of view. (C[illegible] smoking is associated with vig[illegible] cess, and good times.) WCBS ha[illegible] he said, to present the other [illegible] view. (Cigarette smoking is also [illegible] ated with gruesome lingering [illegible] and death.) The "fairness doctr[illegible]

*A pamphlet known as "The [illegible] Primer" is available free on requ[illegible] the FCC, Washington, D.C. 20554. O[illegible] pamphlets describe the rules concer[illegible] right of rebuttal to personal att[illegible] the equal-time rights of political ca[illegible] Such rules of responsible conduct a[illegible] almost constant legal challenge by [illegible] works and broadcasters, as they ar[illegible]

Mr. Johnson began a seven-year term on the Federal Communications Commission in 1966. He is a former practicing attor[illegible] and Berkeley law professor, and was appointed U.S. Maritime Administrator [illegible] at the age of twenty-nine.

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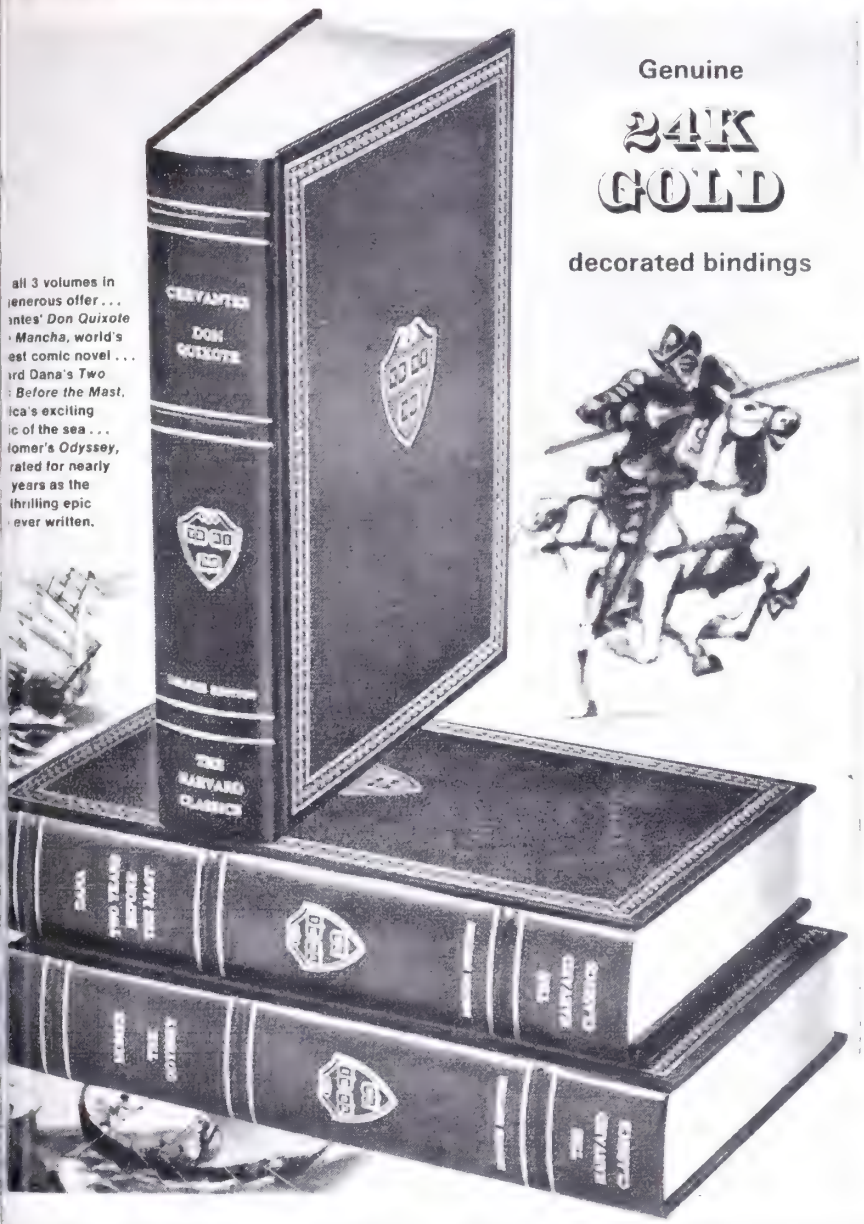
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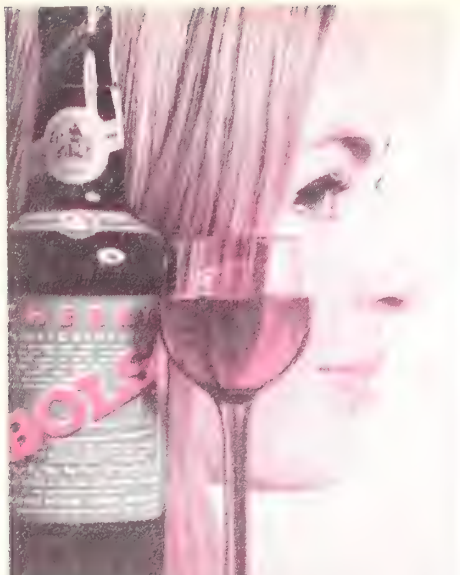
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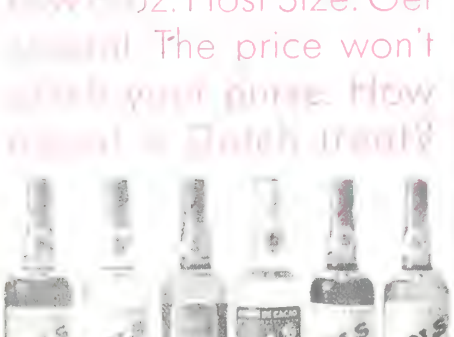
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quires, therefore, that the FCC order WCBS (and, by implication, all other stations) to present information about the health hazards of cigarette smoking.

Mr. Banzhaf won. A potential of some fifty to one hundred million dollars' worth of free anti-smoking commercials are now being presented in the course of a year over radio and television. As a result of his rather simple act and investment in a six-cent stamp he has produced a result that federal officials and hundreds of thousands of concerned Americans had been unable to bring about: cigarette consumption has declined in our nation for the first time in its history.

The point of this story is not that "one man can make a difference" (although he can, and did), or that the "fairness doctrine" is the magic solution to all complaints about broadcasting (although it has not been used as much as it might). The point is that for each citizen grievance (about broadcasting or other matters) there is one particular course of action suggested by "the law of effective reform" that will bring the quickest and most thorough results in the most efficient and cheapest way. Any effective reformer must spend at least as much energy planning that optimum strategy as executing it. You *can* fight city hall, the "little man" *can* do effective battle with massive corporate and governmental institutions, the government *can* be made to be responsive to an individual citizen's desires. The individual's frustration in our institutionalized society comes only from ignorance, not impotence. Those who preach the necessity for revolution in this country might do better to study and practice the strategy of utilizing presently available techniques of reform.

It is obviously impossible to spell out in advance all potential grievances about broadcasting, let alone the optimum remedy for each, especially in a short article. But a few more examples may be useful.

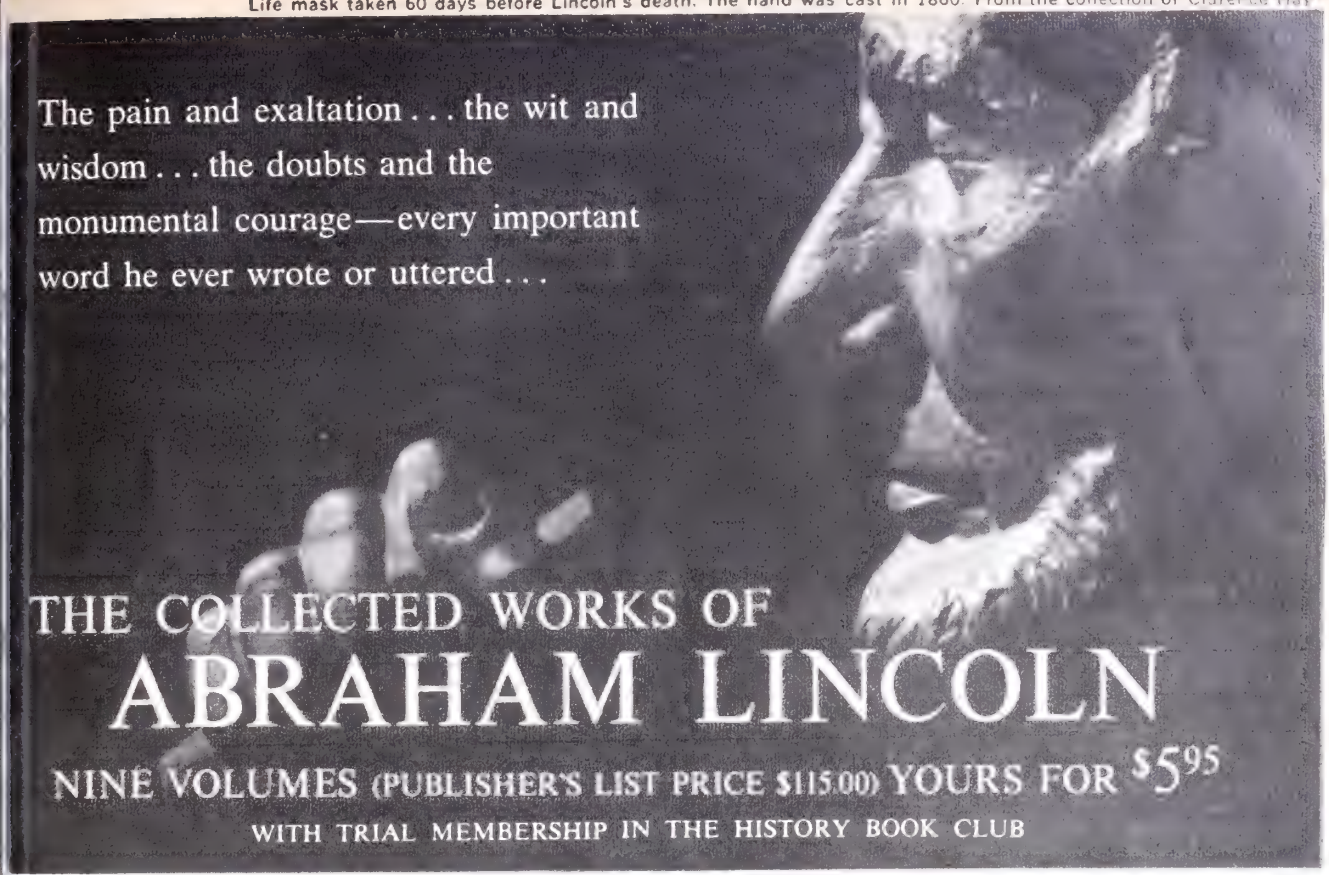
Though you may not know it, you can, and should, have a voice in deciding who will operate radio and TV stations in your community. This is the citizen's ultimate control over broadcast programming. A broadcast station "owner" is using the public's property—the airwaves—and Congress has provided that he cannot "own" this property in the sense that the corner druggist owns his drugstore. A broadcaster is like an elected official, and his license entitles him to no more than a three-year term, after which he must either have his license renewed by the FCC or be turned out of office. You—his constituents—who are supposed to vote in this electio do not even know it is being held. licenses in each state expire at th time. (For example, New York casters' licenses are renewed J 1969. Other expiration dates can tained from the FCC.) Any local zation with a stake in the qua broadcasting (church, union, civi group, or civic club) can appe party in a license-renewal proce writing the FCC that it wishes party, expressing its views in wri requesting an oral hearing. It only participate in the FCC proc but—often more important—it peal to a court for reversal if t grants the renewal unjustifiably.

This right was first establish years ago, when the United Ch Christ, along with two leaders Jackson, Mississippi, Negro com the Reverend Robert L. T. Smith Aaron Henry, filed with the FCC tion to deny the application for renewal of the local TV station, Their petition, which represent culmination of a decade of com by Jackson Negroes against WL alleged that the station systematic cluded Negroes from access to it ties and that it had systematica moted segregationist views and presentation of opposing view ported by Negroes.

The Commission, which tende gard these public intruders as so of unfamiliar pestilence to be s from its corridors, refused to ac petitioners "standing" to partici the renewal proceeding as parties representatives of the Jackson community took an appeal to the of Columbia Court of Appeals a The Court held that local citi have "standing" as parties bef FCC, remanded the proceeding Commission for another hearing, tained jurisdiction to finally dis the case. The FCC subsequently h hearing, admitting the Church active party to the proceeding. since granted the station a ren over the dissenting protests of C sioner Kenneth A. Cox and mysel at this writing the matter is back the Court for ultimate resolution

Others have argued that publ ticipation in the license renewal be made easier. Congressman Joh says, "It is time to make every broadcast license renewal appl subject to a public proceeding wit city or region where the statio cated." Consumers Union has urg broadcasters be required to carr meaningful and regular announc about the public's rights. And Th

Life mask taken 60 days before Lincoln's death. The hand was cast in 1860. From the collection of Clarence Hay



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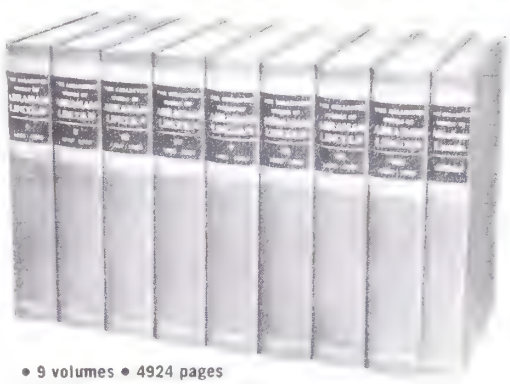
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Hoving's National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting (609 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10017) is showing signs of possessing the capacity and courage to play a very constructive role in this regard.

Agency legal action is not, of course, the only form of popular participation in policy formation. John Banzhaf could have organized mass picketing, protesting the immorality of stations and tobacco manufacturers profiting from the promotion of disease and death. The church could have obtained thousands of signatures on a petition and sent it to the President or to Jackson's Congressman. Either could have conducted a sit-in at the FCC or at station WLBT. (WNDT-TV in New York was seized by twenty hippies during a broadcast-in about a year ago.) The point is not that the activities they chose to pursue were somewhat more gentlemanly. It's that the appropriate legal remedy may be the most efficient and effective path to reform.

Within the past two years a number of other groups have bestirred themselves, by effective legal means, about the broadcasting situation in their communities. Four interesting cases are illustrative. One concerns the renewal application of radio station WXUR in Media, Pennsylvania. Some nineteen local organizations banded together and hired a Washington lawyer to protest WXUR's alleged policy of carrying masses of right-wing political programming unrelieved by programs promoting other viewpoints. They requested, and obtained, a public hearing in their own home town.

On different grounds a group of Los Angeles businessmen petitioned the Commission not to renew the license of TV station KHJ. They charge it has provided inadequate local service to the area. Moreover, these businessmen have asserted their rights under the Communications Act to apply for a license to operate this profitable station themselves.

In Ashtabula, Ohio, a local of the Retail Clerks Union petitioned the Commission to deny license renewal to several nearby radio stations which refused to carry the local's paid advertisements urging consumers to boycott a department store with which it had been involved in a labor dispute. It argued that the fairness doctrine required the stations to match the department store's commercials urging people to shop at the store with the union's contrary message.

Another protest was filed from St. Louis by organizations of young blacks who believed three local Negro-oriented ("soul") radio stations were not providing adequate service to the Negro population. (A station in D. was picketed for similar reasons signs protesting "Soul Music Is Enough.")

On a national level, the American Liberties Union intervened in the I. proceeding involving the proposed over of ABC by International Tele & Telegraph Corporation. (The J Department ultimately appealed FCC-approved merger to the U. S. of Appeals, and the parties called before the Court resolved the matt

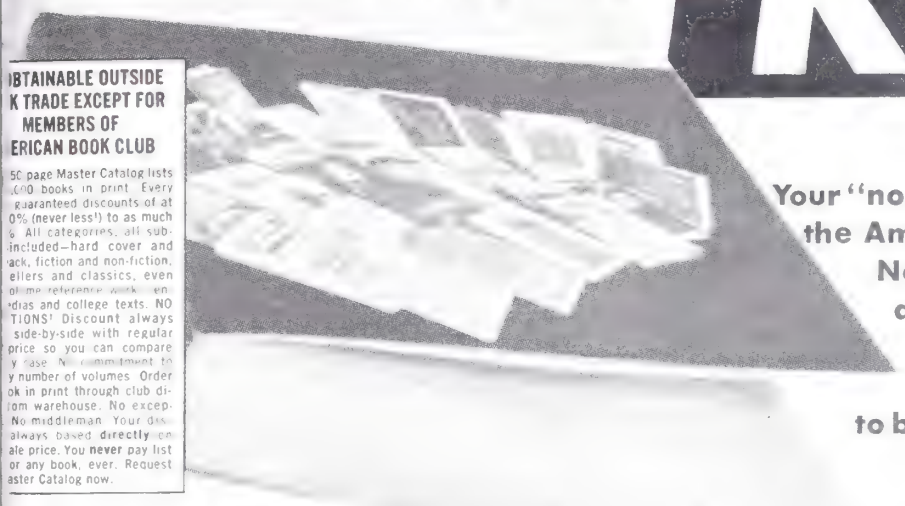
The AFL-CIO has taken a ge interest in the application of the fai doctrine, especially, of course, unions are attacked. The Washin based Institute for American Demo exists solely to combat hate prog ming and publishes "How to Comba Pollution" and a newsletter (1330 sachusetts Avenue, Washington, 20005). John Banzhaf is now supp in his follow-up activities by an or zation called Action on Smoking Health (2238 Fifth Avenue, New New York 10037). He has urged cense revocation proceeding ag NBC-owned WNBC in New York grounds that it has failed to comply the FCC's cigarette fairness ruling intervened in the renewals of s California stations. (In an "unrel action the NBC network subseq volunteered to put on a fixed num anti-cigarette-smoking commercial ing prime-time television progran last fall.) A group of good music in Chicago ("The Citizens Commit Save WFMT-FM") has made an to prevent The Chicago Tribune fr quiring the station.* A similar gr Atlanta inundated the FCC with protesting the possible loss of bro classical music in that city. A ne tional group, "Television Improv Society of America" (1500 Mass setts, Washington D.C. 20005), ha formed to combat violence on tele

The American Civil Liberties has recently suggested that, inst

*Other organizations concern then with broadcasting generally. They i the American Council for Better Broa 1, West Main, Madison, Wisconsin and the National Association for Broadcasting, 525 North Western A Los Angeles, California 90004). A num church groups are involved, such as th of Communications of the United Chu Christ (289 Park Avenue, New York York 10010), the Television, Radi Film Commission of the Methodist (475 Riverside Drive, New York, New 10027), and the Broadcasting and Film mission of the National Council of Ch at the same address. The *Columbia Jo ism Review* (Columbia University, York, New York 10027) is a quarterl comments on the performance of both casting and the print media.

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relying on the spontaneous activities of existing organizations or the formation of ad hoc groups, the FCC set up local committees of citizen volunteers to monitor local radio and TV, particularly with respect to the fairness doctrine. Monitoring is one of the most important aspects of effective broadcasting reform. It is an ideal group project for people of all ages, but must be done right to be useful. The United Church of Christ has had the most experience.

Unfortunately there are few presently recognized legal rights or remedies that will affect the quality of programs, protect us from an inundation of commercials, or guarantee the opportunity to express our views or talents over the airwaves. There will be in time—when you, and others like you, finally harness your outrage and your imagination to "the law of effective reform" and pull other newly recognized legal rights into our stable of remedies.

But for now the best defense is still to turn off your set or switch stations. Since the broadcasters are in the audience-delivering business they would undoubtedly respond if enough people refused to watch or listen; but such an effort is admittedly hard, if not impossible, to organize.

On the other hand, it is easy enough to write or phone a local station manager and even to arrange a conference with him. He is not likely to be unresponsive. Similarly, letters to network presidents and to advertisers can be influential. (If one tenth of one per cent of the audience of the average network series show were to request its continuation it probably would not be canceled.) You can also send such general letters to the FCC, which, if you request, will be included in the station's "complaint file" for consideration at license renewal time. However, they will not have maximum impact unless a citizens' group subsequently appears as a party contesting the license renewal.

In fairness to the broadcasters, it should be said that citizens' groups and listeners and viewers are not generally too helpful when it comes to suggesting new program ideas. What many organizations *think* would be a good program often turns out to be a dud. When offered free air time, many organizations do not take it, or do not follow through for a sustained period. (On the other hand, some radio-station managers who have been offered locally produced programs of good quality have turned them down in favor of cheaper and easier disc-jockey or phone-in shows.)

Many communities have the blessing of community-supported noncommercial stations. The Pacifica Foundation operates radio stations WBAI in New York, KPFA in Berkeley, and KPRK in Los Angeles. Seattle has listener-supported KRAB. Public television stations (or "educational television") now exist in about 150 communities (such as Channel 13 in New York and Channel 28 in Los Angeles). Such stations should be especially responsive to listener-viewer commendation, criticism, and contributions, since most are heavily dependent upon audience financial support. If your town doesn't have such a station you might want to investigate starting one. If cable television is to be installed as a profit-making venture in your community (instead of community-owned) you will want to be sure the licensing authority (often the city council) requires it to provide a number of "free" channels for educational programming to schools and community programming to homes.

Television and radio probably have as much effect upon our lives as any other single force. About 95 per cent of American homes have receivers, and the television set is on in the average home from five to six hours a day. This is clearly America's number one consumer product, our most powerful potential force for good—or evil.

Moreover, the whole theoretical foundation of American broadcasting is the tie of a local station to its community and its local service. The station is licensed to serve the needs of the local community. And if it is not doing so we should seriously consider substituting direct satellite-to-home (or cable) broadcasting for a system that gives away 95 per cent of the public's most valuable airwaves to the private profit of 7,350 local stations. FCC regulations require the station to survey the community's local needs, and to provide programming to those needs. Station files at the FCC are supposed to be filled with comments from local citizens. The three-year license-renewal process is designed to encourage local participation.

In fact, greater community involvement in stations' affairs ought to be welcomed by the more responsible broadcasters—better local service is usually translated into larger audiences and higher commercial rates and profits.

The philosophy and rhetoric of participatory democracy is on the rise. All that remains is to translate its abundant energy and ideals into effective action. The legal process often offers the easiest route to results. Yet legal rights and powers lie about unknown and unused. Increasing sophistication has been reflected in greater public participation at the FCC. I, for one, welcome it. [ ]



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fter Hours *by Russell Lynes*

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edding between the City of Atlanta, thern oasis, and Culture took place ıst October with masques and frol- ith smiling ambassadors from cul- capitals as far away as Paris, with res and dancing girls and cham- and bourbon, the rich wine of the y. The ceremony, which went on many days that it left some of the ng guests exhausted to the point ır-hysteria, took place in a dream —or, more accurately, a palace ıad been a dream in Atlanta for years and was finally realized, as and glittering as a wedding cake s tasty.

the time I got to Atlanta several later, the wedding was over but phoria most certainly was not. In lative calm which prevailed after stivities I visited at leisure with of the principal moving spirits efforts lay behind the creation of lanta Memorial Arts Center (the ıg cake) and an organization Atlanta Municipal Theater, whose ompanies (ballet, opera, and thea- re, with the Atlanta Symphony stra, the High Museum of Art, and lanta School of Art, its principal nts. This, of course, comprises n the jargon of our day is called ural Center, though it could be ıccurately described as a six-ring rcus and come closer to the exuber- ıat seems to pervade it.

manner of speaking this rather blossom has its roots in a tragedy. e 1962 at Orly, the Paris airport, e crashed with 122 Atlantans and ere all killed. They were traveling ıbers of the Atlanta Art Associa- d their itinerary had taken them ies of museums and collections in . They were on their way home he plane was consumed by flames. were about thirty of my oldest on that plane," the Mayor of Atlanta told me, "people I'd gone to school with and grown up with." When the Mayor, Ivan Allen, Jr., heard the news he was at his place in the mountains a few hours away; it was Sunday, and, he said, he knew that somehow he had to go straight to Paris though he had no idea what he would do when he got there. He telephoned the State Department in Washington. "I got a girl on the phone," he said, "who told me, 'I've been expecting your call, Mayor Allen. Everything is cleared for you and your party to go to Paris.' You can be sure I wrote the State Department a letter commending *that* young lady." Mr. Allen is a man in his late fifties, gentle of voice, kindly of humor, with a sort of modest but sure wisdom and an instinct for compassion that made it inevitable that wherever I went in Atlanta people spoke of him with affection and respect. "The Mayor in Atlanta has no power," one man said to me. "The power is all in the hands of the aldermen. But Allen's power is in his personality and in the fact that everybody likes and trusts him. I don't know what we'd do without him."

When Allen landed at Orly, there was, he said, "a whole row of officials in striped pants, the Minister for Air, a representative from the General, I think; I don't know who they all were, but they were kindness itself. The most difficult thing of all was going to the morgues to identify the bodies. You know they sent an identification expert back to Atlanta with me to explain to the families how the identifications were made under such circumstances." Now there was the new Arts Center dedicated to the victims of the crash. In the Arts Center is a large Rodin bronze ("The Shade"), a gift from the French government, and hanging in the museum when I was there (it is also part of the Center) was an exhibition called "The Taste of Paris," a remarkable collection of forty-nine French paintings of first quality, mostly from the Louvre and the Petit Palais—Poussin, Cézanne, Watteau, Lorrain, Sisley, Vuillard, Picasso, and on and on—a loan to celebrate the opening of the memorial. It was flown over by the airline whose plane had crashed—heaven knows how many millions of dollars' worth of pictures.

The Mayor was one of the first persons I talked to when I got to Atlanta on what I was assured was an entirely unreasonable November afternoon (the temperature was 34 degrees, the wind blew, and it was damp). But I went directly from my plane to see Christopher Manos, the man in charge of the Atlanta Municipal Theater, whose offices are in an imitation Greek Revival house with Corinthian columns, a little wedding cake about a number-two iron's distance from the new wedding cake. (Atlanta is full of imitation Southern mansions; the genuine ones were burned by General Sherman.) Manos sat in a small office, protected against the cold by a sweater, and explained to me how his three rings of the circus happened to be a single family of performers and how they were, in a sense, the poor relations of the three other rings that were part of the Atlanta Arts Alliance, the owner of the Art Center. "The Atlanta Municipal Theater," he said, "is made up of the Theater Rep-

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ertory Company, the Ballet, id
Opera Company, and we are
tenants of the Alliance and p.
rent for the use of their 860-seat
and the 200-seat experimental
We wish we weren't tenants bu
of the Alliance, and I hope som
will be. They didn't feel they co
on the responsibility for our fin

The theater, he explained, ha
out of something originally
"Theater Under the Stars" wh
organized in 1953 to use an outd
torium in Chastain Memorial
the production by local talent of
comedies and operettas. This
been a financial success, so they i
big names after a few years an
it "Theater of the Stars" and p
audiences of upwards of 5,000
Manos came down from New Yo
manager of this operation whic
scheme concocted by a number o
minded businessmen and Mayor
predecessor, William Hartsfield
said to me, "Can you imagine
being lucky enough to have t
Mayors in succession? This one

Serious theater grew out of p
ter under the hand of Manos, w
perience before he came to Atla
been with the Pasadena Playho
the Theater Guild. In 1964 he
ganized a "winter play season," a
duced for the edification of Atlan
a serious local critic has called "
Broadway-type plays." Their suc
Manos to the conviction that
could support a resident compar
from this that the present gro
Atlanta Theater Repertory Co
emerged with a troupe of thirty
the direction of a bearded refug
Broadway and off-Broadway,
Howard, whom I later met and f
be a totally captivated Atlantan.
Manos who was the guiding hand
ting together under a single artis
financial umbrella the Repertor
pany, the Atlanta Ballet Compar
the Atlanta Opera Company, a
persuading the trustees of the A
ter to take them as a package.

"People have asked me," Man
"why didn't we start with the
and then the next year add the ba
then after that the opera? Why n
it in stages? I thought we ought
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$200,000 for the theater the firs
and then say you want to add oper
say you'd better make the theat
for itself first. But if you do all th
have one deficit for all of the
budget a deficit of $300,000 f
year), then the chances are th
manage it and will want to. It
like a lot of money, but we can get



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"I've never heard of such a lot of civic-minded men as we've got here," Manos said. "They don't pretend to know about the arts, but they decided they were good for Atlanta. You ought to talk to Mr. Rich; he's the man who really pulled this off."

Richard H. Rich is the proprietor of the city's principal department store, and I found his paneled office on the fifth floor. "I'm glad they sent you and not some young wiseacre just out of college," Mr. Rich said. "They're only interested [illegible] you like a Coca-Cola?"

He buzzed his secretary and a few minutes later a maid in a black dress and a white apron and cap brought in bottles of coke and tall glasses filled with crushed ice. I had forgotten that Atlanta is the home of this beverage which has so dispirited the winegrowers of France. Without it, I learned, there probably would have been no Arts Center.

"What do you want to know?" Mr. Rich asked. He is a man in his late sixties, I'd guess, with a white moustache and a pipe between his teeth. We ex-

"Well," he said, unprompted by me, "an anonymous donor in 1961 offered to put up four million dollars as a challenge to build an arts center if the city could raise an equal amount with a bond issue. The bond issue failed. But then the next year there was the air crash and it was decided to build an arts center as a memorial, and we went to the anonymous donor, and he said that the offer still stood if we would form a board of twelve men and get rid of all those social committees and raise the necessary funds. We estimated it would cost seven million five and it turned out to cost thirteen. The anonymous donor produced another two and a half, and we raised the rest. The purpose of the Art Center was to put together the High Museum and the Art School, and to provide a hall for the S[illegible]

Mr. Rich, as had all the local newspaper accounts of financing the Arts Center, declined to name the "anonymous donor," though it became quickly apparent in conversations with other men that everyone in Atlanta knew that it was Robert H. Woodruff, the supersalesman who had turned the Coca-Cola Company into a vastly rich corporation; he had made the donations through his family foundation.

It is not easy, Mr. Rich explained, to raise large sums of money in Atlanta. There is a comparatively small group of wealthy families who can be cour[illegible] for large sums for civic projects. "[illegible] is a very narrow base of wealth [illegible] he said. "Atlanta is a white-collar [illegible] perhaps next to Hartford the l[illegible] insurance town. It has the th[illegible] fourth-busiest airport in the co[illegible] Ten years ago the average incom[illegible] was about two thousand; now it's [illegible] We're a branch office city, not a [illegible] quarters town—but primarily w[illegible] distribution center. In fact we' [illegible] focal point for nine states."

As I got up to leave, Mr. Rich [illegible] "I'm overdedicated and underpaid," [illegible] laughed. He had, he explained, h[illegible] six dedications for different aspe[illegible] the Arts Center for various segme[illegible] the public. The night before, for ex[illegible] there had been a big blowout f[illegible] dedication of the Ballet, to which [illegible] chine had flown down from New Y[illegible]

Atlanta looks like a boom town, [illegible] is. On the way into the city from t[illegible] port the highway goes past the [illegible] new stadium, home of the Brav[illegible] land of the Falcons, and on the h[illegible] the city's skyline is spiked wit[illegible] buildings, marked as brand-new b[illegible] clichés . . . the tall thin windows [illegible] tain walls, the tubular skyscrape[illegible] soming at the top, a relative of [illegible] stool. Mortar is *in;* glass is *out;* [illegible] shell ramps for garages are *in;* [illegible] concrete is *in*; fountains are *in;* al[illegible] sculpture in lobbies is *in*; brick is [illegible] *out*. There is a new hotel in Atlan[illegible] is so *in* that its concept has been [illegible] nearly a century, since the days [illegible] San Francisco Palace Hotel and B[illegible] in Denver—a hotel built around a

CEMETERY: LITCHFIELD COUNT

by Rose Styron

I walk through birches white a[illegible]
over the graveyard's back
to catch the sun on an icy slate
etching a name by winter's ligh[illegible]
I loved when this hill was gold[illegible]
and the young deer left no trac[illegible]

Perfect in snow, Connecticut
conceals each chasm and rock,
charcoal branches draw the eye[illegible]
upward from memory to sky,
but still my heart in slate is c[illegible]
and the river, still, is black.



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Heidi wouldn't lie.

central court that is ringed with balconies and covered at the top. It has a sort of shoot-the-works bravado about wasting interior space that brings the customers flocking, I was told. There is a new Civic Center that looks like a timid version of the new opera house in New York's Lincoln Center, with an auditorium that seats 5,000. (Yehudi Menuhin and his sister Hepzibah filled it one night while I was there.)

Culture is an integral part of the boom. Atlanta has been one of the few cities to realize that if you are going to attract industry and with it, eager and ambitious young families, you have to offer them what are known as "cultural advantages." There are, of course, a lot of businessmen in town who believe in progress but who are difficult to convince that a symphony orchestra does as much for a city as a major-league baseball team. Mayor Allen understands that a city has all sorts of tastes and all kinds of pride and he respects them all. He also understands that you cannot just put a layer of culture on top of a city, like pancake makeup on an actress' face, and say, look how pretty we are.

A cultural center is to a city today much like a computer center to a college; both are ornamental status symbols. The difference is that most colleges know what to feed into a computer, but most cities have not made any plans for how to feed a Culture Center. Programming is the key to both, and it has been the unfortunate experience of many cities that they have enthusiastically built their centers, their eyes raised to the "higher things in life," and then did not know what to put in them except packaged shows played by the "national companies" of Broadway hits, packaged exhibitions from the Museum of Modern Art or the American Federation of Arts, packaged concert series, and Saturday morning art classes for children. Atlanta knew what it was going to do before it committed itself to its Arts Center. It might not be quite accurate to say that the Center has met an urgent demand for a home for the arts, but the arts in Atlanta were certainly prepared to take advantage of the opportunity to move right in and make themselves at home.

Ballet, for example, has been a part of Atlanta's "scene" since 1929 when Dorothy Alexander (known as "Miss Dorothy" though she is Mrs. Alexander) founded the first regional ballet company in the nation. It was, of course, an amateur group; it is now an entirely professional company in spirit and skill as well as in fact, under the directorship of Robert Barnett. I was naïve enough to think that any ballet company in Atlanta, professional or not, wo rather ragged affair. I was tot taken. The Opera Company, wh rected by Blanche Thebom, late Metropolitan, is in the process ing into a professional com gather. The Symphony, which f years was part professional a amateur, got a new lease on li Robert Shaw became its cond October 1967. The High Museur around which the new Arts C quite literally built (its building corporated into the new structu respectable collection, mostly o can paintings dating from Cople prints, but it will never be a gre tion. Prices are prohibitive, and more, as the director of the Gudmund Vigtel, said, "Atlant a collecting town."

"One of the reasons why I w come to Atlanta," Robert Shaw me when I asked him what hac him there, "was the chance fo fertilization of the arts—the c have my own orchestra and to w opera and ballet and choruses."

Shaw is an intense, big-bone man with an intense laugh whi tuates his serious statements. I terviewed him years ago when first making a reputation as conductor of almost unparalleled with the Collegiate Chorale in Ne and he was no less intense ther was more somber than he is tod

"I hope that someday we will orchestra of two hundred," "Then we can use part of it fo part of it to tour, and we can hav tunities for training young cond

I asked him if he had difficulty musicians.

"Most of the symphonies," "won't audition a musician wh had ten years' or so experience standard repertory. I prefer to ented young ones and give them and train them. I have no trouble them."

I had a somewhat similar from Michael Howard, the dir the Repertory Theater Compa shortage of young talent eager from New York to Atlanta chance to be a part of a good c that is getting better. While we third-floor room of a one-time sales building and watched the c writhing on the floor through rehearsal "movement" exercises plained that members of his trou already working in the schools city, cooperating with the teach that, "We want this to be a state ... more than just an area theate as much a school as a company.'



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AFTER HOURS

The Arts Center opened with just such an example of cross-fertilization of the arts as Shaw had hoped for, though his symphony was not a part of it. Under Michael Howard's direction the Ballet Company, the Opera Company, and the Repertory Theater mounted a $250,000 production of *King Arthur*, a masque written by John Dryden with music by Henry Purcell. It had first been produced in London in 1691 and, so far as anyone has been able to discover, had never before been seen on this side of the Atlantic. It was long and gaudy and ingenious; it was silly and touching and elegant; it was pure, 100-proof corn. It was expertly sung and danced and acted and all of it was somewhat outrageously camped. During the first act on the evening I saw it (and I was told that this was typical) the audience sat rather solemnly, not quite sure whether this was meant to be a serious business or not. By the second act they had relaxed somewhat and began to laugh and clap at the courtly shenanigans on the stage, at the nonsense of the wizards and knights and damsels, the sirens trying to seduce Arthur, the broadsword fight between beefy kings for the hand of a wispy maiden.

When I saw *King Arthur* it had already been running for several weeks. "It's sold out," the energetic young publicity man for the Municipal Theater said to me with some wonder in his voice. "Fourteen performances to go and only three hundred seats left. It's fantastic." It was obvious that the national publicity the show had received had duly impressed the local folk.

The first hurdles had been cleared, but no one I talked to about the future of the Center was sanguine. "The problem is how to build a permanent audience," I was told again and again by a variety of those who were most concerned. Here in a metropolitan area with a population of about a million was an opportunity to convert a sudden sensation into a permanent desire. How to involve the black community, which is suspicious of the Establishment? (Atlanta, I was told, has a very large, self-sufficient, well-educated black middle class, only a few of whom feel any sort of identification with the new cultural boom, though the city boasts six good Negro colleges that have contributed greatly to the level of local professional and business competence.) How to work most effectively with the schools and colleges to build confidence in the arts as a necessity not just as an ornament to the community? (The Art School has made an arrangement with Emory University for exchange credits so that students can get academic degrees for work in the plastic arts. The theaters and orchestras are up to their ears in education.) How to make the museum more than just a plaything for culturettes and dilettantes? (Ninety thousand people in November came to see the French paintings when they were first there; the long-range problems of acquisition and education will be grinding ones met with small budgets and small staffs.)

In some respects the most encouraging thing about the future of the arts in Atlanta lies outside the Cultural Center . . . the unofficial arts are as lively as or livelier than the official ones. I spent an hour with the director of the Academy Theater which has its being in a converted church. A production of Brecht's *A Man's a Man* opened a run that evening. The director, Frank Wittlow, an Ohioan who landed in Atlanta because the Army sent him there, was an educational psychologist; now he is a theater man to the ends of his fingers, but his fingers are deep in education and the problems of ghetto children. At the same time that the regular production of plays goes on in the theater, experiments go on in the schools. "We have a staff of thirty-two. We're non-Equity, but we pay better than Equity." There is another local theater, the Theater Atlanta, which was making a stir with a fierce satire on Georgia's Governor called *Red, White, and Maddox*. The wonder, people said, was that the Governor hadn't sued for slander, and there was a rumor that it might open on Broadway in January. (It has.) But the point is that the arts are cooking, and especially the performing arts outside the circle of what has become quasi-official Atlanta culture.

James Dickey, the poet, who was lecturing to jammed audiences at Georgia Tech, said to me, "The remarkable thing is that a technical school like this should put up the money to pay a poet to lecture. Something is going on in Atlanta." Frank Wittlow of the Academy Theater, which operates on a budget of $250,000 a year, manages to make ends meet, partly with the support of the city's education budget. What is it about Atlanta that attracts this kind of serious but lively artistic adventurer? It is certainly not that it is an intellectual center; Atlanta has no great university. Very probably a great deal of credit goes to the Mayor and to those members of the business community who believe that art is good for Atlanta and are modest enough to trust the artists and keep their hands off the product. I asked Christopher Manos, the director of the Alliance, what he thought the answer was.

"All I know," he said, "is that they couldn't get me to leave this town unless they tarred and feathered me." [ ]

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OD, COUNTRY, AND BILLY GRAHAM

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/ the millions and now influences national politics,
is mastered the art of moving his listeners
ithout embarrassing or greatly disturbing them.

Billy Graham is speaking. He jabs with the ht hand, while the left disappears into the cket of his jacket. Then both hands come aight out, hanging there only a moment be- e they disappear behind his back. They stay it way long enough for someone to count to five, l suddenly they are in front of him again, nched this time, knuckles white against the n tan. The right fist moves up and down; the t fist opens, and the fingers spread out in sup- cation. When Billy Graham is good, he is very od, and no one else in the room says a word. "e're moving through dangerous waters," he s, and it is much the same thing he has been ing since that time twenty years ago when he ocked them dead in Los Angeles, a bouncing ng evangelist, newly discovered by the Hearst ers, not yet a confidant of Presidents, or the rld's best-known Protestant preacher, but stly a curiosity, soon to be called by people who l not like him "The Barrymore of the Bible" or abriel in Gabardine," his draped suits like as being white or maybe even a bright green.

Now, however, he is in Memphis, in a fine, dark-blue suit, speaking at a prayer breakfast to the people who run Holiday Inns all over America. There are radio and TV, of course, and behind Billy Graham are three plainclothesmen, one of whom has hard, slit eyes that he never for a moment takes off the audience. Minutes before Graham arrived in Memphis the Reverend Ralph David Abernathy left, the city gratefully surrendered its spiritual care from a black to a white Baptist, and the cops are worried that a militant, remembering this is where Martin Luther King was killed, will take a shot at Billy. No one does, and so Billy Graham speaks, moving his listeners without embarrassing them, preaching both the Gospel and those sensible virtues that appeal to both Holiday Innkeepers and Presidents of the United States. Moreover, he is nice. Warmth and good fellowship are very deep in the room, and even old Slit Eyes is smiling. Anita Bryant has appeared, courtesy of Coca-Cola, for which she travels to and fro, and has sung and given a testimony. Miss Bryant was fetching in a Pucci crea-

tion about three inches above the knee, and when she sang she held a red Bible. When she was at *her* best she was singing in the lower register, her [illegible] to her bosom, her eyes closed, and this had led a lady in the audience who wore a mink jacket and a big bouffant to dab at her eyes.

When Billy Graham comes on he tells jokes—one about Winston Churchill and George Bernard Shaw, one about Churchill and a moustache he once decided to grow, and one about politics, which is really a throwaway line. Billy Graham needs a great many jokes because he speaks to a great many people, and when he finds one he can use he gets it down just right. He had told the stories the week before in New York, and then passed them on to his brother-in-law, who is also a fine preacher, and the brother-in-law had used them when he spoke before a large group of ministers the next day. No matter, the stories work very well, and when Billy Graham gets down to the serious business he is about in Memphis his audience is with him.

"There are singers of siren songs in our times," he says, and then he talks about the siren songs. The first is that the United Nations can bring peace. Jesus said there will be wars and rumors of wars, and it is no good to think that anyone or anything other than Jesus can bring peace. Then, he says, there is the siren song saying that the politics of confrontation will soon end. But don't you know, he says, there are people saying, " 'Let's go out and fight.' So guerrilla warfare is now being planned by the anarchists." He mentions Berkeley and Columbia, and he says that Grayson Kirk, who was the president of Columbia during its late unpleasantness, was "one of the leading liberals on American campuses." Clearly, he is implying, liberalism is not enough. "The only thing that can save our country," he says, "is an awaken-

"The third siren song," he says, "is that democracy can survive without morality." He speaks of this for a while, and for the first time he is angry. It is startling. Garbo speaks, Graham rages. Sin has become a personal affront. He says that when his son visited him in New York he sought out the movie pages of the newspaper to find suitable entertainment for him, but found none, which was probably true, advertisements now being nearly unspeakable, and he asks why no one is making more things like *The Sound of Music*. An answer not forthcoming, he talks of the fourth siren song, this one the promise of an "economic Utopia." He says that the country has had the New Deal, the Fair Deal, the New Frontier, and now, referring to Hubert Humphrey's acceptance speech at the Democratic National Convention, the New D He says he is just back from Sweden, where th have sex grottoes, but there are unhappy faces the street and a high suicide rate. The other nig he was in Paris, where Sargent Shriver asked h to talk to some students. They were unhappy t He says he has a friend, a movie star, whose s dropped out to become a hippie. He says he v invited to an island in the Caribbean by one of world's richest men ("You all know his name and the rich man said that a poor Baptist preach on the island had everything, while he had no ing. He says he has a friend who will be the n Governor of Puerto Rico, and that the friend, though he was young and handsome and had Ph.D. from Harvard, had nothing until he h Jesus.

Then Billy Graham crouches; his voice dr ever so slightly from jubilation to sadness, and says very slowly and very quietly, "Is Je yours?" The innkeepers and their ladies suck their breaths. So do I. Billy is so good and so c tain and he knows so many famous people that are all a little ashamed. "For I want to tell y something," he says, and now his eyes are *fla ing*, "we're in trouble." Then it is over, and B is saying, "God bless you and thank you, and G bless the Holiday Inns."

How He Took C

"Too much work done in the name of Christ rundown, baggy-trousers stuff," says T. W. W son, Billy Graham's old friend and current trav ing companion. "Billy believes in going fir class." Indeed, there is general agreement amo the members of the Graham organization t class tells and that one reason for their succe aside from God, is their flair. When Billy Grah was ordained in Florida in 1939 evangelism h fallen on hard times, its practitioners being mos itinerant Southerners who worked the sawd trail out of canvas cathedrals or, at best, tim tabernacles. Billy—Billy Francis to his family—h had very little of this since his early days a barnstormer with Youth for Christ, when he tr eled to a different city every night aboard an DC-3, and spread the Word with considerably m

John Corry, a contributing editor of "Harper' wrote the book about "The Manchester Affai Born an Episcopalian in Brooklyn, he went t small Dutch Reformed college, Hope, in Michig and, after Army service, worked on the natio desk at The New York Times, 1957-68.

its of fire and brimstone than he does now. His prenticeship, however, had begun in the late 30s when, as a student at Florida Bible College, practiced sermons before the bullfrogs and uirrels, or so the legend goes, and later tried em while standing in the doorways of gin mills Tampa. Once he so annoyed a bartender the man shed out and dumped him.

That was only the briefest of setbacks, however, and in 1940, at the age of twenty-one, Billy aham enrolled at Wheaton College in Illinois, iere he won both a degree and a wife by 1943. ien he became the pastor of a small church in estern Springs, Illinois, appeared on a radio ogram in Chicago called "Songs in the Night," eached around the country, with a quick trip to itain, and in 1947 became the president of rthwestern Schools in Minneapolis, this being e former Northwestern Bible Training Instite, a responsibility he relinquished in 1951. wever, the move into the really big time did t come until Los Angeles in 1949, when he eached before 350,000 persons in eight weeks d 3,000 of them made inquiries, or decisions, r Christ. What was most helpful in all this, beles the blessing of Hearst, was that three of the quirers were celebrities of a sort—a wiretapper r The Mob, an old Olympics miler, who had gone wnhill ever since, and a cowboy radio star, who is also a boozer and a gambling man. They epped forward when Billy gave the altar call and id that henceforth they were Jesus's men and t their own.

Making a decision for Christ means that you y you have made one, and while the appurtenances that surround decision-making in a Gram Crusade have changed over the years, the estials have not. When Graham finished a sermon a stadium in Pittsburgh not long ago, he looked his audience and said, "You can meet Jesus toght. Jesus is passing by in Pittsburgh. The sses will wait. It will take you only three or four nutes to walk here." Then, as his 2,000, or whater, voice choir sang "Just as I am," thin lines of ople drifted onto the stadium infield, where they ere joined by counselors, the counselors choosg someone of the same sex and approximately e same age, color, and general station in life as eir own. Then they all gathered around Gram's raised pulpit while he prayed over them, d then the counselors led their charges away, lked briefly with them, got their names, adesses, and phone numbers and promised to get touch with them again. They had, in fact, just cided for Christ.

No one really knows how many will stay decided, or why the folks decided in the first place, or if Los Angeles is a better place in 1969 because Billy Graham preached there in 1949. Nonetheless, it was after that Crusade that he took off, becoming the most successful evangelist of all time and one of the most widely admired Americans too. This is fitting because he is the most American of men, the grandson of two Confederate soldiers, both of whom were well shot up, and the son of a lady who is related to both President James K. Polk and a man named Ezra Alexander, who signed the Declaration of Independence. Moreover, Billy Graham is tall and fair and blue-eyed, and he looks as if he could be the basketball coach of a small Midwestern college, or a movie actor who never made it big because someone like Ronald Reagan or maybe Sonny Tufts got the role instead. The general impression is that you have seen him before, and you have if you recall those snapshots of themselves that soldiers sent home in World War II, the ones in which they wore khaki, put their arms at parade rest, and looked smilingly and invincibly into the sun. Still, Graham's is a good face, handsome without being pretty, and superbly suited to the business of evangelism, which, as his people will tell you instantly, has to do with selling a product.

Graham himself lives in Montreat, North Carolina, and although there are Billy Graham offices in, among other places, Paris, London, Frankfurt, Sydney, Buenos Aires, Atlanta, and Burbank, California, his true headquarters are in Minneapolis, which is the home of the Billy Graham Evangelical Association. This is the corporate part of the organization, where the money is kept, and where the actual, as opposed to the symbolic, selling is done. It is found in an old red-brick building, next to a faded hotel and across the street from a car dealer, and it is run by a man called George Wilson. Mr. Wilson is short, cheerful, and mildly plump, and if he were not associated with Billy Graham he would almost certainly be a captain of industry. "We believe the greatest message in the world should be spread by the most effective means and with the greatest haste," he says, and to these ends he has mustered about 450 people, a bank of computers, and a mailroom that works in three shifts.

When it all began, just after the Los Angeles triumph, Mr. Wilson operated with one girl and 600 square feet of office space. Now there are perhaps 160,000 square feet of space, and Mr. Wilson has just bought sixteen acres near the Minneapolis airport for more. (Statistics virtually leap out at you in the headquarters.) Furthermore, the computers use ten miles of eighteen-inch paper

every month, Billy Graham is heard on 900 radio stations each week, and the mailroom sends out eighty million pieces of mail a year (this being significant enough to have led pros from both the Republican and Democratic National Committees to Minneapolis to find out how God's mailing techniques can serve their Caesars).

Billy Graham, or at least the Billy Graham Evangelical Association, will also get nearly 50,000 letters a week, a good many of which will be sent by people who say they have problems and a good many of which will contain contributions. There are about forty kinds of problems, mostly dealing with matters of faith and morals, and they are assorted and answered accordingly. The average contribution is $6, and talk about how much this might mean in round, annual figures tends to make the Graham people nervous, since it might appear that they are shaking the money tree too hard, and this could discourage further contributions.

For years, in fact, snoopy reporters have tried to find evidence that someone in the Graham organization was stealing money, or at least making too much of it. No one found the evidence, and it is just as well to let the thought die. There is a great deal of money around, but there are a great many expenses, too. In a year the Billy Graham Evangelical Association will spend, say, $1.5 million on radio time and more than $3 million on television time. (When Graham appears on TV he is seen on more stations than anyone except the President, and even then only when the President is making a major address.) There is also *Decision*, Billy Graham's monthly magazine, which is tabloid size, about sixteen pages, and has a circulation of four million, including the editions in French, German, Spanish, and Japanese. The annual subscription price is $2. There are also nearly three million sermons that are distributed each year at cost, and the movies that come out of the studios in Burbank. The first, done in 1950 for only $25,000, was called *Mr. Texas*, and it was about a wiseacre cowpoke who made his decision while listening to Graham on the radio. ("All my life," he says at the denouement, "I've been riding on the wrong trail. I'm turning back. I'm going God's way. I think it's going to be a wonderful ride.")

Since then there have been many other movies, and their worth is measured not by what the critics say, since they generally say nothing about them at all, but by numbers. For example, it was recently noted on a sign in the Minneapolis office that *For Pete's Sake* had now been seen in 440 places by 1,284,025 persons, who made 52,478 decisions, while *The Restless Ones*, one of their greatest hits, had been seen in 1,701 places by 4,022,035 persons, who made 305,022 decisio "We're not trying to be the biggest, the greate or anything else," Mr. Wilson says, but it is biggest and greatest evangelical outfit ever, a it got this way mostly because the rallies and C sades that Mr. Graham has been conducting ha been bigger and greater than anyone else's. Fr 1947, when they first began counting, through t end of last year, and with no figures included the times the turnstiles and pocket counters did work, the Graham organization says its man h faced 39,525,522 persons and that 1,188,638 them have come forth to make decisions f Christ.

What He Believ

The man who has stirred so many others is hi self the most engaging of men. It is probable th there are those who have met Billy Graham a disliked him, but there is little record of it, a the people around him sometimes speak of him t way others speak of Him, only more affectionate "There's one particular thing we feel," sa George Wilson, "that God has given us throu the ages a spokesman for His Church, Billy Su day, Dwight Moody, the Wesley brothers, and nc Billy Graham." "I really believe that deep down his heart he loves his enemies," says T. W. Wilso "And in airplane terminals he carries old ladie suitcases and never tells who he is, and he nev passes up the needy when he sees them on t street." "The thrilling thing is that he's still humble as he was at Wheaton," says Walt Smyth, who has known and worked with Bil since about then. "I can't explain the humilit I've never known him to be jealous of any oth human being. Such a sincere individual. He b lieves with every fiber of his being, and when h speaks he speaks with authority—of God."

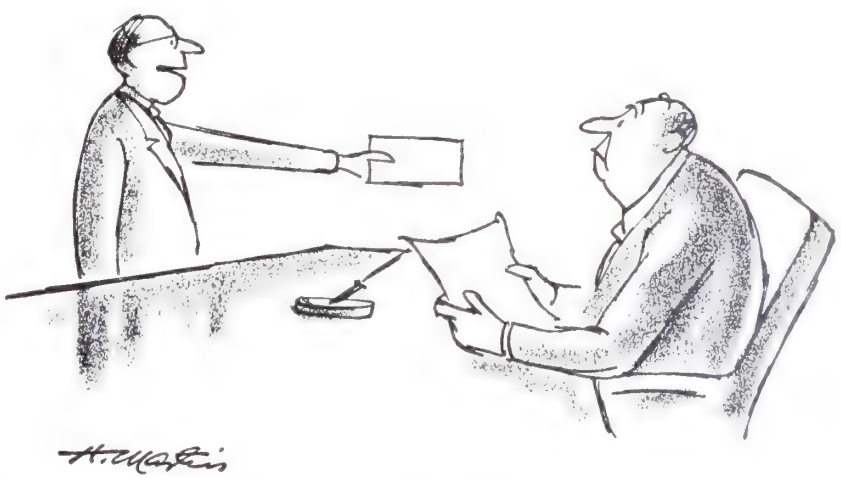
Billy Graham, in fact, is a happy man, wh knows what he knows, and for that matter know who he knows. "I've never felt a moment of d spair," he said not long ago, thereby contradictin the experience of most of his species. He was i New York, where he had taken Richard Nixon t church, visited Archbishop Terence Cooke, con ferred with the editors of *Reader's Digest*, an had been put to bed with a virus. ("Billy said t me," T. W. recalled the next day, "T, can you thin of anything that I've done in my life, anything a all, to deserve these sicknesses?") A visit by Bill Graham is a carefully orchestrated affair in whic there is no room for a virus, and this one, jus

ore the November election, had begun with a ss conference. He was asked about politics, as always is, and he had spoken about the Crusade will hold in New York in June. He also said that considered New York a second home, although was appalled by it, and he guessed that it "has l more social experimentation than any other in the world." (Later, at a luncheon attended businessmen he repeated this, and when he got Memphis a few days later he said that he had t left a city that "has had more social experiitation than any other city in the world.")

Despite this, he said, there are "all kinds of ggings, robbery taking place, even in the rches." There is "culture against culture." ere is "confusion and frustration." Mayor dsay had said that "nobody can instill affection he hearts of others," meaning that legislation go just so far, and Billy said he certainly eed with him. He said New York was ripe for rusade, and that this one would use thousands thousands of volunteers, 25,000 of whom ld do follow-up work, checking on those who le inquiries during the Crusade and seeing to hat they found a home in a New York church. always, he said, he would accept no money for Crusade. The money for it, $924,000, would be sed in New York, and at the end the books ld be audited and the results released to the rches and the press.

n all this he was smooth without being oily, he hardly ever stopped smiling, the smile hav- once been helped by cosmetic dental surgery, although he saw ruination all about him, he nd reasons to rejoice, too. For one thing, there e hippie boots, which hippies, he said, call sus boots." "Many psychologists," he insisted, "say this reflects a longing for Jesus." For another thing, there were the young people who were concerned, involved, longing to get the country right again. "I don't have much sympathy for the tactics of civil disobedience and confrontation," he said, "but the people I'm talking about are that wonderful group of idealists." The reporters, however, wanted to talk about Mr. Nixon. Would he endorse him? He would not, really, although he allowed they had been friends twenty years, and that he had preached not long before at the funeral of Mr. Nixon's mother. The reporters, who had pretty much abandoned the Crusade by then, wanted to know where Billy Graham *really* stood on the issues. "My message is so intensely personal," he said, "that people miss the overwhelming social content." Did he think the people had lost confidence in their elected leaders? Well, maybe, he said. Vietnam? He just didn't know enough about it, but he was certain the United States wasn't over there murdering people the way the Nazis did. "People concerned about the Vietnam war don't seem as concerned about Biafra and the Arab-Israel war," he said, and soon he was noting that his Pittsburgh Crusade had attracted a larger percentage of Negroes than any other Crusade. A little after that he thanked the reporters for coming, stayed around long enough for a camera crew to make a special tape, and then shook hands with old friends all the way to the door.

On the road, which is where he is most of the time, Billy Graham arises at precisely 6:45 (he is the most punctual of men), prays, eats breakfast, and reads newspapers. As he reads he clips out articles, most often ones that tell of national peril or moral decline, and later he stuffs them



"I'm handing in my resignation, Mr. Bedford, and nothing you can say can change my mind except, maybe, 'Vice President.'"

into the pocket of his suit jacket, which is a 43 Long, along with an old wallet full of credit cards and an honorary police badge. Since he is called on for written or spoken words nearly every day of his life, he must find many topics, or at least the semblance of them, and he finds them in the clippings and in the Bible, the verse quite often being John 3:16. Billy Graham spends a great deal of his time in hotel rooms, dining in his room most of the time, and all the rooms are checked out beforehand by an advance man. The underside of a celebrated evangelist's life is that he does not live like you or me, but, dealing as he does in goodness, must worry about fanatics, assassins, hysterics, drunks, Christian bores, pagan boors, and the great legion of enterprising women who would claim him as their own if they could and thereby win headlines, fleeting fame, and a part in a dirty French movie. It is a life like no one else's, other than a Presidential candidate's, and the evangelist does more of it than the candidate, his consolation being that while neither one is truly his own man, he at least has God, while the other has only Mammon.

Among His Ten Best Friends

"Just the loss of privacy is difficult," Graham was saying in one of the hotels. "People may not know who you are, but they're always whispering." He had just won over an audience of businessmen, and now he was sitting, absolutely at ease, in a big leather armchair. His friends say that Billy Graham has found his natural home in a pulpit, but it is possible that he is even better when he confronts just one other person. Artlessness envelops him, sincerity is palpable, and good humor is nearly a weapon.

"When fame first came," he said, "*Time* and Henry Luce began to promote me. That frightened me. I just wish I could pull back some of the things I said. I'm worried that I brought disrepute to the name of Christ." Those were the days when Billy Graham spoke more explicitly than he does now about things like the United Nations and the Supreme Court, wore hand-painted ties, and sometimes appeared with Roy Rogers' horse at children's services. "I had read about the big evangelists, and I knew they were famous only two years, and I thought I'd be famous only two years. But the Lord sent my key men to me. I've never had a disagreement with them, and if nothing else happened the fellowship would still make it worthwhile."

Oddly, for an old country boy, much of the fellowship has been conducted in the council halls f the mighty, which includes that room in Mia Beach where Richard Nixon settled on Spiro Agnew. The question is why, and the answer m be that Billy Graham confirms for our kings a rulers what they believe to be the contours of th lives and the nation's. He does this, I think, wi out raising his voice, which is the voice of country boys and Middle Americans everywhe and without forcing our kings and rulers to a commitment other than to goodness, and goo ness, of course, he passes on by osmosis. Th makes them feel nice. "I've tried to limit my co tact with Presidents to moral and spiritual qu tions," he said. "One President asked my adv on a political question—we were seated around dinner table—and my wife kicked me under t table and said aloud, 'You keep your counsel.' think the next President will face the greate crisis of any President in history, greater th Lincoln's. [This, remember, was just before t election.] You have today the superweapons. Y have this growing polarization with the New Le and the New Right. I foresee by 1972 four maj political parties. The President will have to uni the country, and this will be at a time of risi crime, of the politics of confrontation, at a tir of rising affluence. We're seeing the failure many of our social experiments. We're seeing major revolution. We may come out of it stronger nation or a dictatorship. No, I don know if the dictatorship would be from the rig or the left."

The threat, however, would seem to be from th left. There is much in Billy Graham's preachin of the specter of Antichrist, the great antagoni who will conquer and be conquered, which wi lead to the risen Christ. "Antichrist may be a pe son or a system," Billy Graham said. "If it is person then it will be someone out of a Godles society. The coming of Christ is relatively nea We all thought Russia was changing, but it isn' I was recently given a briefing in Washingto and it was frightening." I did not stop to ask hi why he had been given a briefing, and he went o to talk of other things. "Some people in our soci ety," he said, "have been promised more than th politicians can deliver and they're frustrated.' It is a terrible time, he was saying, and our nex President will need all the support we can giv him.

Would he stand for public office? No. "People have always wanted me to lead a crusade agains Communism," he said, "and there are pressure from the right and the left. I've been approache by both major parties, too. When? Oh, I forget

ıen, but the first time was when Willis Smith ɜd and the North Carolina Democrats wanted have me agree to have the Governor appoint ɜ to the Senate. At least two Presidents have ked me about major jobs, but the Gospel is more ıportant to me than anything else. NBC wanted ɜ to appear opposite Arthur Godfrey at one time, one million dollars a year, and I turned that ɯn, too."

Through all this Billy Graham is smiling, not ercingly, like Mandrake the Magician, the way shop Sheehan did on television, and not a ıarmy smirk, either. It is pleasant and manly. lly Graham once wrote to a friend that "I have en so many pictures of Jesus as a weakling that am sick of it. He was no sissie and He was no ɜakling." He must have been, Graham concluded, traight, strong, big, handsome, tender, gracious, urteous." It is a description of an athletic Eagle ɔout, or of Graham himself, certainly not of a ıort, swarthy Semite, and it is absolutely no good ıocking it. Billy knows what he knows. Jesus oked the way he did because "no sin and mar had ɯe near His body," and Graham frets over his ɯn ailments, wondering if a virus is not a visitaon.

"I try to think of myself as an Ambassador for hrist," he was saying now, and this time he was alking through midtown Manhattan behind a ıir of great dark glasses and under a deerstalker ıt. "Some of the extreme fundamentalists are ıong my most vocal critics and extreme liberals ıink I'm too fundamentalist. But I think the ıst majority of church people support me." He opped at a crowded street corner, waiting for a ght to change, and was jostled by some ladies ith lumpy shopping bags. He smiled from beind his glasses at none of them in particular and oked pleased with himself. Midway across the ıtersection he said that he first met Hubert umphrey in 1949 when they were skinny-dipıng in the pool at the YMCA in Minneapolis, but ıat they have never had much to say to each ther. "But Nixon, I guess, is one of my ten best ɔiends," he said. "I first met him in the Senate afeteria when I was having lunch with Clyde ɔoey, the Senator from North Carolina. He was n old-fashioned man with long flowing hair, and e called Nixon over and said to me, 'I want you ɔ meet him. He's an outstanding young man and e's going places.' Actually, I had met Nixon's arents before that because they had attended ɔme evangelical conferences that I had, too."

A blind Negro stood motionless in the middle of he street, rattling a tin cup. Graham stepped ver, dropped some coins in, and slipped his arm around the man's shoulders. He whispered something, and as he drew away he said, "God bless you." Then he began talking about all the "confusion and frustration" in the city, which was what he had been talking about for the last few days, and he said that New Yorkers seemed to think they lived in the center of the universe. "But when I was in the Fijis," he said, "everyone there believed that was the center of the universe." There was a thought here, but it got lost on the crowded street.

Billy Graham is walking through bright, shining Kennedy Airport, carrying three newsmagazines and the New York *Post*, and resuming a conversation left over from the day before. "Niebuhr is an economic theologian," he says, "Tillich is more of a philosopher, and Barth, we need more men like him. The trend now is toward an evangelical theology. Too many ministers think they're social engineers. They even want to get into the business of deciding where highways should go. You must remember that the worst part of history was in the Dark Ages, when the Church ran everything." For himself, he says, he wants no part of it, and sometimes he thinks his wife has something when she says he should take it easy and just write. Still, he says, there are things to do. Last year he sent George Wilson over to the Cunard Line to buy the *Queen Mary*. Imagine! The *Queen Mary*! He wanted to hold conferences on it. There is also talk that he may found a university. He allows that he may.

When he gets on the plane, carefully taking a window seat, while posting T. W. Wilson on the aisle, no one recognizes him. Then he slips off the dark glasses and another passenger says, "For Christ's sake, Doc, that's Billy Graham." Graham never blinks. When we are aloft, the stewardesses, both of whom have champagne hair, approach him. One says her mother adores him. The other asks for his autograph. All during the flight he is in and out of the dark glasses, chewing gum, skimming through his magazines, and looking gracious every time someone stops by. When I order a bloody mary I hope he will think it is tomato juice. When it comes I say to hell with it and start toying with the swizzle stick. A moment later I stop and move the whole thing to a corner of the tray where he can't see it. Soon, T. W. corks off. The magazine in the seat pocket in front of Billy Graham is called *The American Way*. I stare at him. A lady with a beaded hat and a gold lorgnette stares at him. He stares out the window. There is nothing out there but clouds. I wonder if he knows something we don't.

Harper's Magazine, February 1969

Gay Talese

THE NEW YORK TIMES, PART II: Punch Sulzberger and the 1960s

When Arthur Hays Sulzberger, publisher of The New York Times from 1935 until 1961, died at seventy-seven on December 11, 1968, his funeral in New York City was attended by many of the nation's political and business leaders, among them President-elect Richard M. Nixon. Sulzberger, a modest man, had been eminently successful in taking over The Times upon the death of his grandly patriarchal father-in-law, Adolph Ochs, a vigorous little man who in 1896 had come up from Chattanooga to purchase the declining Times and revive it. When ill health forced Sulzberger to retire in 1961, he was confident that his son-in-law, Orvil Dryfoos, would continue to lead The Times to even greater prosperity and growth through the 1970s. But in 1963, after a long and aggravating newspaper strike, Dryfoos, fifty years old, died suddenly of a heart attack; and within The Times building there followed weeks of intense guessing as to who the next publisher would be . . .

Arthur Hays Sulzberger, who was seventy-two and restricted to a wheelchair because of his heart condition, was not capable of resuming command even briefly. His only son, Arthur Ochs (Punch) Sulzberger, thirty-seven years old, had little executive experience. His background, insofar as it was known in the newsroom, had consisted of a poor scholastic record at several schools, two tours in the Marine Corps, two marriages, and various lower-echelon management jobs within The Times building. Since Dryfoos had appeared to be in good health until the New York newspaper strike, it was assumed by the Sulzbergers that Dryfoos would be the paper's chief executive through the 1970s, and there had meanwhile been no sense of urgency about developing a successor.

Now The Times was in the awkward position of having no family member of experience to step in as Dryfoos had stepped in for Sulzberger, or as Sulzberger had for Adolph Ochs. The selection of another son-in-law to replace Dryfoos was not possible: Richard N. Cohen, the second husband of Dr. Judi Sulzberger Cohen, the youngest of the three Su berger girls, was a successful insurance man; a while he served on The Times' board of directors had little interest in journalism as a career. T other son-in-law, Ben Hale Golden, husband of t Sulzbergers' second daughter, Ruth, did have new paper experience—he was publisher of The Chatt nooga Times; but their marriage was going bad and there would later be a divorce. Mrs. Golden, ho ever, was herself mentioned in the newsroom as possibility in New York. She was an extremely int ligent woman who wrote gracefully and had an ex utive background with The Chattanooga Tim There was also talk of John Oakes' becoming t publisher, or of the publisher's duties being shar somehow by two individuals—a family member mig serve as an overseer of the business side of T Times, while the news side would be under an edit with close personal ties to the family. An obvio choice would be James Reston, who was a particul favorite of Iphigene Sulzberger's.

Iphigene Sulzberger was now seventy-one, but s was as alert as ever. She was active on the board directors—which included, in addition to the Su berger family, such non-family members as Amo Bradford, Eugene R. Black, former head of t World Bank, and Paul Van Anda, son of Carr V Anda. But of the directors, Iphigene Sulzberg seemed undoubtedly the most influential, especial now that her husband was in such poor health. S controlled about two-thirds of the voting stock The Times. Upon her death, her father's fortu would be divided within the family, but she was n very much alive, and while The Times' official stat ments would continue to be made in the name Arthur Hays Sulzberger, the firm hand of Iphige Sulzberger would be helping to form each word.

On June 20th, a little more than three weeks aft Dryfoos' death, a statement from the office of Arth Hays Sulzberger announced that his son, Arth

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)chs Sulzberger, would be the publisher of The 'imes. The new publisher, at thirty-seven, was the oungest chief executive that the paper had ever had. His grandfather, Adolph Ochs, had been five months ast his thirty-eighth birthday when he took over 'he Times in August of 1896.

"It can be truly said," Arthur Hays Sulzberger tated, "that The Times is a family enterprise."

The new publisher was a friendly, unostentatious oung man who had curly dark hair, smoked a pipe, ore Paul Stuart suits, and always said hello to whoever was in the elevator. If he bore any physical reemblance to his distinguished-looking father, it was ot obvious to those in the newsroom; he seemed more n Ochs than a Sulzberger. He had his mother's dark enetrating eyes, and he had Adolph Ochs' large-)bed ears that turned up at the bottom. He was of verage height, square-shouldered and solidly built, et lean enough to fit into the Marine Corps uniform hat he had worn more than a decade ago, and his air was sufficiently close-cropped to pass almost any ilitary inspection. There was no regimental quality bout him, however, not even a trace of rigidity, and n this sense he was unlike the publishers who had receded him. Adolph Ochs had been a model of forıality, a starched figure most comfortable at a disance, a self-made man of Victorian presence who arely lowered his guard in public. While Arthur Hays Sulzberger and Orvil Dryfoos were more mel-)w and genteel, they were nearly always pressured y the tight strings of the title that they had acuired through marriage. Punch Sulzberger was ifferent—he had been *born* to the title, he had grown p within The Times, had skipped through its corriors as a child. He was never awed by the great edi-)rs that he met there, for they had always smiled t him, seemed happy to see him, treated him like a ttle prince in a palace, and he developed early in life sunny, amiable disposition.

He had been born in New York City on February , 1926. His parents had then been married for nine ears, had had three daughters, and it seemed likely hat they might never present the sixty-seven-year-ld Ochs with a male heir. Whether or not Ochs was anicked by this possibility was hard to tell. Ochs had een enchanted in 1918 by the birth of his first grandaughter, Marian (the future Mrs. Dryfoos). She ad arrived during Ochs' period of melancholia, 'hich had deepened as The Times had become emroiled in controversies during World War I (the 'orst of which occurred in September of 1918 with he publication of the famous pro-Austria editorial hat provoked charges of unpatriotism against The 'imes); but the birth of Marian on December 31 of 1918 was seen by Ochs as an auspicious end to a gloomy year.

The Sulzbergers were then living in Ochs' large, darkly ornate house at 308 West Seventy-fifth Street, and upon his return from the office in the evening Ochs would invariably slip into the baby's nursery with his arms filled with new toys. The sounds of the baby thrilled him, the frills of the nursery contrasting cheerfully with the dim decor and statuary that cluttered the house; with only one child of his own, two having died, Ochs could not be casual about a birth in his family.

When a second granddaughter, Ruth, was born three years later on Ochs' own birthday, March 12, it was another extraordinary occasion, and Ochs' ritual of toys was continued, although the Sulzbergers were now occupying another residence nearby. With the birth of a third daughter, Judith, in December of 1923, the Sulzbergers had moved across Central Park into a five-story whitestone building at 5 East Eightieth Street, off Fifth Avenue. But Ochs was still a habitual visitor, and his presence was so pervasive, his affection so boundless, his possessiveness of his daughter Iphigene was so natural, that Arthur Hays Sulzberger sometimes felt a bit out of place. Ochs was the man of the house no matter which house he was in; while his generosity was enormous, it often made the recipient feel a sense of obligation, a response that Ochs did not exactly discourage. Some of Ochs' relatives in Chattanooga and elsewhere also had had this feeling and had quietly resented it. Iphigene was aware of this, but she was too romantic about her father to concern herself unduly about the sensitivities of his benefactors; although, in her husband's case, she tried to make the best of the situation. When her son was born in 1926, and after Ochs gleefully announced that the boy would be spoiled rotten, she decided that his middle name would *not* be Ochs. He would instead be named Arthur Hays Sulzberger, Jr. Six months later, however, her husband persuaded her to alter it to Arthur Ochs Sulzberger—a noble gesture that Ochs appreciated.

The Sulzberger children and many of their cousins spent the summer months at Ochs' home in Lake George, New York, and after he had sold his New York town house and had bought Hillandale, the entire family would often gather there and live in the mansion. It was a fantastic setting for children growing up—the endless rooms to romp through, the private lake, the tennis court, the sprawling lawns, the animals, the procession of distinguished visitors: Franklin D. Roosevelt, Charles Lindbergh, Richard Byrd, Herbert Lehman, David Lilienthal, various musicians and artists, and also Madeleine Carroll, who was one of Arthur Hays Sulzberger's favorite film actresses. (Madeleine Carroll's fourth husband, incidentally, Andrew Heiskell, the *Time* executive, would in 1965 marry Sulzberger's daughter and Dryfoos' widow, Marian.) Of the three Sulzberger girls, Marian was often referred to by family friends as

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"the beautiful one," while the second daughter, Ruth (who would become publisher of The Chattanooga Times after her divorce from Ben Golden), was called "the brilliant one"; and the third girl, Judith (who would become a medical doctor), was "the interesting one" and also very individualistic. Her strict French governess could not easily intimidate her, and Judith was quite frank and outspoken even as a child. One night before being put to bed in the Sulzberger home on East Eightieth Street, her parents had promised that their dinner guest, Admiral Byrd, would later come up to say goodnight to her. When Admiral Byrd did appear and was introduced, the little girl, confused and obviously disappointed, turned to her parents and exclaimed, "*Byrd!* I thought you said *Lindbergh!*" Admiral Byrd tried to seem amused.

Judith and Punch were inseparable as children, and this closeness continued through the years. Since Judith was called "Judy" at home, Arthur Hays Sulzberger began calling his son "Punch," and the nickname was still with him when he became the Times' publisher. As a youth, he had little interest in newspapers, except for the comics, which he read assiduously. Since he was not permitted to play with toy soldiers or guns as a boy—his father was a leading advocate of gun legislation—he would spend considerable time in other children's homes playing with their toys. He was very adept at Chinese Checkers, occasionally beating such opponents as Wendell Willkie and other Presidential aspirants who visited Hillandale, and he was also skillful at hobbies or games that required manual dexterity, having received special tutoring from a manual-arts instructor who lived near Hillandale.

He set up his own train set in the ballroom at Hillandale, enticing as playmates the young men who had come to take out his older sisters. He liked to build tables, to tinker with gadgets, to disassemble machinery, and one day while playing with a little Westchester girl Punch explained to her the mysteries of birth in simple, mechanical terms: the male inserts his organ into the female, Punch said, and then the baby inside grabs hold of it and is pulled out.

Once in school, however, Punch Sulzberger's theories and special talents were of little use, and being unaccustomed to hard discipline, he did poorly. His sister Ruth, in a light recollection of her brother's problems, once wrote in the newspaper's *Times Talk*:

> Nearly every school in the vicinity of New York was graced with Punch's presence at one time or another. They were all delighted to have him, but wanted him as something other than a spectator. One after another confessed that though they found him charming, they were not "getting through" to him. One school kept him rather longer than the others. It turned out that the Headmaster's wife was a sculptress and thought Punch had such a beautiful head that she was using him as a model. Since he did not afford anyone the opportunity to judge what was inside h head, it was gratifying that the outside at lea was admired.

In 1943, at the age of seventeen, Sulzberger le the Loomis School in Windsor, Connecticut, and a plied to the Marine Corps. His parents were n happy about it, but they gave their consent. Wh awaiting his call, he worked as a "screw and bol man in The Times' telephoto department, displayi his great tinker's enthusiasm, and then in Janua of 1944 he was inducted into the Marines and w trained to become a radioman. His drill instructor Parris Island was a tough corporal named Rossid who achieved in a few weeks what a generation educators and The Times family had failed to do twelve years—Punch Sulzberger reacted immediate to orders, he kept up with his class, and he actual enjoyed the rugged life. He also enjoyed being aw from home, which had provided a liberal and lovi atmosphere but also much second-guessing from pa ents and elders: in the Marines the commands we loud and clear, and there was no doubt as to who w the boss. Sulzberger's family connections carried weight with Rossides, nor was Rossides swayed Sulzberger's boyish charm and idle promises, dece tions that had sometimes worked in private scho Decades later, when Sulzberger was The Times' pu lisher, he would remember Corporal Rossides wi gratitude and affection.

During the war, Sulzberger was sent to the Phili pines, serving through the campaigns at Leyte a Luzon, and later he was transferred to Japan. H acted as a naval interceptor operator and also as jeep driver at MacArthur's headquarters. He w promoted to corporal, and then in the spring of 19 —on April 1st, which he thought was a very appr priate date—he was released from the service and w returned to New York. One of the first things th he did was to take a high-school equivalency examin tion so that he might qualify for college. After r ceiving a passing grade—"and armed with the fa that my old man was on the board at Columbia"—l entered Columbia and did very well, occasional making the dean's list. While a student, he marri a very pretty young woman, Barbara Grant, wh lived near Hillandale and had also worked as a Tim office girl on the fourteenth floor. Married in July 1948, they would have a son, Arthur Ochs Sulzberge Jr., and a daughter, Karen Alden.

Punch Sulzberger received his Bachelor of Ar degree from Columbia in 1951, and then he joine The Times as a cub reporter in the newsroom, whe he quickly made what was considered a horrible mi take. Assigned to a banquet with instructions to r port what was said there, Sulzberger unfortunate was away from his table and in the men's room whe it was announced that a substitute speaker would d liver the text instead of the scheduled speaker, wh was unavoidably absent. Sulzberger returned in tim to hear the speech, quoting from it in the short artic that he wrote for the next morning's Times, but h

d not realize that the scheduled speaker was ab-
nt. When The Times was informed of the error,
d was obliged to print a correction, the city editor,
bert Garst, sent for Sulzberger and lectured him
a stern, grim manner worthy of Rossides.

During the Korean war, Sulzberger's unit was re-
lled. After he had earned a commission and had
tended the Armed Forces Information School at
rt Slocum, New York, Sulzberger served in Korea
an assistant public-information officer with the
rst Marine Division. He returned to the United
ates to work in the office of the legislative assistant
the Commandant in Washington, and later in 1952
was released with the rank of first lieutenant and
resumed his newspaper training.

He was now twenty-six, considerably more ma-
re and poised, well-liked around the newsroom,
ger to learn about journalism. And he would learn
good deal during the next few years, but he would
ver become a top reporter, lacking qualities that
e essential and rarely cultivated by such men as
mself, the properly reared sons of the rich. Prying
to other people's affairs, chasing after informa-
n, waiting outside the doors of private meetings
r official statements is no life for the scion of a
wspaper-owning family. It is undignified, too alien
a refined upbringing. The son of a newspaper
ner may indulge in reporting for a while, regard-
g it as part of his management training, a brief
ng with romanticism, but he is not naturally drawn
it. The reportorial ranks are dominated by men
om the lower middle class. It is they who possess
e drive, patience, and persistence to succeed as re-
rters; to them reporting is a vehicle to a better life.
one generation, if their bylines become well-
own, they may rise from the simplicity and ob-
urity of their childhood existence to the inner
cles of the exclusive. They may gain influence with
e President, friendship with the Rockefellers, a
ont-row seat in the arenas of social and political
wer. From these positions they might not only
tness, but influence, the events of their time—as
d James Reston, the son of poor Scottish immi-
ants, as did Arthur Krock and Turner Catledge,
ifton Daniel and Tom Wicker, the sons of the rural
uth; as did A. M. Rosenthal and dozens of other
wish-Americans whose forebears escaped the
ettos of Europe and whose mass arrival in the
nited States was greeted unenthusiastically by
ny prosperous German-Jews, including some
embers of the Ochs and Sulzberger families; and
ndreds of others who identified with the American
tablishment.

Not only on The Times, but on other newspapers,
e news staffs were largely populated by products
the lower middle class—by liberal Jews and less
eral Irish-Catholics from the North, by progres-
e Protestants from the South and Midwest; and,
t unexpectedly, by relatively few Italo-Americans.
e immigrants from Italy took longer to become
miliar with the English language and its litera-
ture, as did other ethnic groups to whom the English language was difficult; they did not produce many newspaper reporters, except in the category of non-writing "legmen" or district men in the police "shacks." Negroes were only tokenly represented in the newsroom for a number of reasons—they lacked the education or incentive, the encouragement or opportunity, or some combination of all of these. On The Times' staff, there was often only one Negro reporter, rarely more than two. Conversely, nearly every one of The Times' elevator operators was a Negro, smiling plantation types in uniform, a hiring practice that had begun with Ochs, who was a conventional Southerner on the issue of race.

The fact that most newspaper reporters descended from lower-middle-class whites did not mean a total absence of the sons of the wealthy and privileged; but few of the latter became outstanding reporters. The job seemed almost antipathetic to their nature. They found newspaper reporting interesting, as did John F. Kennedy, but not for very long. If they did not crave bylines to satisfy their need for a name, having already a family name that guaranteed special consideration, then there was little inclination toward a reporting career except if they liked the irregular life or regarded journalism as an important public service or an instrument for social reform. But the rich could perhaps more adequately satisfy their social conscience and encourage change by buying newspapers and controlling the editorials—or by entering political life and becoming reform candidates or financial supporters of such candidates. But as reporters their privileged past was no asset, and few of them could compete favorably with the hungrier newsmen with more keenly developed instincts—a critical eye, a cynicism and skepticism based on firsthand experience, a total commitment to their craft because it was all that they had. The best reporters, even when not on assignment, were always working. In the middle of a crowd they felt apart, detached observers, outsiders. They remained subconsciously alert for the overheard quote, the usable line, the odd fact or happening that might make a story. They reacted immediately to events in ways that Punch Sulzberger and Orvil Dryfoos—who had also worked briefly as a Times reporter early in his career—could not.

In 1955, Punch Sulzberger, after a year on The Milwaukee Journal, was back on The Times and working as a reporter in the Paris bureau. One day in June of 1955 he was attending the automobile race of Le Mans. He was not assigned to cover it, nor was any Timesman—it was not then the practice of The Times to send staff reporters to many European sports events. Suddenly, one of the drivers lost control of his car. The vehicle jumped the road, went spinning through the air, and plowed into a section of spectators. Eighty-three persons were killed. Punch Sulzberger saw the accident and was horrified by the sight. But it never occurred to him to call The Times.

Sulzberger was returned to the New York office later that year to become an assistant to his father. He was now separated from his wife, Barbara, and he was spending considerable time in the company of Turner Catledge, who was also separated, and with other Catledge cronies who were either having marital difficulties or were so happily married that they could take liberties with their wives, staying out drinking in Sardi's bar or in Catledge's little "club" behind his office on the third floor. Catledge's circle of Timesmen during these years included Joseph Alduino, The Times' controller, and Irvin Taubkin from promotion, both of whom had marriage problems; and also Nat Goldstein, the circulation manager, whose tolerant wife never counted on his appearance at home. Catledge also enjoyed the company of several actors whom he had met around Sardi's—Robert Preston, David Wayne, and Martin Gabel.

Catledge had a very paternal way with young Sulzberger without ever being condescending. He gave advice willingly, but Sulzberger made his own decisions. And this warm relationship would continue through most of the next decade, although their drinking pattern would be altered considerably after they met the women who were to become their second wives. Catledge met Mrs. Abby Ray Izard, a widow, at an editors' convention in 1957, and Punch Sulzberger met a striking brunette divorcee, Carol Fox Fuhrman, at a New York dinner party in 1956. In December of that year Punch Sulzberger and Carol Fuhrman were married.

The new Mrs. Sulzberger objected to the nickname "Punch," preferring to call him Arthur. "Punch" was a reminder of a troubled boyhood that was part of the past, and she hoped that he would be seen for what he was to her—a sensitive and quick-thinking young man with commendable qualities that had long been obscured by his more obvious easy manner and his old image. There were some Times executives, like Catledge and a few others, who also felt that Sulzberger was capable of major responsibilities on The Times, if given a chance, but until 1963 that chance did not come. Orvil Dryfoos was running the paper and was assisted by Amory Bradford; neither was very impressed with Sulzberger and both thought that it might be better if he learned the newspaper business elsewhere. As a minor executive he had little to say or do on the fourteenth floor. He sometimes attended the four o'clock news conference and was seen around the third floor, a clean-cut dark-eyed young man puffing a pipe, smiling, then looking up at the walls in the newsroom inspecting the paint or scrutinizing the air-conditioning ducts, appearing to be endlessly fascinated by the mechanical system and machinery around the building. He knew a great deal about automation and the new equipment being used in The Times' West Coast and European editions. His opinions on news coverage, however, were rarely solicited or expressed, and he was often ignored by some top Timesmen. Even James Reston, when he would come flying into New York fr Washington, would, after a quick handshake a hello, breeze past Sulzberger into the office of t publisher, Orvil Dryfoos. Dryfoos was a vigoro man not yet fifty, the man who was expected to dir the paper through the next two decades. Sulzber was in his thirties, and he seemed younger.

* * *

The death of Dryfoos and the elevation f Sulzberger brought sudden changes to T Times. Top executives were replaced, either transfer to newly created positions or by res nations, alliances were re-formed, and a n style began to emerge at the top of The Tim Not surprisingly, given Sulzberger's youth a propensities, the computer was about to ma its entrance into the Times building. And January 1964 came the rather stunning a nouncement that the paper would be discontin ing its Western edition, a cherished project Dryfoos, on the grounds that the project h proved a failure. —The Editors

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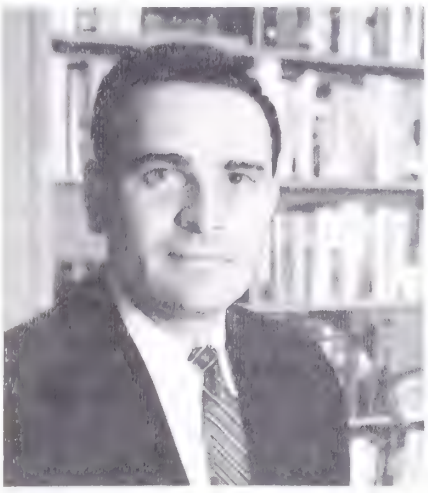
In another move to modernize The New York Time to centralize its executive authority and elimina the last of the ancient "dukedoms," Punch Sulzberg decided that Turner Catledge would be appointed the newly created title of "executive editor." Th title would give Catledge unquestioned authori over Lester Markel's Sunday department, over Re ton's bureau in Washington, and over all Timesm in the newsroom and in the bureaus around the n tion and overseas. Catledge had been envisioning th arrangement for nearly twenty years. Now he ha it. He would not have had it if Orvil Dryfoos ha lived, or if other events had not prematurely o curred, or if Punch Sulzberger had not been a pa of Catledge's little backroom "club"—but such spec lation was of minor significance at this point: Turn Catledge, at the age of sixty-three, slightly ove weight, ailing with the gout, a large, tall, flaccid ma with a round red face, slack jaw, quick, darting dar eyes that missed almost nothing, a soft and courtl manner that had long defied description, preventin most people in the newsroom from knowing exactl whether he was a corporate genius or a lucky bum bler—Catledge was now to become so eminent in Th Times news department that Arthur Krock in Wash ington would remark with an inflated sigh, "I hesi tate to breathe his name."

Catledge, who had been managing editor fron 1951 to 1964, would be serving as a kind of regent t young Sulzberger. Sulzberger had much to lear about the news department, and he wanted to hav at his side the one man who knew it all. Catledge' vast experience made him the obvious choice, al though even Catledge would have only a keen sens of what was going on under him, for the department was now too large, too spread-out and mobile to b kept constantly in check even by computers. The new

epartment consisted of almost 20 per cent of The imes' total employment of more than 5,000—about ,000 people who in various ways, in various cities, elped to produce the daily and Sunday editions of he Times. Not counting the senior editors in New ork or the foreign correspondents, or the secre- aries in bureaus, or the stringers, or chauffeurs; ot counting The Times' national correspondents round the United States and in Washington; not ounting the women's-news staff on the ninth floor f The Times building, or the supporting casts on ther floors, but counting only the news personnel on ie *third* floor, there were about 200 staffers under ie New York editor, fifty-nine under the financial ews editor, fifty-two under the sports editor, forty nder the cultural-news editor, twenty-five under the icture editor.

The entire news department at home and abroad— ncluding copyboys, clerks, copyreaders, foreign cor- espondents, sub-editors, senior editors—would run p an annual operating bill of approximately $11 illion to the Sulzberger family. The cost of pub- shing The New York Times each year—the cost of aper, ink, machinery, the delivery trucks, trains, lanes, the salaries and expenses of Timesmen every- here, and the taxes—would be more than $134 mil- on. If the projected earnings were accurate, if there ere no long strikes or unforeseen liabilities, or re- essions, The Times would realize from its advertis- ng revenue, its circulation sale and smaller inciden- als, between $136 million and $137 million. Thus the rofit from owning what is regarded as the greatest ewspaper in the world would not be enormous—a bit ore than $2.6 million.

To increase that profit Sulzberger did not want to eopardize tradition or the uniqueness of The Times verage. A Times editor should never give a second nought to tossing out an ad in making room for an nportant late-breaking story. The Times should con- nue to publish long texts of speeches that few peo- le read, as well as such historical documents as the 'arren Commission's Report on the assassination ' President Kennedy, which would fill forty-eight ages of a Times edition in September of 1964. And) Sulzberger believed that the advertising rates ould go up, and so did Andrew Fisher and Ivan eit; but the advertising manager, Monroe Green, elt differently. A rate increase might cause a decline advertising linage, which was Green's special urce of pride, his batting average, and he was re- ctant to change the rules under which his depart- ent had dominated all other New York newspapers advertising linage for many years. In 1964 Green's epartment had recorded 67.7 million lines of adver- sing, bringing $100 million into The Times' treas- ' ; The New York Herald Tribune had printed only 3.5 million lines at lower rates, and Green saw no eason to tamper with this kind of success. Green so felt a bit uneasy about young Sulzberger. When rthur Hays Sulzberger had been the publisher, reen's judgment had rarely been questioned, but now Green felt changes in the wind, he felt somehow threatened by Fisher's closeness to the new publisher. There had been rumors that Punch Sulzberger hoped to someday bring Green's advertising department, Veit's promotion-circulation depart ment, and Fisher's production department under one head, as the news divisions were about to be consoli-



PUNCH SULZBERGER

dated under Turner Catledge. It was said that Sulzberger liked the chain-of-command management style of the Marine Corps, a single line of authority from top to bottom. Whether this could work at The New York Times remained to be seen, although Green had little doubt that Sulzberger would attempt it. Sulzberger had already revealed such an inclination with his decision to unify the daily and Sunday news staffs under one editor; and Sulzberger's official statement, when it was finally announced on September 1, 1964, gave insight perhaps into his general approach to running The Times. In naming Catledge to supervise the entire news operation, the daily as well as Sunday sections, Sulzberger added, "I feel that we are recognizing the current trends in our operations and their future course."

The elevation of Turner Catledge was reported in The Times on the first page of the second section, on September 2, 1964. The article was accompanied by photographs of Catledge and five other editors who would be affected by the move—Markel, Daniel, and Reston, Tom Wicker and Daniel Schwarz. But the wording of the article was couched in such corporate vagueness, was so lacking in the *interpretation* that The Times now deemed essential to modern reporting, that it is doubtful whether any outsider understood the full significance of the story. If there had been an executive reorganization in the television industry or the State Department, or if there had been a bureaucratic shuffle in Romania, then The Times would have opened up its columns to clear reportage, interpretative analyses and editorials; cold facts interspersed with speculation ("According to informed sources . . ."); but no newspaper, including The Times, is very informative about its own executive maneuvers. And so there was no hint of the behind-

the-scenes jockeying, the tension and despair, that had occurred within The Times organization during the weeks prior to Sulzberger's public decision to end the dukedoms and to centralize the news flow under Catledge. The article in The Times made it seem that the principal figures were all being calmly, cheerfully moved up to greater challenges within the institution. The four-column headline over the article and photographs read: *"Catledge Named Executive Editor of Times,"* and the smaller headlines banked underneath: *"Markel, Reston Raised to Associate Editors—Schwarz Sunday Chief; Daniel Managing Editor—Wicker Will Direct Washington Bureau."* And the article began, routinely: "Six major changes in editorial assignments for The New York Times were announced yesterday by Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, publisher."

When Lester Markel first learned of Sulzberger's plan, he was furious. Markel was seventy years old. He had built The Sunday Times into an American institution, a five-pound package thick with advertising and with a circulation that was climbing slowly but steadily toward 1.5 million. Now, suddenly, Markel saw his whole life's career being undermined by what he considered the negative trends of the paper—not only by Catledge's collectivist ambitions that were being fulfilled by Sulzberger; not only by the theories and innovations of such third-floor editors as Theodore Bernstein, who had introduced the "Man in the News" profile and other daily background features that had intruded somewhat into Markel's former prerogatives—but Lester Markel was now equally concerned with what he sensed as a tendency to change The New York Times from a "good gray lady" into a swinging operation with circulation trucks boasting: *"If You're Without It, You're Not With It."* The Times had achieved uniqueness, Markel believed, not from being *with* it in an ultramodern superficial sense, but rather by remaining always a bit *above* it. This did not mean that The Times had failed to cover trends—Ochs' Times had, in fact, led the way in covering the great scientific discoveries, the preludes to wars, the major questions and debates of every decade—but Ochs' Times had not been swayed by popular fads and froth; it had remained remote, a little stodgy and stiff, a manner that Ochs had fancied. Even when The Times had stopped to report the great murders or scandals of the Twenties or Thirties, it did so with a tone of Victorian restraint. As late as 1942 The Times was referring to Frank Costello, the racketeer, as a "sportsman." And in the Twenties, when Markel had asked Ochs why The Times was devoting as much space as The Daily News to the scandalous Hall-Mills case—a still-unsolved murder in which the Reverend Hall and his choir mistress, Mrs. Mills, were discovered slain under a crab-apple tree in New Jersey—Ochs had replied, "When the Daily News prints it, it is sex; when *we* print it, it is sociology."

Now, despite his vigorous health and his even more vigorous protests, Markel was being replaced as t Sunday editor. Markel was aware of his unflatteri reputation, but he had been hired by Ochs forty-o years ago to do a job, and he had done it; and he a tributed much of his personal reputation to emb tered writers who had failed to meet his test—a there were some who admired Markel, such as t deskman in the Sunday department who said, "T trouble with Markel is that he's always right Marilyn Monroe, with whom Markel had occasional dined, and whom he had once escorted through T Times building, had considered him charming a brilliant, and there were others who sensed a tende ness and great vulnerability beneath Markel's te rorizing exterior. Markel had been absolutely sha tered when he had not been invited to Broo Atkinson's testimonial party at Sardi's. It had be a grand affair attended by the top names on Broa way and by every major executive on The Times. B Mrs. Atkinson, in reviewing the guest list in advanc had eliminated Markel from the group. This h quickly become the talk of The Times building, a when Orvil Dryfoos had arrived at Sardi's, the fir thing he had asked was, "Is Markel here?" When to that he was not, Dryfoos, shaking his head, had e claimed, "Boy, I'm going to catch hell tomorrow."

But Punch Sulzberger possessed none of the trad tional timidity toward Markel. While appreciative Markel's enormous contribution, and respectful his approach, Sulzberger nevertheless insisted, in face-to-face meeting with Markel, that Markel r linquish the Sunday editorship to Daniel Schwar a judicious and well-liked man who had been Markel assistant since 1939. Schwarz would now be answe able to Catledge. Markel would move up to the fou teenth floor as an "associate editor," would get h name printed on the editorial-page masthead ea day, and would work in the newly established depar ment of public affairs, which was concerned with "t advancement of a better-informed public." Mark would continue to serve as the host on his educa tional-television news show, being regularly joine by Tom Wicker and Max Frankel, and he would als deal broadly with The Times' expanding ventures i adult education, radio, and books. Of course, all th prose-padding and euphemisms in the world woul not belie the fact that Markel was being kicked u stairs, an event that inspired no great protest o the eighth floor. And yet in this inglorious time o his life, Markel somehow revealed a strength o character that was admirable. Instead of wallowin in self-pity, or walking out in a huff, or being de stroyed with humiliation, Markel—after an initi outburst of anger—accepted the inevitable and pro ceeded to move up to his new office on the fourteent floor. There he worked energetically in the month that followed and eventually he expanded his assign ment in scope and importance. Within a few yea he would take on such newer responsibilities as th chairmanship of The Times' "Committee of th Future," which Markel, adapting to space-age ja

on, would call "COMFUT"; this committee, whose membership included other executives and research assistants, was to ascertain what effect social changes and technological advances will have on newspapers general, and The Times in particular, in the coming decades. The committee would try to perceive which human habits will prevail, how non-working hours will be utilized in the 1970s and 1980s, and how the Times can best meet the challenges of this new scene. Some of the Markel committee's research could be done in an office within The Times, while much of it would be farmed out to scientific research organizations.

And so Markel's energies would continue to propel, though the fragility of his ego would be shown by the fact that he rarely set foot into the Sunday department after Sulzberger had removed him.



TURNER CATLEDGE

When the preliminary word of Sulzberger's reorganization plan first reached the Washington bureau, the reporters and other staffmen were shocked, but not surprised. They conveyed the impression that nothing from New York, no matter how preposterous, would surprise them. For two years now, or ever since Salisbury's promotion to national editor in 1962, and since Clifton Daniel's ascendency as the assistant managing editor under Catledge, the Washington bureau had felt the bombardment of hindsight from the New York office. If it was not Daniel claiming that The Washington Post or The Wall Street Journal had published something that The Times had not, then it was Harrison Salisbury on the telephone relaying his story ideas, his suspicions, and questions.

Unknown to nearly everyone during this period, Reston was contemplating his resignation. He had been deeply disappointed that no member of the Sulzberger family had consulted him during those weeks after Dryfoos' death and before Punch Sulzberger's appointment as the publisher. This was odd, considering how close Reston had always been to the family. But in retrospect, it was also revealing. Reston, at least for the present, was out of the inner circle. Reston had delivered the Orvil Dryfoos eulogy at the funeral, and then had returned to Washington as the Sulzbergers and the directors had gathered in secret session to select the successor. There had been rumors of Reston's playing a key role in New York, but nobody had approached him, and this had disturbed and confused him. If he had been offered the executive editor's job, he might have turned it down. Reston liked living in Washington, and had never liked New York; and yet he would have appreciated the opportunity to consider the job. Now he did not know exactly where he stood. He was outranked by Catledge, that was clear. When Dryfoos was alive, Reston had been *officially* under Catledge, but in actuality he was not. Reston had immense pride, and he could not accept the situation as it now stood, and he seriously considered accepting the impressive offer extended him by his close friend, Katharine Graham, president of The Washington Post Company. In a position at The Post, Reston would not only continue as a syndicated columnist but he would also have a hand at guiding her newspaper as well as the company's other publication, *Newsweek*. Reston would receive enough money and stock benefits to guarantee that he and his family would be quite rich, and no doubt he could lure to The Washington Post a few of the very best young Timesmen. So during the summer he gave serious thought to quitting, and discussed it with such friends as Walter Lippmann. In the end, however, Reston decided to remain at The Times.

There was no newspaper like The Times, no other medium that each day reached the people whom Reston wanted to reach with his words and thoughts. Reston could get along without The Times, and vice versa, but that was of minor importance. By staying with The Times, and concentrating on his column, he was more influential with American policy makers, with the power brokers of the nation and the leaders abroad, than he would be if he quit at triple the money. Reston believed that The Times *alone* had the audience that moved America. The President of the United States read it every morning, and so did the Congress, and so did seventy embassies in Washington, including the Russians. More than half the college presidents in the United States read the Times, and more than 2,000 copies were sold each day at Harvard, more than 1,000 at Yale, 700 at Chicago, 350 at Berkeley. These were the people that Reston wished to influence—the establishment of today, the establishment of tomorrow: he was the establishment columnist, and he could be that only on The Times.

Reston also loved the paper. He had once told his number-two man in the Washington bureau, Wallace Carroll, that he would sooner divorce his wife than quit The Times. This was, of course, not even close to the truth—Reston had debated quitting The Times in 1953, until Krock had stepped down as bureau chief; but there was no doubt that Reston was a Timesman in the old sense, a man emotionally com-

mitted to the institution as a way of life, a religion, a cult. He had joined The Times in 1939, had grown with it, had used it, had been used by it—they had been a wonderful combination, and Reston, at fifty-four, still had a considerable way to go. And so he decided to remain on The Times and see what was ahead for himself and for it. Young Sulzberger was now feeling his oats. The paper was in a state of transition. Arthur Hays Sulzberger was too ill to influence it, being confined to a wheelchair, and being so stricken with heart attacks that he was now a thin, drawn figure, so different from his handsome photographs and his large portrait in The Times building. Iphigene Sulzberger had the financial power but her only son was now the publisher, the hope of the future, and she would not interfere at this point. Punch Sulzberger had spent much of his lifetime being second-guessed by people who knew better or thought they knew better, but those days were gone, as were most of those people. All that Reston could do was to try to understand the Sulzberger that he had never known, to perhaps build a working relationship that would deepen with time into a warm friendship. And so Reston flew to New York and spent amiable hours with Sulzberger shortly before the decision about Catledge was to be announced. Sulzberger listened, but he was not now responsive to the idea of altering his plan. Catledge was to be the boss of the news department, indisputably responsible for the whole news section—everything except the editorial page, which would remain under Sulzberger's cousin, John Oakes. Reston could not, under these conditions, continue to serve as the bureau chief, and so at his own request Reston asked to be relieved of his title and to select his successor. Reston would become, like Markel, an "associate editor," and would continue to occupy an office in the Washington bureau from which he would write his column. Sulzberger did not want to lose Reston, and he was relieved and delighted that Reston would remain, and he was agreeable to Reston's selecting his own successor. Reston chose Tom Wicker. Sulzberger did not know Wicker well, but he admired his reporting.

Wicker is a tall, raw-boned, ruddy-complexioned Southerner with thick fingers and alert narrow eyes and a heavy jaw which, when he first applied to The Times for a job in 1958, was partially concealed by a reddish beard. He was then in his early thirties and had not had much experience as a journalist, although he did have interesting credentials. He had already written five novels, three under a pseudonym, that captured some stark scenes of violence and sex and politics in rural settings, and in 1957 he had won a Nieman Fellowship in journalism at Harvard after having worked the previous six years on the staff of The Winston-Salem Journal in North Carolina, his native state. Wicker was the son of a railroad man and had been reared in the poverty of the Depression in a small place called Hamlet. Like Clifton Daniel, he had gotten his degree in journalism from the University of North Carolina, but this did not result in any preferential treatment for Wicker; it might have had a reverse effect, making Daniel more aware and critical, especially when Wicker came into The Times newsroom with that beard. Nobody on The Times reportorial staff then wore a beard except a foreign correspondent recently returned from Turkey, and he was quickly transferred to Jersey City.



JAMES RESTON

Shortly after Wicker had completed his fellowship at Harvard, he joined the staff of The Nashville Tennessean, and then in 1960, his beard shaved off, he appeared again at The Times, this time in Reston's bureau in Washington, and he was hired. He became one of Reston's boys and four years later, at the age of thirty-eight, Reston's successor as bureau chief. It was an incredibly quick rise made possible by The Times' great shift in the Sixties and also by Wicker's talent as a journalist. Wicker was a driven man, sensitive and tough, one who had become resigned without bitterness to the probability that he would never make it as a novelist, although he could never completely understand the success of some of his contemporaries, Updike and Roth and others, men who wrote well but, it seemed to Wicker, knew little about the world around them.

But Tom Wicker had less time to ponder contemporary American taste in fiction once he joined The Times. Suddenly he became caught up in the current of journalism, the daily opiate of the restless. He traveled cross-country with politicians, wrote his stories on airplanes and in the backs of busses. He wrote easily under deadline pressure and liked the life that, through his position on The Times, brought him a recognition that would most likely have eluded him had he continued to take the long, solitary gamble of the novelist. As a journalist Wicker could usefully employ other assets, too, among them a disarming country-boy manner that he did not attempt to modify, it being no handicap in Washington, it being almost an asset, in fact, during the early Administration of Lyndon Johnson, a fellow Southerner, the onetime farmboy and rural schoolteacher: Wicker's coverage of Johnson showed a depth of understan-

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spare ribs, fish or steak
I love thy taste in brownies,
in fudge and chocolate cake
I love the way you make desserts
an extra special treat,
I love thee in Kahlúa Kups of
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g that was not so evident during the Kennedy ars.

In addition to Wicker's great interest in politics d people, he possessed a quick mind and an ability articulate what was on his mind. Like many South- n journalists, Wicker often talked better than he ote. And he wrote well. He probably could have ade good on television as a commentator, and he s effective when debating on panel shows, making s points with long Faulknerian sentences mixed th regional metaphors and wit, coated in a Carolina cent. Sulzberger endorsed Wicker as the next ashington bureau chief, not fully anticipating the ect that it would have on the New York editors, o now would be unable to select a man of their own posing to solve what they considered the problems Washington coverage, the cronyism, the lack of agination and drive. And there would also be two mesmen in Washington who would not be elated the selection of Wicker, one of these being Max ankel.

Frankel had nothing personal against Wicker, but ankel, who had been almost a child prodigy on The mes, now felt that the quick pace of his earlier de- opment had stalled; and his failure to become the reau chief, at the age of thirty-four, did little to ieve his anxiety. He had become a Times reporter twenty-one, in the summer of 1951, between his nior and senior years at Columbia. He had begun iting for The Times as a Columbia campus cor- spondent in 1949. Those were the Eisenhower years Columbia, and it had been a very important assign- nt for a young correspondent, and Frankel had de the most of the opportunity. He was an alert ng man, politically oriented and curious, rather cky, bespectacled, round-faced, fast-stepping—one whom the drama of World War II had not been rned out of a history text, but had rather been felt sonally by himself and his family.

Max Frankel had been born in Gera, Germany, now the East Zone, and had lived near Leipzig for ht years until his family was expelled in a mass ndup of Jews of remotely Polish ancestry. Driven the German-Polish border by the Gestapo, the ankels were finally admitted to temporary resi- ce in Cracow, Poland. In 1939 he returned to rmany with his mother, who was trying to arrange emigration to the United States. His father, re- ining in Poland, soon was fleeing the Nazi armies l was later taken into custody by Soviet authori- s, who tried him as a German spy and gave him a ice between Soviet citizenship and a fifteen-year tence of hard labor in Siberia. Jacob Frankel se the latter, vaguely hoping to someday rejoin wife and son, who had meanwhile obtained from Gestapo an exit permit and had sailed from Hol- d for the United States, arriving in Hoboken, w Jersey, in the winter of 1940. They settled in Washington Heights section of New York, not from the George Washington Bridge, in an area of refugees sometimes called the "Fourth Reich." There Frankel attended public schools, studying hard, and after the war his father, released from a Soviet prison, rejoined the family, later opening a small dry-goods store in West Harlem. Frankel graduated in 1948 from the High School of Music and Art in New York, where he had edited the school newspaper; then he worked six months for the United World Federalists as an Addressograph machine operator, and then, winning a New York State scholarship, he enrolled at Columbia. His rise from campus correspondent and editor-in-chief of The Columbia Daily Spectator to The New York Times' staff was rapid, as was his elevation to a prominent place on the staff.

One night on rewrite, after two years in the United States Army, he quickly wrote the dramatic story of the Atlantic collision of the *Andrea Doria* and the *Stockholm*. Soon after that, Frankel became a Times correspondent in Vienna, then Belgrade, then Moscow. In 1961, after ten years of extensive and varied experience, Frankel joined Reston's bureau. In the next two years he covered the State Department, the White House, occasionally the Pentagon, the CIA, the Congressional committees and foreign embassies. When Reston decided to relinquish his bureau job, Frankel was ready for something other than just straight reporting.

Two days after Wicker's appointment as bureau chief, Max Frankel resigned. In a long and emotional letter to Punch Sulzberger, Frankel announced that he was joining *The Reporter*, where he hoped to have the freedom to write on national as well as international subjects, official as well as human affairs; to travel freely, to deliver lectures, to teach occasionally, to appear on television, to see if he could make the grade as a writer, not merely a reporter; to write with a subjectivity that in The Times' news columns is forbidden. Frankel wanted to become more his own man, he suggested to Sulzberger. But then after he had sent the letter, Frankel had a rather sudden change of mind. The Times loomed larger, the outside world seemed less enticing, he could not break



TOM WICKER

the knot. Finally, and with considerable embarrassment, Frankel sent a telegram to *The Reporter*'s editor, Max Ascoli, stating that he had withdrawn his resignation from The Times—he simply could not leave.

The second Times reporter in Washington who had hoped to succeed Reston was a cool, lean, well-scrubbed-looking, intense, and brilliant young man named Anthony Lewis. At thirty-seven, Lewis was three years older than Frankel, and he was Frankel's opposite in many ways. Whereas Frankel could be emotional, Lewis seemed tightly contained at all times, incredibly controlled, his orderly mind concentrating only on those things that were relevant now, at this second, and he was careful not to overstate his case or overstep his boundaries. His handwriting was an exquisite example of perfect letter formation, neatness, clarity of communication. His eyes were brightly alert, and his hairline, receding beyond an already high forehead, made him appear almost tonsured. His voice was soft, sometimes warm and friendly, and with just an edge of tension when things displeased him. He had been born in New York, had attended Horace Mann, a private school, and then had gone to Harvard, graduating in 1948. Even now, sixteen year later, he somewhat symbolized in appearance, if not in fact, the Ivy League style of that postwar period—conservative. Brooks-bred, conditioned to blending, accentuating the symbols of similarity, toning down any natural eccentricities or temptations. Only those who knew him well, or with whom he was sufficiently impressed and thus responsive, sensed the interesting man beneath—the connoisseur of opera, the serious man married to a tall blithe student of modern dance, the superb mimic of W. C. Fields, the charming dinner guest. Few reporters in the Times bureau knew this side of him. They knew mainly the perfectionist, the serious and hard-working reporter who had won a Pulitzer in 1955 for a series of articles on the federal loyalty-security program, while working for The Washington Daily News. Then he had won a second Pulitzer in 1963 for his reporting on the Supreme Court. It had been Reston's idea, encouraged by Justice Felix Frankfurter, to have a Timesman specialize in the coverage of law. Lewis drew the assignment, returning to Harvard for a year on a Nieman Fellowship to study law. And Justice Frankfurter later said of Lewis' Supreme Court coverage, "There are not two members of the Court itself who could get the gist of each decision so accurately in so few words." In 1964 Lewis published an important book concerning a landmark decision of the Supreme Court, *Gideon's Trumpet*, which was excerpted in

And yet if Reston had selected Lewis as his replacement, there were Timesmen in Washington who said they would resign. He was too coolly ambitious and driven, they believed, lacking the easy congeniality of a Reston or a Wicker. In New York, some editors felt that Lewis, who had also specialized, covering the Justice Department, had become ove enamored of Attorney General Robert F. K nedy, developing a friendship that was possibl burden on Lewis' objectivity. Reston was aware of this, and while he was proud of Lewis and liked h personally, he thought that Wicker would be m suitable as the head of the bureau than eit Frankel or Lewis.



MAX FRANKEL

Anthony Lewis was deeply disappointed by R ton's decision. And when he had the opportunity become the London bureau chief, he took it. He placed Sydney Gruson, who was returning to N York as the foreign editor, replacing Emanuel Freedman, who was becoming assistant manag editor, joining Theodore Bernstein and Robert Ga Harrison Salisbury, who had vacated his natio news editor's job to an energetic Atlanta-born porter named Claude Sitton, was also moving up become an assistant managing editor under the ne appointed managing editor, Clifton Daniel.

During all this shifting, and before turning Washington bureau over to Tom Wicker, James R ton had arranged one other detail with Punch Su berger that seemed very inconsequential at the ti but as events would transpire in the years ahead would perhaps rank as a marvelously astute mo one that would reveal something of the Reston mind—its awareness of corporate whimsy, its kno edge of how executive wives can sometimes build bridges that can more tightly bind their husban Reston, knowing that Sulzberger and his wife, Ca would be going on a trip to Europe after the Nove ber election, planted the idea with Sulzberger of viting Wicker and Wicker's wife, Neva, to accompa them. This would be an ideal opportunity for Su berger to get to know more intimately his new bure chief, and Sulzberger agreed. These executive tri could be disastrous, Reston knew—the constant co panionship could magnify personality differences, result in hours of boredom in the middle of the A lantic, or there was always the chance that the wiv would not get along. Or such trips could produce h

ious results, bringing a young publisher and a ng journalist closer as men, ultimately producing haps the kind of friendship that had begun in the ties when Reston had taken trips with Arthur ys Sulzberger—and it is possible that Turner Catge would never have become managing editor in 1 if he had not proved to be such a compatible nking companion for Arthur Hays Sulzberger in 4 during their Pacific junket. So the executive was a gamble—a source of envy to those executes who had been left at home, but perhaps a great n to the executive who accompanied the boss; in case, Reston thought that it was a chance worth ing, for Wicker would have to emerge as a major re on the paper if the bureau was not to be comely swallowed up by New York. Reston was also fident that Wicker and Sulzberger would get ng. They were both the same age, were both very ormal, and they both were married to pretty young nettes. Neva Wicker was a delicate and winsome th Carolina girl who knew when *not* to talk. Carol zberger sensed simplicity and sincerity in people admired it, and she had barely met Neva Wicker had only briefly talked with Tom Wicker.

o it was arranged—a month's trip to Europe in vember of 1964, just Punch and Carol Sulzberger, n and Neva Wicker. And, as Reston had imagined, ch Sulzberger got along well with Wicker—and ir wives got along very well.

* * *

Talese's book traces the delicate lines of movement and intrigue within The New York Times up through a dramatic climax in 1968: a struggle between New York and the Washington bureau that culminated in Reston's acquiring unexpected power.

But the somber signs for New York were evident for some time before—particularly in the case of Clifton Daniel. In the excerpt below, Daniel begins to experience challenges and reversals that presage the trouble ahead.

—The Editors

* * *

uring his twenty-two years on The Times, Daniel played by the rules, had never stepped out of line gone over Catledge's head. Daniel had sulked on asion, as in 1953 when hearing that Drew Middleton had been appointed the London bureau chief inad of himself, but Daniel had submitted finally to wishes of The Times. He had conceded that The es' purpose was more important than an individual's preference—he liked to think of The Times unctioning somewhat along the lines of the English monarchy: despite its variety of weak or great rs, the monarchy had perpetuated itself from tury to century, maintaining its formality and lition and its predictable line of succession.

s a Timesman, Daniel had respected this system. It had brought him compensation and an identity with greatness, and it would hopefully continue to do so unless the system was abruptly altered by the young publisher. This prospect had not concerned Daniel during Sulzberger's first two years at the top —Sulzberger had then seemed to be gently and effectively guided by Turner Catledge. But during the late summer of 1966, and into the fall and winter, things had occurred within the organization that had made Daniel uneasy. Decisions that had seemed imminent were suddenly changed; there seemed to be a subtle shifting of attitude, of pondering and postponing from Catledge's back office. It was as if Catledge's regentship were now being counterbalanced by the weight of an emerging figure from above.

The plan to hire a team of psychologists under the auspices of an independent research firm—Daniel Yankelovich, Inc., of 575 Madison Avenue—to sample the thinking of Times employees seemed rather injudicious. Not only was it an open admission that all was not well within, but it seemed contrary to Times policy to permit outsiders to probe into the paper's internal affairs, and it also suggested a lack of confidence in the editors' ability to analyze the situation and deal with it. There were other things, too, that had begun to concern Daniel. There were the continuing rumors that his chief aide, Harrison Salisbury, might be transferred out of the news department. And there was the unexpected survival of Tom Wicker as the Washington bureau chief after Wicker had been told by Catledge during the summer that he would have to relinquish the bureau if he wanted to take over Arthur Krock's column upon Krock's retirement, at age of seventy-eight, on October 1, 1966. Wicker had agreed, saying that if forced to choose between running the bureau and writing the column, he would take the column. But then somehow, after becoming a columnist, Wicker had also managed to hold onto his title as bureau chief.

But what had most directly and personally perturbed Clifton Daniel during the late summer of 1966, was the abrupt dismissal, on orders relayed by Catledge, of the theater critic, Stanley Kauffmann, whom Daniel had hired eight months before and whose work he admired. Kauffmann had come to The Times from *The New Republic*, where he had been the film critic, but he had also had a background in the theater; he had been trained for the theater through four years of college, had spent ten years in a repertory company devoted to classics, had written and published plays, had directed in summer theaters and elsewhere, and between 1963 and 1966 he had been the drama critic of the educational television station in New York, Channel 13. Before being hired Kauffmann had been invited by Daniel and Salisbury to The Times building for conversations about the so-called "cultural explosion" in America, the affluent society's fling with the arts, and how The Times had responded to this by forming, in 1962, a cultural-news department with a staff of forty to examine, report, and appraise the cultural scene. It

had worked out quite well, Daniel and Salisbury conceded, but they were not entirely satisfied with some of their critics' intellectual capacity or writing style, which was too often couched in generalities and glib journalese. When they sought Kauffmann's own opinion of The Times cultural coverage, he said frankly that it seemed like a "cultural dump," adding that it was also the opinion of the intellectual community, as he knew it, that The Times' critics were held in very low esteem. He excepted The Times critic on architecture, Ada Louise Huxtable; its dance critic, Clive Barnes; and one of its art critics, Hilton Kramer.

Kauffmann could not have made three more appropriate exceptions when condemning the critics—Daniel and Salisbury were also admirers of the work of Mrs. Huxtable, and they had been active in the hiring of Hilton Kramer and Clive Barnes. In the case of Kramer, whose criticism had appeared in *The New Leader*, *Commentary*, and *The New York Review of Books*, Harrison Salisbury had seemed more knowledgeable than Daniel about Kramer's work—although before Kramer had been hired officially, he had talked not only with Daniel and Salisbury, but also with Emanuel R. Freedman, an assistant managing editor; Joseph G. Herzberg, the cultural-news director; Seymour Peck, the editor of the arts and leisure section; Daniel Schwarz, the Sunday editor; and Turner Catledge. Clive Barnes had gone through pretty much the same ritual, although his employment by The Times had been entirely Daniel's idea. Daniel, who had become an appreciator of ballet during his years in London and his friendship with Dame Margot Fonteyn—about whom he wrote his final magazine piece in 1956 before settling down as a Times editor—had read and enjoyed Clive Barnes' dance reviews in The London Times and The Daily Express, and thus began a series of transoceanic phone calls from Daniel to Barnes that led, in 1965, to Barnes' leaving London to join The Times.

After Daniel's and Salisbury's consultations with Kauffmann, and after Kauffmann had made the rounds and made his recommendations on how The Times might improve its cultural coverage, he was offered the position of drama critic, replacing Howard Taubman, a former music critic who had succeeded Brooks Atkinson in the drama chair after the latter had begun writing a "Critic-at-Large" column. But with Atkinson's retirement, Howard Taubman was assigned to write "Critic-at-Large" pieces on cultural affairs, although not as a regular columnist, and Kauffmann was to move into Taubman's spot. It was agreed that Kauffmann would have the job for a minimum of a year and a half, but as one executive put it, the hope was that "this will be for life."

Kauffmann's career as a Timesman had begun on January 1, 1966, and except for minor complaints about his polysyllabicisms and elliptical references, he had received only praise from the editors. But as one who took his critic's job very seriously, perhaps too seriously, Kauffmann was soon making en nie among a number of Broadway producers, perfor ers and backers. In several letters to the publishe of fice, and in visits to certain of his representa ves they complained that Kauffmann did not seem t lik anything, and there was the implication that ve when he did, he could not write a selling revie A though this was not really true, a few Times e ecu tives privately felt that Kauffmann was a bit too or derous and professorial about the theater; he se ne mainly interested in analyzing the play, exam in its weaknesses and strengths, and did not creat suf ficient excitement in his reviews, a sense of ant pa tion and pleasure that many ticket buyers asso at with the theater.



CLIFTON DANIEL

In fairness to Kauffmann, he had problems th n other critic had on The Times, that of being sec guessed behind his back by numbers of Times e cu tives who regularly attend Broadway shows, th socialize with producers and investors in Sardi's r around New York, who have an emotional intere it and a conviction about the theater that they d have about films, or ballet, art, television, or a tecture. Kauffmann was also unfortunate in joi n The Times during its transitional period whe r editor knew precisely which way the new publi and the top executives were leaning, and there also the problem of the power inherent in the dr job itself. Unlike the movie critic, whose influ on the box office is mitigated by the fact that a may be opening in fifty different cities simult ously, the theater critic's comments are directe one stage in New York, and bombardment by Times can possibly destroy a play's chances of vival on Broadway as well as its touring op tunities elsewhere—unless the production is endo with a large advance sale, or a super-star with g appeal, or with several fine reviews in other pub tions, particularly from Walter Kerr in The He Tribune (until it folded in 1966) and from newsmagazines and *The New Yorker*. After departure of Brooks Atkinson, whose eminence seniority as a drama critic had made him in

able to counter-criticism from Times editors or oadway people. The Times' top executives had ught of Kenneth Tynan as a replacement, hav- respected his judgment and literary style in *New Yorker*, and seeing him as a kind of witty, lful surgeon who could cut without killing. The ma job on The Times, the executives generally eed, was potentially a blunt and dangerous in- ument in improper hands—The Times was fearful the power invested in that one employee, and it s felt that Tynan might concurrently fulfill the d of serious criticism, responsibility to the ater, and entertainment to Times readers. But nan himself admitted that he could not produce kind of review in the little more than one hour t was available to a critic on a morning news- er; and Tynan was also anxious to be getting k to London.

When Stanley Kauffmann had been approached by e Times he had raised the same point—there ply was not sufficient time between the end of play and the paper's deadline to write a con- ered review, and as a result of this discussion, fton Daniel had arranged for Kauffmann to attend ys during their final preview before opening ht—the assumption being that if a play was not n in shape it could not be significantly improved hin twenty-four hours, and it would also permit critic to give more time and thought to the rds that carried such weight with ticket buyers. niel had hoped that the critics on other news- ers would follow this practice, but they did not, l one reviewer described The Times' plan as a fession of Kauffmann's journalistic inability to et a deadline. When Kauffmann's reviews began appear, the producers mounted their protest; at first neither Catledge, Sulzberger, nor any- else on the paper seemed unduly concerned. nes executives are accustomed to a certain ount of criticism of their critics; Howard Taub- n had been condemned regularly around Sardi's a weak replacement for Brooks Atkinson; and n Atkinson had been denounced by producers on ny occasions, and one of *his* predecessors, Alex- ler Woollcott, had even been barred from a thea- after an unfavorable review. This had occurred 1915 after Woollcott had described a particular ibert brothers' comedy as "not vastly amusing" l "quite tedious"; and the Shuberts had retali- d by sending a set of tickets to their next pro- tion to Carr Van Anda, with a note suggesting t The Times assign another critic to review it, ling that if Woollcott presented the tickets they uld not be honored. When Adolph Ochs heard of s. he instructed Woollcott to buy his own ticket. ollcott did, but when he arrived at the theater r he was blocked by a doorman and Jacob Shu- t himself.

Ochs immediately sought an injunction in court l he eliminated from The Times all of the Shu- ts' advertising. The controversy became the talk of Broadway, was publicized around the nation, and it was not settled in court for months. Although Ochs' injunction was ultimately overruled—an Appellate Division contended that while a theater owner could not bar a patron because of color, creed, or class distinction, he could do so for certain private reasons—the Shuberts, wishing to resume advertising in The Times, finally conceded The Times' right to select its own reviewers, and the bitterness ended with the Shuberts sending Woollcott a box of cigars at Christmas.

Ochs had made his point—outsiders were not going to tell The Times how to run its business—but this did not mean that Ochs was not personally offended on occasion when reading a snide or excessively negative review in his newspaper. Ochs' philosophy was that of a "booster," particularly insofar as business or community affairs were concerned; and since the Broadway theater was one of the major attractions of New York, he hoped that his critics would not fail to appreciate and applaud fine efforts whenever possible. In his final will, completed three months before his death, Ochs urged that his editorial page continue to be "more than fair and courteous to those who may sincerely differ with its views," and he expected the same from his critics. At the same time, he expected them to uphold standards, and he rarely interfered with the publication of a review once it had been written. In Brooks Atkinson's long career as the drama critic, which had begun in 1925, he could remember only one occasion when Ochs had personally approached him and asked, after reading an advance copy of a review, that a single word be changed. This occurred after Ochs had attended the opening of one of S. L. ("Roxy") Rothafel's theaters in Rockefeller Center, an extravagant spectacle that Atkinson criticized for its gaudiness. Ochs, dressed in formal clothes, had walked back to Atkinson's desk later that evening and asked to read the review, and when he did Atkinson could see a look of pain beginning to crease Ochs' face. Ochs was a friend and admirer of Roxy, a remarkable show-business entrepreneur and the son of an immigrant German shoemaker—Ochs admired any successful man who had come up the hard way, and he could anticipate how distraught Roxy would be upon reading this. Ochs said nothing for a few moments. Then very softly and timidly, the white-haired publisher pointed to a line in the review and he asked, "Mr. Atkinson, would you mind changing this one word?" Atkinson looked at the word and thought that its removal did not alter the meaning of the sentence in any way; it was such a minor change that Atkinson soon forgot what the word was; but he changed it, and then Adolph Ochs thanked him, said good-night, and left.

Ochs' successors, while equally reluctant to interfere with their critics, nevertheless have shared Ochs' booster philosophy toward the community,

and when in 1966 the paper's critics panned the opening of the new $45.7-million Metropolitan Opera House in Lincoln Center, Punch Sulzberger was appalled. The opening featured Samuel Barber's *Antony and Cleopatra*, which The Times' music critic, Harold Schonberg found "vulgar" and "exhibitionistic"; the ballet within the opera was not satisfactory to Clive Barnes; the art on the walls was unexciting to John Canaday; the architecture was "sterile" to Ada Louise Huxtable; and the 3,800 first-nighters, who included Mrs. Lyndon Johnson, John D. Rockefeller 3d, and Mayor John Lindsay, were characterized by Charlotte Curtis variously as "over-achievers," "nabobs," "moguls," and a "mob." When Punch Sulzberger had finished reading the views of these five Times writers in the paper, he exclaimed, "My *God*, couldn't they find *anything* good to write about?" He expressed his feelings to a few executives, but there was no hint of restraining the critics. If he wished to temper a critic's tone, or was otherwise dissatisfied, he would not lecture the critic--he would remove him. And that is what Sulzberger had done during the previous month, in August of 1966, in the case of Stanley Kauffmann. Clifton Daniel had learned of Punch Sulzberger's plan gradually: first Daniel had heard from Catledge that the critic Walter Kerr, whose Herald Tribune had just merged with The Journal-American and The World-Telegram after a long strike, and who had not joined the new World Journal Tribune, was being considered for employment by The Times. Daniel was told to tell Kauffmann, who was on vacation in Connecticut, of the discussions that The Times had been having with Kerr. (Kerr was then in Austria participating in the Salzburg Seminar in American Studies.) But before Daniel could arrange to meet with Kauffmann, in fact on the very day that Kauffmann was scheduled to appear in Daniel's office, Catledge told Daniel that Walter Kerr had just accepted The Times' offer.

When Kauffmann walked into Daniel's office, the managing editor was obviously shaken, blushing from embarrassment—Kauffmann had never before seen a man more acutely embarrassed, and Kauffmann began to feel sorry for *him*. Daniel said what he had to say as briefly as he could—Walter Kerr, having been offered the critic's job, had just accepted it; and now, Daniel continued quickly, the next step was to find something else that Kauffmann might do on The Times. Daniel said that he would give thought to this over the weekend, hoping that Kauffmann would do the same. Kauffmann, seated across the desk, a soft-spoken man with gray wavy hair, very dignified and controlled, had not reacted angrily; he was upset, but on this occasion he was Daniel's superior at keeping up appearances. He was not even privately disappointed in Daniel, realizing that Daniel had had nothing to do with this decision, a fact that was perhaps almost as disconcerting to Daniel as the decision itself. Kauffmann was also not entirely surprised by the news. He had imagined that something was wrong when Da had requested his appearance during a vacation.

Daniel proposed that they meet again on following Monday outside the office, perhaps in evening, to continue their discussions about Ka mann's future on The Times. Later Kauffmann ceived a telephone call from Daniel's office say that the managing editor could not get away o the Monday night meeting, and asked that Ka mann come into the office. When Kauffmann arri wishing to relieve both Daniel and himself of tinued embarrassment, Kauffmann said that he been unable to think of anything that he could or would wish to do—on The Times; instead he posed that The Times fulfill its contractual obl tions to him, and that he leave the paper. Da nodded in agreement, and on his desk he had Ka mann's file from the auditing department ready waiting.

Stanley Kauffmann returned to his desk, plan to spend the rest of the day getting his private fairs and correspondence in order, and then he ceived word that Catledge wished to speak him. In the executive editor's office, Kauffm heard Catledge explain that the decision to rep him had been part of a "consensus," and with a tain awkwardness Catledge added, "I was par that consensus." Whether the consensus had also cluded the publisher's advisers who operate out the news department—Harding Bancroft, the ex tive vice president; Ivan Veit and Andrew Fis the two vice presidents from promotion and pro tion—Kauffmann did not know, nor did he Strangely, or perhaps not so strangely, Kauffm had felt no vindictiveness toward anyone as he Catledge's office. He did not now think of the pape human terms, but rather as an impersonal inst tion. As an institution it had behaved badly thought; it had promised that his tenure would for a minimum of a year and a half, and it had e after eight months. He was quite certain tha would never again enter The Times building.

After leaving the paper, he regained his posi as the drama critic for Channel 13 and returne *The New Republic* as a literary critic and cult commentator. He soon lost touch with most of acquaintances on The Times, although after pieces had begun to appear in *The New Republi* received a complimentary note from Clifton Da He also received one day at home a rather odd ter from Daniel Yankelovich, Inc., the research ganization that The Times had hired to conduc scientific survey on employee morale. The Yank vich correspondence, which included forms t filled out, informed Kauffmann that he had among the 150 Timesmen chosen to give confide opinions on The Times and its executives. Ka mann was amused by this obviously unintended note of irony. He was seriously tempted to fill the forms and tell what he *really* thought. But impulse soon passed, and Kauffmann never rep

Harper's Magazine, February

TONEWALL JACKSON'S WATERLOO

story by Albert Murray

ometimes a thin gray, ghost-whispering mid-
ıter drizzle would begin while you were still
school and not only would it settle in for the
t of the afternoon but it would still be falling
er dark as if it would continue throughout the
ht. That, as Miss Lexine Metcalf for one never
ed to remind you, was always the coziest time
get your homework done, even when it was
:hmetic. But as nobody ever needed to tell me
ınybody else I knew, it was also one of the very
t of all good times to be where grown folks
'e talking, especially when there were people
ting because somebody was there from out of
n and you could stay up beyond your usual
e to be in bed. Not even the barbershop was
ter than that.

'heir chairs always formed the same family-
le semicircle before the huge open hearth, and
m my place in the chimney corner you could
the play of the firelight against their faces
watch the shadows spreading up the news-
er wallpaper walls to the ceiling. They would
talking and, aware of the roof-sanding night
ther outside, I would be listening, and above
n on the mantelpiece was the old-fashioned
dulum clock, which was Papa's heirloom from
t old Manor of antebellum columns and calico
hens in which his mulatto grandmother had
self been an inherited slave until Sherman's
rch to the Sea.

ometimes it was obvious enough that they
e only telling the most outrageous lies they
ld either fabricate or remember, and some-
es you could be every bit as certain that their
purpose was to spell out as precisely as pos-
e the incontestable facts. Uncle Jerome would
ys be there, clearing his throat even when
was not going to say anything, squinting his
s and making a face and clearing and swallow-
because he was a preacher. Because although
ıad been a longshoreman for the last twenty-



five years and a farmer for thirty years before that, he was also supposed to have The Call, although he had never been called by any congregation to pastor any church.

Sometimes Mister Dock (for dockhand) Donahue would be there too, but they wouldn't be drinking wine if he were there; because stevedore that he was, he said that wine was for women, children, and Christmas morning; and he would

get up and get the longshoreman's knapsack he always carried and bring out a jug of corn whiskey, and Papa Whit would look at Mama and get just about tickled to death. They would be passing it around, pouring against the light of the fire, and there would be that smell then, which also went with cigar ashes and freshly opened Prince Albert tobacco cans.

I always said Papoo to Papa Whit *(who was not really my flesh-and-blood father, whom I have never seen, just as Mama was not my flesh-and-blood mother)*, who used to call me his little gingerbrown Papoose-boy, which may have been why I called him Papoo, who himself was as white as any out-and-out white man I have ever seen in my life. Who not only was said to be more than half white but was also said quite accurately to be acknowledged by most of his white relatives much more readily than he himself was ever willing to acknowledge any of them. I myself once overheard Mama telling Aunt Cat Callahan that the main reason they moved down into Mobile County when the war boom came was to get away from Papa's white kinfolks in the country; and another time I heard her telling Miss Sadie Womack about how red Papa's ears used to get when the white people back in the country used to see him driving her into town in the buckboard and pretend that they thought she was one of his black field hands.

Papa himself never talked about white people as such. But sometimes when they were talking about hard times, somebody would get him to tell about how he used to go off somewhere and pass for white to get a job; and that was something to hear about too; and one time when I was telling Little Buddy about it, he said, "Everybody say don't care how much of his skin and his keen nose and his flat ass Mister Whit might have got from the white folks, he got his mother wit from the getting place. That's why you don't never hear nobody calling him no shit-colored half-peckerwood, even behind his back."

There was also that time downtown by the marine store, on Government Street, and that was a white man. He and Papa knew each other and they were laughing and talking and I was having a good time looking in store windows, and I went looking all the way up to the sporting-goods store and when I came back they were talking abo a job; and the man said something about sc thing both of them had been doing somewh and that brought up something else *and I h the man say that Papa was a fool for bein durned ole niggie when he could be a wyat n and Papa just shook his head and said, you d understand, Pete.*

Soldier Boy Crawford was the one who w always take over when they started talking ab the war, because he was an old foot trooper sometimes he still wore his Army coat, sometimes in the winter he would wear his w around leggings too, and he also had a steel met that looked like a washbasin, and he ha German Luger and some hand grenades an bayonet and a knapsack and a gas mask too (cause he said that he for one was never going t them catch him with his pants down if he co help it). He had been to France to help th stop old Kaiser Bill. He would tell about the oc and the torpedoes and the submarines and t about the French places he had been to, sometimes he would mix in a lot of French wo with what he was saying. He would tell all ab the kind of farming country they had over the especially the wine-making country. He wo also tell about the mountain country and churches and then he would tell all about Pa which he said was the best town in the wo and he used to always say a man is a man o there, and somebody else would say a man a nothing but a man nowheres.

Old Soldier Boy Crawford was also the who used to tell me and old Little Buddy ab some of the things old Luzana Cholly used to during the war, because old Luzana himself ne did talk about that, not even when you asked h about it. Sometimes he would say he was goi to save it and tell us about it when we were enough to understand it, and sometimes would answer one or two questions about so thing like how far Big Bertha could shoot, a how the Chau-Chau automatic rifle worked a things like that. But he never did sit down a tell about the actual fighting like old Soldier B Crawford did. They used to always say that on old Soldier Boy Crawford got worked up y couldn't stop him from fighting the whole w all over again.

The rain that was falling then would be crac ling down on the shingles of the gabled roof that house, and the fire in the hearth wou sparkle as Papa poked it, and I would be in m same chair in my same place in the corner, a

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ometimes they would be telling about some of ne same old notorious rounders and roustabouts nat the guitar players and the piano players ade up songs about. Especially if Mr. Dock onahue was there, because he was the one who uld always remember something else about old ohn Henry, who went with blue steel sparks, and ld John Hardy, who went with greased lightning. He held the floor all night one night just escribing how old Stagolee shot and killed Billy yons, and they gave it to him again the next ight and he told about what happened at that mous trial.

He was also the one who used to tell about how ld Robert Charles declared war on the city of ew Orleans and fought the whole police force ll by himself with his own special homemade ullets. But the best of all the old so-called outws he used to tell about was always the one om Alabama named Railroad Bill, who was o mean when somebody crossed him, and so icky, that most people believed that there was omething supernatural about him. He was the ne that no jail could hold overnight and no loodhounds could track beyond a certain point. ecause he worked a mojo on them that nobody ver heard of before or since. And the last time e broke jail, they had the best bloodhounds in ne whole state there to track him. But the next norning they found them all tied together in a ence corner near the edge of the swamp, not ven barking anymore, just whining; and when hey got them untangled they were ruined forver, couldn't scent a polecat and wouldn't even un a rabbit. And nobody ever saw or came near ide nor hair of old Railroad Bill from that time n.

But naturally the white folks claimed they aught him and lynched him. But Negroes knew etter than that. The white folks were always laiming something like that. They claimed that hey had caught old Pancho Villa and hung him or what he had done out in New Mexico; and hey claimed that they had hemmed up old Robrt Charles in a steeple and burned him alive; nd they also claimed that Jess Willard had saliated old Jack Johnson down in Havana that ime! Well, they could go around bragging about ow the great white hope had put the big black enace back in his place and proved white suremacy all they wanted to, but everybody knew hat Jack Johnson, who was married to a white oman, had to trade his world championship in or his American citizenship, and thirty thousand ollars, to get back in the U. S. A. and there was picture in every barbershop which showed him letting himself be counted out, lying shading his eyes from the Cuban sun, lying with his legs propped like somebody lying on the front porch; and as for Jess Willard, everybody knew he couldn't even stand up to Jack Dempsey, who was the same Jack Dempsey who brought back old John L. Sullivan's color line because he didn't ever intend to get caught in the same ring with the likes of Jack Johnson, Sam Langford, or even the likes of old cream-colored Harry Wills, not even with a submachine gun. Everybody knew that.

The white folks claimed that they had finally caught up with old Railroad Bill at some crossroads store somewhere and had slipped up on him while he was sitting in the middle of the floor sopping molasses with his gun lying off to one side, and they swore that they had blown the back of his head off with a double-barrel charge of Triple-O buckshot. But in the first place Railroad Bill didn't eat molasses, and in the second place he didn't have to break into any store to get something to eat. Because folks kept him in plenty of rations everywhere he went by putting out buckets of it in certain special places for him mostly along the Railroad, which was what his name was all about; and in the third place he must have broken into more than fifty stores by that time and he just plain didn't rob a store in the broad daylight, not and then sit down in the middle of the floor and eat right there—and in the fourth place there were at least a dozen other mobs in at least a dozen other places all claiming that they had been the ones who laid him low, each one of them telling a completely different tale about how and when and where it all happened. Some claimed that they had hung him upside down on the drawbridge and then riddled him and left what was left of him there for the buzzards. But they never settled on one bridge.

I didn't know very much then, but I knew enough to realize that when something happened it was always a part of something that had been going on before, and I wasn't surprised at all that time looking at Uncle Walt sitting by the fire in Papa's clothes telling about finding a way through Tombigbee Swamp, not afraid but careful, talking about how he was going to make it on across the Mason-Dixie, and I didn't really know anything at all about whatever it was he had done or hadn't done, and I still don't know what it was: but I knew that whatever it was it was trouble, and I said, *It's like once upon a time back then.* Because Mama had said it, who knew it from her

grandfather, who was Uncle Walt's grandfather too, who knew it from his father when there was no hope of foot rest this side of Canada, which was also called Canaan, which was the Promised Land, and I also knew that all of that was about something called the Underground Railroad, which ran from the house of bondage to the land of Jubilo.

They were always talking about freedom and citizenship. And that was something else that Uncle Jerome used to start preaching about. He had all kinds of sermons ready for times like that. Sometimes he would be talking about the Children of Israel, and sometimes it would be the walls of Jericho, and sometimes it would be the Big Handwriting on the wall which was also the BIG HAND writing on the wall which was also the Big Hand writing on the WAR. That was when he used to say that the color of freedom was blue. The Union Army came dressed in blue. The big hand that signed the freedom papers signed them in blue ink which was also blood. The very sky itself was blue, limitless *(and gentlemen sir, before I'd be a slave, I'll be buried in my grave. And I said my name is Jack the Rabbit and my home is in the briarpatch)*.

Sometimes he would also say that the freedom road was a road through the wilderness and sometimes it wasn't any road at all because there never was any royal road to freedom for anybody *(so don't you let nobody turn you around, and don't you let nobody know too much about your business either, and I said call me Jack the Bear on my way somewhere)*.

Then it would be Education again. They didn't ever get tired of talking about that, the old folks telling about how they learned to spell and write back in the old days when they used to use slate tablets and the old Blue Back Webster. The old days when they used to have to hold school whenever and wherever they could. Whenever they could spare the time from working the crops and wherever the teacher could find a place to shelter them. Whenever there was a teacher.

Then later on I was the one they meant when they said the young generation was the hope and glory. Because I had come that far in school then. And sometimes it was Geography and sometimes it was History, and sometimes I had to tell about it, and sometimes I had to get the book and read it to them. Especially when it was about the Revolutionary War. Sometimes I had to read about Columbus too, and sometimes it would also be the explorers and the early settlers. But most of the time what they wanted to hear about was how the original thirteen colonies became the first thirteen states and who said what and who did what during that time and how the Constitution was made and who the first Presidents were and what they did.

That was also when I used to love to recite the Declaration of Independence, and the Gettysburg Address for them; and I could also recite the Preamble to the Constitution and part of the Emancipation Proclamation; and I could also quote from the famous speeches of Patrick Henry and James Otis and Citizen Tom Paine and I knew all kinds of sayings from *Poor Richard's Almanac*.

"That boy can just about preach that thing right now," Mister Jeff Jefferson said one night after I had recited the William Lloyd Garrison and Frederick Douglass parts from the National Negro History Week pageant.

"That boy can talk straight out of the dictionary when he want to," Mister Big Martin said looking at me but talking to everybody.

"It just do you good to hear that kind of talk.'

"White folks need to hear some talk like that.'

"The white folks the very one said all that Jeff."

"What kind of white folks talking like that?'

"Histry book white folks."

"What kind of histry book white folks?"

"White folks in that same book that child reading."

"I ain't never heard no white folks believing nothing like that, in all of my born days."

"White folks printed that book, didn't they?'

"I don't care who printed that book, that's freedom talk."

"Well, the histry book white folks got up the Constitution, didn't they?"

"Yeah, and there was some histry book black folks in there somewhere too, you can just about bet on that. There was a jet black roustabout right in there with old Christopher Columbus, and the very first one to try to climb that Bunker Hill was a mean black son of a gun from Boston. Ain't nothing never happened and wasn't some kind of a black hand mixed up in it somewhere. You just look at it close enough. The very first ones to come up with iron was them royal black Ethiopians."

"You right about that," Mister Big Martin said. "Ain't nobody going to dispute you about that."

"I know I'm right," Mister Jeff said, "and I still say these white folks need to hear some of that kind of gospel. These ain't no histry book white folks around here and this ain't no histry

'his ain't nothing but just a plain old everyday ıess!"

"Trying to keep the black man down."

"All white folks ain't like that, Phil."

"Yeah, but them that is."

"And some of us too Jesus," Minnie Stovall aid. "Lord the truth is the light, and some of us ıst ain't ready yet."

"Amen," Mister Big Martin said.

"Amen?" Mister Phil Motley said. "What you ıean Amen?"

"That's what I want to know," Mister Jeff efferson said.

"I mean the truth is the light just like Minnie ıy."

"Well, ain't none of these peckerwoods around ere ready for nothing neither, but just look at ıem. That's some truth for the light too."

"Yeah but I still say some of us still ain't arned how to stick together yet."

"Now Big'un, you know good and well that can et to be a horse of another color," Mister Dock onahue said. "I for one don't never intend to sticking with any and every body coming along ecause he say he one of us. You know better an that."

"That why I say some of us Jesus," Miss Min-e Stovall said.

"That's all right about all that," Mister Big artin said. "I'm talking about when you talk-g about going up against that stone wall. I ant us to be ready. I'm talking about Stonewall ckson. I'm talking about Jericho."

"Well, we talking about the same thing then," ister Phil Motley said.

"That's all right about your Stonewall Jack-n too," Mister Jeff Jefferson said, "and your ardaman and your Pitchfork Ben and all the st of them. This child right here is getting old onewall Jackson's water ready."

hey were all laughing then. Because everybody Gasoline Point knew how Shorty Hollings-orth had met his Waterloo and got the name ot Water Shorty. His wife had come up behind m and dashed a pot of scalding lye water down e seat of his pants while he was sitting on e front steps cleaning his shotgun and brag-ng about what he was going to do if she didn't ve his supper on the table in the next five nutes. He had yelled, dropped his shotgun, and out across the barbwire fence and hadn't opped until he was chin-deep in Three Mile reek. He had a new name from then on, and he so had a new reputation: he could outrun a ripèd-assed ape.

Uncle Jerome said I was learning about verbs and adverbs and proverbs; and he preached his sermon on the dictionary that time, and he had his own special introduction to the principles of grammar: "A noun is someone or something; a pronoun is anything or anybody; a verb is tells and does and is; an adverb is anyhow, anywhere, anytime; an adjective is number and nature; a preposition is relationship; and conjunction is membership; and interjection is the spirit of energy."

Another time when Aunt Sue was visiting us from Atmore, old Mayfield Turner was there, Old Sawmill Turner, the log-carriage expert. Mama said he had been trying to marry Aunt Sue for more than seventeen years, which meant that he had started before she married her first husband (she was visiting us because she had just separated from her fourth husband). Old Sawmill was wearing his blue pinstripe, tailor-made suit and his Edwin Clapp shoes and smelling like the barbershop and sitting cross-legged like Henry Ford; and every time he took a puff on his White Owl, he flashed his diamond ring like E. Berry Wall. Sometimes when they were talking about him behind his back they used to give him names like John D. Rockefeller Turner and J. P. Morgan Turner and Jay Gould Turner because he also sported pearl-gray kidskin gloves, and he was always talking about stocks and bonds and worrying about the National Debt.

I was reading about Valley Forge that night, and I knew he was there just as I knew that Mister Lige and Miss Emma Tolliver and Bro Mark Simpkins and his wife, Miss Willeen, were all there, because they were always the first ones to come by to see Aunt Sue when she was in town. But at first the only ones that I was really conscious of were Miss Lula Crayton and Miss Ida Jefferson, because every time I paused Miss Lula Crayton kept saying, Tribulation tribulation trials and tribulation, and Miss Ida Jefferson would respond one time as if she were hearing some new gossip, and the next time as if I were reading the Bible itself. Saying, "Honey don't tell me." Saying, "Lord have mercy Jesus."

Then I happened to glance up and see old Sawmill again, and he had stopped puffing on his cigar. He was leaning forward with his hand under his chin, his eyes closed, his lips moving, repeating everything I was reading, word for word. He had forgotten all about Aunt Sue, for the time being at least. I was reading about how the Redcoats were wining and dining and dancing warm in Philadelphia while the ragtag bobtail Continental Army was starving and freezing

in makeshift huts and hovels, and about how General George Washington himself had to get out and personally whip slackers and stragglers and would-be deserters back into the ranks with the flat of his sword. All of which was what Give me liberty or give me death really meant, which was why whenever you talked about following in the footsteps of our great American forefathers you were also talking about the bloody tracks the half-barefooted troops left in the snow that fateful winter.

Every time I glanced up I could see old Sawmill Turner still leaning forward toward me, his lips still moving, the tip of his cigar gone to ash. Then when I came to the end of the chapter and closed the book, he stood up and stepped out into the center of the semicircle as Uncle Jerome always did. "I'm a histry scholar myself," he said. "I been a histry scholar ever since I first saw the Post Office when I was a little boy back in Lowdness County." Then he ran his hand down into his pocket and pulled out a fat roll of brand-new greenbacks, which he held against his chest like a deck of gambling cards. He peeled off a crisp one-dollar bill and held it up and said, "Old George Washington is number one because he was first in war and first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen. He got it started."

"And old Tom Jefferson." (Off came a two-dollar bill.) "He was a educated man and he knowed exactly what to do with his book learning. And old Abe Lincoln . . ." (he held up a five-dollar bill) "came along later on and had to save the Union. Old Alexander Hamilton didn't get to be the President, but he was in there amongst them when they started talking about how they were going to handle the money, and here he is." (He pulled off a ten-dollar bill.) "And here's old razor-back Andy Jackson." (Off came a twenty-dollar bill.) "He was against the red man but when he was up there making things better for all them old poor butt hillbillies he was laying the landmark for the black man without even knowing it. And then you come on up to old Ulysses S. Grant." (He held up a fifty-dollar bill without even pausing.) "He was the one old Abe Lincoln himself had to send for when the going got tight, and later on they made him the eighteenth President."

He held up the fifty-dollar bill long enough for everybody to see that it really was a fifty-dollar bill and then he held up a hundred-dollar bill and said, "Old Ben Franklin didn't ever even want to be the President. But old Ben Franklin left just as big a mark in histry as any of them. They didn't put him up there on no one-hundr- dollar bill for nothing. Old Ben Franklin was (of the smartest men they had back in them da , and everybody gave him his due respect. (Ben Franklin gave them a lot of good poi about how to put them clauses in the Consti- tion. He was just about the first one they thou about when they had to send somebody acr the water to do some official business for government with them fast-talking Frenchm And talking about being cunning, old B Franklin was the one that took a kite and Coc bottle and stole naked lightning."

He came and stood in front of my chair th "This boy is worth more than one hundr shares of gilt-edged preferred, and the good p about it is we all going to be drawing down terest on him." Then he handed me a five-dol bill as crisp as the one he had held up befo and told me to buy myself a fountain pen; and told Mama he was going to be the one to st me to all the ink and paper I needed as long I stayed in school. All I had to do was just sh him my report card every term.

All I could do was say thank you, and I promis I would always do my best. And Miss Lula Cr ton said Amen. And Miss Ida Jefferson sa "God bless the Lamb and God bless you Mayfi Turner." Then before anybody else could s anything he excused himself, and Aunt S walked him to the door and he put on his alp topcoat, his black Homburg hat and his W Street gloves and was gone.

All Mama could do was wipe her eyes, a all Papa could do was look at the floor and sha his head and smile. But Uncle Jerome was on feet again, saying he was talking about the w made manifest for manifest destiny; and I kn he was going to take over where Sawmill Turn had left off and preach a whole sermon with in it that night. And so did everybody else, a they were looking at me as if I really had become the Lamb or something. So I looked at t mantelpiece, and I heard the Mother Goose cl and outside there was the Valley Forge bitt wind in the turret-tall chinaberry tree.

I was still sitting by the reading lamp, a he came and put his hand on my shoulder. Th I had to stand up and go to the hearth and wh he said, "Say not I am a child, gentlemen sir, I am a witness," and they said amen to him, th were also saying amen to me, and amen to t Declaration of Independence, and amen to t Gettysburg Address and the Emancipation Pr lamation and amen to the Constitution of t United States of America.

Harper's Magazine, February 19

auline Kael

RASH, ART, AND THE MOVIES

)oes trash corrupt? A nutty Puritanism still flourishes
the arts, not just in the schoolteachers' approach
wanting art to be 'worthwhile,' but in the higher reaches
academic life with those ideologues who denounce us for
joying trash. . . . Do even Disney and Doris Day movies do us
sting harm? I've never known a person I thought
d been harmed by them . . ."

ike those cynical heroes who were idealists before
ey discovered that the world was more rotten
an they had been led to expect, we're just about
of us displaced persons, "a long way from home."
hen we feel defeated, when we imagine we could
w perhaps settle for home and what it represents,
at home no longer exists. But there are movie
uses. In whatever city we find ourselves we can
ck into a theater and see on the screen our
miliars—our old "ideals" aging as we are and no
nger looking so ideal. Where could we better stoke
e fires of our masochism than at rotten movies
gaudy seedy picture palaces in cities that run
gether, movies and anonymity a common denomi-
tor. Movies—a tawdry corrupt art for a tawdry
rrupt world—fit the way we feel. The world
esn't work the way the schoolbooks said it did and
e are different from what our parents and teach-
s expected us to be. Movies are our cheap and
sy expression, the sullen art of displaced persons.
ecause we feel low we sink in the boredom,
lax in the irresponsibility, and maybe grin for
minute when the gunman lines up three men and
lls them with a single bullet, which is no more
eal" to us than the nursery-school story of the
ave little tailor.

We don't have to be told those are photographs
actors impersonating characters. We know, and
e often know much more about both the actors
d the characters they're impersonating and about
w and why the movie has been made than is
nsistent with theatrical illusion. Hitchock teased
s by killing off the one marquee-name star early
Psycho, a gambit which startled us not just
ecause of the suddenness of the murder or how
was committed but because it broke a box-office
nvention and so it was a joke played on what
udiences have learned to expect. He broke the rules
the movie game and our response demonstrated
w aware we are of commercial considerations.
hen movies are bad (and in the bad parts of good movies) our awareness of the mechanics and our cynicism about the aims and values is peculiarly alienating. The audience talks right back to the phony "outspoken" condescending *The Detective;* there are groans of dejection at *The Legend of Lylah Clare,* with, now and then, a desperate little titter. How well we all know that cheap depression that settles on us when our hopes and expectations are disappointed *again.* Alienation is the most common state of the knowledgeable movie audience, and though it has the peculiar rewards of low connoisseurship, a miser's delight in small favors, we long to be surprised out of it—not to suspension of disbelief nor to a Brechtian kind of alienation, but to pleasure, something a man can call good without self-disgust.

A good movie can take you out of your dull funk and the hopelessness that so often goes with slipping into a theater; a good movie can make you feel alive again, in contact, not just lost in another city. Good movies make you care, make you believe in possibilities again. If somewhere in the Hollywood-entertainment world someone has managed to break through with something that speaks to you, then it isn't *all* corruption. The movie doesn't have to be great; it can be stupid and empty and you can still have the joy of a good performance, or the joy in just a good line. An actor's scowl, a small subversive gesture, a dirty remark that someone tosses off with a mock-innocent face, and the world makes a little bit of sense. Sitting there alone or painfully alone because those with you do not react as you do, you know there must be others perhaps in this very theater or in this city, surely in other theaters in other cities, now, in the past or future, who react as you do. And because movies are the most total and encompassing art form we have, these reactions can seem the most personal and, maybe the most important, imaginable. The romance of movies is not just in those stories and those people on the screen but in the adolescent dream of meeting

others who feel as you do about what you've seen. You do meet them, of course, and you know each other at once because you talk less about good movies than about what you love in bad movies.

II



There is so much talk now about the art of the film that we may be in danger of forgetting that most of the movies we enjoy are not works of art. *The Scalphunters*, for example, was one of the few entertaining American movies this past year, but skillful though it was, one could hardly call it a work of art—if such terms are to have any useful meaning. Or, to take a really gross example, a movie that is as crudely made as *Wild in the Streets*—slammed together with spit and hysteria and opportunism can nevertheless be enjoyable, though it is almost a classic example of an unartistic movie. What makes these movies—that are not works of art—enjoyable? *The Scalphunters* was more entertaining than most Westerns largely because Burt Lancaster and Ossie Davis were peculiarly funny together; part of the pleasure of the movie was trying to figure out what made them so funny. Burt Lancaster is an odd kind of comedian: what's distinctive about him is that his comedy seems to come out of his physicality. In serious roles an undistinguished and too obviously hard-working actor, he has an apparently effortless flair for comedy and nothing is more infectious than an actor who can relax in front of the camera as if he were having a good time. (George Segal sometimes seems to have this gift of a wonderful amiability, and Brigitte Bardot was radiant with it in *Viva Maria!*) Somehow the alchemy of personality in the pairing of Lancaster and Ossie Davis—another powerfully funny actor of tremendous physical presence—worked, and the director Sydney Pollack kept tight control so that it wasn't overdone.

And *Wild in the Streets*? It's a blatantly crummy-looking picture, but that somehow works for it instead of against it because it's smart in a lot of ways that better-made pictures aren't. It looks like other recent products from American International Pictures but it's as if one were reading a comic strip that looked just like the strip of the day before, and yet on this new one there are surprising expressions on the faces and some of the balloons are really witty. There's not a trace of sensitivity in the drawing or in the ideas, and there's something rather specially funny about wit without *any* grace at all; it can be enjoyed in a particularly crude way—as Pop wit. The basic idea is corny—*It Can't Happen Here* with the freaked-out young as a new breed of fascists—but it's treated in the paranoid style of editorials about youth (it even begins by blaming everything on the parents). And a cheap idea that is this current and widespread has an almost lunatic charm, a nightmare gaiety. There's a relish that people have for the idea of drug-taking kids as monsters threatening them—the daily papers merging into *Village of the Damned*. Tapping a l exploiting this kind of hysteria for a satirical fa tasy, the writer Robert Thom has used what is ava able and obvious but he's done it with just enou mockery and style to make it funny. He throws touches of characterization and occasional lines th are not there just to further the plot, and the throwaways make odd connections so that the mo becomes almost frolicsome in its paranoia (and its delight in its own cleverness).

If you went to *Wild in the Streets* expecting good movie, you'd probably be appalled because t directing is unskilled and the music is banal a many of the ideas in the script are scarcely ev carried out, and almost every detail is messed (the casting director has used bit players and extr who are decades too old for their roles). It's paste-up job of cheap moviemaking, but it h genuinely funny performers who seize their oppo tunities and throw their good lines like boomeran Diane Varsi (like an even more zonked-out Geral ine Page) doing a perfectly quietly convinci freak-out as if it were truly a put-on of the wh straight world; Hal Holbrook with his inexpressi actorish face that is opaque and uninteresting long shot but in close-up reveals tiny little shifts expression, slight tightenings of the features th are like the movement of thought; and Shell Winters, of course, and Christopher Jones. It not so terrible—it may even be a relief—for a mov to be without the look of art; there are much wor things aesthetically than the crude good-natur crumminess, the undisguised reach for a fast buc of movies without art. From *I Was a Teen-A Werewolf* through the beach parties to *Wild in t Streets* and *The Savage Seven*, American Inte national Pictures has sold a cheap commodit which in its lack of artistry and in its blatant ar sometimes funny way of delivering action serves remind us that one of the great appeals of movi is that we don't have to take them too seriously.

Wild in the Streets is a fluke—a borderline, speci case of a movie that is entertaining because som talented people got a chance to do something American International that the more respectab companies were too nervous to try. But though don't enjoy a movie so obvious and badly done as th big American International hit, *The Wild Angels*, it' easy to see why kids do and why many people i other countries do. Their reasons are basicall why we all started going to the movies. After a time

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e may want more, but audiences who have been rced to wade through the thick middle-class pad- ng of more expensively made movies to get to e action enjoy the nose-thumbing at "good taste" cheap movies that stick to the raw materials. some basic level they *like* the pictures to be eaply done, they enjoy the crudeness; it's a eather, a vacation from proper behavior and good ste and required responses. Patrons of burlesque plaud politely for the graceful erotic dancer but wild for the lewd lummox who bangs her big ps around. That's what they go to burlesque for. rsonally, I hope for a reasonable minimum of fi- sse, and movies like *Planet of the Apes* or *The alphunters* or *The Thomas Crown Affair* seem to minimal entertainment for a relaxed evening's easure. These are, to use traditional common-sense nguage, "good movies" or "good bad movies"—slick, asonably inventive, well-crafted. They are not art. t they are almost the maximum of what we're w getting from American movies, and not only ese but much worse movies are talked about as rt"—and are beginning to be taken seriously in r schools.

It's preposterously egocentric to call anything we joy art—as if we could not be entertained by it if were not; it's just as preposterous to let pres- ious, expensive advertising snow us into thinking 're getting art for our money when we haven't en had a good time. I did have a good time at *ld in the Streets*, which is more than I can say *Petulia* or *2001* or a lot of other highly praised tures. *Wild in the Streets* is not a work of art, then I don't think *Petulia* or *2001* is either, ough *Petulia* has that kaleidoscopic hip look and *01* that new-techniques look which combined with vinging" or "serious" ideas often pass for motion ture art.



III

et's clear away a few misconceptions. Movies ke hash of the schoolmarm's approach of how l the artist fulfilled his intentions. Whatever the ginal intention of the writers and director, it sually supplanted, as the production gets under , by the intention to make money—and the indus- judges the film by how well it fulfills that inten- . But if you could see the "artist's intentions" 'd probably wish you couldn't anyway. Nothing o deathly to enjoyment as the relentless march a movie to fulfill its obvious purpose. This is, eed, almost a defining characteristic of the hack ector, as distinguished from an artist.

he intention to make money is generally all too ious. One of the excruciating comedies of our e is attending the new classes in cinema at the n schools where the students may quite shrewdly and accurately interpret the plot developments in a mediocre movie in terms of manipulation for a desired response while the teacher tries to explain everything in terms of the creative artist working out his theme—as if the conditions under which a movie is made and the market for which it is designed were irrelevant, as if the latest product from Warners or Universal should be analyzed like a lyric poem.

People who are just getting "seriously interested" in film always ask a critic, "Why don't you talk about technique and 'the visuals' more?" The answer is that American movie technique is generally more like technology and it usually isn't very interesting. Hollywood movies often have the look of the studio that produced them—they have a studio style. Many current Warner films are noisy and have a bright look of cheerful ugliness, Universal films the cheap blur of money-saving processes, and so forth. Sometimes there is even a *spirit* that seems to belong to the studio. We can speak of the Paramount comedies of the Thirties or the Twentieth-Century Fox family entertainment of the Forties and CinemaScope comedies of the Fifties or the old MGM gloss, pretty much as we speak of Chevvies or Studebakers. These movies look alike, they move the same way, they have just about the same engines because of the studio policies and the *kind* of material the studio heads bought, the ideas they imposed, the way they had the films written, directed, photographed, and the labs where the prints were processed, and, of course, because of the presence of the studio stable of stars for whom the material was often purchased and shaped and who dominated the output of the studio. In some cases, as at Paramount in the Thirties, studio style was plain and rather tacky and the output—those comedies with Mary Boland and Mae West and Alison Skipworth and W. C. Fields—looks the better for it now. Those economical comedies weren't slowed down by a lot of fancy lighting or the adornments of "production values." Simply to be enjoyable, movies don't need a very high level of craftsmanship: wit, imagination, fresh subject matter, skillful performers, a good idea—either alone or in any combination—can more than compensate for lack of technical knowledge or a big budget.

The craftsmanship that Hollywood has always used as a selling point not only doesn't have much to do with art—the expressive use of techniques—it probably doesn't have very much to do with actual box-office appeal, either. A dull movie like Sidney Furie's *The Naked Runner* is technically competent. The appalling *Half a Sixpence* is technically astonishing. Though the large popular audience has generally been respectful of expenditure (so much so that a critic who wasn't impressed by the money and effort that went into a *Dr. Zhivago* might be sharply reprimanded by readers), people who like *The President's Analyst* or *The Producers* or *The Odd Couple* don't seem to be bothered by their technical ineptitude and visual ugliness. And on

the other hand, the expensive slick techniques of ornately empty movies like *A Dandy in Aspic* can actually work against one's enjoyment, because such extravagance and waste are morally ugly. If one compares movies one likes to movies one doesn't like, craftsmanship of the big-studio variety is hardly a decisive factor. And if one compares a movie one likes by a competent director such as John Sturges or Franklin Schaffner or John Frankenheimer to a movie one doesn't much like by the same director, his technique is probably not the decisive factor. After directing *The Manchurian Candidate* Frankenheimer directed another political thriller, *Seven Days in May*, which, considered just as a piece of direction, was considerably more confident. While seeing it, one could take pleasure in Frankenheimer's smooth showmanship. But the material (Rod Serling out of Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey II) was like a straight (*i.e.*, square) version of *The Manchurian Candidate*. I have to chase around the corridors of memory to summon up images from *Seven Days in May;* despite the brilliant technique, all that is clear to mind is the touchingly, desperately anxious face of Ava Gardner—how when she smiled you couldn't be sure if you were seeing dimples or tics. But *The Manchurian Candidate*, despite Frankenheimer's uneven, often barely adequate, staging, is still vivid because of the script. It took off from a political double entendre that everybody had been thinking of ("Why, if Joe McCarthy were working for the Communists, he couldn't be doing them more good!") and carried it to startling absurdity, and the extravagances and conceits and conversational non sequiturs (by George Axelrod out of Richard Condon) were ambivalent and funny in a way that was trashy yet liberating.

Technique is hardly worth talking about unless it's used for something worth doing: that's why most of the theorizing about the new art of television commercials is such nonsense. The effects are impersonal—dexterous, sometimes clever, but empty of art. It's because of their emptiness that commercials call so much attention to their camera angles and quick cutting—which is why people get impressed by "the art" of it. Movies are now often made in terms of what television viewers have learned to settle for. Despite a great deal that is spoken and written about young people responding visually, the influence of TV is to make movies visually less imaginative and complex. Television is a very noisy medium and viewers listen, while getting used to a poor quality of visual reproduction, to the absence of visual detail, to visual obviousness and overemphasis on simple compositions, and to atrociously simplified and distorted color systems. The shifting camera styles, the movement, and the fast cutting of a film like *Finian's Rainbow*—one of the better big productions—are like the "visuals" of TV commercials, a disguise for static material, expressive of nothing so much as the need to keep you from getting bored and leaving. Men are now beginning their careers [illegible] directors by working on commercials—which, [illegible] one cares to speculate on it, may be almost a one-sentence résumé of the future of American motion pictures.

I don't mean to suggest that there is not such a thing as movie technique or that craftsmanship doesn't contribute to the pleasures of movies, but simply that most audiences, if they enjoy the acting and the "story" or the theme or the funny lines, don't notice or care about how well or how badly the movie is made, and because they don't care, a director makes a director a "genius" and everybody talks about his brilliant technique (*i.e.*, the technique of grabbing an audience). In the brief history of movies there has probably never been so astonishingly gifted a large group of directors as the current Italians, and not just the famous ones like Pontecorvo (*The Battle of Algiers*) or Francesco Rosi (*The Moment of Truth*) or the young prodigies, Bertolucci and Bellocchio, but dozens of others—men like Elio Petri (*We Still Kill the Old Way*) and Carlo Lizzani (*The Violent Four*). *The Violent Four* shows more understanding of visual movement and more talent for moviemaking than anything that has been made in America this year. But could one tell people who are not crazy, dedicated moviegoers to go see it? I'm not sure, although I enjoyed the film enormously, because *The Violent Four* is a gangster genre picture. And it may be a form of aestheticism—losing sight of what people go to movies for and particularly what they go to foreign movies for—for a critic to say, "His handling of crowds and street scenes is superb," or, "It has a great semi-documentary chase sequence." It does, but the movie is basically derived from our old gangster movies, and beautifully made as it is, one would have a hard time convincing educated people to go see a movie that features a stunning performance by Gian Maria Volonte which is based on Paul Muni and James Cagney. Presumably they want something different from movies than a genre picture that offers images of modern urban decay and is smashingly directed. If a movie is interesting primarily in terms of technique then it isn't worth talking about except to students who can learn from seeing how a good director works. And to talk about a movie like *The Graduate* in terms of movie technique is really a bad joke. Technique at this level is not of any aesthetic importance; it's not the ability to achieve what you're after but the skill to find something acceptable. One must talk about a film like this in terms of what audiences enjoy it for or one is talking gibberish—and might as well be analyzing the "art" of commercials. And for the greatest movie artists where there is a unity of technique and subject, one doesn't need to talk about technique much because it has been subsumed in the art. One doesn't want to talk about how Tolstoi got his effects but about the work itself. One doesn't want to talk about how Jean Renoir does it; one wants to talk about what he has done. One can



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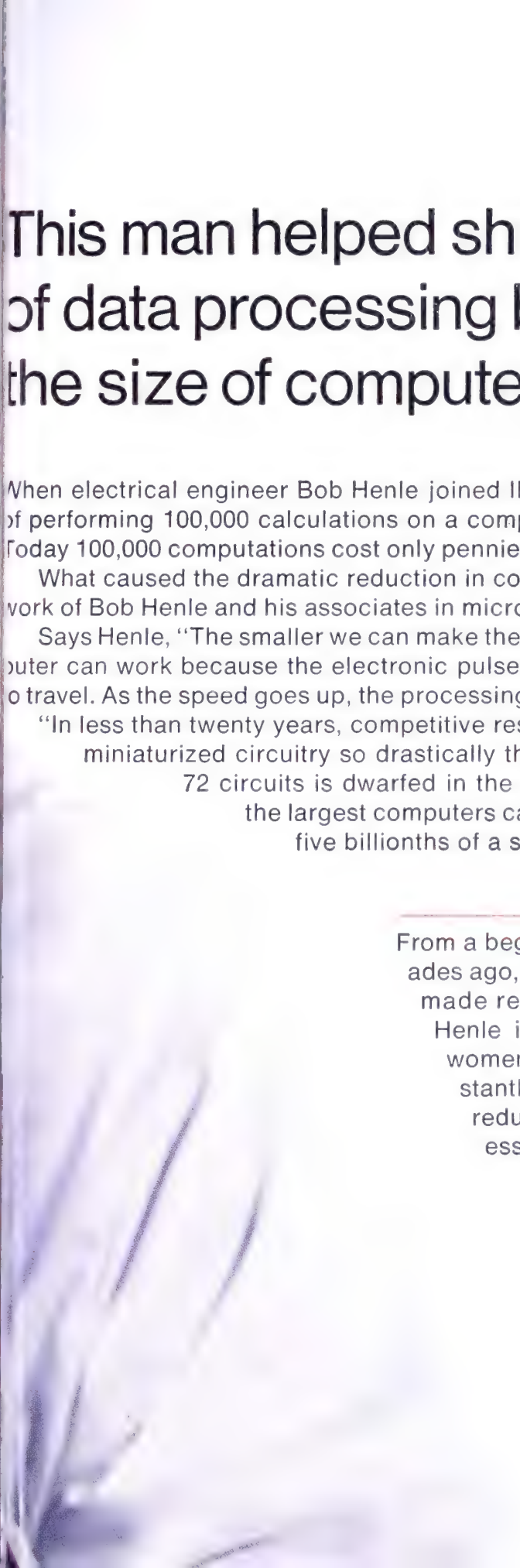
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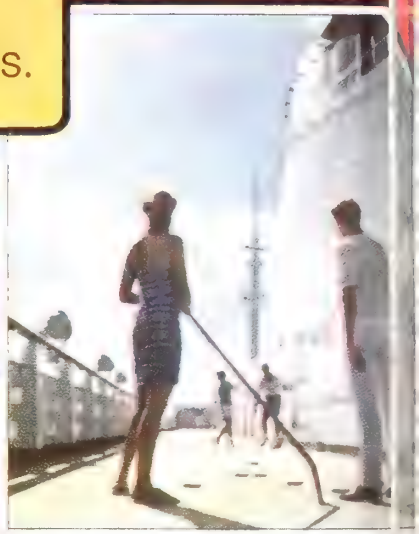
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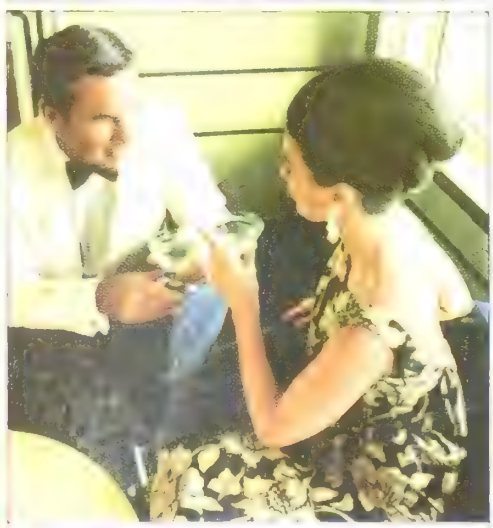
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SAFETY INFORMATION. The ss MICHELANGELO and ss RAFFAELLO, ships of Italian registry, meet International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960 and meet 1966 Fire Safety Requirements.

y to separate it all out, of course, distinguish rm and content for purposes of analysis. But that a secondary, analytic function, a scholarly funcon, and hardly needs to be done explicitly in iticism. Taking it apart is far less important than ying to see it whole. The critic shouldn't need to ar a work apart to demonstrate that he knows ow it was put together. The important thing to convey what is new and beautiful in the ork, not how it was made—which is more or less plicit.

Just as there are good actors—possibly potentially eat actors—who have never become big stars ecause they've just never been lucky enough to get e roles they needed (Brian Keith is a striking ample) there are good directors who never got e scripts and the casts that could make their reputions. The question people ask when they consider oing to a movie is not "How's it made?" but What's it about?" and that's a perfectly legitimate estion. (The next question—sometimes the first—is enerally, "Who's in it?" and that's a good, honest estion, too.) When you're at a movie, you don't ave to believe in it to enjoy it but you do ave to be interested. (Just as you have to be terested in the human material, too. Why should ou go see *another* picture with James Stewart?) don't want to see another samurai epic in exctly the same way I never want to read *Kristin avransdatter*. Though it's conceivable that a truly reat movie director could make any subject interesting, there are few such artists working in ovies and if they did work on unpromising bjects I'm not sure we'd really enjoy the results ven if we did *admire* their artistry. (I recognize e greatness of sequences in several films by Eisenein but it's a rather cold admiration.) The many illiant Italian directors who are working within commercial framework on crime and action movies e obviously not going to be of any great interest nless they get a chance to work on a subject we re about. Ironically the Czech successes here (*The hop on Main Street*, *Loves of a Blonde*, *Closely atched Trains*) are acclaimed for their techiques, which are fairly simple and rather limited, hen it's obviously their human concerns and the sic modesty and decency of their attitudes plus little barnyard humor which audiences respond to. hey may even respond partly because of the *simicity* of the techniques.

IV





When we are children, though there are categories of films we don't like—documentaries generally (they're too much like education) and, of course, movies especially designed for children—by the time we can go on our own we have learned to avoid them. Children are often put down by adults when the children say they enjoyed a particular movie; adults who are short on empathy are quick to point out aspects of the plot or theme that the child didn't understand, and it's easy to humiliate a child in this way. But it is one of the glories of eclectic arts like opera and movies that they include so many possible kinds and combinations of pleasure. One may be enthralled by Leontyne Price in *La Forza del Destino* even if one hasn't boned up on the libretto, or entranced by *The Magic Flute* even if one has boned up on the libretto, and a movie may be enjoyed for many reasons that have little to do with the story or the subtleties (if any) of theme or character. Unlike "pure" arts which are often defined in terms of what only they can do, movies are open and unlimited. Probably everything that can be done in movies can be done some other way, but—and this is what's so miraculous and so expedient about them—they can do almost anything any other art can do (alone or in combination) and they can take on some of the functions of exploration, of journalism, of anthropology, of almost any branch of knowledge as well. We go to the movies for the variety of what they can provide, and for their marvelous ability to give us easily and inexpensively (and usually painlessly) what we can get from other arts also. They are a wonderfully *convenient* art.

Movies are used by cultures where they are foreign films in a much more primitive way than in their own; they may be enjoyed as travelogues or as initiations into how others live or in ways we might not even guess. The sophisticated and knowledgeable moviegoer is likely to forget how new and how amazing the different worlds up there once seemed to him, and to forget how much a child reacts to, how many elements he is taking in, often for the first time. And even adults who have seen many movies may think a movie is "great" if it introduces them to unfamiliar subject matter; thus many moviegoers react as naïvely as children to *Portrait of Jason* or *The Queen*. They think they're wonderful. The oldest plots and corniest comedy bits can be full of wonder for a child, just as the freeway traffic in a grade Z melodrama can be magical to a villager who has never seen a car. A child may enjoy even a movie like *Jules and Jim* for its sense of fun, without comprehending it as his parents do, just as we may enjoy an Italian movie as a sex comedy although in Italy it is considered social criticism or political satire. Jean-Luc Godard liked the movie of *Pal Joey*, and I suppose that a miserable American movie musical like *Pal Joey* might look good in France because I can't think of a single good dance number performed by French dancers in a French movie. The French enjoy what they're unable to do and we enjoy the French studies of the pangs of adolescent love that would be corny if made in Hollywood. A movie like *The Young Girls of Rochefort* demon-

strates how even a gifted Frenchman who adores American musicals misunderstands their conventions. Yet it would be as stupid to say that the director Jacques Demy couldn't love American musicals because he doesn't understand their conventions as to tell a child he couldn't have liked *Planet of the Apes* because he didn't get the jokey references to the Scopes trial.

Every once in a while I see an anthropologist's report on how some pre-literate tribe reacts to movies; they may, for example, be disturbed about where the actor has gone when he leaves the movie frame, or they may respond with enthusiasm to the noise and congestion of big-city life which in the film story are meant to show the depths of depersonalization to which we are sinking, but which they find funny or very jolly indeed. Different people and different cultures enjoy movies in very different ways. A few years ago the new "tribalists" here responded to the gaudy fantasies of *Juliet of the Spirits* by using the movie to turn on. A few had already made a trip of *8½*, but *Juliet*, which was, conveniently and perhaps not entirely accidentally, in electric, psychedelic color, caught on because of it. (The color was awful, like in bad MGM musicals—so one may wonder about the quality of the trips.)

The new tribalism in the age of the media is not necessarily the enemy of commercialism; it is a direct outgrowth of commercialism and its ally, perhaps even its instrument. If a movie has enough clout, reviewers and columnists who were bored are likely to give it another chance, until on the second or third viewing, they discover that it affects them "viscerally"—and a big expensive movie is likely to do just that. *2001* is said to have caught on with youth (which can make it happen); and it's said that the movie will stone you—which is meant to be a recommendation. Despite a few dissident voices—I've heard it said, for example, that *2001* "gives you a bad trip because the visuals don't go with the music"—the promotion has been remarkably effective with students. "The tribes" tune in so fast that college students thousands of miles apart "have heard" what a great trip *2001* is before it has even reached their city.

Using movies to go on a trip has about as much connection with the art of the film as using one of those Doris Day-Rock Hudson jobs for ideas on how to redecorate your home—an earlier way of stoning yourself. But it is relevant to an understanding of movies to try to separate out, for purposes of discussion at least, how we may personally *use* a film—to learn how to dress or how to speak more elegantly or how to make a grand entrance or even what kind of coffee maker we wish to purchase, or to take off from the movie into a romantic fantasy or a trip—from what makes it a good movie or a poor one, because, of course, we can *use* poor films as easily as good ones, perhaps *more* easily for such non-aesthetic purposes as shopping guides or aids to tripping.

V





We generally become interested in movies becau we *enjoy* them and what we enjoy them for has litt to do with what we think of as art. The movies v respond to, even in childhood, don't have the san values as the official culture supported at school a in the middle-class home. At the movies we get lo life and high life, while David Susskind and th moralistic reviewers chastise us for not patronizin what they think we should, "realistic" movies th would be good for us—like *A Raisin in the Su* where we could learn the lesson that a Negro fami can be as dreary as a white family. Movie audienc will take a lot of garbage, but it's pretty hard make us queue up for pedagogy. At the movies v want a different kind of truth, something that su prises us and registers with us as funny or accura or maybe amazing, maybe even amazingly beautifu We get little things even in mediocre and terrib movies—José Ferrer sipping his booze through straw in *Enter Laughing*, Scott Wilson's ha scary all-American-boy-you-can't-reach face cuttin through the pretensions of *In Cold Blood* with a its fancy bleak cinematography. We got, and st have embedded in memory, Tony Randall's surpri ing depth of feeling in *The Seven Faces of Dr. La* Keenan Wynn and Moyna Macgill in the lunc counter sequence of *The Clock*, John W. Bubbles o the dance floor in *Cabin in the Sky*, the inflecti Gene Kelly gave to the line, "I'm a rising your man" in *DuBarry was a Lady*, Tony Curtis sayin "avidly" in *Sweet Smell of Success*. Though th director may have been responsible for releasing it's the human material we react to most and remem ber longest. The art of the performers stays fres for us, their beauty as beautiful as ever. There a so many kinds of things we get—the hangov sequence wittily designed for the CinemaScop screen in *The Tender Trap*, the atmosphere of th newspaper offices in *The Luck of Ginger Coffe* the automat gone mad in *Easy Living*. Do we nee to lie and shift things to false terms—like those wh have to say Sophia Loren is a great actress as her *acting* had made her a star? Wouldn't we rath watch her than better actresses because she's s incredibly charming and because she's probably th greatest model the world has ever known? Ther are great moments—Angela Lansbury singin "Little Yellow Bird" in *Dorian Gray*. (I don't thin I've ever had a friend who didn't also treasure tha girl and that song.) And there are absurdly righ little moments—in *Saratoga Trunk* when Curt Bo says to Ingrid Bergman, "You're very beautiful, and she says, "Yes, isn't it lucky?" And those thing have closer relationships to art than what th schoolteachers told us was true and beautiful. No that the works we studied in school weren't ofte

at (as we discovered *later*) but that what the hers told us to admire them for (and if current ts are any indication, are still telling students to ire them for) was generally so false and pretti- and moralistic that what might have been mo- nts of pleasure in them, and what might have n cleansing in them, and subversive, too, had been ted over.

Because of the photographic nature of the lium and the cheap admission prices, movies k their impetus not from the desiccated imita- n European high culture, but from the peep w, the Wild West show, the music hall, the ic strip—from what was coarse and common. The ly Chaplin two-reelers still look surprisingly d, with bathroom jokes and drunkenness and red of work and proprieties. And the Western ot-'em-ups certainly weren't the schoolteachers' ions of art—which in my school days, ran more didactic poetry and "perfectly proportioned" tues and which over the years have progressed ough nice stories to "good taste" and "excellence" hich may be more poisonous than homilies and nty figurines because then you had a clearer a of what you were up against and it was easier ight. And this, of course, is what we were run- g away from when we went to the movies. All k we longed for Saturday afternoon and sanc- ry—the anonymity and impersonality of sitting a theater, just enjoying ourselves, not having to responsible, not having to be "good." Maybe you t want to look at people on the screen and know y're not looking back at you, that they're not ng to turn on you and criticize you.

Perhaps the single most intense pleasure of viegoing is this nonaesthetic one of escaping m the responsibilities of having the proper ponses required of us in our official (school) ure. And yet this is probably the best and most mon basis for developing an aesthetic sense ause responsibility to pay attention and to appre- e is anti-art, it makes us too anxious for sure, too bored for response. Far from super- on and official culture, in the darkness at the vies where nothing is asked of us and we are alone, the liberation from duty and constraint ws us to develop our own aesthetic responses. supervised enjoyment is probably not the only d there is but it may feel like the only kind. esponsibility is part of the pleasure of all art; s the part the schools cannot recognize. I don't to buy "hard tickets" for a "road show" movie ause I hate treating a movie as an occasion. I 't want to be pinned down days in advance; I oy the casualness of moviegoing—of going in en I feel like it, when I'm in the mood for ovie. It's the feeling of freedom from respecta- ty we have always enjoyed at the movies that is ried to an extreme by American International tures and the Clint Eastwood Italian Westerns; y are stripped of cultural values. We may want re from movies than this negative virtue but we know the feeling from childhood moviegoing when we loved the gamblers and pimps and the cons' suggestions of muttered obscenities as the guards walked by. The appeal of movies was in the details of crime and high living and wicked cities and in the language of toughs and urchins; it was in the dirty smile of the city girl who lured the hero away from Janet Gaynor. What draws us to movies in the first place, the opening into other, forbidden or surprising, kinds of experience, and the vitality and corruption and irreverence of that experience are so direct and immediate and have so little connection with what we have been taught is art that many people feel more secure, feel that their tastes are becoming more cultivated when they begin to *appreciate* foreign films. One foundation executive told me that he was quite upset that his teen-agers had chosen to go to *Bonnie and Clyde* rather than with him to *Closely Watched Trains*. He took it as a sign of lack of maturity. I think his kids made an honest choice, and not only because *Bonnie and Clyde* is the better movie, but because it is closer to us, it has some of the qualities of direct involvement that make us care about movies. But it's understandable that it's easier for us, as Americans, to see *art* in foreign films than in our own, because of how we, as Americans, think of art. Art is still what teachers and ladies and foundations believe in, it's civilized and refined, cultivated and serious, cultural, beautiful, European, Oriental: it's what America isn't, and it's especially what American movies are not. Still, if those kids had chosen *Wild in the Streets* over *Closely Watched Trains* I would think that was a sound and honest choice, too, even though *Wild in the Streets* is in most ways a terrible picture. It connects with their lives in an immediate even if a grossly frivolous way, and if we don't go to movies for excitement, if, even as children, we accept the cultural standards of refined adults, if we have so little drive that we accept "good taste," then we will probably never really begin to care about movies at all. We will become like those people who "may go to American movies sometimes to relax" but when they want "a little more" from a movie, are delighted by how colorful and artistic Franco Zeffirelli's *The Taming of the Shrew* is, just as a couple of decades ago they were impressed by *The Red Shoes*, made by Powell and Pressburger, the Zeffirellis of their day. Or, if they like the cozy feeling of uplift to be had from mildly whimsical movies about timid people, there's generally a *Hot Millions* or something musty and faintly boring from Eastern Europe—one of those movies set in World War II but so remote from our ways of thinking that it seems to be set in World War I. Afterward, the moviegoer can feel as decent and virtuous as if he'd spent an evening visiting a deaf old friend of the family. It's a way of taking movies back into the approved culture of the schoolroom—into gentility—and the voices of schoolteachers and reviewers rise up to ask why America can't make such movies.

VI



Movie art is not the opposite of what we have always enjoyed in movies, it is not to be found in a return to that official high culture, it is what we have always found good in movies only more so. It's the subversive gesture carried further, the moments of excitement sustained longer and extended into new meanings. At best, the movie is totally informed by the kind of pleasure we have been taking from bits and pieces of movies. But we are so used to reaching out to the few good bits in a movie that we don't need formal perfection to be dazzled. There are so many arts and crafts that go into movies and there are so many things that can go wrong that they're not an art for purists. We want to experience that elation we feel when a movie (or even a performer in a movie) goes farther than we had expected and makes the leap successfully. Even a film like Godard's *Les Carabiniers*, hell to watch for the first hour, is exciting to think about after because its one good sequence, the long picture-postcard sequence near the end, is so incredible and so brilliantly prolonged. The picture has been crawling and stumbling along and then it climbs a high wire and walks it and keeps walking it until we're almost dizzy from admiration. The tight rope is rarely stretched so high in movies, but there must be a sense of tension somewhere in the movie, if only in a bit player's face, not just mechanical suspense, or the movie is just more hours down the drain. It's the rare movie we really *go* with, the movie that keeps us tense and attentive. We learn to dread Hollywood "realism" and all that it implies. When, in the dark, we concentrate our attention, we are driven frantic by events on the level of ordinary life that pass at the rhythm of ordinary life. That's the self-cónscious striving for integrity of humorless, untalented people. When we go to a play we expect a heightened, stylized language; the dull realism of the streets is unendurably boring, though we may escape from the play to the nearest bar to listen to the same language with relief. Better life than art imitating life.

If we go back and think over the movies we've enjoyed—even the ones we knew were terrible movies while we enjoyed them—what we enjoyed in them, the little part that was good, had, in some rudimentary way, some freshness, some hint of style, some trace of beauty, some audacity, some [illegible]. It's there in the interplay between Burt Lancaster and Ossie Davis, or, in *Wild in the Streets*, in Diane Varsi rattling her tambourine, in Hal Holbrook's faint twitch when he smells trouble, in a few of Robert Thom's lines; and they have some relation to art though they don't look like what we've been taught is "quality." They have the joy of playfulness. In a mediocre or rotten movie, the g i things may give the impression that they come t of nowhere; the better the movie, the more t seem to belong to the world of the movie. With t this kind of playfulness and the pleasure we t from it, art isn't art at all, it's something punishi as it so often is in school where even artists' li *jokes* become leaden from explanation.

Keeping in mind that simple, good distinct that all art is entertainment but not all enterta ment is art, it might be a good idea to keep in m also that if a movie is said to be a work of art a you don't enjoy it, the fault may be in you, but probably in the movie. Because of the money a advertising pressures involved, many reviewers d cover a fresh masterpiece every week, and ther that cultural snobbery, that hunger for respectab ty that determines the selection of the even big annual masterpieces. In foreign movies what most often mistaken for "quality" is an imitati of earlier movie art or a derivation from respe able, approved work in the other arts—like t demented, suffering painter-hero of *Hour of the W* smearing his lipstick in a facsimile of expression anguish. Kicked in the ribs, the press says "a when "ouch" would be more appropriate. When director is said to be an artist (generally on t basis of earlier work which the press failed to r ognize) and especially when he picks artistic su jects like the pain of creation, there is a tende to acclaim his new bad work. This way the pre in trying to make up for its past mistakes, manag to be wrong all the time. And so a revenge-of- sour-virgin movie like Truffaut's *The Bride Wo Black* is treated respectfully as if it someh revealed an artist's sensibility in every fra Reviewers who would laugh at Lana Turner goi through her *femme fatale* act in another Ro Hunter movie swoon when Jeanne Moreau cas significant blank looks for Truffaut.

In American movies what is most often mistak for artistic quality is box-office success, especial if it's combined with a genuflection to importanc then you have "a movie the industry can be pro of" like *To Kill a Mockingbird* or such Academ Award winners as *West Side Story*, *My Fair Lad* or *A Man for All Seasons*. Fred Zinnemann made fine modern variant of a Western, *The Sundowner* and hardly anybody saw it until it got on television but *A Man for All Seasons* had the look of prestig and the press felt honored to praise it. I'm not sur most movie reviewers consider what they honestl enjoy as being central to criticism. Some at least ap pear to think that that would be relying too much o their own tastes, being too personal instead of bein "objective"—relying on the readymade terms o cultural respectability and on consensus judgmen (which, to a rather shocking degree, can be ar ranged by publicists creating a climate of impor tance around a movie). Just as movie directors, a they age, hunger for what was meant by respectabil ity in their youth, and aspire to prestigious cultura

erties, so, too, the movie press longs to be ele-
d in terms of the cultural values of their old high
ols. And so they, along with the industry, ap-
d ghastly "tour-de-force" performances, movies
d on "distinguished" stage successes or prize-
ning novels, or movies that are "worthwhile,"
make a "contribution"—"serious" messagy
ies. This often involves praise of bad movies, of
movies, or even the praise in good movies of
t was worst in them.

his last mechanism can be seen in the honors
owed on *In the Heat of the Night*. The best
g in the movie is that high comic moment when
ier says, "I'm a police officer," because it's a
rsal of audience expectations and we laugh in
ghted relief that the movie is not going to be
her self-righteous, self-congratulatory exercise
ne gloomy old Stanley Kramer tradition. At that
it the audience sparks to life. The movie is fun
ely because of the amusing central idea of a
k Sherlock Holmes in a Tom and Jerry cartoon
eversals. Poitier's color is used for comedy in-
d of for that extra dimension of irony and
ios that made movies like *To Sir with Love*
earably sentimental. He doesn't really play the
er sleuth very well: he's much too straight even
n spouting the kind of higher scientific non-
e about right-handedness and left-handedness
would have kept Basil Rathbone in an ecstasy
clipped diction, blinking eyes and raised eye-
ws. Like Bogart in *Beat the Devil* Poitier doesn't
n to be in on the joke. But Rod Steiger compen-
d with a comic performance that was even fun-
for being so unexpected—not only from Steiger's
er which had been going in other directions,
after the apparently serious opening of the film.
movie was, however, praised by the press as if
ad been exactly the kind of picture that the
ience was so relieved to discover it wasn't going
e (except in its routine melodramatic sequences
of fake courage and the climaxes such as Poitier
ping a rich white Southerner or being attacked
white thugs; except that is, in its worst parts).
en I saw it, the audience, both black and white,
oyed the joke of the fast-witted, hyper-educated
k detective explaining matters to the backward,
ndering Southern-chief-of-police slob. This racial
e is far more open and inoffensive than the usual
ony" of Poitier being so good and so black. For
e it's *funny* (instead of embarrassing) that he's
superior to everybody.

n the Heat of the Night isn't in itself a par-
larly important movie; amazingly alive photo-
phically, it's an entertaining, somewhat messed-
comedy-thriller. The director Norman Jewison
troys the final joke when Steiger plays redcap
Poitier by infusing it with tender feeling, so it
es out sickly sweet, and it's too bad that a who-
it in which the whole point is the demonstration
he Negro detective's ability to unravel what the
ite man can't, is never clearly unraveled. Maybe
needed a Negro super director. (The picture
might have been more than just a lively whodunit if the detective had proceeded to solve the crime not by "scientific" means but by an understanding of relationships in the South that the white chief of police didn't have.) What makes it interesting for my purposes here is that the audience enjoyed the movie for the vitality of its surprising playfulness, while the industry congratulated itself because the film was "hard-hitting"—that is to say, it flirted with seriousness and spouted warm, worthwhile ideas.

Those who can accept *In the Heat of the Night* as the socially conscious movie that the industry pointed to with pride can probably also go along with the way the press attacked Jewison's subsequent film, *The Thomas Crown Affair*, as trash and a failure. One could even play the same game that was played on *In the Heat of the Night* and convert the *Crown* trifle into a sub-fascist exercise because, of course, Crown, the superman, who turns to crime out of boredom, is the crooked son of *The Fountainhead*, out of Raffles. But that's taking glossy summer-evening fantasies much too seriously: we haven't had a junior executive's fantasy-life movie for a long time and to attack this return of the worldly gentlemen-thieves genre of Ronald Colman and William Powell *politically* is to fail to have a sense of humor about the little romantic-adolescent fascist lurking in most of us. Part of the fun of movies is that they allow us to see how silly many of our fantasies are and how widely they're shared. A light romantic entertainment like *The Thomas Crown Affair*, trash undisguised, is the kind of chic crappy movie which (one would have thought) nobody could be fooled into thinking was art. Seeing it is like lying in the sun flicking through fashion magazines and, as we used to say, feeling rich and beautiful beyond your wildest dreams.

But it isn't easy to come to terms with what one enjoys in films, and if an older generation was persuaded to *dismiss* trash, now a younger generation, with the press and the schools in hot pursuit, has begun to talk about trash as if it were really very serious art. College newspapers and the new press all across the country are full of a hilarious new form of scholasticism, with students using their education to cook up impressive reasons for enjoying very simple, traditional dishes. Here is a communication from Cambridge to a Boston paper:

> To the Editor:
>
> *The Thomas Crown Affair* is fundamentally a film about faith between people. In many ways, it reminds me of a kind of updated old fable, or tale, about an ultimate test of faith. It is a film about a love affair (note the title), with a subplot of a bank robbery, rather than the reverse. The subtlety of the film is in the way the external plot is used as a matrix to develop serious motifs, much in the same way that the *Heat of the Night* functioned.
>
> Although Thomas Crown is an attractive and fascinating character, Vicki is the protagonist,

> Crown is consistent, predictable: he courts personal danger to feel superior to the system of which he is a part, and to make his otherwise overly comfortable life more interesting. Vicki is caught between two opposing elements within her, which, for convenience, I would call masculine and feminine. In spite of her glamour, at the outset she is basically masculine, in a man's type of job, ruthless, after prestige and wealth. But Crown looses the female in her. His test is a test of her femininity. The masculine responds to the challenge. Therein lies the pathos of her final revelation. Her egocentrism had not yielded to his.
>
> In this psychic context, the possibility of establishing faith is explored. The movement of the film is towards Vicki's final enigma. Her ambivalence is commensurate with the increasing danger to Crown. The suspense lies in how she will respond to her dilemma, rather than whether Crown will escape.
>
> I find *The Thomas Crown Affair* to be a unique and haunting film, superb in its visual and technical design, and fascinating for the allegorical problem of human faith.

The Thomas Crown Affair is pretty good trash, but we shouldn't convert what we enjoy it for into false terms derived from our study of the other arts. That's being false to what we enjoy. If it was priggish for an older generation of reviewers to be ashamed of what they enjoyed and to feel they had to be contemptuous of popular entertainment, it's even more priggish for a new movie generation to be so proud of what they enjoy that they use their education to try to place trash within the acceptable academic tradition. What the Cambridge boy is doing is a more devious form of that elevating and falsifying of people who talk about Loren as a great actress instead of as a gorgeous, funny woman. Trash doesn't belong to the academic tradition, and that's part of the *fun* of trash—that you know (or *should* know) that you don't have to take it seriously, that it was never meant to be any more than frivolous and trifling and entertaining.

It's appalling to read solemn academic studies of Hitchcock or von Sternberg by people who seem to have lost sight of the primary reason for seeing films like *Notorious* or *Morocco*—which is that they were not intended solemnly, that they were playful and inventive and faintly (often deliberately) absurd. And what's good in them, what relates them to art, is that playfulness and absence of solemnity. There is talk now about von Sternberg's technique—his use of light and decor and detail—and he is, of course, a kitsch master in these areas, a master of studied artfulness and pretty excess. Unfortunately, some students take this technique as proof that his films are works of art, once again, I think, falsifying what they really respond to—the satisfying romantic glamour of his very pretty trash. *Morocco* is great trash, and movies are so rarely great art, that if we cannot appreciate great *trash*, we have very little reason to be interested in them. The kitsch of an earlier era—even the best kitsch—does not becom a though it may become camp. Von Sternberg's movi became camp even while he was still making her because as the romantic feeling went out of h trash—when he became so enamored of his own pretty effects that he turned his human materi into blank, affectless pieces of decor—his asu trashy style was all there was. We are now told respectable museum publications that in 1932 movie like *Shanghai Express* "was completely mi understood as a mindless adventure" when ind it was completely *understood* as a mindless adven ture. And enjoyed as a mindless adventure. It's peculiar form of movie madness crossed with ac demicism, this lowbrowism masquerading as hig browism, eating a candy bar and cleaning t "allegorical problem of human faith" out of rot teeth. If we always wanted works of complexi and depth we wouldn't be going to movies at glamorous thieves and seductive women who sin in cheap cafés, and if we loved *Shanghai Expre* it wasn't for its mind but for the glorious sinfu of Dietrich informing Clive Brook that, "It to more than one man to change my name to Shan Lily" and for the villainous Oriental chief (Warner Oland!) delivering the classic hok "The white woman stays with me."

If we don't deny the pleasures to be had fro certain kinds of trash and accept *The Thom Crown Affair* as a pretty fair example of ente taining trash, then we may ask if a piece of ass like this has any relationship to art. And I thi it does. Steve McQueen gives probably his mo glamorous, fashionable performance yet, but ev enjoying him as much as I do, I wouldn't call h performance art. It's artful, though, which is exac ly what is required in this kind of vehicle—as he had been luckier, if the script had provided wh it so embarrassingly lacks, the kind of sophistic dialogue—the sexy shoptalk—that writers like Al Furthman and William Faulkner provided for Bogart, if the director Norman Jewison had L bitsch's lightness of touch, McQueen might be claimed as a suave, "polished" artist. Even in h flawed setting, there's a self-awareness in his en formance that makes his elegance funny. And i kell Wexler, the cinematographer, lets go wit whole bag of tricks, flooding the screen with li delight in beauty, shooting all over the place, p sending up the material. And Pablo Ferro's ga with the split screen at the beginning are s conscious, clever games designed to draw us i watch intently what is of no great interest. W gives this trash a lift, what makes it entertai is clearly that some of those involved, knowing course that they were working on a silly sha script and a movie that wasn't about anything consequence, used the chance to have a good t with it. If the director, Norman Jewison, could h built a movie instead of putting together a pa work of sequences, *Crown* might have had a cha to be considered a movie in the class and ge

Lubitsch's *Trouble in Paradise*. It doesn't come
ar that because to transform this kind of kitsch,
make art of it, one needs that unifying grace,
at formality and charm that a Lubitsch could
netimes provide. Still, even in this movie we get
few grace notes in McQueen's playfulness, and
m Wexler and Ferro. Working on trash, feeling
e to play, can loosen up the actors and craftsmen
t as seeing trash can liberate the spectator. And
we don't get this playful quality of art much in
vies except in trash, we might as well relax and
joy it freely for what it is. I don't trust anyone
o doesn't admit having at some time in his life
joyed trashy American movies; I don't trust *any*
the tastes of people who were born with such
d taste that they didn't need to find their way
rough trash.

There is a moment in *Children of Paradise* when
rich nobleman (Louis Salou) turns on his
stress, the pearly plebeian Garance (Arletty).
complains that in all their years together he
never had her love, and she replies, "You've
to leave something for the poor." We don't
much from movies, just a little something that
can call our own. Who at some point hasn't
out dutifully for that fine foreign film and then
cked into the nearest piece of American trash?
're not only educated people of taste, we're
common people with common feelings. And
common feelings are not all *bad*. You hoped for
ne aliveness in that trash that you were pretty
e you wouldn't get from the respected "art film."
u had long since discovered that you wouldn't
it from certain kinds of American movies,
ner. The industry now is taking a neo-Victorian
e, priding itself on its (few) "good, clean"
vies—which are always its worst movies because
ost nothing can break through the smug sur-
es, and even performers' talents become cute and
ring. The lowest action trash is preferable to
blesome family entertainment. When you clean
m up, when you make movies respectable, you kill
m. The wellspring of their *art*, their greatness,
n not being respectable.

VII



oes trash corrupt? A nutty Puritanism still
rishes in the arts, not just in the schoolteachers'
roach of wanting art to be "worthwhile," but in
higher reaches of the academic life with those
logues who denounce us for enjoying trash as if
enjoyment took us away from the really dis-
oing, angry new art of our time and somehow
troyed us. If we had to *justify* our trivial silly
sures, we'd have a hard time. How could we pos-
y *justify* the fun of getting to know some people
novie after movie, like Joan Blondell, the brassy
girl with the heart of gold, or waiting for the virtuous, tiny, tiny-featured heroine to say her line so we could hear the riposte of her tough, wisecracking girlfriend (Iris Adrian was my favorite). Or, when the picture got too monotonous, there would be the song interlude, introduced "atmospherically" when the cops and crooks were both in the same never-neverland nightclub and everything stopped while a girl sang. Sometimes it would be the most charming thing in the movie, like Dolores Del Rio singing "You Make Me That Way" in *International Settlement*; sometimes it would drip with maudlin meaning, like "Oh Give Me Time for Tenderness" in *Dark Victory* with the dying Bette Davis singing along with the chanteuse. The pleasures of this kind of trash are not intellectually defensible. But why should pleasure need justification? Can one demonstrate that trash desensitizes us, that it prevents people from enjoying something better, that it limits our range of aesthetic response? Nobody I know of has provided such a demonstration. Do even Disney movies or Doris Day movies do us lasting harm? I've never known a person I thought had been harmed by them, though it does seem to me that they affect the tone of a culture, that perhaps—and I don't mean to be facetious—they may poison us collectively though they don't injure us individually. There are women who want to see a world in which everything is pretty and cheerful and in which romance triumphs (*Barefoot in the Park*, *Any Wednesday*); families who want movies to be an innocuous inspiration, a good example for the children (*The Sound of Music*, *The Singing Nun*); couples who want the kind of folksy blue humor (*A Guide for the Married Man*) that they still go to Broadway shows for. These people are the reason slick, stale, rotting pictures make money; they're the reason so few pictures are any good. And in that way, this terrible conformist culture does affect us all. It certainly cramps and limits opportunities for artists. But that isn't what generally gets attacked as trash, anyway. I've avoided using the term "harmless trash" for movies like *The Thomas Crown Affair* because that would put me on the side of the angels—against "harmful trash," and I don't honestly know what that is. It's common for the press to call cheaply made, violent action movies "brutalizing" but that tells us less about any actual demonstrable effects than about the finicky tastes of the reviewers who are often highly appreciative of violence in more expensive and "artistic" settings such as *Petulia*. It's almost a class prejudice, this assumption that crudely made movies, movies without the look of art, are bad for people.

If there's a little art in good trash and sometimes even in poor trash, there may be more trash than is generally recognized in some of the most acclaimed "art" movies. Such movies as *Petulia* and *2001* may be no more than trash in the latest, up-to-the-minute guises, using "artistic techniques" to give trash the look of art. The serious art look may be the latest fashion in *expensive* trash. All that "art" may be

what prevents pictures like these from being *enjoyable* trash; they're not honestly crummy, they're very fancy and they take their crummy ideas seriously.

I have rarely seen a more disagreeable, a more dislikable (or a bloodier) movie than *Petulia* and I would guess that its commercial success represents a triumph of publicity and not the simple kind of just taking ads. It's a very strange movie and people may, of course, like it for all sorts of reasons, but I think many may dislike it as I do and still feel they should be impressed by it; the educated and privileged may now be more susceptible to the mass media than the larger public—they're certainly easier to reach. The publicity about Richard Lester as an artist has been gaining extraordinary momentum ever since *A Hard Day's Night*. A critical success that is also a hit makes the director a genius; he's a magician who made money out of art. The media are in ravenous competition for ever bigger stories, for "trend" pieces and editorial essays, because once the process starts it's considered news. If Lester is "making the scene" a magazine that hasn't helped to build him up feels it's been scooped. *Petulia* is the come-dressed-as-the-sick-soul-of-America-party and in the opening sequence the guests arrive—rich victims of highway accidents in their casts and wheel chairs, like the spirit of '76 coming to opening night at the opera. It's science-horror fiction—a garish new world with charity balls at which you're invited to "Shake for Highway Safety."

Lester picked San Francisco for his attack on America just as in *How I Won the War* he picked World War II to attack war. That is, it looks like a real frontal attack on war itself if you attack the war that many people consider a just war. But then he concentrated not on the issues of that war but on the class hatreds of British officers and men—who were not engaged in defending London or bombing Germany but in building a cricket pitch in Africa. In *Petulia*, his hate letter to America, he relocates the novel, shifting the locale from Los Angeles to San Francisco, presumably, again, to face the big challenge by showing that even the best the country has to offer is rotten. But then he ducks the challenge he sets for himself by making San Francisco look like Los Angeles. And if he must put carnival barkers in Golden Gate Park and invent Sunday excursions for children to Alcatraz, if he must invent such caricatures of epicene expenditure and commercialism as bizarrely automated motels and dummy television sets, if he must provide his own ugliness and hysteria and lunacy and use filters to destroy the city's beautiful light, if, in short, he must falsify America in order to make it appear hateful, what is it he really hates? He's like a crooked cop framing a suspect with trumped-up evidence. We never find out *why*: he's too interested in making a flashy case to examine what he's doing. And reviewers seem unwilling to ask questions which might expose them to the charge that they're *still* looking for meaning instead of, in the new cant, just reacting to images—such questions as why does the movie keep juxta- ing shots of bloody surgery with shots of rock gr like the Grateful Dead or Big Brother and Holding Company and shots of the war in Viet What are these little montages supposed to do to make us feel that even the hero (a hard-wor life-saving surgeon) is implicated in the war that somehow contemporary popular music is allied to destruction and death? (I thought only moralists of the Soviet Union believed that.) images of *Petulia* don't make valid connecti they're joined together for shock and excitem and I don't believe in the brilliance of a me which equates hippies, war, surgery, we Southern decadents, bullfights, etc. Lester's mi almost as fraudulent as *Mondo Cane*; *Petulia* ploits any shocking material it can throw toge to give false importance to a story about H Golightly and The Man in the Gray Flannel S The jagged glittering mosaic style of *Petulia* is armor protecting Lester from an artist's task; i kind of "style" no longer fools people so much writing but it knocks them silly in films.

Movie directors in trouble fall back on what t love to call "personal style"—though how imperso it often is can be illustrated by *Petulia*—which is edited in the rhythmic, modulations-of-grap style associated with Lester (and seen most dist tively in his best-edited, though not necessarily film, *Help!*) but in the style of the movie surg Anthony Gibbs, who acted as chopper on it, and gave it the same kind of scissoring which he had u on *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner* in his rescue operation on *Tom Jones*. This is much of *Petulia*, the most insanely obvious met of cutting film ever devised; keep the audience ju ing with cuts, juxtapose startling images, anyth for effectiveness, just make it *brilliant*—with director taking, apparently, no responsibilty for *implied* connections. (The editing style is deri from Alain Resnais, and though it's a debatable st in his films, he uses it responsibly not just opp tunistically.)

Richard Lester, the director of *Petulia*, is a sh scold in Mod clothes. Consider a sequence like one in which the beaten-to-a-gruesome-pulp hero is taken out to an ambulance, to the accompanim of hippies making stupid, unfeeling remarks. It embarrassingly reminiscent of the older peop comments about the youthful sub-pre-hippies *The Knack*. Lester has simply shifted villains. Is saying that America is so rotten that even hippies are malignant? I rather suspect he is, why? Lester has taken a fashionably easy way attack America, and because of the war in Vietn some people are willing to accept the bloo montages that make them feel we're all guil we're rich, we're violent, we're spoiled, we ca relate to each other, etc. Probably the director w made three celebrations of youth and freedom *Hard Day's Night*, *The Knack*, and *Help!*) is n desperate to expand his range and become a "se

ıs" director, and this is the new look in seriousness. It would be too easy to make fun of the familiar ıgredients of trash—the kook heroine who steals a ıba (that's not like the best of Carole Lombard but ıe the worst of Irene Dunne), the vaguely im-ıtent, meaninglessly handsome rotter husband, ichard Chamberlain (back to the rich, spineless eaklings of David Manners), and Joseph Cotten as ıe more insanely vicious decadent Southerner ıewing out villainous lines. (Even Victor Jory in *he Fugitive Kind* wasn't much meaner.) What's rrible is not so much this feeble conventional ash as the director's attempts to turn it all into intillating art and burning comment; what is ally awful is the trash of his ideas and artistic fects.

Is there any art in this obscenely self-important ovie? Yes, but in a format like this the few good eas don't really shine as they do in simpler trash; e have to go through so much unpleasantness and owing-off to get to them. Lester should trust him-lf more as a director and stop the cinemagician ıff because there's good, tense direction in a w sequences. He got a good performance from eorge C. Scott and a sequence of postmarital dis-rd between Scott and Shirley Knight that, al-ough overwrought, is not so glaringly overwrought the rest of the picture. It begins to suggest some-ing interesting that the picture might have been out. (Shirley Knight should, however, stop fond-ıg her hair like a miser with a golden hoard; it's ne for her to get another prop.) And Julie ıristie is extraordinary just to look at—lewd and xious, expressive and empty, brilliantly faceted t with something central missing, almost as if ere's no woman inside.



VIII

2001 is a movie that might have been made by the ro of *Blow-Up*, and it's fun to think about Kubrick ally doing every dumb thing he wanted to do, ilding enormous science-fiction sets and equip-ent, never even bothering to figure out what he ıs going to do with them. Fellini, too, had gotten rried away with the Erector Set approach to oviemaking, but his big science-fiction construc-n, exposed to view at the end of *8½*, was aban-ned. Kubrick never really made his movie either t he doesn't seem to know it. Some people like the nerican International Pictures stuff because it's ther idiotic and maybe some people love *2001* just cause Kubrick did all that stupid stuff, acted out a ıd of super sci-fi nut's fantasy. In some ways it's e biggest amateur movie of them all, complete even the amateur-movie obligatory scene—the director's tle daughter (in curls) telling daddy what kind of esent she wants.

There was a little pre-title sequence in *You Only Live Twice* with an astronaut out in space that was in a looser, more free style than *2001*—a daring little moment that I think was more fun than all of *2001*. It had an element of the unexpected, of the shock of finding death in space lyrical. Kubrick is carried away by the idea. The secondary title of *Dr. Strangelove*, which we took to be satiric, *"How I learned to stop worrying and love the bomb,"* was not, it now appears, altogether satiric for Kubrick. *2001* celebrates the invention of tools of death, as an evolutionary route to a higher order of *nonhuman* life. Kubrick literally learned to stop worrying and love the bomb; he's become his own butt—the Herman Kahn of extraterrestrial games theory. The ponderous blurry appeal of the picture may be that it takes its stoned audience out of this world to a consoling vision of a graceful world of space, controlled by superior godlike minds, where the hero is reborn as an angelic baby. It has the dreamy somewhere-over-the-rainbow appeal of a new vision of heaven. *2001* is a celebration of cop-out. It says man is just a tiny nothing on the stairway to paradise, something better is coming, and it's all out of your hands anyway. There's an intelligence out there in space controlling your destiny from ape to angel, so just follow the slab. Drop up.

It's a bad, bad sign when a movie director begins to think of himself as a myth-maker, and this limp myth of a grand plan that justifies slaughter and ends with resurrection has been around before. Kubrick's story line—accounting for evolution by an extraterrestrial intelligence—is probably the most gloriously redundant plot of all time. And although his intentions may have been different, *2001* celebrates the *end of man;* those beautiful mushroom clouds at the end of *Strangelove* were no accident. In *2001, A Space Odyssey* death and life are all the same: no point is made in the movie of Gary Lockwood's death—the moment isn't even defined—and the hero doesn't discover that the hibernating scientists have become corpses. That's unimportant in a movie about the beauties of resurrection. Trip off to join the cosmic intelligence and come back a better mind. And as the trip in the movie is the usual psychedelic light show, the audience doesn't even have to worry about getting to Jupiter. They can go to heaven in Cinerama.

It isn't accidental that we don't care if the characters live or die; if Kubrick has made his people so uninteresting, it is partly because characters and individual fates just aren't big enough for certain kinds of big movie directors. Big movie directors become generals in the arts; and they want subjects to match their new importance. Kubrick has announced that his next project is *Napoleon*—which, for a movie director, is the equivalent of Joan of Arc for an actress. Lester's "savage" comments about affluence and malaise, Kubrick's inspirational banality about how we will become as gods through machinery, are big-shot show-business deep thinking. This isn't a new show-business phenomenon; it belongs to the genius tradition of the theater. Big en-

trepreneurs, producers, and directors who stage big spectacular shows, even designers of large sets have traditionally begun to play the role of visionaries and thinkers and men with answers. They get too big for art. Is a work of art possible if pseudoscience and the technology of moviemaking become more important to the "artist" than man? This is central to the failure of *2001*. It's a monumentally unimaginative movie: Kubrick, with his $750,000 centrifuge, and in love with gigantic hardware and control panels, is the Belasco of science fiction. The special effects—though straight from the drawing board—are good and big and awesomely, expensively detailed. There's a little more that's good in the movie, when Kubrick doesn't take himself too seriously—like the comic moment when the gliding space vehicles begin their Johann Strauss waltz; that is to say, when the director shows a bit of a sense of proportion about what he's doing, and sees things momentarily as comic—when the movie doesn't take itself with such idiot solemnity. The light-show trip is of no great distinction; compared to the work of experimental filmmakers like Jordan Belson, it's third-rate. If big film directors are to get credit for doing badly what others have been doing brilliantly for years with no money, just because they've put it on a big screen, then businessmen are greater than poets and theft is art.

IX



Part of the fun of movies is in seeing "what everybody's talking about," and if people are flocking to a movie, or if the press can con us into thinking that they are, then ironically, there is a sense in which we want to see it, even if we suspect we won't enjoy it, because we want to know what's going on. Even if it's the worst inflated pompous trash that is the most talked about (and it usually is) and even if that talk is manufactured, we want to see the movies because so many people fall for whatever is talked about that they make the advertisers' lies true. Movies absorb material from the culture and the other arts so fast that some films that have been widely *sold* become culturally and sociologically important whether they are good movies or not. Movies like *Morgan!* or *Georgy Girl* or *The Graduate*—aesthetically trivial movies which, however, because of the ways some people react to them, enter into the national bloodstream—become cultural and psychological equivalents of watching a political convention—to observe what's going on. And though this has little to do with the art of movies, it has a great deal to do with the appeal of movies.

An analyst tells me that when his patients are not talking about their personal hangups and their immediate problems they talk about the situations and characters in movies like *The Graduate* or *Belle de Jour* and they talk about them with as much personal involvement as about their immediate problems. I have elsewhere suggested that this way of reacting to movies as psychodrama used to be considered a pre-literate way of reacting but that now those considered "post-literate" are reacting like pre-literates. The high school and college students identifying with Georgy Girl or Dustin Hoffman's Benjamin are not that different from the stenographer who used to live and breathe with the Joan Crawford-working girl and worry about whether that rich boy would really make her happy—and considered her pictures "great." They don't see the movie as a movie but as part of the soap opera of their lives. The fan magazines used to encourage this kind of identification; now the *advanced* mass media encourage it, and those who want to sell to youth use the language of "just let it flow over you." The person who responds this way does not respond more freely but less freely and less fully than the person who is aware of what is well done and what badly done in a movie, who can accept some things in it and reject others, who uses all his senses in reacting, not just his emotional vulnerabilities.

Still, we care about what other people care about—sometimes because we want to know how far we've gotten from common responses—and if a movie is important to other people we're interested in it because of what it means to them, even if it doesn't mean much to us. *The Graduate*'s small triumph was to have domesticated alienation and the difficulty of communication, by making what Benjamin is alienated from a middle-class comic strip and making it absurdly evident that he has nothing to communicate—which is just what makes him an acceptable hero for the large movie audience. If he said anything or had any ideas, the audience would probably hate him. *The Graduate* isn't a *bad* movie; it's entertaining, though in a fairly slick way (the audience is just about programmed for laughs). What's surprising is that so many people take it seriously. What's funny about the movie are the laughs on that dumb sincere boy who wants to talk about art in bed when the woman just wants to fornicate. But then the movie begins to pander to youthful narcissism, glorifying his innocence, and making the predatory (and now crazy) woman the villainess. Commercially this works: the inarticulate dull boy becomes a romantic hero for the audience to project into with all those squishy and now conventional feelings of look, his parents don't communicate with him; look, he wants truth not shams, and so on. But the movie betrays itself and its own expertise, sells out its comic moments that click along with the rhythm of a hit Broadway show, to make the oldest movie pitch of them all—asking the audience to identify with the simpleton who is the latest version of the misunderstood teen-ager and the pure-in-heart boy next door. It's almost painful to the kids who have gone to see *The Graduate* eight times that once was enough for you because you've already

n it eighty times with Charles Ray and Robert rron and Richard Barthelmess and Richard Crom-l and Charles Farrell. How could you convince m that a movie that sells innocence is a very mercial piece of work when they're so clearly in market to buy innocence? When *The Graduate* fts to the tender awakenings of love, it's just the st version of *David and Lisa. The Graduate* only nts to succeed and that's fundamentally what's matter with it. There is a pause for a laugh er the mention of "Berkeley" that is an un-stakable sign of hunger for success; this kind of viemaking shifts values, shifts focus, shifts em-asis, shifts everything for a sure-fire response. ke Nichols' "gift" is that he lets the audience ect him; this is demagoguery in the arts.

Even the cross-generation fornication is standard the genre. It goes back to Pauline Frederick in *ouldering Fires*, and Clara Bow was at it with ma Alice Joyce's boyfriend in *Our Dancing thers*, and in the Forties it was *Mildred Pierce*. en the terms are not different: in these movies seducing adults are customarily sophisticated, rldly, and corrupt, the kids basically innocent, ough not so humorless and blank as Benjamin. In basic attitudes *The Graduate* is corny American; takes us back to before *The Game of Love* with wige Feuillère as the sympathetic older woman d *A Cold Wind in August* with the sympathetic la Albright performance.

What's interesting about the success of *The aduate* is sociological: the revelation of how emo-nally accessible modern youth is to the same old nipulation. The recurrence of certain themes in vies suggests that each generation wants nance restated in slightly new terms, and of urse it's one of the pleasures of movies as a pular art that they can answer this need. And , and yet—one doesn't expect an *educated* genera-n to be so soft on itself, much softer than the tory workers of the past who didn't go back over d over to the same movies, mooning away in fixa-n on themselves and thinking this fixation meant vies had suddenly become an art, and *their* art.

X



When you're young the odds are very good that u'll find something to enjoy in almost any movie. t as you grow more experienced, the odds change. saw a picture a few years ago that was the sixth rsion of material that wasn't much to start with. nless you're feebleminded, the odds get worse and rse. We don't go on reading the same kind of anufactured novels—pulp Westerns or detective rillers, say—all of our lives, and we don't want to on and on looking at movies about cute heists by comically assorted gangs. The problem with a popular art form is that those who want something more are in a hopeless minority compared with the millions who are always seeing it for the first time, or for the reassurance and gratification of seeing the conventions fulfilled again. Probably a large part of the older audience gives up movies for this reason—simply that they've seen it before. And probably this is why so many of the best movie critics quit. They're wrong when they blame it on the movies going bad; it's the odds becoming so bad, and they can no longer bear the many tedious movies for the few good moments and the tiny shocks of recognition. Some become too tired, too frozen in fatigue, to respond to what *is* new. Others who *do* stay awake may become too demanding for the young who are seeing it all for the first hundred times. The critical task is necessarily comparative, and younger people do not truly know what is new. And despite all the chatter about the media and how smart the young are, they're incredibly naïve about mass culture—perhaps *more* naïve than earlier generations (though I don't know why). Maybe watching all that television hasn't done so much for them as they seem to think; and when I read a young intellectual's appreciation of *Rachel, Rachel* and come to "the mother's passion for chocolate bars is a superb symbol for the second coming of childhood" I know the writer is still in his first childhood, and I wonder if he's going to come out of it.

One's moviegoing tastes and habits change—I still like in movies what I always liked but now, for example, I really want documentaries. After all the years of stale stupid acted-out stories, with less and less for me in them, I am desperate to know something, desperate for facts, for information, for faces of non-actors and for knowledge of how people live—for revelations, not for the little bits of show-business detail worked up for us by show-business minds who got them from the same movies we're tired of.

But the big change is in our *habits*. If we make any kind of decent, useful life for ourselves we have less need to run from it to those diminishing pleasures of the movies. When we go to the movies we want something good, something sustained, we don't want to settle just for a bit of something, because we have other things to do. If life at home is more interesting, why go to the movies? And the theaters frequented by true moviegoers—those perennial displaced persons in each city, the loners and the losers—depress us. Listening to them—and they are often more audible than the sound track—as they cheer the cons and jeer the cops, we may still share their disaffection, but it's not enough to keep us interested in cops and robbers. A little nose-thumbing isn't enough. If we've grown up at the movies we know that good work is continuous not with the academic, respectable tradition but with the glimpses of something good in trash, but we want the subversive gesture carried to the domain of discovery. Trash has given us an appetite for art.

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Donald R. Cressey

THEFT OF THE NATION

Why conventional law-enforcement techniques have failed to curb the usury racket—one of the most lucrative, efficient, and vicious activities of organized criminals and their chief tool for gaining control of legitimate businesses and corrupting public officials.

If all the free-lance thieves in America suddenly vanished, no one would miss them except perhaps manufacturers of locks, burglary-insurance salesmen, policemen, and prison guards. But if organized crime were abruptly abolished it would be sorely missed. There is a genuine and widespread demand for the goods and services supplied by the confederation of criminals known as Cosa Nostra. Its customers include not only the nation's drug addicts—whom it serves as principal wholesale supplier—and businessmen who would rather not deal with legitimate unions but also uncounted innocents who enjoy gambling or need a quick no-questions-asked loan.

Undoubtedly many of this clientele believe they are patronizing unorganized criminals who, for that matter, are not very criminal. For example, a gray-haired old lady who accepts a few horse-racing bets at her neighborhood grocery store does not seem very dangerous. Indeed the policeman on the beat probably overlooks her offenses; the judge is likely to invoke the mildest possible punishment if she is hauled into court, and the jailer will not consider her a "real criminal." In fact, however, there is no free enterprise in gambling or any other illicit business. Any new "mom and pop" venture soon takes in, voluntarily or involuntarily, as a partner a representative of organized crime—which means, in the United States, a Cosa Nostra man.

American citizens spend about $5 billion annually betting legally at racetracks. Estimates of the amount bet illegally each year vary a great deal, but the consensus is that the total is about $20 billion. Cosa Nostra members take about one-third of the illegal gambling gross as th share—probably no less than six to seven billi annually. This is not, however, all profit. Li any other large enterprise. Cosa Nostra mu cover the cost of doing business, which inclu wages, rent, bribery, and armaments. Nor a the revenues divided equally among its membe But the profits are huge enough to make it lik that any given member of Cosa Nostra will be millionaire.

Members of the organization do not themselv own and operate all the enterprises providi illicit goods and services demanded by Ame cans. But those they do not own they control provide with essential services. For example, the late 1950s all the independent bookmakers Suffolk County in New York were "organize by a Cosa Nostra clique who boldly demand 50 per cent of their profits, under threat maiming and murder. The independents so learned that there were considerable advantag in casting one's lot with "the outfit." A "sport man"—as the loftier Cosa Nostra bosses are oft called—provided absolute backing for all bet thus eliminating risk from the operation a enabling each bookie to take more bets. As result the bookie made a bigger profit eve though he kept only half the take. Cosa Nostr also supplied legal services and political "co nections," and so decreased the risk of convi tion if he should be arrested. Squabbles wit other bookmakers were minimized—under th new arrangement, each man was assigned exclu sive rights to a specified territory.

The operations of organized criminals i

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mbling, in narcotics, and in labor racketeering ve been widely publicized in recent years. Less miliar is the story of the usury business—herwise known as loan sharking or shylocking. is one of Cosa Nostra's most profitable enrprises, and in many ways the most sinister tivity of organized crime. The service provided in great demand but it also is a trap. By offerg a helping hand to men in need—at usurious terest rates—Cosa Nostra bosses gain control legitimate enterprises and public officials.

Dollar for dollar, usury is a better business an taking bets. Although any criminal can ke part in it, he generally lacks the essential sets—customers, capital, and a method of colction. These Cosa Nostra can readily supply id in consequence it dominates the incredibly crative usury business. For example, one New ork City usurer on a single day made two loans a million dollars each. Another man by means usury increased his net worth from $500,000 1960 to $7,500,000 in 1964.

The corruptive influence of Cosa Nostra loan arking recently came to the surface in New ork City. Last June, James L. Marcus, the ty's former Commissioner of Water Supply, as, and Electricity, and one of Mayor Lindsay's ose advisers, pleaded guilty to taking a bribe in turn for awarding an $840,000 city contract. arcus had resigned his high position in Decemr 1967, a few days before a federal grand jury turned an indictment charging that he had reived a $16,000 share of a $40,000 kickback on contract to clean a Bronx reservoir. The inctment charged that when Marcus awarded the ntract he was acting under the direction of ntonio Corallo, whom the McClellan Committe, the FBI, U. S. Attorney Robert M. Morgenau, and the New York Police Department have scribed as a Cosa Nostra underboss. In July, orallo was sentenced to three years in prison r conspiring to bribe Marcus, and in September arcus was sentenced to fifteen months for his rt in the conspiracy.

Marcus was in financial trouble even before he nt to New York's City Hall. His Londonsed Conestoga Investments firm, whose busiss was that of bringing borrowers and lenders gether, seemed to swallow up all the money he ured into it. Two Conestoga investors comained to the district attorney about the way arcus was handling the company's money. A iend of one of Marcus' business partners commended the financial services of Corallo, a ell-known criminal who was, among other ings, a loan shark's loan shark. Corallo's criminal record—fourteen arrests but only two convictions—was typical of Cosa Nostra leaders. In 1941 he served time for narcotics trafficking, and in 1962 he was sentenced to two years in federal prison for bribing a judge to fix a fraudulent bankruptcy case. Shortly after his release in 1965, he departed for England where he hoped to invest Cosa Nostra money in recently legalized gambling casinos; but Scotland Yard, alerted by the FBI, refused to let him into the country. Marcus is said to have borrowed $40,000 from Corallo. But "favors," rather than a mere $14,000 a year in interest, seemed to be Corallo's objective. One such "favor" was the reservoir contract, complete with its kickback clause. There were additional "favors." Marcus has been indicted three times by New York authorities in connection with other conspiracies, and he has pleaded guilty in each case. In a statement made before passing sentence on Marcus, the presiding judge commented that the "reservoir fix was not an isolated 'affair.'" The reservoir conspiracy, he said, was part of a broader plot for "the infiltration of sinister elements into government."

In July, the millionaire contractor who made the $40,000 payoff to Marcus and others was sentenced to a two-year prison term. At his trial he testified that he paid the $40,000 as a "finder's fee" because he was afraid his construction business would be ruined by strong-arm Cosa Nostra tactics if he did not. The payoff was demanded by a man he had known as a "labor consultant" for twenty-five years: "I knew he was connected with the Cosa Nostra. He was a muscleman who wouldn't hesitate to put the arm on an individual. I knew if he gave me a command I would adhere to it. His word was law." The contractor went on to say he knew the "labor consultant's" reputation as an extortionist and reported he knew there would be "union trouble" if he did not pay —"a slowdown of the drill runners, the laborers, the engineers."

Bodies as Collateral

Many victims of usury operations are ordinary businessmen with financial problems arising from activities that are on the margin between honesty and dishonesty. Still others are working men who need a few dollars to carry them over to next pay day. A considerable number are compulsive or eager gamblers.

A resident loan shark is standard equipment at illegal gambling casinos and dice games. A

regular customer who has gone broke and wants to make one more pass of the dice or to look at one more poker hand can easily persuade the loan shark to stake him, usually at only 10 per cent interest—for twenty-four hours. If the gambler wins, he repays his financier on the spot. If he loses, he must repay within twenty-four hours. As security for the loan, the gambler puts up his body.

Sometimes owners of small businesses borrow to save their skins when legitimate channels of credit are closed. Narcotics addicts borrow to purchase heroin. Loan sharks borrow from loan sharks to finance their loan sharking. Factory workers who lose money to the resident bookmaker discover that the resident bookmaker is also a resident loan shark. The bookmaker-usurer will be glad to lend them money not only to cover gambling losses but for such legitimate needs as rent, medical bills, and beer. Like other victims of loan sharks, factory workers put up their bodies as collateral.

Usurers get whatever interest they can. The commonest loan is the "six for five," which means that next Saturday you pay me six dollars for each five that I hand you today. It comes to 20 per cent per week. For $400, you pay $80 every week until such time as a lump payment of $480 is made. You leave an envelope containing $80 with a tavern owner each Saturday and payments are due exactly at noon on Saturday. If you come in at 12:15 you owe me another week's interest—on $480, not on $400.

Interest rates can be as low as one per cent and as high as 150 per cent a week. Some loan sharks service a neighborhood in the same fashion as a barber or shoe repairman. Their "six for five" interest rates on loans made to community residents do not fluctuate much. Even when their capital (often borrowed from a bigger loan shark) diminishes, they do not raise their rates. Loans are viewed as having a price rather than an interest rate, and the price tends to be steady like the neighborhood barber's or shoemaker's prices. This type of loan shark often doubles as a bookmaker. Other loan sharks specialize in financing gamblers, at interest rate not lower than 5 per cent a week—260 per cent a year.

Higher up in Cosa Nostra echelons is still another breed of loan shark who supplies large sums, at rates of one or two per cent per week to other loan sharks and to rather affluent businessmen. Such a man is especially important in the Cosa Nostra organization because he channels the syndicate's proceeds from bet-taking and narcotics into highly profitable circulation. He is known in police and Cosa Nostra circles as a "money mover."

The boss of one Cosa Nostra "family" is said to have given a half-million dollars in cash, divided five ways, to five of his lieutenants for Christmas. The only obligation of each man was to repay him $150,000 within a year. Despite the strings attached to this gift, the lieutenants were elated. They knew that $100,000 in capital would much more than double itself in the usury marketplace within a year. The gesture was something like that of an honest grandpa giving each of his honest descendants a legitimate loan of $100,000 and asking them to repay it at an annual interest rate of only one per cent. The difference is this: In Cosa Nostra, if you are unable to repay, grandpa might kill you.

Usurers have "collectors" as their assistants. These men do not send dunning letters. One Chicago collector likes to refer to himself as "The Leg Breaker." Murder, however, is frowned upon by usurers. Loan sharks go to great lengths to avoid killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. They resort to execution only when a debtor trespasses against them, or when they believe it is time to set an example for other debtors. The usurer is not likely to insist on payment of the principal unless he himself is indebted to a usurer.

Interest is another matter. The loan shark's objective is to take every dime the borrower can lay his hands on, and he often succeeds. Indeed some of the legitimate businesses now owned by Cosa Nostra members were collected as payments on usurious loans.

After a borrower has been bled white, the usurer tells him to get more money, and incidentally asks leading questions about the routes the borrower's children take to school, or about the shopping and social habits of his wife. These thinly veiled threats often send the borrower to father-in-law, uncle, and grandpa for all the money they possess. If the money is not forthcoming, the usurer hires a goon to hang the borrower out a hotel window by his legs, to break

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arms or possibly to kick him in the stomach. llectors usually work on a commission basis, eiving half the interest they collect.

n the case of a Philadelphia jeweler, who de- ılted on his interest payments, goons not only ıt him up mercilessly but telephoned his girl end, saying, "If [borrower] don't pay the n we'll cut off your tits and send them to n in a box."

When he is certain that no more money can squeezed out of his victim, the usurer gener- sly "stops the clock." This means that for a ecified period of time interest will no longer compounded. After this respite the clock rts again, as do the window hangings, arm eakings, and beatings.

An instructive experience was that of a young ckbroker's assistant who speculated unwisely d illegally and found his accounts short about 0,000. He scraped together part of this amount, en borrowed the remainder from a usurer, at erest of 20 per cent a week. He was able to y the interest and repay the capital without ident. Believing he had a good thing going, repeated this pattern three times within the xt year. While he was in the process of pay- g off his fourth loan, he discovered that one of s friends was in a similar predicament. He l him the favor of referring him to his urer, who generously agreed that a percentage the interest paid by the friend would apply the young man's loan, providing the young an guaranteed payment of his friend's prin- oal and interest. This arrangement was so reeable that the young man soon brought in a cond friend, who was granted a usurious loan der the same conditions. But it developed that ither of the friends could keep up the payments their loans, and then the trouble started. When e young man went to the loan shark to talk the atter over, a goon punched him in the stomach. ıe loan shark and the goon told him they would ll him if all the debts were not settled. A few eeks later he was forced into an automobile, iven to a secluded spot, and hit over the head th a blackjack. Eventually the loan shark opped the clock, but by now the young man ıd lost his job and was financially desperate. ıe loan shark and his backers (whom he called he boys uptown" and who were Cosa Nostra gures) ordered him to dispose of some stolen ocks. Fortunately, the young man went to the olice instead.

In a similar case, a lawyer was so indebted to usurer that he agreed to become a bookmaker ı order to repay the debt, and in order to avoid having his arms broken. A famous sports broadcaster, hopelessly indebted to a loan shark, ended up steering his affluent associates to a crooked dice game in order to earn a percentage of their losses, to be applied against his indebtedness. On a less elaborate level, in a scheme to get a liquor license, a usury victim let the usurer use his name as a front. He was paid $100 a week for this service, but he never saw the money—it was interest on his loan. A New York City hairdresser won credits against his indebtedness to a loan shark by revealing which of his customers might be likely targets for jewel thieves. The loan shark, in turn, passed the information on to other members of his Cosa Nostra "family."

"Am I Shaking You Down?"

Jack was in the plumbing-supply business. To meet some end-of-the-month bills, he borrowed $3,500 from a loan shark, agreeing to pay $175 a week for twenty weeks, after which the principal would be due. This comes to 100 per cent for twenty weeks, or about 260 per cent per annum. When the plumbing-supply business failed, Jack was unable to keep up his payments. The usurer gave the collection contract to a Cosa Nostra specialist. Jack then stupidly asked another Cosa Nostra member to intercede with the collector. The man agreed, for a fee of $1,000. But Jack couldn't pay this debt either, so it was assigned to "Dom," still another Cosa Nostra collector, who pressured Jack to pay him $25 a week for about twelve weeks. Dom then became the collector for the original loan shark, for the usurer's collector, for the man that interceded, and for himself. In desperation Jack went to the police, agreed to the bugging of his room, told Dom he was leaving town, and waited (with policemen in the next room) for Dom to arrive. Here is part of the ensuing dialogue:

Dom: How much money you got left?

Jack: I'm not giving no money any more, Dominic, I'm not going to give any money. I can't. I'm going away. I'm taking off. I'm leaving. I'm not giving any more money. I've had it. I need the money. I'm taking off and I'm leaving everything.

Dom: What do you accomplish? What do you accomplish, Jack?

Jack: What do I accomplish?

Dom: Yeah.

Jack: I get rid of everything. (Both talking.) I'm giving money on all sides.

Dom: Did you take this money?

Jack: Not from you. (Both talking.) I didn't take it. Not from you I didn't take it.

Dom: Who'd you take it from?

Jack: The money I'm paying you, I didn't take it from you.

Dom: Am I shaking you down in other words you're telling me? Am I shaking you down?

Jack: Well, aren't you? Aren't you?

Dom: You say I'm shaking you down? I'm shaking you down? I'll bust your mouth. I'm shaking you down?

Jack: Look, Dom, cut it out now.

Dom: You ain't leaving this town. Just forget about it. No matter where you go, I'll find you.

Jack: Well, I—well, I can't pay anymore. I owe the city. I owe this guy. I owe that guy. (Inaudible.) As far as I'm concerned, I'm just waiting now to take off.

Dom: You ain't taking off, Jack. You may take off if I call an ambulance. Maybe you take off in an ambulance. That's the only way you're taking off.

Jack: Look, I gotta run because of this and a million other things. (Inaudible.) I'm not going to take this any more. (Sound of Dom assaulting Jack.)

Dom: Jack, don't. Don't stop me, Jack. Please don't let me—. (Sound of assault and of door being forced open.)

Police officer: Turn around. Turn around and hit the wall.

Thirsty Silent Partners

When a small businessman is unable to meet the exorbitant interest payments on a usurious loan, he is likely to find himself with a partner, usually a silent one. The criminal partner's percentage of the profits might be paid to him merely by adding his name, or the name of his brother-in-law, cousin, or friend, to the company payroll. Or the original owner might be required to buy some of his supplies, at exorbitant prices, from a company owned by the criminal partner. The "supplies" so purchased might, in fact, be fictitious. Such practices open up new avenues of extortion for the silent partner.

In one case, a restaurant owner who could not make the payments to a loan shark on a gambling debt found that the usurer had declared himself a partner in the business. The silent partner placed his own man in the restaurant as manager. Soon thereafter the real owner learned that he could purchase coal only from a company owned by Cosa Nostra members, at above-market prices. Then he had to turn over the hatcheck concession to persons designated by his Cosa Nostra partner. Linen services, food, and other products soon had to be purchased from companies owned by the partner's Cosa Nostra "friends," the term used to designate membe of the organization. He was told what ente tainers to engage, and he was ordered to hire Cosa Nostra "labor consultant." He was co pelled to furnish free food and drink to parti of Cosa Nostra members who padded into t restaurant like packs of Saint Bernards.

Cosa Nostra members who have establishe themselves as "labor consultants" or as officia of union locals sometimes effectively extract portion of a businessman's profits by threatenin strikes or slowdowns if he does not pay up. Othe Cosa Nostra men make a nice living by offerin their services in the settling of "labor disputes of this kind. Last spring, for example, testimon before a New York grand jury charged that thre hoodlums—two of them reputed Cosa Nostra lead ers—had agreed to intercede, on behalf of Sparta Industries, in a labor dispute involving a Spartan Korvette supermarket. (The billion-dollar E. J Korvette chain of discount houses is a wholly owned subsidiary of Spartan Industries, Inc. During the grand jury's investigation of whethe the arrangement included an agreement to resolv the labor dispute by coercion, bribery, and othe unlawful means, the vice president of Spartan In dustries denied that he had asked one Joseph Zin garo to intercede in any labor dispute and that h had asked Mr. Zingaro to put an end to any labo dispute by causing a labor union official to "lay off." In April, the grand jury accused the vice president of having perjured himself when he made these denials.

Testimony before the same grand jury also charged that the three hoodlums sought to obtain all the service and maintenance contracts that might be awarded by Spartan Industries in connection with Korvette shopping centers. The grand jury tried to determine whether the three hoodlums "had an understanding with" the vice president whereby various maintenance services required by his company would be furnished by persons and companies designated by the three hoodlums, and whether the three men and the vice president "conspired to share unlawfully a portion of the money that would be paid by Spartan Industries, Inc. for the rendition of such services." During the course of the subsequent investigation, the vice president denied that he had ever asked Mr. Zingaro to be a "middleman" in any kind of dealing involving Spartan-Korvette stores, and that he had ever asked Mr. Zingaro to be a "middleman" in procuring maintenance services for any Spartan-Korvette store. The grand jury later accused the vice president of having committed first degree perjury when he

de these denials. The two accusations have not come up for trial; the vice president has not entered a plea of not guilty or guilty.

Share the Wealth—or Else

ometimes, of course, Cosa Nostra engages in right, direct extortion. A recent attempt of s kind was directed against Mr. Irving Holtzn, the executive of several corporations enged in the highly successful distribution and eration of coin-operated equipment in the New rk area. Here, in the words of Judge Kenneth Keating of the New York Court of Appeals, is at happened:

> In recent years Mr. Holtzman's business ventures grew and prospered to such an extent that the self-appointed "family" of sharers in the prosperity of honest businessmen determined that the time had come for Mr. Holtzman to share his wealth—"to give up a piece" of his business. Some time during the early part of June 1964, a concerted effort was commenced to extort $25,000 from Mr. Holtzman as well as a 25 per cent share of his business interests. As the arrangement was explained to Mr. Holtzman, "If at the end of [a] week you have $1 left, [we] take 25 cents and you keep 75 cents." Mr. Holtzman, unmoved by the "family's" generosity and shaken by an assault on his wife by certain members of the "family," described to him as "animals," contacted the Nassau police. . . . On the morning of June 30, 1964, Mr. Holtzman's daughter, Mrs. Ronald Billings, then pregnant and residing in Plainview, received a call, which, from its contents, could only have been made by one of the "animals." Mrs. Billings was advised that "if your father doesn't cooperate we'll come to Sylvia Lane [Plainview] and kick your pregnant belly in."

t is only a short step from such crude extorn to a 50-50 partnership, and then to 100 per t ownership. Loan sharks have taken over nership of businesses ranging from optical pply stores to nightclubs to brick companies. e two partners in a New York furniture store re asked by a Cosa Nostra member for a pertage of their profits. They ignored the request l one partner was subsequently beaten up. olishly, they then asked another Cosa Nostra n for advice and, even more foolishly, followed suggestion that they seek assistance from ll other Cosa Nostra members. A member of e of New York City's five Cosa Nostra milies" agreed to provide protection, but it s not long before he announced that he was a partner in the business which, at that time, had a fully paid inventory of $60,000. One of the partners was compelled to sell his half interest for $10,000, while the other received $5,000 for half his share. The new partners then milked the firm by selling all its assets. This was followed by a serious fire. The insurance claim for the fire loss was settled for $105,000.

Cosa Nostra is as resourceful in disposing of businesses as it is in acquiring them. A common method is through bankruptcy fraud, also known as a "bust out" or "scam." In a short-range version of this game, the Cosa Nostra member conceals the transfer of ownership from the company's creditors and thus is able to operate on the former proprietor's credit rating. He orders merchandise, sells it at a loss, and declares bankruptcy. Another method is called "rehash" in Chicago. After acquiring a business, Cosa Nostra men make a number of large bank deposits, usually through "front men," to establish their credit rating. They then buy merchandise in huge quantities from a number of suppliers—first for cash, then on fifteen-day credit, then on thirty-day credit, then on whatever the creditors will bear. They make payments for all goods regularly and on time, and steadily increase the size of orders. Then, usually just before a holiday, they place huge orders. Once the goods arrive, the "bust out" occurs. The merchandise is sold for cash, sometimes at less than wholesale prices, to discount houses under control of "friends of ours" or to other somewhat-less-than-honest businessmen who are willing to buy at cut-rate prices without asking too many questions. The creditors are left with substantial claims and a bankrupt business with no assets. If the creditors complain too loudly, they are threatened with murder.

Search, Destroy, and Appease

Although the ominous impact of Cosa Nostra is well known, neither lawmakers nor law enforcers have yet found a practical and constitutional way to eliminate the organization or even to seriously curtail its activities. The prevailing notion seems to be that stricter enforcement of existing criminal laws would do the trick, especially if the police were given the electronic tools they desperately need as substitutes for the potential witnesses Cosa Nostra intimidates or kills. But in reality this proposition merely asks that we keep on doing what we have been trying to do since the days of Prohibition—seek out and destroy organized criminals one by one. The tra-

ditional approach might decrease Cosa Nostra's profits. In the long run, however, it will simply be met with vigorous countermeasures.

When the president or vice president of a large corporation dies or retires, a dozen men are waiting in the wings to take his place. In an effective bureaucracy, no man is indispensable. Cosa Nostra is such a bureaucracy. Even if its members could all be individually prosecuted and sent off to prison, the *positions* held by these members would remain. For each vacant Cosa Nostra membership position, there are at least a hundred applicants. Thus, for example, the imprisonment of one New York "family" boss, Vito Genovese, has had no discernible effect on the amount of crime committed by his "family."

Under our criminal law, conspiracy to commit a crime is the only punishable offense committed by most Cosa Nostra bosses and underbosses nowadays, and without careful use of wiretaps and bugs, conspiracies are so difficult to prove that these leaders are immune from arrest, let alone effective prosecution. Directors of police intelligence units across the nation can only watch the leaders, hoping they will make a mistake that will land them in prison. As the tempo of police action against individual bet-takers, usurers, extortionists, and murderers is increased, the Cosa Nostra leaders will take steps to insure that they make fewer and fewer mistakes. Bevies of lawyers and accountants and flocks of crooked public officials now help them maintain their immunity.

The fact is that "organized crime," as such, is not now against the law. The directors of businesses dealing in illicit goods and services are immune from arrest, prosecution, and imprisonment unless they themselves can be caught violating specific criminal laws such as those prohibiting usury, bribery, bet-taking, or the sale of narcotics. None of the laws enacted for the regulation of legitimate businesses or cartels can be applied. None of the laws enacted to regulate membership in either legitimate organizations (labor unions) or illegitimate organizations (Communist party) can be applied either. "Organized crime" thrives because it is not crime.

If "organized crime" is to be controlled by traditional methods, legislatures must in the long run be able to define it as precisely as burglary, automobile theft, and murder are now defined in criminal statutes. Once defined, the behavior involved conceivably could be prohibited by criminal law, as behavior defined as burglary is now prohibited. Agencies could bring offenders to trial for committing organized crime, not merely for committing the crimes that are organized, such as usury and bet-taking.

But prohibiting organized crime, as such, prohibiting membership in Cosa Nostra might not work either. Impossibly difficult constitutional questions are involved. Moreover, even if Cosa Nostra were outlawed in New York, in some other state, or even in the entire nation, its members undoubtedly would soon find loopholes in the law. Despite these obstacles, attempts to formulate such legislation would serve the useful purpose of forcing investigators to ask organizational questions, rather than traditional questions oriented to the task of putting individual criminals in jail. If we start asking questions about the structure and operations of Cosa Nostra we will at least start assembling intelligence information about the organization itself, and about its economic and political bases, as well as about the personnel who participate in it. This information could then be used to attack the organization even if it could not be effectively outlawed.

Moreover, if the organization can be acknowledged at the legislative level, we might be able to deal with it informally but officially on the state and national levels without any "attack." Our State Department and Department of Defense rightfully engage in diplomacy and negotiations with cold-war and hot-war enemies. Similarly, in the regulation of legitimate corporations engaged in interstate commerce there can be negotiation, appeasement, and accommodation, as well as resistance and punishment, because "the other side" is clearly identifiable. But establishing diplomatic or accommodating relations with America's crime syndicate is impossible because this "enemy" organization has not been precisely identified and acknowledged as an organization.

At present, local officials do negotiate with local members of Cosa Nostra, often in haphazard and corrupt fashion. But no state or federal agency has ever come to an official understanding with Cosa Nostra's highest ruling body in the way the State Department has come to something of an understanding with the Kremlin. A little cold-blooded appeasement is not necessarily a bad thing, especially when our side is losing. It is unlikely, but not inconceivable, that Cosa Nostra would agree to give up its political involvements, its usury business, and its illegal operation of legitimate businesses, which in combination threaten to undermine the whole nation, if it could be assured that it will be permitted to keep the profits, after payment of taxes, from bet-taking.

Harper's Magazine, February 1

IERICA:
REE FOREIGN COMMENTS

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y Anthony Howard

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Senator Fulbright analyzing "the arrogance" of American power, Senator McCarthy insisting on "the limits" that must always accompany its exercise, Mr. Theodore Draper inveighing against "the abuse" that he maintains has recently characterized its deployment, even Mr. George Ball advocating the virtues of "discipline" for the future. The one thing there is no sign of is any clear-cut belief in a national purpose, let alone any lingering sense of a Manifest Destiny.

But does that mean that Americans should mope and her friends in the rest of the world should mourn? I think not. It is not necessary to believe in any melodramatic analogy with the plagues of Egypt or even the trials of Job to be persuaded that what has happened to the U.S. over the past three years has in its way been salutary. Who, after all, nowadays (except perhaps Mr. Theodore Sorensen) can read those shy-making sentences of the early 1960s about torches being passed, trumpets sounding again, and watchmen being on the wall for freedom without suffering a shudder or, at the very least, a blush?

Even as late as 1966 I remember standing on the White House lawn with an English friend who is of a romantic, nostalgic turn of mind. The scene that we were witnessing—the reception of a Middle Eastern potentate to the crashing of rifle butts, the blowing of bugles, and the thudding of drums—was almost too much for him. "This," he suddenly exclaimed, "is what London ought to be like, this is the life *we* were meant to be leading." But even in his reaction to the trappings of power and the echoes of imperialism he was, I think, deceived; certainly not even in Nineveh and Tyre did dreams of empire collapse more quickly than they did in LBJ's America. And a good thing too. For if anything is deadly for a country—small or large—it is the temptation to romanticize its role in terms of history, to clothe reality in a suit of legend.

That perhaps was the unconscious but enduring disservice that the Kennedys performed for the nation (a disservice, ironically, compounded by LBJ who, rigorously excluded from citizenship in Camelot, seemed at moments to be trying to build a kind of private Puritania of his own). It is partly because any form of romantic feeling is so clearly alien to Richard Nixon that I have recently found myself in a defensive minority of Washington journalists who feel modestly optimistic about the new President's accession.

"But he's so second-rate, so mediocre, so totally devoid of any real quality," run the complaints. Exactly so. And for that reason he seems to me not so much (as snobbish European critics are already saying) the President the country deserves as the leader the nation now needs. Whether he will prove to have the ability to solve the country's problems—or, as he would probably prefer to call them, "crises"—is, of course, another question. But that he starts out untrammeled by any popular belief that he possesses some magic quality that can summon spirits or drive away demons is to me the most reassuring thing about him.

For what the nation has been beguiled into believing ever since 1960 (at first exhilaratingly and later embarrassingly) is surely the politics of evangelism: the faith (never more nakedly expressed than by the liberal admirers of Bobby Kennedy) that individual men are cast to be messiahs, the conviction that Presidential in-

cantations can be substitutes for concrete programs, the belief that what matters is not so much the state of the nation as the inspiration-quotient of its people. It is hard to think of any national leader anywhere in the world better equipped than the new President to shatter such mysticism almost overnight.

Of course a price will have to be paid. A nation living under Nixon may well have to come to terms with the fact that for outsiders it has ceased to bear any remote likeness to being "the last, best hope of earth." This is not to say that for the rest of the world the U.S. has become—as Daniel Cohn-Bendit and others put it—"the unique, the essential enemy." At home it seems unlikely that many Americans will feel much stirring of pride at seeing the White House turned into a kind of branch office of J. Walter Thompson. And always too—inevitably—there will be the gnawing fear that one day the nation may wake up to discover that Spiro T. Agnew—whose name, with a nice sense of discrimination on the part of its editors, does not even appear in the current issue of *Who's Who in America*—has suddenly become its appointed leader.

Even this dim prospect merely underscores the fact that 1969 is a time neither for heroes nor for hero-worship. Instead, perhaps it is the hour of the men in the gray flannel suits who can be counted upon to disappoint few since hardly anyone expects anything of them anyway. "Mr. Nixon," I remember an obscure Republican Governor proudly declaring at a press conference all those months ago in Miami Beach, "is, I am convinced, the man to match the nation's mood." It sounded all right until an irreverent questioner rose up to ask, "I'm a bit puzzled, Governor, about what you said—I mean doesn't everyone agree that the national mood is pretty despondent and despairing right now?" We all, as they say, broke up. But looking back, I am not sure the Governor and the newspaperman between them had not come as near to political truth as anyone had managed to do these past twelve months. Against such a climate and with a little luck, small mercies may come to look like matchless blessings.

The Guilty Optimists

by Sabina Lietzmann

For a moment in November 1963 and again last June when the second Kennedy was murdered, America seemed to stop in her tracks and think about herself. It was a time of painful scrutiny but it passed swiftly. Here, one does not linger over tragedies. This is perplexing to a European generation that cannot shake off the memory of its own catastrophes. But perhaps the American attitude is wholesome. No brooding over bygone woes; no obsession with one's own past mistakes and ordeals; no fascination with the dark impulses of the irrational; above all, no collective self-pity. Every crisis, whether personal or public, seems to be overcome by the American philosophy of enlightened optimism, that stubborn survivor of the eighteenth century.

Suffering, it seems, has no place in the American system. It is something to be prevented as one tries to prevent the common colds of winter with suitable pills. The dead must be beautified with cosmetics to look even better than in life. And with the assistance of Saint Freud, grief must be exorcised.

A girl I know asks her analyst to assuage the hurt she feels because her lover is married; pain, she believes, has no place in love. Another friend sought psychiatric treatment because she believed that she mourned the loss of her baby too much. In contrast a young Swiss woman, whose husband died here, irritates her suburban friends by visiting his grave. "Something is wrong with her," a worried neighbor told me; "she seems so stuck on grief."

It seems to me that the only Americans who fully accept suffering as a part of life are the Negroes. This was brought home to me when I first visited this country in 1950, by a student at Morehouse College in Atlanta who said to me, "We Negroes understand you Germans because we, too, are a defeated people."

Today, eighteen years and riots later, this analogy has a curious twist. The rising ten the strained relations betwe and white Americans remin man of his own distorted rel with Jews, marked always and apprehension, by an ex and a lack of ease no matter ties between individuals ma nocence has gone forever meanings, hidden implicatio tives lurk in every remark ture.

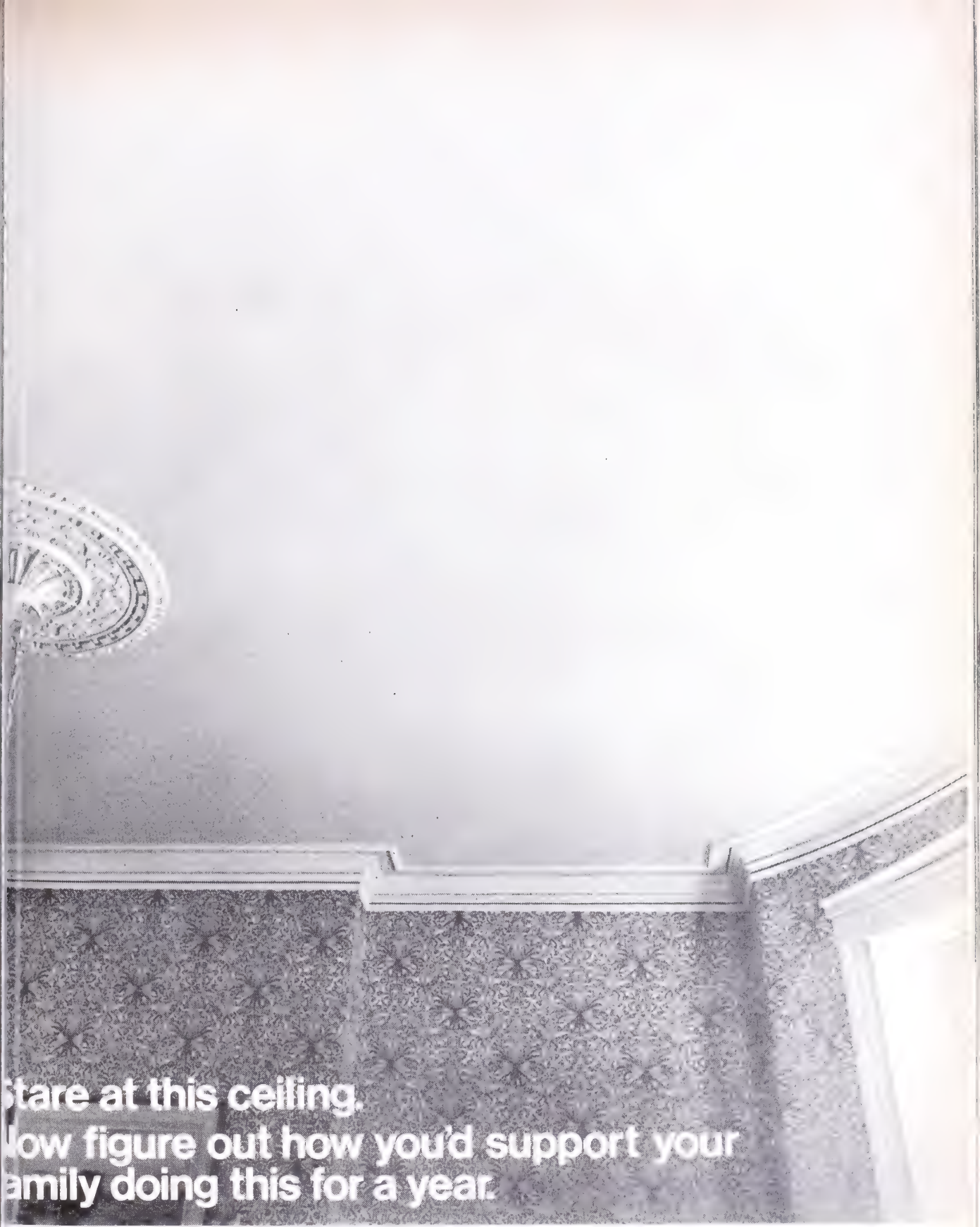
"This man sent me th flowers I ever got," my Jewi told me after a pleasant din a German visitor; "he must l a Nazi." During an animate sation in a Jewish home ab York cabbies, a German marked, "Aren't most tax named Finkelstein or Tanne She blushed and felt embarr the rest of the evening. On home, she asked me anxious think they'll take me for Semite?" I recall an incide native city, Berlin, when a yo ish apprentice stood trial fo bery of a (gentile) jewele

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Anthony Howard has just co three-year tour as Washingt spondent for "The Observer don. In 1960-61 he was in t try as a student, holding a Fellowship.

For the past seven years Lietzmann has represented t furter "Allgemeine Zeitung York. A native of Berlin, w acquired a Ph.D. in medieva she spent six months in thi in 1950-51 under the auspi American Press Institute.

*After serving as a fighter pil Free French in World War bert de Segonzac settled in L British correspondent for Soir." He has represented t in the U.S. for the past twe He was one of the first non nist journalists admitted during the Geneva talks of 1



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low figure out how you'd support your amily doing this for a year.

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body was most reluctant even to think about the case, searching for all kinds of excuses for the boy who was in fact a criminal. In the end, it took a Jewish witness for the prosecution to persuade the court of his guilt.

New Yorkers went through a very similar exercise last fall when New York University hesitated for months before dismissing a Negro, John F. Hatchett, from a new administrative post, in spite of some blatantly anti-Semitic utterances he had made. The university administration bent over backwards to tolerate a situation that under "normal" circumstances would have been condemned out of hand.

"Was it the Irish mailman or the uh—other one?" asked my neighbor, avoiding the word "Negro" in the presence of her colored maid. "She is an Israeli," explained a German student about his girl friend, fearing to call a Jew a Jew.

Sometimes a private gesture becomes a device to absolve the conscience of a nation. This seems a possible explanation for the upsurge in interracial dating here and for the extra eagerness of young Germans to make Jewish friends. Both are subconscious attempts to "make good" for the sins of the fathers by individual love affairs.

The same anxieties haunt my hairdresser who does not have the heart to fire his incompetent black manicurist. (He had no qualms about getting rid of her Irish predecessor.) And I am myself a case in point. When I moved into my present New York apartment, my delicatessen man would not talk to me for two years after he discovered I was German. Now we are on such friendly terms that I don't dare leave him for the nearby A&P though his prices are much too high for me. Shopping at a store I cannot really afford seems a gesture of personal restitution, foolish as it may be.

For my generation of Germans, who were in their twenties when the war ended, there seems little hope of a "normal" relationship with Jews. And this seems equally true of guilt-ridden white Americans in their relations with Negroes. Nor do I find much promise in the remedies of the black militants. Even if they don African garb and learn Swahili, Negroes will still find, as James Baldwin did almost two decades ago, that a gulf of three hundred years separates the American Negro from the African, and that "in this need to establish himself in relation to his past he is most American, that this depthless alienation from oneself and one's people is, in sum, the American experience."

Wherever he travels outside this continent, the Negro is first of all an American. He may take comfort from a postwar European joke about the German (English, Dutch, French) farmer who was asked how he liked the U.S. troops who bivouacked in his barn. The Americans, he replied were fine. They were friendly, generous, and kind. It was only those whites they had with them who gave him trouble.

A Time for Choice

by Adelbert de Segonzac

Today what is called poverty in America would be considered adequate comfort in many other parts of the globe. The wealth, power, and influence of the United States in the world have never been so great. Yet, the country has never been so worried or so racked with dissent. And its ingrained violence inherited from the difficult conquest of a continent is again coming to the fore. It is questioning what it has stood for over the past generations, doubting its moral values, its institutions, even the meaning of Christianity. Puritanism is dying. The American Catholic Church is more deeply shaken than others by the quarrel between conservatives and liberals. Everyone seems to be struggling with painful choices.

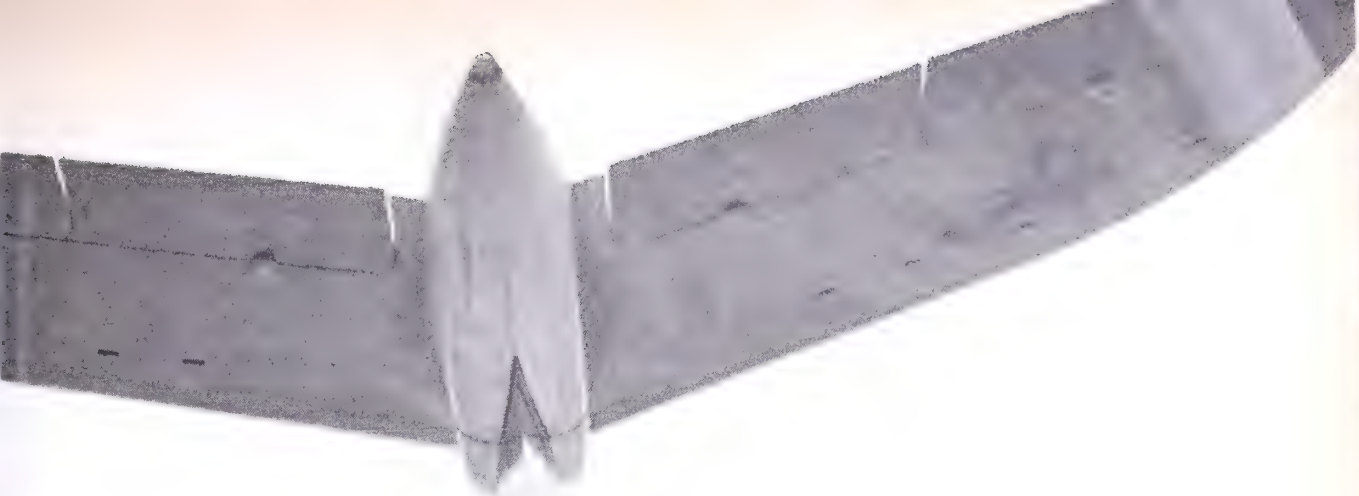
Young Americans, however, seem to have chosen. Their decisions seem to me to be perfectly illustrated by the astonishing, and to many shocking, musical comedy *Hair* now playing in New York. The racial crisis (which incidentally hypnotizes most Europeans) will no longer represent, according to *Hair*, a problem for the next generation. Integration will come about without troub
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This is important. For i
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Many times enraged co
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Visiting campuses arou
country, I have frequently b
"The old values of your gener



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longer have any importance to us. We are not pining, as our fathers did, for automobiles, television, or other amenities of life. We are raising our sights higher." The same indifference was expressed by a young French compatriot: "We are tired of your bourgeois habits," he told me; "your capitalistic values are all wrong; why, for example, should speculators gain from the sale of land which should belong to all the people?" If there is a difference between the students on both sides of the Atlantic, it is only in the issues. In France they are crystallized around the reform of an antiquated educational system under a centralized government authority. In the United States of course, the immorality of the war in Vietnam and the draft which interrupts their education are the focal points. These narrow differences explain why Europeans are not so intensely interested in the upheaval of American youth as in the Negro conflict, though I personally consider both equally important.

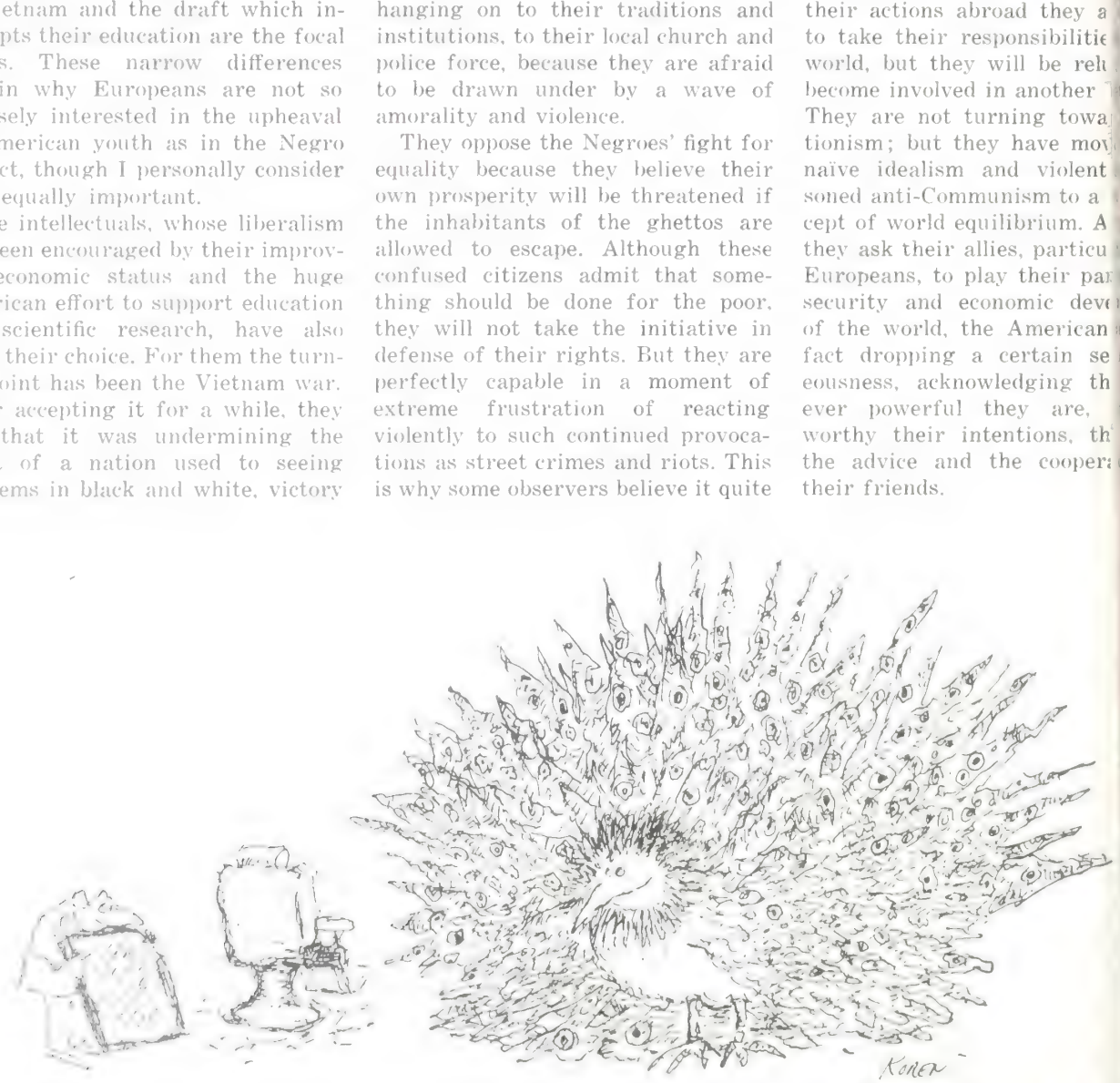
The intellectuals, whose liberalism has been encouraged by their improving economic status and the huge American effort to support education and scientific research, have also made their choice. For them the turning point has been the Vietnam war. After accepting it for a while, they saw that it was undermining the spirit of a nation used to seeing problems in black and white, victory or defeat rather than in colorless compromises. The courage of the liberals has brought into question the wisdom of America's anti-Communist crusade, and its role of "gendarme" to the world.

However, the excesses of the young and the freedoms defended by the intellectuals have been anathema to important groups, particularly the white lower middle class. They have been dismayed too by the protection accorded criminal suspects against an overpowering police, and the welfare distributed to Negroes who had never held a regular job for lack of opportunity. These people still believe in a society in which individual happiness can only be obtained through material gains. They are desperately hanging on to their traditions and institutions, to their local church and police force, because they are afraid to be drawn under by a wave of amorality and violence.

They oppose the Negroes' fight for equality because they believe their own prosperity will be threatened if the inhabitants of the ghettos are allowed to escape. Although these confused citizens admit that something should be done for the poor, they will not take the initiative in defense of their rights. But they are perfectly capable in a moment of extreme frustration of reacting violently to such continued provocations as street crimes and riots. This is why some observers believe it quite likely that some day soon [illegible] industrial suburb, there w[illegible] armed clash between racial [illegible]

But Americans are basi[illegible] people. And though many [illegible] fied by a vocal minority an[illegible] ted to traditional moral va[illegible] have rejected reactionary r[illegible] extremism. They voted on [illegible] 5th for Richard Nixon bec[illegible] want a pause, time to thin[illegible] consolidate their gains bef[illegible] dynamic leader emerges [illegible] them again, in an orderly fa[illegible] the road to more fundam[illegible] forms.

This state of mind seem[illegible] apply to foreign affairs. A[illegible] have learned their lesson. [illegible] generosity which has moti[illegible] their actions abroad they a[illegible] to take their responsibilitie[illegible] world, but they will be rel[illegible] become involved in another [illegible] They are not turning towa[illegible] tionism; but they have mo[illegible] naïve idealism and violent [illegible] soned anti-Communism to a [illegible] cept of world equilibrium. A[illegible] they ask their allies, particu[illegible] Europeans, to play their pa[illegible] security and economic dev[illegible] of the world, the American [illegible] fact dropping a certain se[illegible] eousness, acknowledging th[illegible] ever powerful they are, [illegible] worthy their intentions, th[illegible] the advice and the coopera[illegible] their friends.

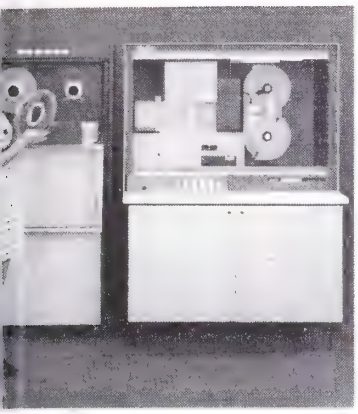


Harper's Magazine, Februa[illegible]

In hope of understanding each other

Kodak

re but keep



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Thus we have labored mightily to make it convenient to ignore practically everything a computer puts out and yet keep every bit of it. If you want to smile faintly, smile faintly.

If on the other hand, you see the point and are in a position to act on it, the Business Systems Division of Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y. wants to find you.

:hing and teaching the less bookish

e seems to be some problem as to who is willing to pay :ience, let alone raise the ante a few percent per annum. : difference between science and technology gets to be widely grasped, the problem may get worse. Cheer may nd, however, in that more of the population now goes llege and there encounters science. Were this not so, ists would be harder pressed than they now are to turn echnologists.

entists who teach are therefore well advised to do a job of teaching at levels of the human genetic and cul- pool which science must tap for sustenance but where it quite enough to suggest that elementary wave mechan- or example, can be understood by devoting an afternoon itler's 190-page little classic on the subject.

ere seem to be more effective routes to the minds of a ation whose education began before kindergarten with day morning cartoon shows. We made the film those s came on, and we make film on which, in the opening s of a recent announcement by the Commission on ge Physics, "The physics film underground is about to it."

The Commission proposes a "film publication system," referee-controlled, whereby the physics teaching community turns out films for each other. Most of the activity is to be at the advanced undergraduate and the graduate levels, for which few films now exist.

Aside from helping with the publicity, we can also help with the KODAK EKTAGRAPHIC MFS-8 Projector.† It establishes a relationship between the student and the film that the teacher-filmmaker can put to good use. No longer does the film have to start at the beginning and run to the end. Even if the film wasn't conceived with this projector in mind, its edge can be marked to stop automatically at any frames to halt the action, make a statement, raise a question. When the student is ready, he presses a button to thaw the freeze and resume at 6 to 18 frames/sec, forward or backward as prescribed, until the next marked frame.

If gadgetry can help bring light to the less bookish of the populace, let's not consider it indecent.

*The Commission can be reached at the University of Maryland, 4321 Hartwick Road, College Park, Md. 20740.

†Details from Eastman Kodak Company, Dept. 640, Rochester, N.Y. 14650.

log-cock



as known as g-cock long when bird- ers had no high-flown la- s "pileated pecker" and eir watching e family table or the game ets in the . He doesn't very good. rtheless, his ers declined. he came back, as the forest returned to poorer farm- , abandoned with the recognition of agriculture as a ss. He can be watched again in much of North Ameri- watchers good at watching.

e behavior pattern that comes with his long, hairlike t crest and his scarlet mustache makes him a living jackhammer. The chips that fly run 3, 4, even 6 inches in size. Rarely do he and his mate use for nesting one of the dead trees they have riddled in quest of ants. For a nest they select a special tree and spend a full month patiently and meticulously carving a huge chamber high up in it. The eggs are laid on the bed of chips. During daylight he and she take two-hour turns at incubating, but for the night he takes over alone.

The log-cock's world and man's remain in conflict in a minor way. A dead tree that has been impregnated with preservatives and replanted as a utility pole is still a dead tree to the log-cock. Computers may refine the figure, but $6 million is believed a fair estimate of the annual cost of the log-cock's assumption. We have reason to believe that if p-benzoquinone were added to the preservative recipe, he would be alerted to a difference. p-Benzoquinone is one of many chemicals that our manufacturing processes produce. Ingenuity in finding markets for them is admired in our marketers and gets them singled out as bright.

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The Stevenson We Lost

by Midge Decter

An Ethic for Survival (Adlai Stevenson Speaks on International Affairs—1936-1965). Edited with Introduction and Commentary by Michael H. Prosser. William Morrow, $11.95.

It comes as something of a shock to discover how little, in the event, one wishes to read—or, as the case may be, reread—the speeches of Adlai Stevenson. Speeches, to be sure, with only a few exceptions make extremely unsatisfactory reading; separated from its occasion, particularly from the precise sentiment of the occasion, and from the solid present vitality of its deliverer, a speech stands exposed and thin as the conscious or unconscious manipulation it was intended to be. Probably anyone over forty can remember the exact emotion connected with hearing the voice of Winston Churchill, through the ocean roar of shortwave, intoning, "We shall fight them on the beaches. . . ." To read those words today makes one wince—though after all unfairly—at the shameless bravura in their cadence.

In the case of Adlai Stevenson's speeches, one's reluctance goes a lot deeper. It goes deeper even than the standard and predictable fear that the scrutiny of something which once seemed marvelous and important will yet again prove not to have been so and thus disappoint us in our past and in ourselves.

For this present collection, published and read as it was meant to be in the year 1969, is to the reader at least a funerary act. Far more funerary, indeed, than any or all of the innumerable pious biographical portraits of Adlai Stevenson published since his death in July 1965. A biography, no matter how operatic or clouded with incense, and even if only by implication, in the end must make the assertion, This was a life. Reducing to print the spoken words of a man now dead only serves as a fresh reminder of his death. There is nothing quite so final as the act of establishing, [illegible] the epitaph.

And while Adlai Stevenson alive was a figure about whom one could beguile oneself with many different thoughts and feelings, Adlai Stevenson in death has become a memory in relation to which it is necessary to *do* something – make some decision, come to some conclusion. The bothersome question is: what? He is, among other more happily avoided things, a nuisance to the conscience.

He is at least for this reviewer and, I would presume to say, for many others like her who supported Stevenson ardently well beyond the point of his having any real chance to maintain political leadership, and then did not even so much as turn against him but simply paid him no further heed. By the time he fell dead in London, it was no longer possible for such as we to take any measure of what, if anything at all, had been lost to us. For one thing, the country had just passed through nearly two years of cataclysm: the assassination of a President, an avalanche election, and finally the large-scale commitment to an unpopular war. More important, however, was the fact that Stevenson's supporters had already lost him, and long since, and in three different guises. The first loss was in 1952, when a majority of Americans (who knows? perhaps wisely) declined his call for a new politics and a new drive toward national greatness and opted instead for the postwar calming respite of Eisenhower. The second was in 1960, when a bare majority of Americans did seem ready to take up their dreams of glory but only in the atmosphere of breezy confidence created for them by John F. Kennedy, not in the careful, careworn spirit personified by Adlai E. Stevenson. The third was in 1961, when he became U. S. Ambassador to the U.N. and underwent a final transformation into that most unmemorable of all species of famous men: the useful and self-disciplined public servant.

Not, however, that the slight but persistent feeling of guilt toward him—the guilt that makes even so unri[illegible] funeral as a book into an occasi[illegible] wished one didn't have to attend[illegible] any way personal. Seen persona[illegible] story of Adlai Stevenson is quite [illegible] and if a little sad, one has heard[illegible] sadder. He was a politician and, [illegible] public shorthand has it, a leader [illegible] He risked becoming President [illegible] United States and lost. Near[illegible] turned out to be the end of his [illegible] was offered a rather painful cho[illegible] retire from his career, or to take a[illegible] job than he was entitled to and[illegible] humiliated—and he chose the [illegible] Along the way, he had some good[illegible] sufficient, part of celebration and[illegible] and power.

Still, his career and he himself d[illegible] to be dealt with in some other way[illegible] a variety of other ways. In the [illegible] introduction to the volumes und[illegible] view, for instance, Michael H. P[illegible] who is a professor of speech cor[illegible] cation at Buffalo University, t[illegible] that the project of bringing togeth[illegible] annotating these utterances on [illegible] affairs grew out of an earlier p[illegible] Mr. Prosser's doctoral disser[illegible] which was a close textual analy[illegible] Stevenson's speeches. It is only a [illegible]

-one would have oneself to be a s[illegible] of Stevensoniana to know the fi[illegible] but it seems likely that Mr. Pr[illegible] dissertation was only one of doz[illegible] academic essays devoted to this [illegible] ously suitable subject. After all, [illegible] candidates in the fields of Americ[illegible] tory, politics, and sociology ar[illegible] merous and public figures serious e[illegible] to lend themselves to serious a[illegible] are all too few. But *why* does it s[illegible] right that this man, who never e[illegible] power except briefly and almost b[illegible]

Midge Decter is an editor of this [illegible] zine. Her last "Harper's" article [illegible] lished in April 1968, was "Anti-[illegible] canism in America."

oing to the Caribbean without nerican Express Travelers Cheques about as big a goof as...



umming a light from a limbo dancer when the bar own to eight inches.

Jo savvy traveler would do such a thing. Nor would risk the embarrassment and frustration of trying to personal checks and letters of credit. Not to men- the *danger* of losing cash.

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dent in the State of Illinois, should be subject even before his death to so much academic scrutiny? What is there that needs to be explained about him?

Mr. Prosser describes an afternoon in December of 1964 in which he stopped off at the U. S. Mission to present a copy of the dissertation to its subject. The Ambassador was harried; Che Guevara was across the street with the General Assembly, about to address that body, and the Mission staff was busily polishing up and deploying the Ambassador's defenses. Stevenson had just time enough, though, and heart enough, for a hurried gesture of acknowledgment. Mr. Prosser was carried across First Avenue in the Ambassador's car and given a seat from which to watch the afternoon's proceedings. Some weeks later he received a note from Stevenson which was at once gracious and a little over-hearty, saying:

> . . . I was overwhelmed with the enormous research you put into [the thesis]. I am moved, therefore, to send this further word of thanks for telling Stevenson so much about Stevenson's speeches.

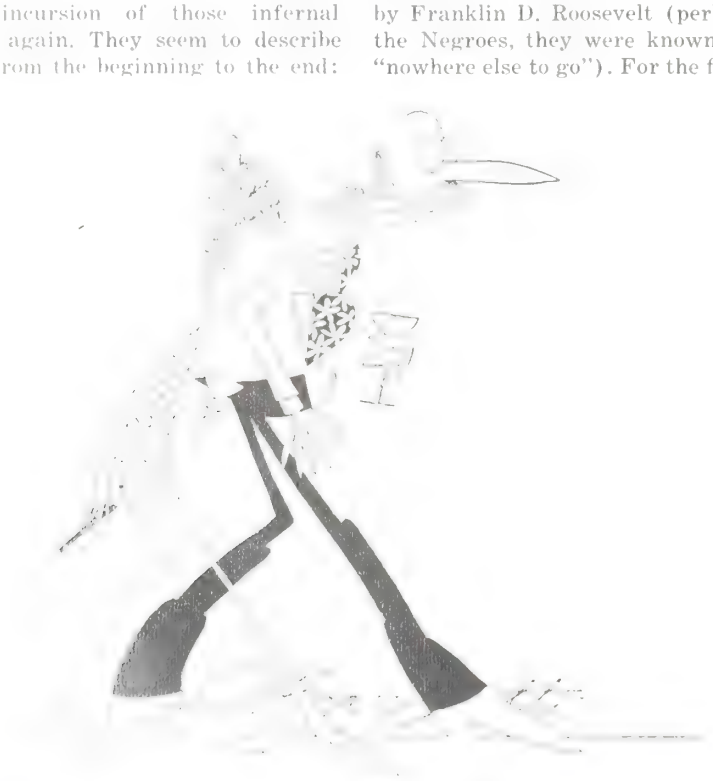
Now, this little anecdote is depressing, though for reasons having nothing to do with the conduct of either Mr. Prosser or the Ambassador, in both cases perfectly proper and purely conventional. What makes it depressing is the incursion of those infernal speeches again. They seem to describe an arc, from the beginning to the end: Stevenson had come to glory on them and in the time of his humiliation—was delivering them still. As if everything for which he was ultimately to be remembered resided in what he did not do, which is to say, in what he said.

No, the guilty feeling with which one contemplates Adlai Stevenson is not that connected with personal betrayal or even that of witnessing a hero brought low. It comes from the realization, not quite articulated or articulable, that those among us who valued him most did so for the wrong reason and those among us who came to decry his political fate did that, too, for the wrong reason, the two reasons in fact being one and the same.

Those who in 1952 were to become, and for eight years to remain, his most loyal and vocal constituents were delighted—and startled into an amount of ordinary political activity previously deemed unthinkable for people like them—by Stevenson's early campaign announcement: "Let us talk sense to the American people." Talking sense meant talking to *them* in particular—a thing that no politician in living memory had ever done—for they after all were the men of sense in American society. These were the members of a rising and newly self-conscious class in this country the *intelligentsia*—and had been wholly taken for granted in the Democratic configuration put together by Franklin D. Roosevelt (perhaps like the Negroes, they were known to have "nowhere else to go"). For the first time, then, in 1952 and for a brief illuso ment in 1956, they felt themselve on the brink of genuine influence. immediately, however, they—I mu *we*—displayed an inclination to gard the sense and concentrate i on the talk.

Stevenson, of course, had his sh responsibility for the ease with Stevensonians turned their att from his real, and occupied then with his symbolic, substance. H little less than they, seemed to be smitten with how well he talked. peared to be, as perhaps all Illinoi ticians must at some time be, haun the shade of Abraham Lincoln among other things has undou earned a place for all ages to cc the history of American prose. over, he was a man whose lesser was subject to the highest temp in modern American public life: one fussily, even prissily, literate by circumstance to make his through the media of mass commu tion, where even the slightest sh elegance and wit puts one instant the side of Alexander Pope. We ar that he hated to have ghost writer: when, as in his Presidential camp and later at the U. N., they were a solute necessity; any final draft address delivered by him could justice be called his regardless of v it originated. Mr. Prosser describes even tabulates for us, the numbe corrections and revisions in his ha tone and phrasing and formulation, found on the original manuscripts speeches. No doubt a man's distast having others compose the words ascribed to him is as honorable as rare in these times. No doubt, Stevenson's unease in this regard compounded by the fear of giving image as a man of grace of mind bearing into the keeping of writers might prove incapable of doing it honors.

But whatever Stevenson's own res sibility for it, the attachment to finally the word will out—style, at expense of the meaning of his com ments, led his followers into a kin political self-betrayal that has held t in its tangled toils ever since. What sought from him first and foremost public token of their superiority to t less-educated countrymen. When failed to capture for them a majo assent to that superiority, the fai was taken to be his in the doing, theirs in the being. As early as 1 one began to hear it said of him tha was a "loser," that he was in some "indecisive," that he lacked that fi



"Pardon me, Clarice, but isn't that Malcolm Maynard Defendorph . . . nude?"

nce-inspiring iron in the soul. alk was to intensify in the pass- ars, until, with the bald and im- sible subversion by Kennedy of re position at the United Nations e Bay of Pigs, it became the final tion of his character. The fact rtain decisions of policy, choices n, did not come easily to him was a deficiency in the essential qual- e fashionably called "command." rom the very beginning, Steven- omplexity of vision (what he ac- meant when he spoke of talking —whose *articulation* had made eel him one of their own—was in f little more account to his own uents than to anyone else. (The l that suggests itself between id, to a much greater intensity, mmer's currency with respect to e McCarthy might give one)

hort, Stevenson was responded to . a leader than as a virtuoso in performance. And like all virtu- relation to their anxious, ambi- amilies, he was required to be an t critical sensation, thus confirm- em—or they would (secretly, to e) be content to see him retire the scene. Positions in ensembles ot acceptable to the families of sos.

good, then, if one must be subject h reminder, to have the speeches reign affairs culled from all the Many of these were, for one thing, red in the years before the Steven- anner became a public institution, were: to such groups as the Chi- Bar Association, the Northwestern School Association, the American iation for the United Nations. Ambassadorial addresses to the d Nations are in this context less sting; they are clearly committee- d and may or may not be precisely Stevenson wanted to say.) For an- thing, they bespeak a simple and , though supple, and highly seri- ind. They are not particularly nor even very much touched by elf-conscious will to elegance with memory associates his campaign y. As a stylist, of course, he does en come near to the perfection of nce in Lincoln's plainness nor to igh polish of Wilson's brilliance. ne was adequate and sometimes than adequate to the rarely as- d burden of holding two separate in view at the same time.

venson's message on foreign af- though not without a certain reso- good humor, was no fun. It seems ly important now to see this in the light of all that has happened. He was an interventionist, if you will, a cold warrior, and he counseled patience, negotiation, and non-intervention. He had no new policy to offer beyond Harry Truman's, but added to it a spirit of quiet empathy for the concerns of the other side. His fellow Americans, no matter how many of them responded to him as a figure, were in no mood for what he really had to say: not in 1952, when they wanted to talk grandly of Right and Wrong, sort out and win a moral argument, and do as little as possible and at as little cost to themselves as possible; and not in 1960, when they wanted to be on the move and to believe that the right formula for action on their part would bring a clean decision to all their problems. Nor certainly would they be in the mood today, when the very ideas of both talk and action hang suspended in the smog of Vietnam.

More important than his message, however, in making him feel so long departed from us was his posture (a very different thing, if not the polar opposite, from style) as a rational, doubting man. There is very little reason, and even less doubt, being admitted into the public arena today.

People cannot be blamed for wanting to have fun, particularly Americans. The burden of America's majority in power was one thrust upon us; we did not, truly we did not, seek it—all we ever really wanted was a little pleasure and profit. And this burden has proved a nearly intolerable one to a nation of on the whole fairly amiable pleasure- and profit-seekers. Stevenson subliminally communicated to us the outlines of that burden and grew, himself, a little prissy and a little stuffy with its weight.

But the people in pursuit of fun, as even Aristotle knew, are apt to get pretty bored, and their boredom, apt to lead them to be pretty careless about their genuine interests. One of the early acts of President-elect John F. Kennedy was no small outrage against the principle of promoting the public welfare: he did not appoint Adlai E. Stevenson to be Secretary of State. Reading these speeches—precisely for their failure to promise easy good times or anything other than a long, costly, painful, prosy give-and-take with the world—more than anything else reinforces the long-forgotten belief that he ought to have, *must* have, done so. Yet when he did not, but appointed Stevenson in-

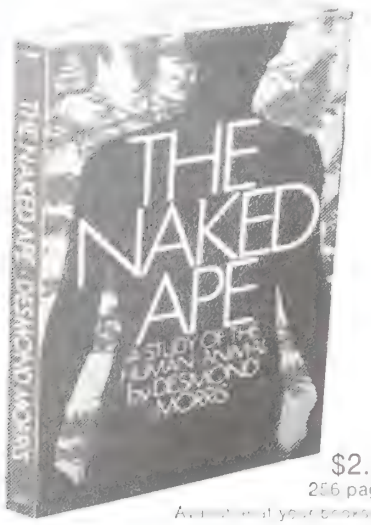


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stead to speak for us in just the place of open diplomacy where no real confrontation and no real settlement had ever, or could ever, be made with the Communist world, Stevensonians made no real protest. They were weary of the tender-mindedness being followers of Stevenson had imposed on them for so long. They "understood" that Kennedy wished to make his own foreign policy unhampered by the presence of so important a figure with so acknowledged a position. They even "understood" that in politics such factors as personal vindictiveness against a rival are to be taken for granted.

So they got Dean Rusk. At what peril to the psychic safety of this Republic we may never know.

And when Kennedy subjected Stevenson to a humiliation the dimens[ion] which had not been witnessed [in] time, permitting him to lie in igr[o]r and then be belied, in front of th[e] sentatives of virtually the whole [wo]rld it was the thereafter broken Ste[v]enson and not the shamefully brutal K[e]nnedy who bore the brunt of the disgr[ace]. have viewed the matter otherwi[se]. as in the case of Stevenson's a[p]pointment, would for men of up-to-dat[e] bility have been hopelessly square[.]

Unfortunately, the lesson of [the] Stevenson is a square lesson. It [is] in a free democratic society which [al]lows its own nature as such, men [of] quality, no matter their bad l[uck] shortcomings, are not expendabl[e]. T[he] lesson is one America may yet [fail] learn.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

The Sleep of Reason, by C. P. Snow.

Whenever a C. P. Snow novel has been reviewed in *Harper's* until now it has always been reviewed by somebody else. This is my first C. P. Snow and now I see what the racket is about. There is a story that, like peanuts, creates a taste for more of the same; the central characters (in this one) are such nice people and so nice to each other that no matter what the horrors in the background—and they are awful—or what changes are happening in the world, one comes away with a sense, or hallucination, that somehow the best things of life will survive. Like Trollope, he has built a thoroughly credible, familiar English small town world in which continuity and gentility persist through change and disaster. If the new reader is too conscious of the throwbacks to people and places unknown to him from previous novels, as a devourer of other serials from *The Motor Boat Boys* to Galsworthy one knows the satisfaction these references must bring to the constant reader. And there is no question that it adds texture to the saga. . . . This novel deals with the chance, but finally intimate, involvement of Sir Lewis Eliot, author and ex-civil servant, and his family with the most sordid story of the decade—a murder resembling in many details the recent "moors murders." This crime, however, is given a new psychological dimension because the murderers, instead of being [ho]mosexual lovers are Lesbians. The [o]ther side issues: struggles in universi[ty] politics which I know Lord Snow ha[s] handled magnificently in the past and [are] in this book involve attitudes tow[ard] current morals and manners [of] the young; there is much talk of the d[ebit] *vs.* the salvation of asserting one [self] and there is enough unfinished b[usiness] to lead into many other volumes, [that] will please the aficionados. Indeed [I] read the novel in Xerox type[script] thought I must have lost the final [page]. But of course if this is intended [as] facsimile slice of life that is the [way] should be. The ends *don't* all tie [up] once. If the story has been well t[old] this one has, there must always be [more] to come. Book-of-the-Month-Club [News] for January. Scribner's

Bruno's Dream, by Iris Murdoch.

Miss Murdoch, author of *A S[evered] Head* and, most recently, of *The Ni[ce] the Good*, has done it again—cre[ated] mad, eerie, almost Gothic modern [novel] which still seems to have a reason [to] make a sense of its own. . . . At the [center] of her novel is the bedridden old [man] Bruno, who is dying and longs on[ly] love and forgiveness. His son-i[n-law] with whom he lives in a damp and [dark] house in London, and his estrange[d wife] who also lives in London, are his [only] remaining relatives. How their live[s] those of some eccentric minor char

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ARISTOTLE ONASSIS

BOOKS IN BRIEF

become intertwined in a searching for lost loves turns into a most tense and dramatic story. In a theatrical yet believable way she examines the truth or falsity of such notions as that one's past belongs to one's self; whether love is possible between people who have no intensities to share. And if you don't believe where the story comes out you'll at least have done some thinking along the way and been very much entertained while doing it. Literary Guild selection.

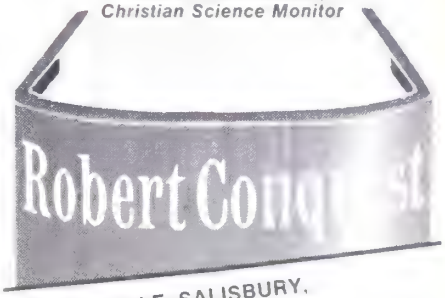
Viking, $5.95

The Woman Destroyed, by Simone de Beauvoir. Translated by Patrick O'Brian.

Though "The Woman Destroyed" is the title of only one of the three separate sections of this book, it actually does cover them all. Each division is the story of a middle-aged woman destroyed by her own neuroses, jealousies, self-pity, and general inability to adjust to life. And of course the more each raves about the injustices other people impose on her, the more one sees the hatefulness or stupidity of the woman (all women?) herself. There must be people who revel in this kind of gossipy, groveling self-revelation, for the book is a best-seller in France, but it seems to me it is hard enough to share the intimate misery of one's friends caught in similar situations when all the actors are known and cared for without having it insisted on as literature—no matter how ably or cleverly set down. Such repetitive indignities seem to call for under- rather than over-exposure. There is such a dreadful sameness about the first suspicion that one is not loved as much as one thought; about suspicion breeding the very scenes one most wanted to avoid; about remorse; momentary reconciliation; and then the whole cycle repeating itself in uglier and uglier revolutions down to the last degrading scene. The first section, called "The Age of Discretion," comes closest to reaching if not serenity at least resignation at growing old. But is so much anguish necessary at sixty? If the fictional lady author who is confessing to us is as intelligent as she's supposed to be, should she be so surprised and resentful (she disowns him) at her grown son's bid for independence? Or at her affectionate husband's worry about his age and his job? . . . "Monologue," the second confession, is indeed a James Joycean non-grammatical monologue, the outpouring of another woman's anger and self-pity at her daughter's

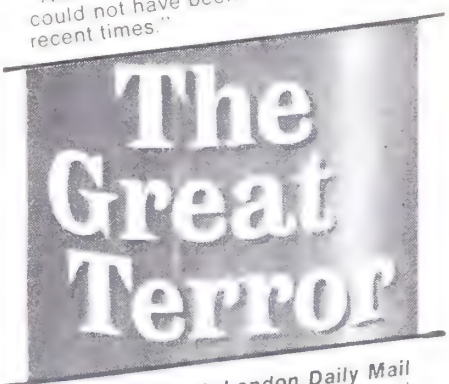
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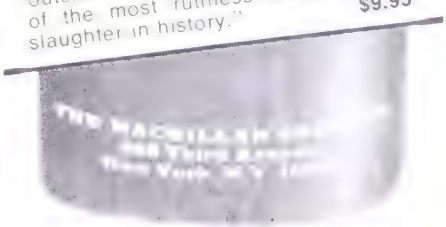
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suicide and her husband's desertion. One wonders that she should be so lucky as to have kept them so long. The last, "The Woman Destroyed," is the most ambitious and most successful in building up the cumulative horror of the dissolution of a marriage and of a woman's sanity and in making one feel at least a measure of pity at the end. Brilliant craftsmanship for very special tastes or perennial de Beauvoir enthusiasts.

Putnam, $6.95

The Other Side of the Mountain, by Michel Bernanos. Translated by Elaine P. Halperin.

This beautiful and terrible little book is a nightmare come true, a story of striving for survival against nature and the supernatural—in the sea, in blood-red sand, on sheer mountain sides, in forests among man-eating flowers, and hope always tantalizingly just out of reach. One is not sure what it means—a descent into hell?—but it is totally real and one has to know where it comes out. An old man and a boy suffer this disaster together and their relationship is the binding force that ties it all together and drives the reader on. The author, son of Georges Bernanos, who wrote *Diary of a Country Priest* and *A Diary of My Times*, died at the age of forty before his book was published.

Houghton Mifflin, $4.95

Specialties

Biography: The Craft and the Calling, by Catherine Drinker Bowen.

When a distinguished biographer writes about the riddles, secrets, sorrows, and satisfactions of her métier it is good news indeed. Mrs. Bowen, author of the biographies, *Beloved Friend* (Tchaikowsky and Nadejda von Meck), *Yankee from Olympus* (Justice Holmes and his family), and *Francis Bacon*, is as delightful when talking about her trade as she is when professing it. She discusses at length the problems of the plot, the shape, the opening and closing scenes of a biography, the author's relation to his subject, the research, the quoted material. When she is through with all phases of the technique she finishes: "I would not leave the impression of authors sitting for years and cannily fitting one paragraph into another paragraph, putting little boxes into bigger boxes—in short, that a good book is written simply by virtue of knowing all the tricks." And then, in a final chapter called "a few words about talent" she links genius and performance by quoting from any number of distinguished artists in many fields commenting cogently and movingly about their own works.

All in all, this is as informati charming and elegant a bit of s as I have read.

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Weybright and Tall

A Matter of Choice, by Henry A. der, M.D.

If this book with its jacket e ment by the author's friend, R. Bu ster Fuller, doesn't cause a contro stir among its readers I shall prised. For here is a man of writing a straightforward, if not tic, book for his grandchildren an parents on such nonscientific subj Self, Sex, Politics, Marriage, R Education, Labor, Death, and Imm ity. Whether one agrees with him it is a relief to have someone come forthright, almost anti-Freudian ion for what he believes. "If you a ing trouble with your marriage an to make it work, go to your minis not go to a psychiatrist." . . . Th takes on so many of the classic pr of youth and age that one is bo stumble on oneself in nearly every ter—which can be a therapeutic ence if one can take it.

Stephen Crane Press, $

rforming Arts *by Robert Kotlowitz*



LLET:
ran Wrap Paradise

put off writing about New City Center Joffrey Ballet for an a year in the hope that I would time the enthusiasm for this company that its audience and the dance critics share. I haven't, ns out, and my early reservations iem have in fact intensified with their seasons. The company is in e position in comparison with ier companies. It is now the resie of the old City Center on 55th and it has an assured summer in Tacoma, Washington, and orthwestern cities each year. At nt, we should probably demand from them as they think they ng us. The Joffrey company is a mall group of young, energetic forty in all, each of whom is gly assigned roles in works de- show off his particular gifts or, cases, peculiarities. That the r's directors—Robert Joffrey and Arpino—often don't seem willing guish gifts from peculiarities is easure of the Joffrey Ballet's s. But there are others, too, hav- with choreography and ideas as the growing audience for dance, so eagerly represented at City erformances and always hungry lties.

rst, by way of background: This has had very few ballet comthat have had any chance at ty, much less longevity. It has been a matter of last-minute g, of destructive national tours one-night stands, of little retime, inadequate theaters, and tant anxiety that jobs were few ne season and maybe nonexistent the next. As for pay, it was minimal; dancers were among the last theater people to benefit from union wages and they almost never worked a full fifty-two-week year.

There are stories of dancers who couldn't remember which city they were dancing in from one night to the next; Pittsburgh or Cleveland, it was all the same. With a terrific investment of energy and tension, the major companies would put everything they had into their short New York seasons—generally, three weeks—in order to milk the best reviews they could get; these reviews were essential in selling the companies the following season to local managers around the country. (This is how all but the most celebrated musical artists are still sold in America today; a hot New York review in the fall can sometimes assure an artist of a dozen appearances a year later.) When George Balanchine, it is said, brought his ballet, *Orpheus*, into dress rehearsal, it was still missing one of the work's most striking scenic effects, Isamu Noguchi's white silk curtain that was designed to float down from the stage's ceiling to mark the separation of Earth from Hades. There was no money for it until Balanchine himself disappeared from the rehearsal, talked an unnamed source—or sources—into backing the work, and then went out and bought an Army surplus parachute to do the trick. And there are stories, standard by now, of performers stranded in Montana, or Utah, or even just a hundred miles from New York, flat broke, their companies unable to pay their salaries, and no prospect of work. So it went, a grinding process of improvisation, physical fatigue, and accident.

The Rivals

During the Thirties, the Ballet Russe, in one form or another, was the main touring organization in the United States. Diaghilev-oriented, heavily dependent on decor, costume, and ornament, firmly based on the star system, it set American taste in ballet for at least a decade; or perhaps it only fed it, Americans being only too willing then to take their cultural medicine if it carried a European brand. In 1940, a rival organization, Ballet Theater, made its debut. This was a really ambitious effort, divided into several wings, classical, American, and Negro—with Spanish and others talked about—and while that original concept never really got off the ground, the company quickly asserted its differences from the Ballet Russe. These were a matter of both approach and style, of the appearance in ballet of a new literary sensibility, as well as a sudden, happy liberation from exotic influences. It is no accident that the company eventually changed its name to American Ballet Theater.

By the late Forties, the Ballet Russe was in serious trouble. Taste had passed it by, it filled no discernible need, its spirit was gone and so was its point. Ballet Theater dominated the American ballet world; but both companies were still bound to the fatiguing tour system and both were in the precarious position of having to raise money all over again each season, almost as though they had never danced before. Ballet Theater, for example, subsisted in great part on funds donated by one of the company's main administrative and creative forces, Lucia Chase, heiress to a carpet fortune.

COMING IN

Harper's



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By Larry L. King

JESSE JACKSON AND THE FUTURE OF NEGRO ACTIVISM
Portrait of a new kind of black leader, a dynamic young Afro-mod-Baptist preacher who is a likely successor to Martin Luther King.

By Richard Levine

Also: Justin Kaplan on Emily Post; stories and poems by William Styron, Arthur Miller, Lawrence Durrell, John Ciardi, Louis Simpson, Maxine Kumin.

At this point a little more than twenty years ago—the late Morton Baum, chairman of the New York City Center, its financial guide, and even in some instances its artistic mentor, persuaded Lincoln Kirstein to bring Kirstein's and George Balanchine's Ballet Society to the shabby City Center where it would find a permanent home. (The money for Ballet Society came from Kirstein, who was an heir to a department-store fortune.) In return, Kirstein promised Baum that the City Center would eventually have the greatest ballet company in the world. Baum agreed (nothing made him happier than to tell the story of how Kirstein was first suspicious of the idea until Baum convinced him of his sincerity), and the company was given the off-nights at the theater—Monday and Tuesday, when most people during the late Forties sat home and watched Milton Berle and others on their new television sets. Not much of an audience showed up at first, sometimes two or three hundred people, sometimes a few more. But the company began to build its mostly Balanchine repertoire and to attract new dancers anxious to work with Balanchine under favorable and secure conditions. Many came over from Ballet Theater—Melissa Hayden, Nora Kaye, Hugh Laing, Jerome Robbins, Diana Adams, the very heart of that company—and their defections crippled Ballet Theater so severely that it is only just now fully working its way out of the creative and performing slump that resulted.

At Home and Chic

When Lincoln Center opened several years ago, the New York City Ballet moved uptown to a beautiful new home in the New York State Theater. (By this time, Baum had his great company, which really was in some ways the greatest in the world, as promised.) This left the old City Center theater without a resident company; and with little to-do, the Center began to look for one. Baum decided on the young Joffrey Company, which had already danced a successful guest season at the house after solving a series of organizational problems of its own, all of which nearly did it in. Joffrey accepted and his dancers moved in two years ago. So New York now has two resident ballet companies, where there were none twenty years ago; and Washington is to have the American Ballet Theater in residence when the Kennedy Center opens; elsewhere Ford Founda-

Richard Cheverton, Chief of the Time Life News Service, has recently been named by Mayor Lindsay to succeed Baum in the unpaid and unpaying job

tion money has seeded smaller companies around the country, some degree satellites of the New York City Ballet, so that such cities as Boston, and Philadelphia, among others now have their own companies.

Most of the Joffrey Company repertoire is by Joffrey himself and his assistant director, Arpino. While choreographers are heavily represented, including Balanchine, Jerome Robbins and Anna Sokolow, it is the Joffrey-Arpino works that define the company, set its tone, mark its limitations, and create most of the excitement for the audience. Of the two, Arpino seems to be the lesser talent, by a considerable degree, although he is also the more productive. His gifts are mainly those of exploitation of a heightened theatricality. He knows how to manipulate color and lighting and sets so that they disguise thinness of invention and a near inability to repeat himself from one work to the next. This is camouflaged by the interesting environments created by his artistic collaborators. And inevitably these environments seem to primarily express the qualities of fabric and design, of tactile sensations. Hovering over most Arpino ballets is a kind of couturier elegance and a touch of that air of boutique banality, where trinkets are as important as the object, as long as they are pretty. Arpino's works are pretty.

His most popular work—and in many ways most representative—is called *Clowns*. It is a terrifically ambitious ballet, attempting to speak of the human condition and the imminence of death, and doing it with an enormous amount of skill that strangely produces little real impact beyond the scenic; in dramatic terms, it's almost totally dead. The ballet opens with a hydrogen bomb explosion, and the booming "score" is by Herschel Burke Gilbert. Then as stuffed life-sized dolls drop to the floor of the stage. Silence. A young man is seen on-stage, dressed as a clown, and he is joined by a young doll-woman with birdlike eyes and an idiot's expression (Coppélia in the toyshop, updated). The clown has a group of clowns, men and women, who move at his orders. It is soon clear that they are a metaphor for the real world: fools, automatons, brainless warriors, and so we are faced for the length of the ballet with *Clowns* with that weary cliché dressed up to kill.

The ballet reaches its climax in a Hell-or-an Wrap paradise. Special mats begin to fill the stage with odd-shaped shapes, fascinating to watch. T

Mr. Kolodney, managing editor of "Harper's," inaugurated this department in April 1966 with a piece on youth in theater and opera.

s through a long cylindrical
om which he labors mightily
new-born. Others are caught
st, inflated bubble, onto which
man is hurled. Birth, death,
struction; mighty themes are
tossed around the brilliantly
ge. All the special effects are
ll the real skill and interest
into them. What is missing is
nd it is Arpino who has set
not us. In *The Clowns*, we are
th his pretensions.

rpino works in a pure dance
more rewarding. *Viva Vivaldi*
Concerto (also to a Vivaldi
pleasant exercises in a Balan-
n. But when he deals with
even dramatic situations, he
rivial or derivative. *Elegy* is a
dramatic work, in the Antony
le, in which a Confederate sol-
s his past while facing a firing
is a very silly piece. *Olympics*
nale charade based on the idea
competition; it doesn't often
nd overstuffed and highly styl-
henics. His new works this sea-
ght Fantastic and *Fanfarita*)
me both mannered and indul-
first emphasizes the least at-
spects of Robert Blankshine's
s, featherlight style, while the
courages Luis Fuente to flirt
singly with the audience.

Hits for a New Audience

nas better taste in the sense
g what to leave out of a work,
s the scope as well that allows
rk as comfortably in a parody
eteenth-century style (*Pas des*
as in a mixed-media work like
Astarte is the company's smash
s everything a contemporary
needs, including the willing-
ake an acquiescent audience—
representative of its time—
nsiderable discomfort as it

begins when a young man
iano Zomosa) rises from his
audience and, chest out like a
igeon, back rigidly arched,
way slowly to the stage. There
motionless facing Astarte, god-
ertility (Trinette Singleton).
akes off his clothes down to his
orts. He approaches Astarte,
come together acrobatically.
e, films projected on a split
hind them show them in close-
a distance. They continue to
lassic ballet style, while a rock
lled the Chrome Syrcus sings
. Ultimately the young man
sexual liberation. Then he gets
dressed and walks out the backstage door of the City Center, where the film shows him as he heads down West 56th Street, into the addled New York night.

There is something about *Astarte* that reminds me of the classic, old Folies Bergères numbers in which a young nymph and a young man, both of them hungry for a little sadism, come together nearly naked under the Folies spotlight and perform a high-class, semi-pornographic adagio. Bodies sweat and balance on each other precariously; inner thighs are caressed; limbs entwine; and finally, sudden theatrical orgasm and release. It always got the tourists, and so does *Astarte*: all the latest theatrical hocus-pocus in one bag, a score amplified beyond human endurance to fake intensity, strobe lights to make us blink and stop all thought, films (the best thing in *Astarte*) to distract us, and even choreography, too, of a limited and, if it had to stand alone, very boring kind. There is a false innocence present everywhere in *Astarte*, the kind that has been made a commonplace by many of our pop artists, musical and otherwise.

Part of the audience that has seized on the company as its own gives signs of having wandered into the theater for the first time; it seems to have no past; it responds as though it has never seen a ballet before and is unaware of it. This is the only way I can explain the enthusiastic reception of some of the company's dramatic ballets, most of which are Tudor or Robbins-derived, of its pure dance works, done better by Balanchine, to put it mildly, its exotica, also done better by Balanchine (his *Bugaku*, for example, is erotic in a way barely suggested by *Astarte* and evocative to a degree hardly imagined by Joffrey's *Gamelan*), and its theatrical shockers, in which the company seems to be investing most of its strength. The dancers all have genuine gifts and enormous spirit; I only wish the ballets permitted me to tell them apart more easily. And while the company's overall style is amiable, even intimate, it is also curiously constricted, a little in the French way; and I wait for the big, open gesture that releases worlds of feeling. Worlds of feeling: the company's essential problem, I think, is that it mainly expresses inflated romantic attitudes—barren and inauthentic—in place of a real romantic sensibility. It is possible to sit through entire evenings at the Joffrey Ballet, be engaged by the highly charged technical apparatus of the company, and in the end feel nothing at all. [ ]

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES. SIX YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.



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Music in the Round *by Discus*

PIANISTS: STANDARD AND OFFBEAT

Incredible Bach, subtle Mozart, and some thunderbolts characterize [illegible] Gilels, Cliburn, Horowitz, Wild—among others.

It was in the middle 1930s that Artur Schnabel came up with his epochal recordings of all five **Piano Concertos** by Beethoven. (For many years these discs were the complete Beethoven concertos on records, and still are. Then came L.P. and the number of pianists who have recorded all five concertos, and all thirty-two piano sonatas, for that matter, are like unto the shining spears of the army that menaced Jerusalem. Now comes the latest warrior to join the throng, Emil Gilels, the Little Giant from Russia, has joined forces with the Cleveland Orchestra under George Szell in a recording of all five concertos (Angel SE 3731, five discs). In addition, to fill out some sides, Gilels plays some lesser piano pieces by Beethoven—the **Variations on a Turkish March**, the **Variations on Russian Themes**, and the like.

The prevailing impression that remains after the last disc has been lifted from the turntable is professionalism. There have been performances of the concertos that probed deeper. There have been performances with more color and splash. There have been more scholarly performances. But one doubts if there have been performances in which pianist and conductor worked so well together, in which everything is so neatly laid out, in which the patterns flow more easily. This is precision playing, from pianist and orchestra, beyond compare. As such, there is an aesthetic pleasure in it. Gilels goes along in a tasteful, unruffled, thoroughly musical manner. As a technician the man has incredible finish. As an artist he is just a bit cool. He is determined to produce beautiful sounds, to avoid banging, to keep away from romantic excesses. In excess he seems to stand a little outside the music. But the playing *per se* is magnificent, and the collaboration with George Szell is flawless. It is hard not to like this album.

Piano playing of a completely different orientation comes from Alexis Weissenberg. Some months ago this Bulgarian-American-French pianist was heard in an album that contained the **Complete Works for Piano and Orchestra** by Chopin (Angel SC 3723, three discs), with the Paris Conservatory Orchestra under Stanislaw Skrowaczewski. The young pianist's latest disc is devoted to Schumann, with the **Carnaval** and **G minor Sonata** (Angel S 36553). The thing about Weissenberg is that he has a set of fingers that puts him in a class with Horowitz, Gilels, Bolet, or any of the big boys. Nobody makes piano playing [illegible]

But nobody, or hardly anybody, makes such awkward music. Weissenberg is a tugger. He simply will not let music alone. He has to emote, has to do this or that to a phrase, has to employ a constant rubato or fluctuation of tempo. In the romantic literature, and that is where Weissenberg concentrates, a certain amount of freedom is desirable. But this, especially in the Chopin album, is anarchy. When Weissenberg's agile fingers are racing over the keyboard, one says, Oh, my, in admiration. When he starts to "interpret," one says, Oh, dear, in pain.

America's Hero

After almost two years America's hero of the keyboard, Van Cliburn, has come up with a new record. It contains Chopin's **Sonata's Nos. 2 and 3** (RCA LSC 3053), and may be a significant milestone in this pianist's development. The playing is very impressive. It is strong, beautifully controlled, and full of ideas. Cliburn does not race through the music. If anything, he gives the idea that he is deliberately holding back. He employs his gorgeous tone not as a sensuous but as an emotional instrument, meaning that he is interested in other things than pretty sounds. He is virtually the only pianist within memory who has taken the last movement of the B flat minor Sonata almost without pedal, getting the "sotto voce" indication with fingers rather than feet. And he shapes phrases with real authority. It is a thought-out rather than the spontaneous-sounding performance that was representative of the old school, but we are in a new age, and if we have to have a Chopi of romantic excess, this is the do it.

Talking about the romant there is a disc named **Horowitz vision** (Columbia CS 6562), ar tains the program of his famou ance last year. He plays Chopi naise in F sharp minor, Ball minor and Nocturne in F min abin's Etude in D sharp mino mann's [illegible] and Scarlatti Sonatas; and the Biz with [illegible]. If th liner is carefully examined, it learned that the contents of the not necessarily the exact dup the television appearance. Ho said to be very history-consc wants each of his records to the unsullied work of The Greatest Technician. On the there were a few finger slips record there are almost none. record is a composite of several

It is a nice Horowitz souveni one case it is transcendent. Th performance of the F sharp mi naise, a work that does not tur often in concert. It is a grea than even the famous A flat and is one of Chopin's most her ances. Horowitz seems inspire The result is an illustration o thentic grand manner: tremer norities, unlimited technique, freedom and yet a consecutive kinds of subtle color. The oth are played nicely, too, and in the acrobatics Horowitz is all over board. How easy it is to feel su this kind of audience-tickling and yet Horowitz brings the Co in spectacular manner.

Recent months have brought number of offbeat piano record is, for example, the four-hand Paul Badura-Skoda and Jörg I Schubert's **Divertissement à groise** and **Variations on an Theme** (Victrola 1329). The very attractive, and the pianis Viennese piano of 1845 vintage duces clear, bell-like, delicate giving the music a period char is the English sharpshoote

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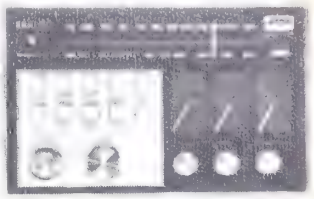
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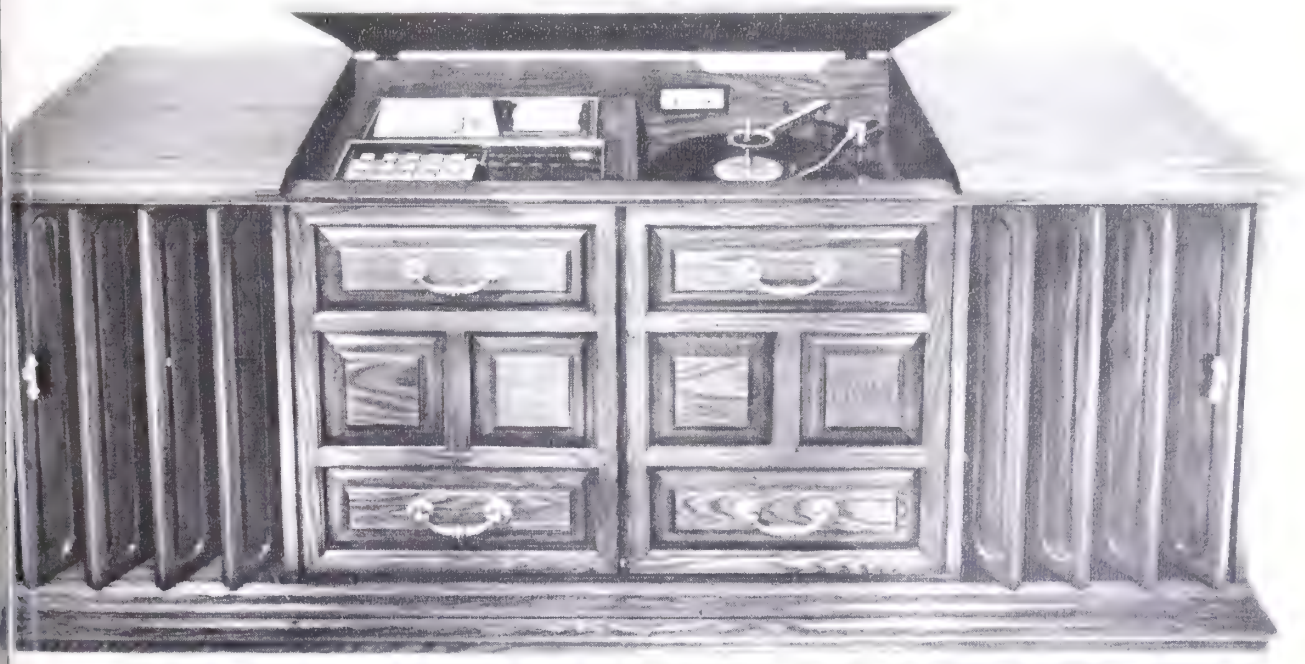
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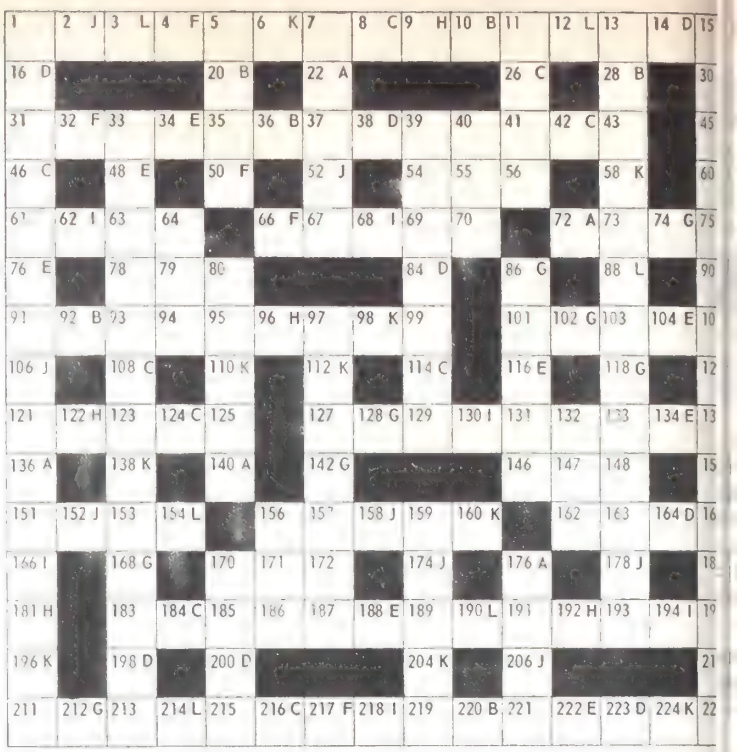
The quality goes in before the name goes on

Harper's PUZZLE

Acrostickler® No. 7

by Henry Allen

(1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
(2) When an answer consists of two or more words, numbers in parentheses following the clue indicate each word's length.
(3) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
(4) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A

72 176 140 22 136 Francesca's boyfriend

B

10 220 20 36 92 28 45 Tactics the C.S.S. "Virginia" was designed to employ.

C

26 108 30 184 114 42 124 8 46 216 "A man can be more _____ employed than in getting money." Boswell, "Life of Johnson."

D

38 84 16 223 150 164 198 14 200 County and river in Virginia.

E

104 48 34 116 134 76 222 188 Heeled over.

F

32 50 66 4 217 Familiar name of the heroine of "Pride and Prejudice."

G

95 102 120 128 142 74 118 168 212 One of the valuable properties in the game of "Monopoly." (4,5).

H

9 192 181 122 180 96 Seraglios.

I

194 62 166 130 90 218 68 Not suitable.

J

2 206 52 174 152 158 178 106 Sources of [illegible].

58 112 160 210 98 196 224 204 6

138 110 Recalcitrant; unruly.

154 190 214 60 3 88 12 A form of knitting.

(Solution to Harper's Puzzle No. 7 will appear in the March issue. For solution to last month's Puzzle No. 6, consult Table of Contents.)

ACROSS

1. The Acrostician's wife, legal form (9,6).
31. The merry grandee found a penny and rigged election districts.
54. Before in the relative adverb.
61. Before as a prefix in German terms of address.
66. The simple bucolic description is a dilly!
72. Leap before you blanch.
78. Anger is not quite the Irish homeland.
91. Kind of revel where Odin is any new thing.
101. A weapon for making a clean sweep.
121. Met an alteration and intended to do so.
127. Let Pyke start such small talk in the air (3,6).
146. I'd leave the idiot for you in France!
151. A pole of a cart shows a very low tide.
156. The ordinal one can stir strongly.
162. So two thousand mothers are found.
170. A vessel may strike a commotion.
183. Was Abram's wife due Outer Mongolia when she traveled extensively abroad? (6,7).
211. Another term for the Acrostician's wife (3,5,7).

DOWN

1. The Acrostician's wife, politically (8,7).
5. Kind of alcohol occurring in fruit essences, and back in oily matter.
7. A large antelope found in the Land of Goshen.
11. I get into 54 across and fin myself on the Ould Sod.
13. The original inhabitants of New York. Collectively, there were five (6,7).
15. Unlikely way of describing the Queen of England's grandmother (11,4).
33. Reasonable stage performa shows art in oral action (8,5
39. Deny Cal access to this stre in Lower Manhattan.
40. The elf king in Danish mythology and other lost superstitions.
64. A bird that's told to mak money, we hear.
80. One may have this when observing or a toy with easy (3,2).
86. Pat around the French with cloth fold.
97. To supply the aspiration wit no oath at all.
132. A man with his own brand foolery?
156. Remotely distant when I leav the fair.
159. The kind of vapor that minc meats.
170. Kind of defense practiced i Majud Omar's domains.
176. What the British had in Ind must have been a jar! (1,3).

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USIC IN THE ROUND

n. in a disc that has both Piano
as by Rachmaninoff (RCA LSC
. Neither work is encountered very
(though Horowitz programmed
in his concerts last winter and
d the hell out of it). Ogdon's play-
impressive. He has the technique,
has enough sympathy with the
t post-romanticism of the music to
any condescension in his approach.

Music Scriabin

e is a disc of Scriabin piano
, containing a handful of études,
Sonata No. 1, and several
llaneous pieces, played in a diligent
isc one can hear the early, Schu-
-Chopin-derived Scriabin and also
ystic, impenetrable Scriabin of the
orks. Thus there is a cross section
e music, available for those who
ng composer. He may have had a
er influence on twentieth-century
than is commonly admitted. He
his chords on fourths long before
pening of the Schoenberg Piano
Peter Serkin, with the Chicago
hony under Seiji Ozawa, can be
in the Schoenberg (RCA LSC
Five Piano Pieces (Op. 23) and
antasy for Violin and Piano, the
played by Serkin and Arnold
Six Elegies
Rudepoema by
Lobos. David Bean is a young
Don Juan Fantasy
reminiscences of Robert le Diable
aust Waltzes
Mephisto Waltz
Spanish Polka
the Unanswer-



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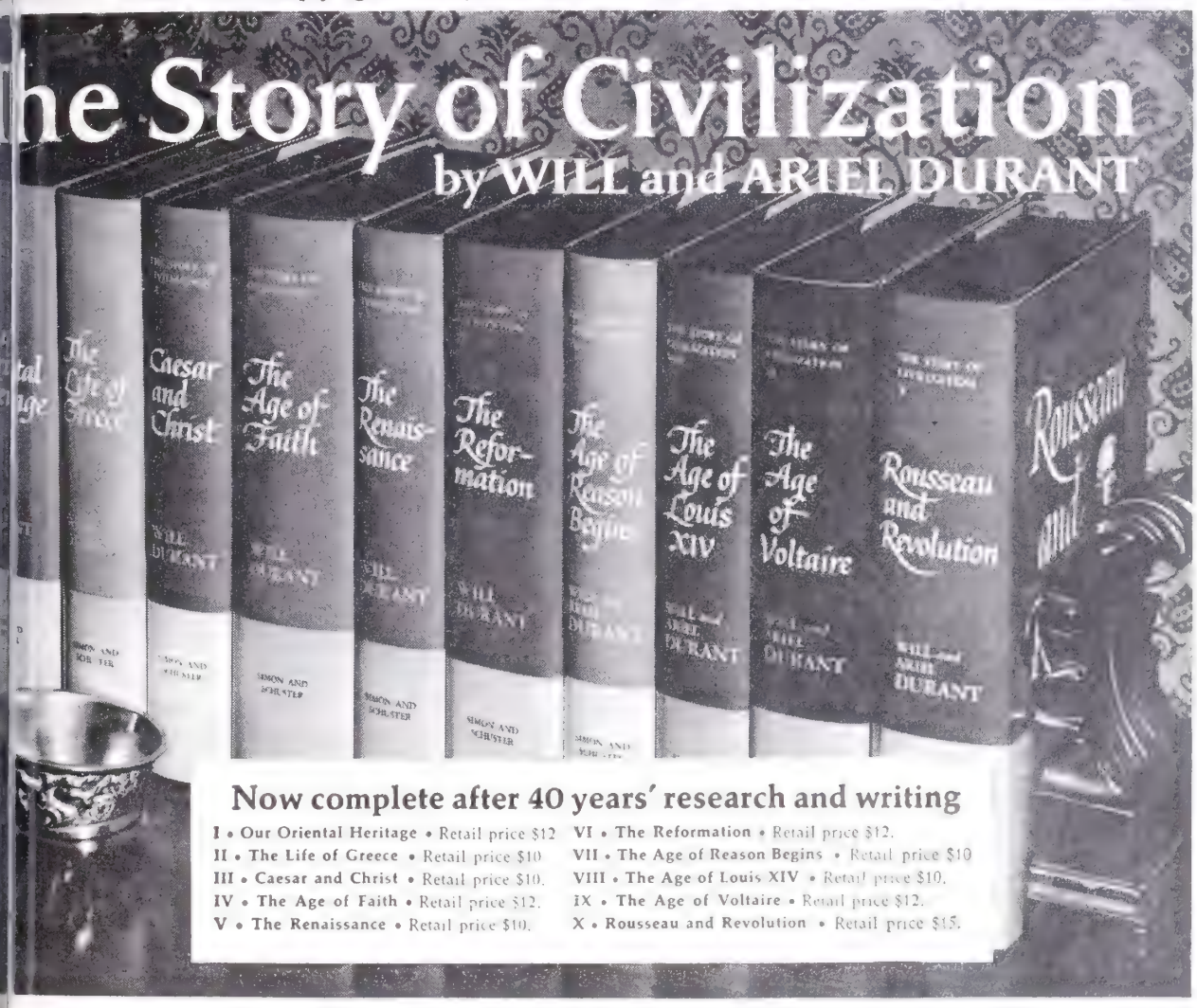
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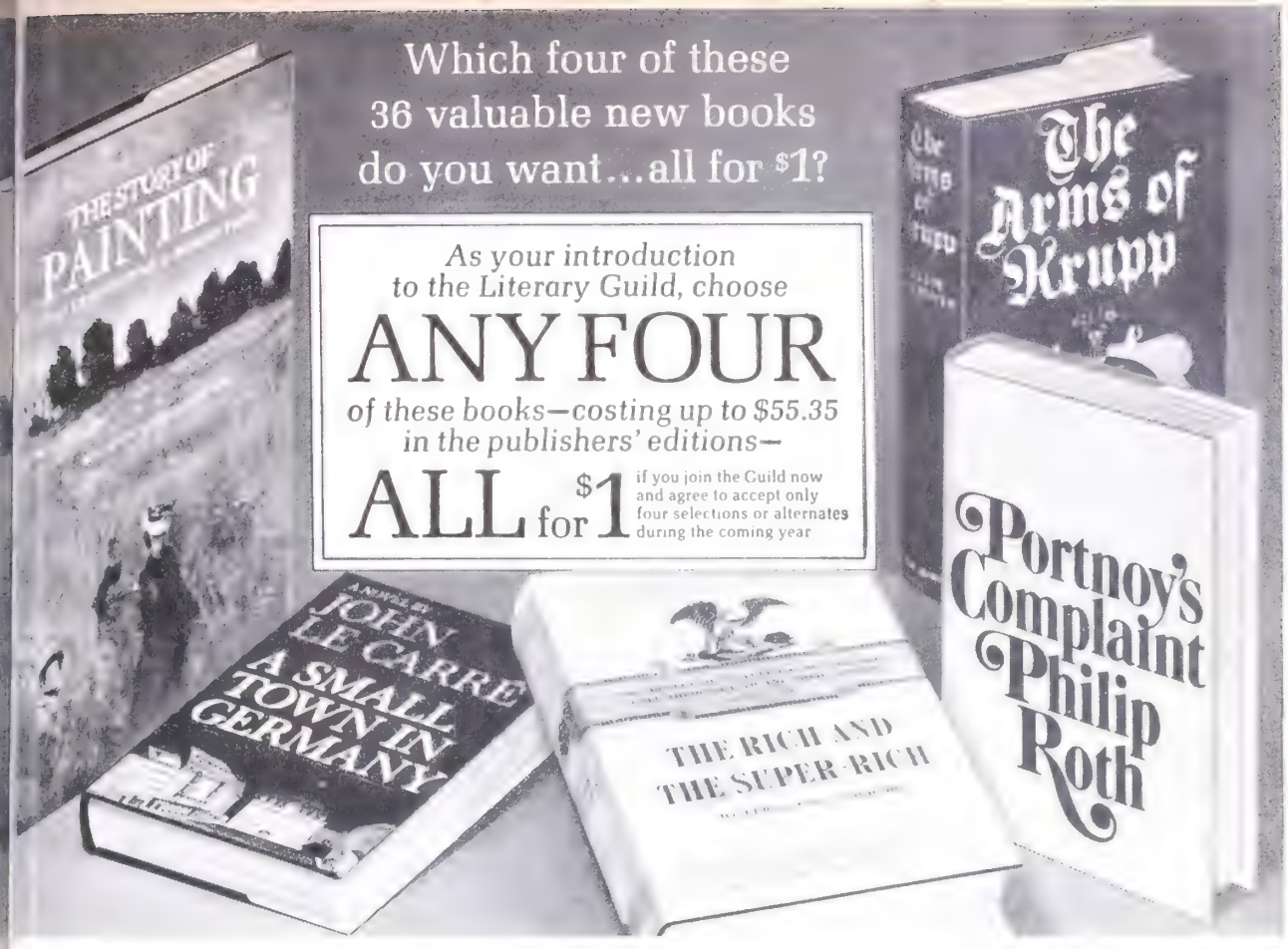
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Letters

The Intellectuals vs. Goldman

Predictably, Eric F. Goldman is the solitary hero of his own "inside story" of the unfortunate June 1965 White House Festival of the Arts ["The White House and the Intellectuals," January]; but at least with respect to myself, his narrative is demonstrably untrue in general and in particular.

Let me begin by citing details trivial in themselves. The silly, melodramatic phrase "war plot" is Goldman's, not mine. The stand I took was that Robert Lowell, by acting honorably, in conscience, and in sorrow, had transformed what may have begun in February as a misbegotten extravaganza on the part of the White House social secretary, Goldman, and his associates into another sort of occasion altogether, requiring other responses. Between its inception in February and its culmination in June, everything had changed utterly, though you would hardly guess it from Goldman's account. A war, you know. I arrived, then, with the conviction that what was originally a vulgar conception had suddenly taken on large and solemn meanings, and that nothing good could possibly come of the festivities—which is a far cry from "war plot," a lurid phrase I simply could not, in any case, have put together. (Goldman could; the man who can describe himself, with a straight face, as standing tearfully in the night before wiping his eyes and going off "for a gay, a very gay drink" is a man entirely capable of that stylistic triumph.) . . .

Moreover, Goldman arranges even simpler facts to his convenience. The baneful conversation between myself and Saul Bellow took place, not on the Monday morning of the readings, as Goldman confidently reports, but on Tuesday morning, after the ball was over. I don't take garden parties lightly: I come early and leave late; first to arrive, last to depart.

But central to Goldman's vilification of me is the conversation I am alleged to have had with Bellow. Goldman, of course, was not present; he had his hands full elsewhere, everywhere. A conversation did take place, and one of the participants, presumably, did tell Goldman something of its nature. Perhaps Bellow did, though I have no way of knowing this. I am not, I regret to say, at liberty to tell the entire story at this time, as a third person was involved. Yet surely Bellow—if it was he—will recall that after I in fact wondered about his seeming repudiation of the Lowell statement, I at once desisted from pressing him further when it became apparent that he was greatly distressed by the whole affair; and surely he will recall that though he was pressed further, it was the third person who did the pressing. Indeed, I was appalled by the turn the discussion took, tried to intervene, and that failing withdrew physically from it. I have a peculiar loathing of the term "sellout," and certainly never used it, never for a moment considered that it might conceivably apply to Bellow, however much I might have been disappointed by his public statement, as reported in the press. What was he selling, and to whom, and for what purpose? So, again, Goldman is maliciously wrong on all counts.

What is truly scandalous is that extraordinary speech Goldman has written for me: "We made you and we can break you." Who are the reputation-making and -breaking "we"—[illegible] rious "New York Literary [illegible] ment"? What utter rot! And i[illegible] such a monster, what have I t[illegible] it? I've never written or spok[illegible] about Bellow's work save in p[illegible] only Bellow, none other, "made [illegible] utation, and he did that solely [illegible] of his great gifts. I could as [illegible] spoken that line as I could [illegible] ceived and organized a White [illegible] any other Festival of the Ar[illegible] there a man alive who seriousl[illegible] that formidable literary reput[illegible] "broken" by decisions taken [illegible] places—in the editorial office [illegible] *The New York Review*, or in [illegible] apartments? Only Goldman ca[illegible] to believe that. . . .

Goldman's account is now p[illegible] historical record, the "inside [illegible] a member of the Administrati[illegible] who had harrowed hell and s[illegible] tell the tale. Only the histori[illegible] proves to be a self-serving [illegible] of distorted hearsay, plain er[illegible] fiction, and damn lie. Such is [illegible] of history.

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It was not you nor you
The year his heart wore ou[illegible]
But cryptic as a breath
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Mr. Lowell should not have been in
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his poetry. I like him and I admi
work. However, it was well known
he had strong views on Vietnam an
he is a man of great conscience. T
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the background of the Festival, an
clouded controversy that swirled a
it, was cogent and objective. His a
ment of Mr. Lowell's conflicting m
tions, as well as his apparent sinc
seemed to me totally persuasive.

The lesson of the event, of cou
the degree to which vanity and w
headedness, on both sides, diverte
too much of everyone's attention
totally fruitless channels, thus de

Solution to

Harper's Puzzle No.

(February issue, page 110)

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to the artistic community the full opportunity that had been afforded them to communicate (O, hallowed-for-this-decade word!).

The response of even so admirable and responsible a man as John Hersey seemed to indicate that a small minority of the artists present at the Festival viewed their invitations as mandate to pontificate on public policy rather than affirmations of their identities as American artists. Since the Festival was a reversal at the highest possible national level of an unbroken American tradition of disdain toward artists as a group, it's too bad that some of the invited guests missed the whole point.

Then, of course, there was Dwight Macdonald. . . . As seemed clear to everyone but Mr. Macdonald himself, his presence at the festival, given his purposes and position, was as inappropriate as the food stains on his plaid shirt. Or perhaps it was all really simpler than it seems. One of Duke Ellington's sidemen watched Mr. Macdonald's urgent wanderings through the White House grounds (Professor Goldman has the quote, but not its target), and said, "I know that cat, better'n he knows himself. He wants to be here . . . but he DON'T want a be here."

But the sum of it finally was this: whatever the outraged tempers, the bruised feelings, the boorishness generated by the Festival, there were American artists (I'll be damned if I'll say "doing their thing") in the White House. American jazz blew in the Rose Garden, American paintings hung in the corridors; American art and artists were THERE, where they surely should be.

CHARLTON HESTON
Hollywood, Calif.

I disagree with the notion that the White House Festival of the Arts was nonpolitical. The White House is a political edifice, and every official act taking place in it has the object and/or effect of supporting the politician in temporary occupancy. To participate in such affairs is, at the very least, to turn one's back on the U. S. government's continuing genocidal atrocity in Vietnam and its other murderous interventions in other small countries; it's to have tea and cookies with mass-murderers.

I confess that it took Lowell's political action to demonstrate this to me; I did, roughly, the same damn thing he did: after signing the Kunitz telegram I declined to attend the White House function honoring the Presidential Scholars of 1965 on June 8, 1965, after having accepted the invitation.

ALAN DUGAN
New York, N.Y.

Professor Goldman does not u
stand what a republican society is.
first place, the President is a publi
ant and it is the right and obligat
citizens to call him to his duty,
see it. There are few opportunit
meet the President face to face
would certainly use one to tel
what's on my mind. I am pretty
by long acquaintance, that this
natural disposition of Dwight M
ald, too, and it is a sign of how f
have fallen from republican prir
that dissenters have to form a cab
make a demonstration. Eartha Kit
havior was more in the original
ican spirit.

Secondly, a salon or formal d
with a receiving line or head ta
not a private home. In an aristocra
democratic society—in any society
out *lèse majesté*—it is bad mann
suggest inhibiting intellectual ta
cluding criticism of the host's opi
Reading the article, I am puzzled a
the President and his lady think
are. Yet of course we have develo
whole system of inhibitions: we ru
religion and politics as topics of c
sation; reporters at the press c
ence must not ask embarrassing
tions, and so forth. Then there
conversation.

Finally, the President is the C
State. It was according to this fu
that Professor Goldman devised a
monial party to show that Americ
ored Art. But it has been our gen
least since the Administration of J
son, to derogate the function of
of State. (In my opinion, we wo
well to diminish the State itself
and large, given the facts of Am
politics and political careers, we
been better off with socially unass
Chiefs, except for necessary rel
with foreign states. And surely wi
gard to ceremonial or official cultu
should be warned by our recent e
ence, with the Kennedy "royal fa
and the kind of thing that Eric Go
describes, not to speak of Lincoln
ter. Putting on airs, public relation
real-estate operations do not mix
spirit. Needless to say, if the Pre
and his family were indeed earnest
teurs, I would be pleased to visit
despite political differences, but
would not be in the papers.

Professor Goldman wants "to
intellectual and artistic creativity
to the daily lives of the people."
are simple and authentic ways
this. Government should not try di
to aid or even to honor living ar
effect is always frigid. But it can
raise the general level by gene
supporting museum art and cla



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rs and scientists without in-
l connection, to increase the
pool; we might occasionally
Faraday. . . .

PAUL GOODMAN
Oceanic Institute
Waimanalo, Hawaii

Fourth-party Rumblings

e Man Who Ran Against Lyn-
son" [December], David Hal-
nas recorded more background
has inelegantly been dubbed the
Johnson" movement that any
hor to date. At one point, how-
. Halberstam's account is fac-
correct.
cription of the meeting of the
for an Open Convention on
5, 1968, attributes "fourth-par-
ngs" to Marcus Raskin and me.
ement is half-right. Mr. Raskin
ady involved in organizing a
arty. At the meeting in ques-
ated that the difficulties already
red by Mr. Raskin's signature-
s proved once more the futility
ity-party politics in the United

ld have been quite inconsistent
nake "fourth-party rumblings."
informally with Al Lowenstein
tis Gans since the summer of
he "Dump Johnson" movement,
ked within SANE for its organ-
support of such a movement,
as forthcoming in October 1967.
ary, 1968, SANE became the
ional organization to support
McCarthy. By August 25, the
nt had gone further than I had
possible a year earlier and we
out to organize the New Demo-
alition. If Mr. Halberstam's in-
s detected "a defeated quality"
ugust 25 meetings, that feeling
encompass all of the partici-

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The Easy Chair *by John Fischer*

SOME GUESSES ABOUT THE NEXT KREMLIN CONSPIRACY

If you are a gambling man, you might want to bet a few dollars that Russia will have a major change in government before the year is out. At reasonable odds—say four-to-one, which is the least you ought to get on any guess about the Soviet Union—that could be an interesting speculation.

Such is the advice I've been getting lately from people who make their living by watching the Soviet leaders and trying to figure out what they might do next. Some of my best friends are Kremlinologists, professing their arcane science for the government or universities or, in a few cases, in private practice. Since I have been an amateur Kremlin-watcher myself from time to time, and have on occasion been able to pick up scraps of information for them, in return they sometimes tell me what they are thinking. They seldom agree; but recently most of them have been hinting—with the well-hedged caution which is also characteristic of race-track touts and stock-market analysts—that some time in the fairly near future they expect a shift in the top levels of the Russian oligarchy.

They also are uncommonly close to agreement about the reasons why such an upheaval seems likely. The current ruling clique has made too many blunders; and throughout Russian history whenever a regime piles up an intolerable number of mistakes, it eventually topples. The recent blunders are not the result of stupidity or incompetence. On the contrary, Leonid Brezhnev and Alexei Kosygin, the co-bosses of the Kremlin, are by all accounts intelligent and experienced politicians. Their mistakes probably were unavoidable, again for historic reasons. Russian governments, whether Czarist or Communist, always have had trouble in estimating what effect their actions might have on the outside world. And they always have had even more difficulty in adjusting to the currents of change, both inside their own country and beyond their borders. As Milovan Djilas, the former Yugoslav Communist leader, recently pointed out, "a revolution cannot change a nation, its tendencies and qualities and traits." Consequently, Djilas suggested, the present regime can best be understood as a "continuation of the Czarist bureaucracy," with all its built-in rigidity and inertia.

Moreover, the Communist society has no provision for an orderly, periodical change in command; and under its one-party system there is no such thing as a legitimate alternative government. So any change has to be accomplished by conspiracy and intrigue, often accompanied by violence. Only a few hours before his overthrow in 1964, Nikita Khrushchev remarked to a French diplomat that "a political leader should never leave power of his own free will." At that very moment his friends and colleagues in the Presidium (earlier known as the Politburo) were conspiring to remove him against his will. He went, literally screaming and cursing, but with a whole skin.

Khrushchev's own climb to power a decade earlier was not so bloodless. He told the story, while he still was at the top of the heap, to a Western diplomat with whom he had become particularly well acquainted. One evening after both of them had put away a good deal of vodka, the diplomat said, "You know, one thing I never understood was how you managed to get rid of Lavrenti Beria. With his absolute control of the secret police, I should have thought he would be invulnerable."

"He should have been," Khrushchev replied, "but he made one silly mistake. Beria came into a conference room one day without his bodyguard. I sh

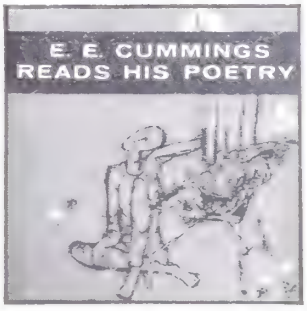
Because he is a discreet and h man, the diplomat never repea story until long after Khru forced retirement, and so far as it has not been previously publis the fact that he told it at all is ar tion of Khrushchev's impulsive overweening self-confidence.

These characteristics were enough when I first met Khr just after the end of World Wa was then boss of the Ukraine and junior member of the Politburo, t committee of the Communist hie I was a member of a mission ove the distribution of United Natio supplies in the Ukraine. In his with the mission. Khrushchev some engaging traits: an appare ness and candor, at least as such are measured in Russia; a s humor; a willingness to experim impatient eagerness to get thing At the same time he was prone t ing his subordinates, and anyo when he thought he could get aw it. (The Napoleonic syndrome, c among short men, especially wh come from humble beginning loved to embark on bold new p and then lost interest in them befo got well under way. And he see me appallingly reckless. For exan arranged a formal banquet—grot formal, with candlelight, three wi numerable carafes of vodka and

Mr. Fischer is the author of They Behave Like Russians" an books, and was editor in chief magazine for fourteen years. serving this quarter as Regents sor at the Santa Cruz campus University of California.

ten: there's a hell of a good universe next door; let's go."

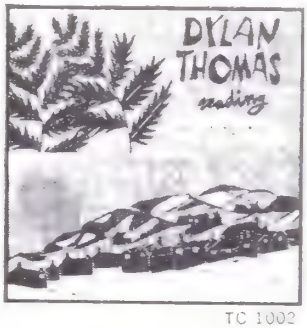
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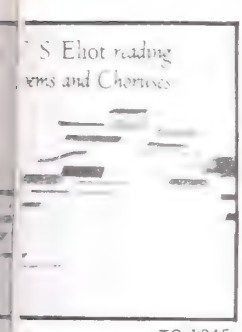
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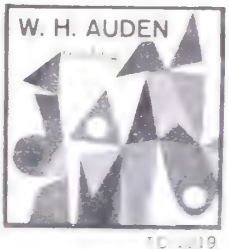
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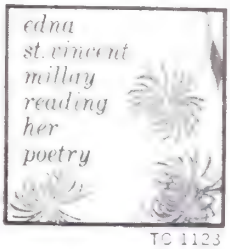
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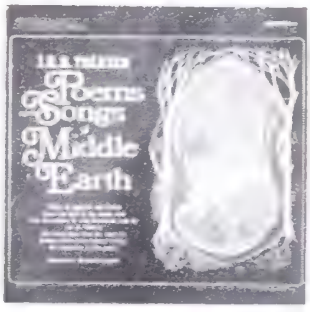


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and a footman in eighteenth-
tume behind each chair fo
mission and the senior men
own staff. Before the end of
he was so drunk that he la
promptu into an offensively
speech, became incoherent,
had to be helped out of the r
eyed, by two of his military

At the time it seemed im
me that such an unstable
would ever become the supre
the Soviet empire. Obviou
wrong—as I have been in a
other calculations about th
But his instability and impul
lead eventually to his overth

How his downfall was acc
a breath-catching story, as
pense and Byzantine intrigu
pionage novel. All of its deta
will never be known, barring
clysm which opens up the sec
of the Kremlin. But the full
yet available has recently bee
under the title *The Fall of*
(Funk & Wagnalls, $4.95)
Hyland and Richard W. Shr
serves more attention than
ceived so far, because of w
about the inner workings of
ties—and because it suggest
how the next change of r
come about, and why.

The book probably is a
guised intelligence document.
are identified only as "longti
of Soviet affairs" who are
employed by the federal go
That smacks of the CIA or
companion agencies; if the au
say, State Department men,
expect more explicit inform
their rank and credentials. I
dence indicates that they a
Kremlinologists, thoroughly
with material such as obscu
publications and the tapes
broadcasts, which would no
available to anyone outside
gence establishment. And th
the standard jargon of the
appreciation, a style unmis
anyone who has read or work
reports. If this suspicion is
does not reflect on the valu
work. A number of books—t
skiy memoirs in this country.
ple, and the Philby story i
have been published with
encouragement of the respect
intelligence agencies. They a
less illuminating for all that.

Stalin's death in 1953 was f
two years of infighting and
neuver within the Soviet po
ture. Only in 1955 when Khru

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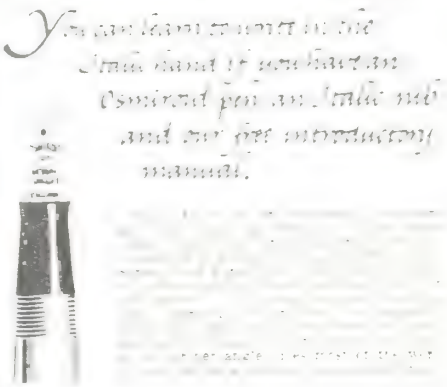
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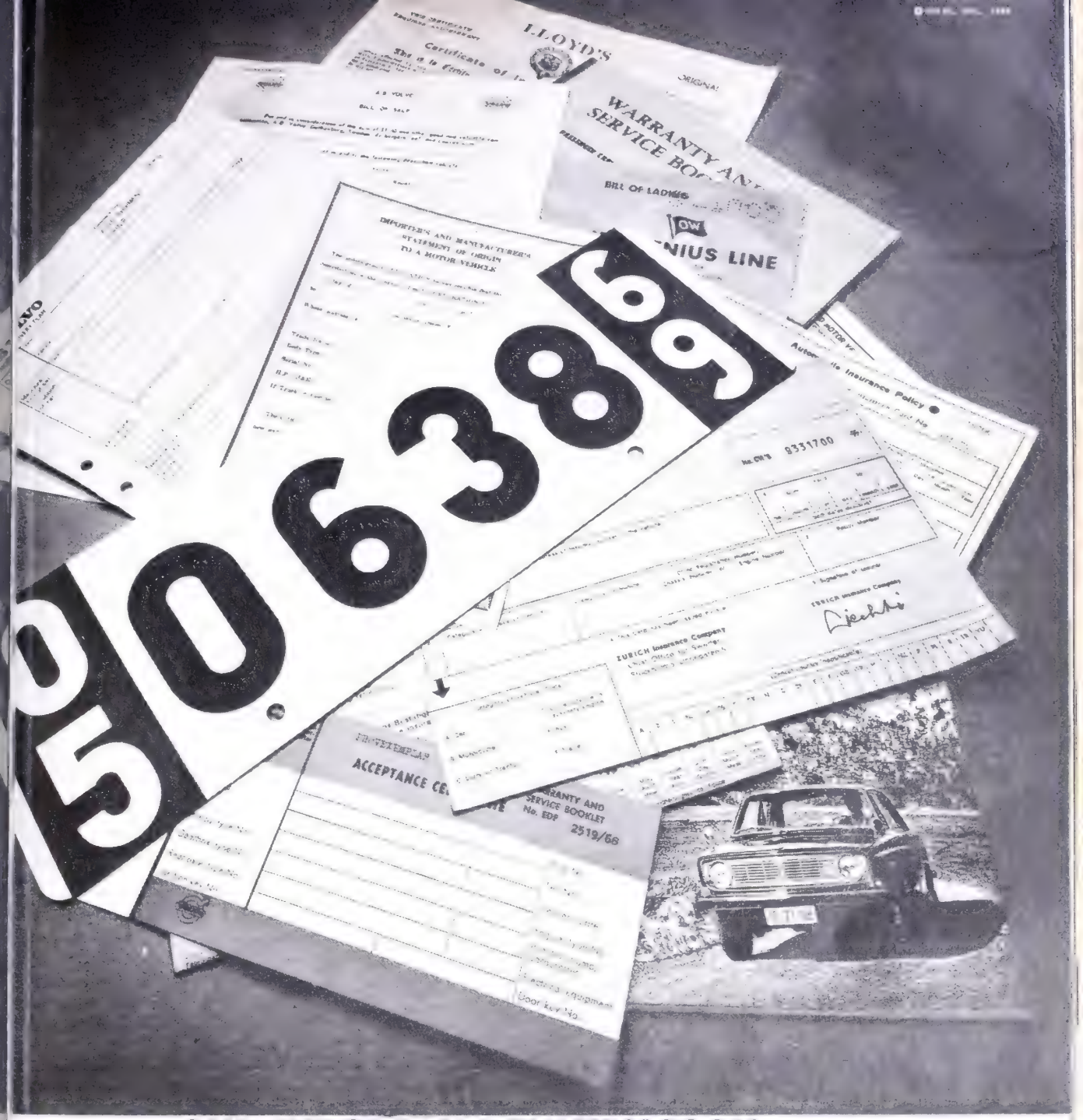
Lucy Mattimore, Reprint Editor
Harper's Magazine
2 Park Avenue

THE EASY CHAIR

finally eliminated his chief riv
Beria, Malenkov, Molotov, Bulga
did he feel secure enough to embar
program of his own. It was an an
one. He knew that many changes
overdue after the long, frozen nig
Stalinist terror, and some of the
he sought were genuinely in the
ests of the Russian people. More
more housing, more consumer g
Less fear of police terrorism. More
bility and efficiency in the clumsy, c
ing administrative machinery.
freedom—just a little more—for
artists and writers.

But every one of these changes
profoundly disturbing to some
archy. To produce more food and
sumer goods, he had to take
away from the armed forces and
industry—the Soviet version of the
tary-industrial complex; the res
struggle ended in apparent victory
after he fired Marshal Georgi Zh
the most famous hero of World W
Khrushchev's repeated shake-ups
Party organization and the secret
jarred whole armies of bureaucrat
of their soft jobs and comfortable
of doing things. His denunciatio
Stalinism offended his colleagues
Presidium, because all of them (in
ing of course Comrade K. himself)
been implicated in Stalin's crimes.
felt even more threatened by his t
tive experiments in freeing some
of the economy and the intellectual
munity from rigid centralized co
Such heresy was not only ideologi
scandalous. It also imperiled the
structure which gave the Comm
elite their power and privileges.
felt much as the conservatives of
Vatican Curia did after Pope
opened the gates of change in the C
lic Church. For if Authority per
little freedom of thought, of critic
and of action, where and how can
checked before it sweeps away Auth
itself?

To offset the opposition to his do
tic innovations, Khrushchev needed s
spectacular triumphs abroad—and
doubt he also craved them for the
of his own inflamed ego, after his
ades of servility under Stalin. The p
pects looked good. He assumed—
of the first Sputnik and intercontine
missiles was shifting the balance of
tary power in his favor. The Wes
alliance was in considerable disar
Colonial empires in Africa and
were breaking up, leaving weak
cessor governments that seemed to o
tempting opportunities for Commu
intervention. So in 1958 he launche



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and stories, articles, essays, and poems by

OSCAR LEWIS

JOHN CIARDI

series of power plays against the West.

By threats, ultimatums, and harassment of the air corridors, he tried to force the NATO allies out of Berlin. He demanded a final peace settlement in Central Europe on his own terms. He grabbed for power bases in the Middle East and the Congo. But each of these offensives failed—all for the same fundamental reason: the West called his bluff. Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy both refused to yield to Khrushchev's threats, and he was not prepared to back them up with armed force.

By 1961 other things were going wrong for him too. Just as the orthodox old-timers had predicted, Khrushchev's moves toward liberalization had set loose forces that were hard to control; in Hungary they seemed to jeopardize the very structure of the Soviet empire, and had to be suppressed by Russian troops. His grandiose schemes for plowing up the Virgin Lands and for planting American corn in the Ukraine were embarrassing failures. For a brief period he tried an impulsive reversal of foreign policy, calling for "peaceful coexistence" with the West; the most notable result was the split with China, since Chairman Mao could not tolerate such craven truckling to the enemy.

Realizing that his critics both in the military and the Party bureaucracy were growing increasingly restive, Khrushchev decided on the biggest gamble yet in hopes of restoring his drooping prestige and authority. This time his miscalculation was double: he was unable to set up a missile base in Cuba before the United States could find out about it; and when it was discovered, the Americans did not acquiesce. Once again he was forced to back down, this time in the most humiliating public confrontation of all.

That did it. His colleagues in the top agencies of the regime were alarmed by the risks he had been taking, and disgusted by their failure. They also were acutely unhappy over a new set of proposals that Khrushchev was advancing for drastic economic and administrative reforms, for a showdown with China, for opening negotiations with West Germany. It probably was the evening of October 11, 1964 (according to Hyland and Shryock), that two of his associates in the Presidium, Brezhnev and Suslov, decided that The Boss would have to go.

He [illegible] which they recruited other Presidium members into the conspiracy, and went about the delicate business of enlisting military and secret police support is reconstructed by the authors in considerable detail. Fortunately for the



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THUNDERBIRD Ford

Khrushchev was vacationing at
at his villa in Sochi; if he had
Moscow, he might well have
it what was happening in time
ch it. Even in his absence, the
tors felt they had to move fast,
Monday, October 12, they had
enough strength to call an
cy meeting of the Presidium to
ir absent leader out of his job.
ext day Khrushchev cut short
tion and flew back to Moscow,
because one of his few remain-
l henchmen on the Presidium
n?) had tipped him off. He was
he airport by the chief of the
olice and escorted at once to a
conference room where the Pre-
vas again in session. At the head
able sat Brezhnev, in Khrush-
ccustomed place. He broke the
rushed aside Khrushchev's bel-
protests, and told him to appear
owing morning before the full
Committee of the Communist
which would formally ratify his
l.

at final meeting Suslov pre-
twenty-nine-point indictment of
hev's blunders. The accused man
mitted a rebuttal, which has
scribed as rambling, aggressive,
fane—and the Committee then
remove him from all his Party
s. But the vote was not unani-
nd when the decision was an-
to the public a couple of days
t was framed in face-saving
Khrushchev had asked to be re-
f his duties, the communiqué
ause of "advanced age and poor

ning very similar may happen
hese days to one or both of his
rs. Brezhnev and Kosygin are
e cautious, and their style of
d apparently is less offensive to
omewhat less-than-equal col-
in the Party hierarchy. But so
have been no more successful
rushchev in solving the gritty,
ble problems of the Soviet

have clamped down on the lib-
d intellectuals both at home and
satellite states. The result has
wave of revulsion throughout the
ven among lifelong Communists
countries. Moreover, repression
stopped the muttering—in
lovakia, where the Russian oc-
n promises to be a prolonged
assment, nor in Poland and Ro-
nor even among their own disil-
l young people.

Arab clients lost the Six Day
ith Israel, in spite of Russia's



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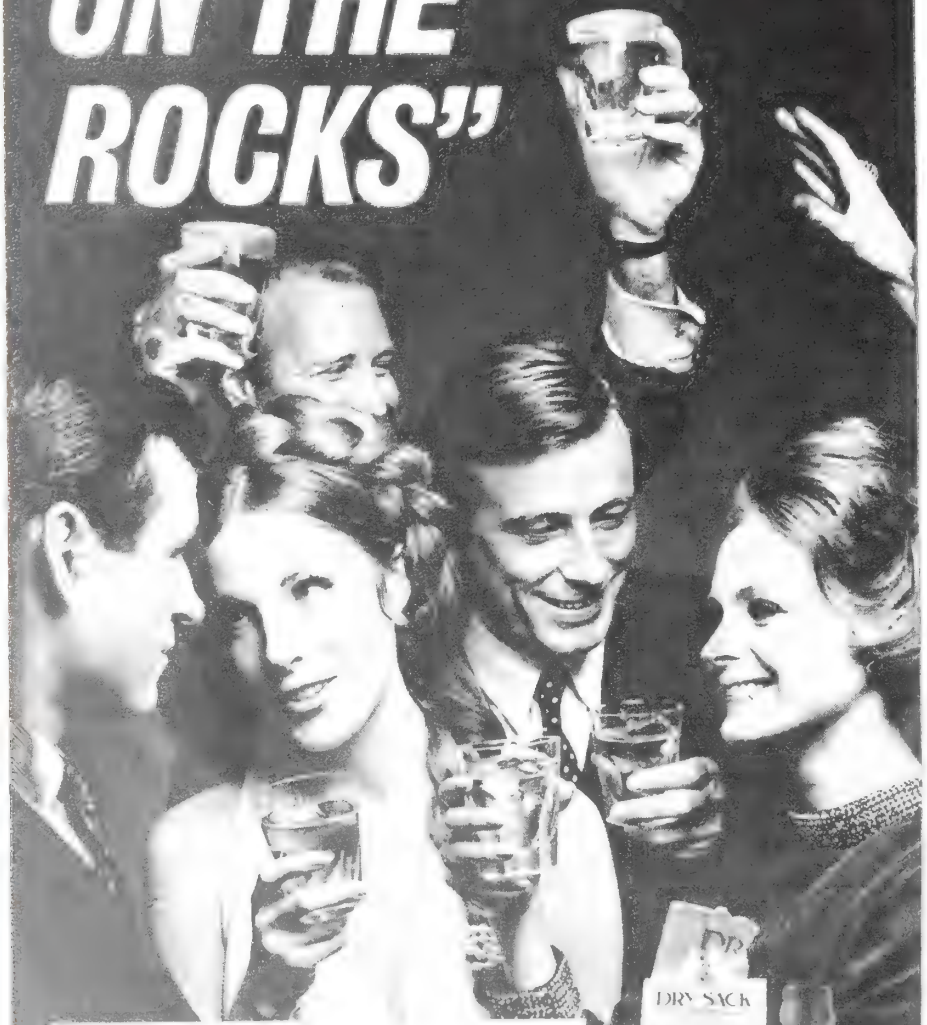
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THE EASY CHAI

lavish contributions of planes ar
and now they seem to be slidin
another, and more dangerous, c
tion in defiance of Soviet cauti
Chinese not only are as hostile
they also are making alarmin
Kremlin) noises about a rappr
with the United States.

To get their faltering eco
order, Brezhnev and Kosygin
need to slow down the arms
divert the money saved into
uses. But an understanding wi
ica and Western Europe has p
possible, so long as Soviet tr
poised in Czechoslovakia and t
ing continues in Vietnam and th
East.

Their most pressing question
How do you run a modern,
high-technology society under
of centralized, rigid controls?
and Kosygin have found no ans
cause, as even their own peopl
ginning to suspect, there is no
industrial managers, and scien
local administrators keep say
increasingly open insistence, th
system just won't work. It c
form, after a fashion, during th
the early period of industri
when the Soviet Union had o
simple goals. Today, however
mands of its society are more
and sophisticated—ranging fr
exploration to contemporary
fashions, salable exports, a
mobile industry, an efficient p
of not-quite-so-shoddy consum
Such goals evidently cannot b
without some dispersal of
making and some degree of fre
consumer choice, in pricing,
gerial discretion, in scientific
and in the flow of scarce reso
sum, an approach to somethi
pluralistic society.

That, of course, is the one t
Brezhnev and Kosygin and the
conservatives in the Commun
ratus cannot tolerate, since
immediately jeopardize their
thority. They seemed doome
fore, to increasing conflict with
New Class, as Djilas has calle
managers and technologists w
grows steadily more important
modern industrial state. The c
tensions and pressures are lik
cumulate quietly below the surf
something has to give, like an e
page along a fault line. Then o
of the younger members of the
may again begin to talk guarde
the necessity of a change in
and the conspiratorial tacti
might bring it about . . .

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the heart of the matter...

ster musicians freely comment that MASON & MLIN is today's finest piano.

ey speak of tone that's richer and better bal-ed. A treble that's brilliant at the top, warmer ughout. An action of heartening response, yet ade quieter and easier to adjust.

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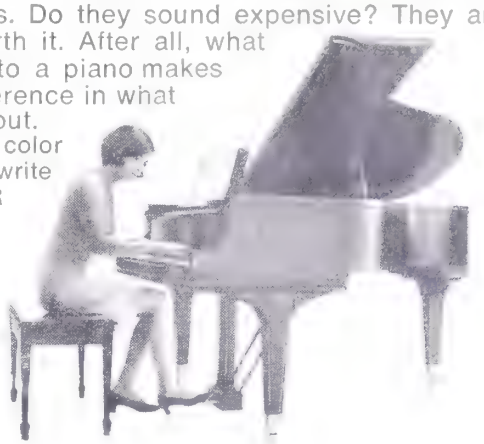
e is the Tension Resonator that maintains *for-r* the critical crown of the soundboard.

other is the special Duplex Scale. Hand-placed, *individually* adjustable bridges called aliquots add treble depth by perfectly tuning the elusive non-singing string lengths.

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THE EASY CHAIR

me about the possibility of such a
rebellion are pretty vague about t
or men, who might next climb to

Of the eleven present member
Presidium, Mikhail Suslov almo
tainly can be ruled out. For dec
has been the court theologian, the
ian of the Party's ideological pu
such, he has had considerable in
but no real power base in the m
the police, the industrial struct
the Party machine. (That is why
not chosen, despite his early role
anti-Khrushchev cabal, to share
with Brezhnev, who had a stro
in the Party apparatus; instead
ond place went to Kosygin, an e
with a large following among ind
management.) Besides, Suslov is
too ill, and too closely associate
the present regime to make a like
apparent.

Several Kremlinologists are sp
ing about the chances of two oth
sidium members, Nikolai Podgor
Peter Shelest. Both are Ukrainia
former protégés of Khrushchev
gorny, indeed, may have been t
to desert his old boss in the cruc
tober 14 meeting of the conspi
Consequently if Party sentiment
to turn again toward a more flexi
experimental policy, of the kind K
chev attempted so ineptly, one o
might profit from it.

Probably an even better bet is
ander Shelepin, the bumptious
man of the Kremlin, at least in co
son with the rest of the Soviet
tocracy. Only fifty years old, he
sidered a spokesman for the New
And since he has been a trad
leader, chief of the secret polic
organizer of the Young Com
League, he has excellent conn
with several main elements in the
structure.

Other rising young men, su
Dmitri S. Polansky, sometimes ar
tioned as possibilities. But at bott
this is sheer speculation. After al
Khrushchev did not know, until t
moment, which of his friends had
against him. How then could ar
outside the Kremlin hope to gues
shape the next conspiracy will tak

Only three things can be sai
some assurance: (1) Such a cons
is bound to take form sooner or
because Russia has no other w
changing administrations. (2) T
ord of the present regime hardly
good enough to promise it a lon
(3) Whoever does succeed to t
command will face much the same
of problems and policy dilemmas
Khrushchev and Brezhnev-Kosygi
found so intractable.



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Washington Report *by Arthur Blaustein*

536 CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF A LEGISLATIVE PROGRAM

The 536 characters in this case are Richard M. Nixon who was elected President with 43.4 per cent of the popular vote, the weakest mandate since 1912 when Woodrow Wilson won only 41.9 per cent; one hundred Senators (Democrats 57, Republicans 43) and 435 Representatives (Democrats 243, Republicans 192). Thus the opposition party—a difficult supporting cast even under the best of circumstances—is in control of both Houses of Congress. Not since General Zachary Taylor occupied the White House in 1849 has a first-term President had to contend with such a problem.

Nineteen sixty-eight was an exceptionally traumatic year for the American people—one need only review its major events: the McCarthy candidacy, the Tet offensive, the assassinations of Kennedy and Martin Luther King, the failure of the Poor People's March, the abdication of an incumbent President, and the brutal and brutalizing repression of those demanding democratic participation in Chicago and Prague. Thus by election time, the drain on our physical and psychical energies had left us in a certain dulled and apolitical mood.

It may be important for us to remind ourselves, then, that though the country has a new leader, our problems remain nearly the same ones as those confronting us in 1968: Vietnam, racial separatism, the arms race, urban decay, the radicalization of our youth, and a budget swollen with defense costs. Beneath the surface are several other difficulties perhaps more abstract and less obvious, but nevertheless extremely important. These have to do with such things as our national leadership, the credibility of those in power, and the ability of those who make our major decisions to recognize that many of the society's traditional assumptions—with regard both to political and to cultural, or if you will, spiritual values—are no longer adequate to contemporary problems.

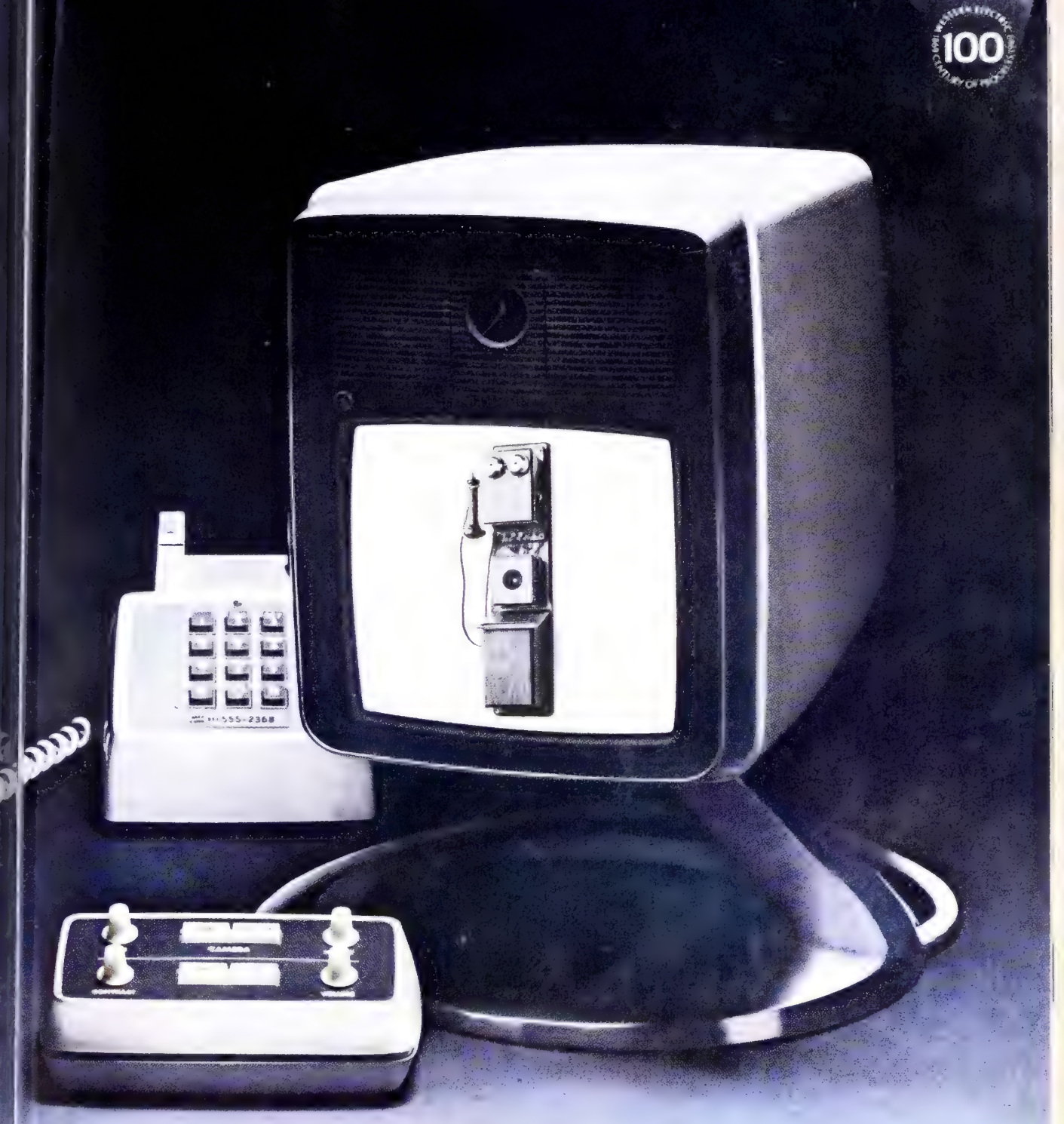
With both the comedy and the passions of the last election behind us, President Nixon and the 91st Congress are now faced with the grinding reality of presiding over a divided and confused nation—of, in fact, governing. Candidate Nixon ran a highly organized and efficient non-campaign that was designed to offend as few voters as possible. He made many more than the expected number of promises to solve the nation's urgent problems, without, however, once spelling out how he hoped or intended to arrive at any of these solutions. Which gives him, as President, a wider range of options in adopting a legislative program and more freedom of choice in his decision-making. He is not, moreover, under any obligation to the minority blocs—the blacks, the Mexican-Americans, or the Puerto Ricans; he promised them nothing specific and they in return voted overwhelmingly for Humphrey. As did a majority of the nation's big-city dwellers, who gave the latter every major Northern urban center.

The only large constituency holding a fistful of IOUs is the middle-class white suburbanites: "the forgotten men" who overwhelmingly responded to Nixon's concern for what they and he summed up as "law and order."

But whatever the advantages to him in this situation, the new President faces many political and legislative pitfalls. First of all, he must bring the war in Vietnam—which literally ruined the Johnson Administration—to a swift conclusion. Since he does not have the emotional need to continue it, as did his predecessor, it is assumed that he will make every immediate effort to throw off th albatross from around his neck.

His obligation to his chosen stituency involves him in the ne keep the suburbs white, keep down, and provide better police tection. He cannot begin to mee obligation, however, without fir ing able to reconcile certain po conflicts in his positions, such a contradiction between providing weapons and lowering taxes; be the toughening of police policie displaying a more sympathetic standing of ghetto problems; be promoting greater prosperity and ing tight control on inflation.

Nixon has professed himself a believer in a "strong" Presi Right after the election he said, days of a passive President belo a simpler past. . . . Under a Administration, the President w deeply involved in the entire swe America's public concerns. . . Presidency is a place where pri are set, and goals determined." only is such a view a serious d ture from Republican orthod which orthodoxy he has also pro —but also it is difficult to f how, without the firm commitme issues which characterized such lier examples of a strong Presi as Lincoln, Wilson, or Roosevel can practically realize this po In addition, we have in our time nessed Lyndon Johnson, who, wi overwhelming mandate, had to s gle to get appropriations for "Great Society" programs out o 90th Congress, and John F. Ken who had at least a Democratic and Senate, unable to overcome Co sional stalling of his programs; Nixon has neither mandate nor m ity. Harry Truman once summed u role of a strong Chief Executive



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..we wouldn't have anything to look back on.

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ccustomed earthy succinctness: talk about the power of the ent, how I can just push a but- get things done. Why, I spend of my time kissing somebody's Coupled with this is the plain nat there are many elder mem- of Congress who bear a great of personal hostility—built up many years of tough partisan ing—toward Nixon, the man. it therefore are we to expect the new Administration, in the of meeting its immediate and arly awesome responsibilities? nately for Nixon and his staff, tom, very little is to be expected immediate future. The budget cal year 1970 has been prepared e outgoing Johnson Administra- so the energy and attention of ixon team for the first two years argely have to be focused on and programs devised by their essors. It may seem odd, and is noted, but in accordance with ion the American people will not full taste of Nixon-flavored pro- until July 1, 1971—that is, the ning of fiscal year 1971. is, unless Nixon were positively ng to undertake the almost impos- task of putting together a totally egislative program—and he has no indication that he is—the major n of legislative initiative will de- on our other 535 characters, the ers of the 91st Congress.

Congress Gets into the Act

, Congress has long shown it- to be well-versed in the art of acting legislation, but it is a e fact that for the past thirty- ears it has become almost exclu- dependent on the Executive ch for any forward motion. Un- something radical has happened ally overnight, it would be fan- to imagine that this body, faced ne one hand with the absence of islative program from the incom- Administration and on the other the budget of a lame-duck Ad- tration, would accept the basic nsibility for innovating and de- ing a positive legislative pro- of its own.

e is hard put to think of any rtant legislation over the last y years that can be credited di- y to Congress other than the Buy rican Act, the Landrum-Griffin the McCarran-Walter Immigra- Act, and the Taft-Hartley Act latter two having both been ed over Presidential veto). It is the White House that determines programs, assigns priorities, gains public support, and finally gets credit for passage.

Of course, it is clear to anyone who observes the working lives of Congressmen that far more of their time is spent in servicing constituents—answering mail, attending functions, escorting visiting delegations around Washington, securing jobs and favors, getting answers from federal agencies—than would suit the amount of work and expertise involved in being a truly responsible legislator.

In recent years several new schemes have been devised by which the diminution of the Congressman's legislative role has been compensated with a corresponding increase in publicity. Those who have been helpful in the passage of bills have been invited to White House bill-signing ceremonies, where they have their pictures taken with the President—for local media consumption—and receive souvenir pens for their desks. One of the most popular practices nowadays is for a Congressman to announce to his district via a press release the awarding of a new defense contract or poverty grant to their locality. The particular federal agency responsible for the funds notifies the two Senators and Congressmen from the district, simultaneously, of the approval prior to notification of the beneficiary agency or corporation. The Congressman then gets the local coverage and credit, whether he deserves it or not. More than once the story of a grant or contract has leaked out before the Congressional news release, causing no end of difficulty, particularly for those lesser federal officials whose superiors have had their ears burned by some offended Congressman.

In the field of foreign affairs—at least until Vietnam—there was no longer even a pretense of Congressional initiative. As one Congressman said to me recently. "There are only about seventy-five Congressmen who represent constituencies that have a minimal interest in foreign affairs—that is, before the Vietnam war. It never was an issue, so why should the other 360 be concerned? Foreign aid, trade, and other related bills were used as swap votes."

The Senate Foreign Relations Committee studied this problem at length and in a report issued November 21, 1967, stated:

> Already possessing vast powers over our country's foreign relations, the Executive, by acquiring the authority to commit the country to war, now exercises something approaching absolute power over the life and death of every living American—to say nothing of millions of other people all around the world. There is no human being or group of human beings alive wise and competent enough to be entrusted with such vast power. . . .

In light of Johnson's experience with Vietnam, it might be assumed that any future President would from now on, just from the vantage-point of practical politics, make at least a show of consulting on foreign affairs with Congressional leadership. It was after all probably the Senate Foreign Relations Committee more than any other force that was responsible for retiring Lyndon Johnson from political life. The groups of students, intellectuals, religious leaders, and private citizens who made up the opposition to the war, and had no single legitimate political base, might never have succeeded but for Senator J. William Fulbright and his Committee, which provided such a base and became, for all intents and purposes, an opposition party. Henceforth, then, a President would be well advised to see to it that in matters of foreign policy he keep his legislative flank better covered. (The upcoming debate in the Senate over whether or not we should sign the Non-proliferation Treaty, opposed last fall by Candidate Nixon, might well signal a flareup over the issue of Executive responsibility to Congress.)

The Mixture Almost As Before

On examination, of course, the 91st Congress seems in general to be pretty much a carbon copy of the 90th. In both Houses, a certain number of seats were lost by the liberal forces to the conservatives, and vice versa. Among the thirty-six new Representatives, for instance, liberals will find a sprinkling of welcome additions to the ranks—such as Allard Lowenstein of New York and the three new black members, Louis Stokes from Cleveland, William L. Clay from St. Louis, and Mrs. Shirley Chisholm from Brooklyn—but there are hardly enough to make the difference. In fact, no fewer than fifteen staunch civil-rights votes were lost to the House. The Senate liberals sustained a heavy blow in the loss of Joseph Clark, Ernest Gruening, and Wayne Morse, but on the other hand have been joined by Governor Harold Hughes of Iowa in place of Bourke Hickenlooper, Alan Cranston, Charles Mathias, Thomas Eagleton. And so on. Cumulatively, in the Senate the conservative forces achieved a net gain of four seats with the elec-

reactionaries: James Allen (D., Ala.), Robert Dole (R., Kan.), Marlow Cook (R., Ky.), Henry Bellmon (R., Okla.), Edward Gurney (R., Fla.), and, of course, Barry Goldwater.

Moreover, while much attention has been paid to the fact that a Republican President will have to deal with a Congress whose majority is Democratic, the issue of party affiliation will very likely be no more relevant to the 91st than it actually was in the 90th. What is far more significant is that the same coalition of economy-minded Southern Democrats and Northern Republicans that opposed a broad range of domestic legislation in the 90th can once more be expected to dominate—regardless of party affiliation—and to inhibit the possibility of enacting any such legislation in the future.

The real question, as ever, is: Will party leaders in Congress, with supposedly a broader scope of national interests, be able to overcome the inherent weaknesses of a body fragmented by the decentralized power of the committee structure, dominated by a conservative oligarchy, inhibited by archaic procedures and rules, and ruled by a seniority system that insures Bourbon control over the key committees? To ask this question is virtually to answer it. In order to reform Congress from within, the nominal Democratic leadership, in particular Senate Majority Mike Mansfield and Speaker John McCormack, would have to violate of the institution: break with the oligarchy; mobilize forces from among the younger and less influential Representatives and Senators; and use this newly created constituency to expand and institutionalize their own power.

credence to the idea that they might tion. Those forms of persuasion, either friendly or, when need be, of the more Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, were

ringmaster, the master of ceremonies of a Senate nightclub, a tamer of Senate lions, or a wheeler and dealer . . ."

In the House, seventy-seven-year-old Speaker McCormack is a tired and worn symbol of the anachronistic party machine of the Thirties. He has exercised little control over Southern committee chairmen in the past, and every indication is that his strength will rather than grow.

Among the ranks of the Democratic Study Group—composed of about 140 to 150 Northern and Western liberals—a strategy was developed to break the power of the old Democratic hierarchy. McCormack was to be deposed, the Southerners removed from key committee chairmanships, pressure brought for making greater use of the Democratic caucus in setting policy, and John Rarick of Louisiana was to be stripped of seniority for having supported Wallace.

When it came to it in the first caucus, however, McCormack had won a solid victory (178-58) over Morris Udall; Rarick was not denied seniority (87-85); and all the key chairmen, such as George Mahon (Texas) of Appropriations, Wilbur Mills (Arkansas) of Ways and Means, William Colmer (Mississippi) of Rules, Mendel Rivers (South Carolina) of Armed Services, and Richard Ichord (Missouri) of Un-American Activities—each a law unto himself—were back in business. Apparently, though, McCormack did commit himself to some minor changes sought by James O'Hara (Michigan), chairman of the Democratic Study Group. There will, for instance, be a monthly meeting of the caucus, democratizing of the making of decisions in the caucus, and a more equitable means of distributing committee assignments, campaign allocations, and legislative programming.

The GOP House leadership, on the other hand, had little difficulty. Gerald Ford (Michigan) retained his post as Minority leader without a fight and Leslie Arends (Illinois) was re-elected to the post of Minority Whip. John Anderson (Wisconsin) will replace Melvin Laird as chairman of the House Conference. The leadership is, as usual, right of center, although it will take its from the President.

In the Senate, Minority Leader Everett McKinley Dirksen—re-elected unanimously—will emerge as the de facto leader of a Republican-Dixiecrat coalition. This right-leaning centrist alliance will be forged by the triple-play combination of Dirksen to Thurmond to Russell, with Thurmond serving as pivot man.

The one contest worth noting among GOP Senators was for the post of Minority Whip. It pitted Hugh Scott (Pennsylvania), the candidate of the liberals, against ultraconservative Roman Hruska (Nebraska) of gun-lobby fame. Scott who won a squeaker, 23-20, was given a 52 per cent rating by for his 1968 voting record. This i small indication of what can pass liberal in the new Senate. The ba of Republican Senate leaders, all av conservatives, are: Gordon Allott (rado), the chairman of the Policy mittee; Margaret Chase Smith (M the chairman of the Republican ference; and John Tower (Texas chairman of the Campaign Comm

On the Democratic side of the S Teddy Kennedy's victory over R Long in the contest for Majority while a great boost for his pe stock and a breath of fresh air f most deliberate body on earth, m more symbolic than real. The a ment calls for the functional res bility of rounding up votes, its deriving from that of the English " per-in" who kept the hounds from ing the pack. The Kennedy-Long c involved two interesting side ef first, the failure of Edmund Mus take the initiative and consolida campaign gains, and second, E McCarthy's support of Long, whi only serve to lessen his prestige vote, together with his relinquishi seat on the Foreign Relations Com in favor of an avowed hawk, Ga Gee of Wyoming, has succeeded more in confounding his supporte

In the Senate, the retireme Lister Hill and Carl Hayden a defeat of Wayne Morse and Mike roney bring new chairmanships committees. These, however, will turn effect any sort of real ideo switch. Richard Russell,* super and most powerful man in the S will move from chairman of Services to become head of App tions as Hayden's replacement. Russell's replacement will be sippi's super-hawk, Senator John nis. As one observer wryly rem "It came about just in time. Miss could use some missile bases an tracts to help its economy where state of Georgia would probably they gave it one more military lation."

By any stretch of the imagina is difficult to envision that thi of leadership will provide eith momentum or the creative imagi necessary to allow Congress to a legislative body in the true se sort of legislation—let alo kind of trail-blazing bills requi meet our urban and racial crises be passed, it will have to depe those members of Congress outsi

Mr. Blaustein served as director of Congressional Affairs for the Office of Economic Opportunity, and was coeditor of "War Against Poverty."

*Senator Russell is also President Tempore of the Senate. This post w place him fourth in line for succes Presidency.





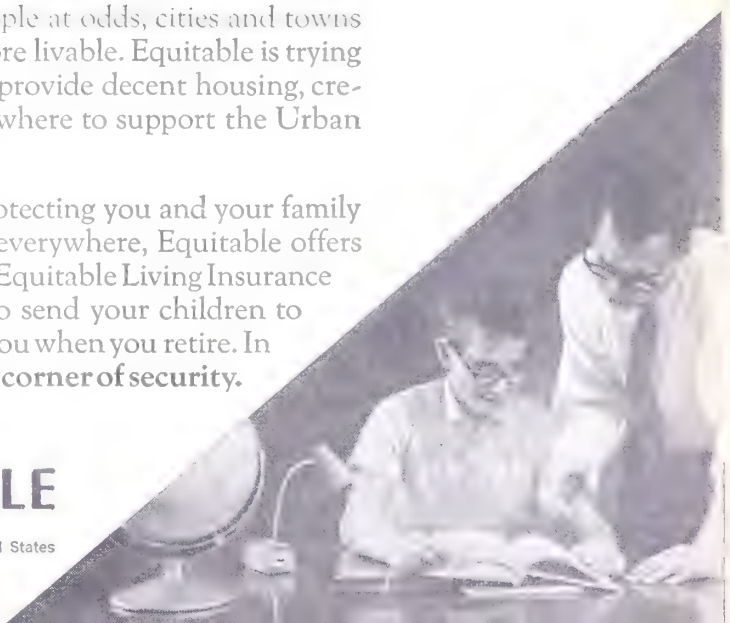




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Congressional Establishment. In the Senate, the spawning ground for Presidential candidates, a great deal will depend on how far men like Teddy Kennedy, Eugene McCarthy, Gaylord Nelson, William Proxmire, Frank Church, George McGovern, Philip Hart, Abraham Ribicoff, Charles Percy, Mark Hatfield, and Jacob Javits are willing to risk alienating themselves from the powers that be. In the House, the Democratic Study Group must align itself with a handful of Northern Republicans, though the liberals will more than ever have to buck their own party leadership just to keep alive certain pieces of "Great Society" legislation and improve minimally on others.

Nothing Left with Nixon

Given all the above conditions, what is likely to happen to specific legislation in the most important areas? Since it absorbs 45 per cent of the national budget, the most critical of all issues is defense spending. And within this issue, the crucial point to watch will be the fate of the Anti-Ballistics Missile System. Although what is at stake now is the spending of $5 billion for what the experts call a "thin," that is, anti-Chinese, ABM system, there is no doubt that this is only a down payment on a more complete system which will cost upwards of $50 billion.

Right now the military budget is at $72 billion, and it has been reported that former Defense Secretary Clark Clifford was presented by the military with requests for over $100 billion for the next fiscal year. It is obvious that both the military and their business friends as well as supporters on Capitol Hill are looking for a way to hold onto all of the money currently being spent on Vietnam when and if that war is liquidated. The opening salvo in their public strategy was fired by Senator Stennis who, as Chairman of the Senate Preparedness Subcommittee, released a report last September entitled, "Status of U.S. Strategic Power." The gist of the report stated that "the prospect of negotiations [in Vietnam] does not alter the fact that our national security will continue to rest on the strength of our nuclear arsenal." On October 25, Stennis went on the spell out exactly what he meant: "New and advanced weapons which could and should have been purchased with the money spent in Vietnam have not been acquired."

Stennis' report fits well with the atavistic faith of candidate Nixon, that of demanding clear-cut military "superiority"—the position behind his campaign nonsense about a "research gap," a "security gap," and a "submarine gap." Candidate Nixon, in what amounted to a position paper on defense during the course of a nationwide radio broadcast on October 24, charged that ". . . the present state of our defense is much too close to the peril point, and our future prospects are in some respects downright alarming." He attacked "the peculiar, unprecedented doctrine called 'parity.' . . . This parity concept means superiority for potential enemies." The Johnson Administration, through its spokesmen Candidate Humphrey and then Secretary Clifford, rejected these charges outright. The whole scenario is a recurrence of the one played out in 1960 when McNamara had to behave as if there were a "missile gap" to justify the campaign myth created by Kennedy, ironically enough, against Nixon. (That bit of wool-pulling proceeded to take us to an "eyeball to eyeball" confrontation with Russia over the placing of missiles in Cuba.) Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird is not a man who hears the beat of a different drummer when it comes to defense spending and ritualistic anti-Communist sloganeering. In a book entitled *A House Divided: America's Strategy Gap*, written during the pre-Vietnam thaw in the Cold War while we were negotiating the Test Ban Treaty, he said, "We are now locked in a real war . . . each contender maneuvering for advantage as frankly as Napoleon at Waterloo. . . . The Soviets will use every trick and strategy to beguile us into sacrificing out time and efforts to hopes of disarmament."

With respect to the controversy over the ABM system, which could set off a whole new spiraling of the arms race, the transcript of the Congressional Record of November 1, 1968, offers some interesting insights. Apparently on October 2 the Senate took extraordinary measures by locking itself into executive session, barring the press, and swearing its employees to secrecy. In the censored transcript, published later, there was the following exchange:

> *Mr. Clark:* "There comes a time when the tens of millions of casualties are so enormous that civilization is destroyed, and if there are a few people living in caves after that, it does not make much difference."
>
> *Mr. Russell:* "If we have to start all over again with another Adam and Eve then I want them on this continent and not in Europe."

Senator Russell went on to argue that the $5 billion "thin" system should only be considered a "foundation stone" for a "thick," anti-Russian system that would cost $40 billion or more. In deb Senator Clark also pointed to ear testimony by McNamara citing the that 120 million Americans would killed by an attack. Russell responde true Strangelovian fashion: "Whil would be a tremendous building eighty million Americans could reb this nation in a relatively sl while. . . ."

On the issue of foreign aid, candi Nixon said during the campaign tha would cut back expenditures. On Nov ber 20, William Gaud, the adminis tor of the Agency for International velopment, said:

> Our foreign program is shrink we are falling at the very time some of the most important, promising, and hardest-pressed the developing nations are d what they must need to do, and they can use far more aid than are getting. . . .

Congress, not likely to fight any cuts by the President-elect, in the session slashed appropriations to billion—the lowest in history.*

When it comes to dealing with do tic problems the incoming Nixon has thus far shown itself long "images" and markedly short on tions. It's by now a truism that if to reconcile the country, the very ple Nixon must deal with are those whom he has the least rapport and did not vote for him—the poor, blacks, the young, the city dwellers, vast numbers of organized workers. is it hard to understand the resistan the latter to him, since Spiro Agnew announced during the campaign leading architect of his urban prog The appointment of Daniel P. Moyn was a first step in bridging the gap

During the closing weeks of the paign, a high Nixon aide circulat four-year budget outline to a group of reporters traveling with Nixon party. The projected budge fiscal year 1972 carried the figu $220 billion. Since the present budg now about $184 billion, the increase a four-year period would come to $36 billion. Assuming that there is a mal increase for pay to federal em ees; that the statutory obligatio Social Security and other govern trust funds are met; that a amount is required to pay the int on the debt; that the military take 10 per cent increase off the top (an lute minimum for them); and that

* Contrary to the myths echoed by cose opponents of foreign aid, the U.S. eighth in the percentage of national i devoted to this purpose. Portugal, F Australia, Belgium, The Netherlands, Germany, and Great Britain all give a h percentage for foreign aid.



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is a limited increase in nominal housekeeping expenses, about $1.98 would be left over for new programs and $3.27 to expand existing ones. To be sure, Richard Nixon isn't exactly known as a big spender, but even he can hardly hope to touch the roused aspirations of thirty million economically deprived Americans with that kind of middle-class morality. Most of the attention Candidate Nixon gave to the poor and cities focused on the role of the private sector. His recommendations were in the form of tax exemptions and write-offs for industry. Examining the track record of major corporations, one might assume that executives would become more jit- [illegible] jubilant over all this opportunity to "give a damn."

Meanwhile, the Office of Economic Opportunity can be dismantled one step at a time. First, by eliminating the Job Corps. One of Candidate Nixon's favorite lines was to ask himself and the audience, "Do you know how much it costs to keep a Corpsman in a center each year?" Long pause. "Well, I'll tell you, $12,000 annually." Another pause; then, "And it only costs $2,600 to send a youngster to Harvard! And I promise to eliminate this program." (It is fascinating that Nixon singled out this program, as most expendable. The Job Corps is the only poverty program which has been run by private industry. Therefore ITT, AVCO, Westinghouse, Litton Industries, IBM, and Xerox are among [illegible] tors, who by Nixon's account have failed.) To proceed with the demise of OEO, Upward Bound and Head Start will be transferred to the Office of Education. Migrant Labor programs will be given to Interior or Agriculture, and Community Action will be phased out with the final residue delivered on a stretcher to the Department of Housing and Urban Development.

HUD programs such as Model Cities will be kept in limbo. Rent Supplements [illegible] remarked that Nixon [illegible] sored by Representative Albert Quie (R., Minn.) to shift administrative responsibility for the Elementary and Secondary Education Act from the Office of Education to the states. This bill was defeated last year but with the support of Finch and the Administration it could very well be passed this year. The implication of this transfer could well be the nullification of the impact of the Supreme Court's 1954 desegregation decision.

And finally, as a special gift to the Department of Labor, a 25 per cent increase over the present figure of unemployment will be favored in order to check inflation.

In the tax area Nixon will probably find, as Johnson himself "found," that he will not be able to drop the 10 per cent surtax. He will most certainly not attempt to raise revenue by either closing tax loopholes or tightening up on the oil-depletion allowance, or by regulating the securities-exchange industry.

There is one important operational shift in a vital area that Nixon is being pressured to make. This move, fraught with significant and dubious consequences, relates to the manner in which federal grants-in-aid are distributed. During the Johnson Administration, these funds were given directly to cities (where most Mayors happen to be Democratic); and the way in which these monies were to be used was specifically spelled out by federal guidelines and administered by "liberal" federal officials. Many Congressmen have been extremely perturbed over the fact that some of these federal funds were actually used to threaten existing institutional arrangements.

Moreover, since a majority of Congressmen represent rural or small-town constituencies, they are always adverse to supporting any changes that could upset the traditional balance which has favored rural and small-town interests in state politics. And as Nixon ponders new methods for disbursing federal funds, the awarding of bloc-grants to the states will undoubtedly seem to him a compelling political technique. It is safer and makes better Republican sense in terms of providing additional jobs, power, and monies to Governors, who in six of the seven largest industrial states just happened to be Republicans. The Republicans captured thirteen of this year's twenty-one gubernatorial races, increasing their control over state mansions from twenty-six to thirty-one.

To sum up, there will probably not be one major new piece of social legislation for the alleviation of the problems of the urban centers and its minorities. In addition, many existing projects will be severely curtailed, to no disappointment, anyway, of Congressional committee chairmen.

Although their passage is unlikely, there are several pieces of new l[egislation] tion and amendments to old bill[s] are worthy of consideration by b[oth] President and Congress. Those which have been submitted in th[e] have been passed over—not repor[ted] of committee, or effectively bloc[ked] leadership:

The Income Maintenance [Act] 1968: Proposed by Congressm[an] liam Fitts Ryan of New York. T[his] would provide a modest stand[ard] minimum benefits for a famil[y] no outside earnings. In addi[tion] would prevent leakage throug[h] fits to families who are not [in] and create new incentives t[o] denied by the present welfare [system]

The National Manpow[er] Which provides for tax cr[edits] businesses hiring hard-core [un]ployed. The credit would am[ount] 75 per cent of the employee's [wage] and fringe benefits for the f[irst] months, 50 per cent for the se[cond] months, and 25 per cent for [the] ond year. In addition the bill [au]izes $900 million over the n[ext] fiscal years for jobs in the pu[blic] tor. The bill also requires [a] tionwide job survey to matc[h] ployed persons with job va[can]and the creation of a federal[ly] tered corporation, funded [by] exempt gifts and federal n[on]grants, to research and devel[op] power programs.

An extension of the Social [Security] Amendments of 1968: Prop[osed] Senator Fred Harris and [the late] Robert Kennedy, which wo[uld] the limitations on the Social [Security] Act of 1967. It would elimina[te] the prospective and punitiv[e] placed on state programs o[f] families with dependent chil[dren]

The Guaranteed Employm[ent] of 1967: Proposed by Cong[ressman] James O'Hara, which makes [the] eral government the emp[loyer] last-resort. It would provide [2.4] million jobs.

The More Effective Schoo[ls] Proposed by Representativ[e] Conyers, which provides for [a] hensive educational program[s] income areas, with grants g[iven] rectly to local school district[s]

[illegible] former Senator Joseph Clark [of] prehensive manpower progra[m] would provide 2.4 million job[s] the private and public sect[or] the next four years.

The Community Self-De[termination] tion Act: An innovative app[roach] [illegible] lower-income communities, s[ponsored] by Senator Gaylord Nelson. T[he] element in the program is t[he] munity Development Corp.. [illegible] dents both to achieve econon[ic] opment and to control owne[rship] their productive resources.



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First, Get Tough

Despite any official lip service to new plans and ideas, the American people can face the next four years with fairly clear-cut expectations. First, the Executive. In matters of foreign policy Nixon will generally be hawkish, favoring heavy military commitments abroad, a high defense budget, and hard-line approach to the Communists. Almost nothing is known of the views of Secretary of State Rogers. However, five individuals whose thinking Nixon regards highly are Robert Murphy, Henry Cabot Lodge, Henry Kissinger, Richard Allen, and Robert Strausz-Hupé. Murphy, the liaison man with the Johnson Administration on matters of foreign affairs, was known in the Fifties as the "Curtis LeMay of the diplomatic corps"; Lodge, who will head our negotiating team in Paris, predicted that the NLF would "evaporate" three years ago; Kissinger, special assistant for national security, and a jewel from the Rockefeller diadem, is a firm believer in what can best be termed "flexible superiority"; and Allen, Kissinger's assistant, wrote a book calling coexistence part of the Communist blueprint for victory. They are one-and-all, categorically, Cold War "warriors" and hardware people. Nixon will also downgrade the role of the United Nations and attempt to make further cutbacks in foreign aid.

Moreover, indications are that the Vietnam war will not be disposed of so easily. Unfortunately, many of the critics of the Johnson Administration misplaced all their eggs in the bombing basket. A cessation of the bombing was only the necessary precondition for the Paris talks. The participation of the NLF and an acceptance of a coalition government until free and open national elections can be held are still the central issues. Mr. Nixon might not attempt to achieve a political settlement in the immediate future, particularly with hard-liners Bunker and Lodge on the scene. It is highly speculative, but if this should be true, he may authorize another full-scale military go-around which might even include a resumption of the bombing. This would entail an order to field commanders to intensify the fighting as well as to prosecute a stepped-up pacification program. After he has demonstrated how tough he can be, he will then, and only then, accept a political solution consistent with the 1954 Geneva Agreements. Domestically, we may expect that he will not be generous with aid either to the cities or to the economically disadvantaged. Tax exemptions for industry and "black capitalism" are no substitutes for massive federal programs on the order of those recommended by the Kerner Commission Report or the Freedom Budget. If this attitude persists for more than one year the stage will be set for alternating waves of rebellion and repression.

In his relations with Congress Mr. Nixon is at a great disadvantage. There will probably be a resolution in the Senate demanding prior Congressional approval for any future military action he may wish to undertake. There is also the distinct possibility that certain Democrats might even play cutthroat politics and seek to reject any new legislation he may request. It is also difficult to predict how long the Southern Democrats will maintain their end of a supportive coalition. They are already uneasy over the inroads the Republican party is making in the South.

For its part, the new Congress will attempt to assert its independence from the Executive without seeming to be totally negative. The honeymoon between the new President and Congress will be tactical and brief. Many decisions will be made covertly in committees. Since Congress has the upper hand with legislation, the Administration will be forced to make compromises before bills get to the floor. The President and his Cabinet had better field a competent legislative liaison team who can bargain with committee chairmen, or they will be severely shortchanged before they can even know what hit them.

Defense spending will be highest on the list of Congressional priorities. As Frederick Collins pointed out in an article in *The New Republic* last year, twenty-eight of the major contractors for the ABM project employ about one million persons in 172 Congressional districts in 42 states. In addition, over 12,000 companies will dip into the ABM pork barrel. There are at present no fewer than twelve military installations, and an annual military payroll of over $200 million, in the city of Charleston, South Carolina—sometimes referred to as Polarisville—the home district of Armed Services Chairman, Mendel Rivers. These facts may seem alarming but they are not, in the relations among government, the military, and industry, unusual.

The Executive Branch will be further weakened by the turnover in federal agencies of key officeholders, consistent with the tradition of a new party coming to power—"to the victors go the spoils." The task of recruiting for these 2,150 non-career jobs listed in the Civil Service Commission's "political plum book" seems to be a difficult one for the computer-happy Nixon personnel people; they even sent out form letters to those listed in the nation's guide, *Who's Who in America*, ommendations.

The Cabinet is composed of tive team-players all of whom expected to take their marchin from the President and none of likely to upstage him. Russell the New York *Times* aptly co the morning after Nixon in them on TV, "The Cabinet is c of George Romney and ele named Clyde." Rogers of State torney General Mitchell have little by which to judge their the problems facing them. It i imagine, on the other hand, within the Pentagon these da appointment of Laird.

Then

It is entirely possible that in sp our wealth and power we wi a convulsive society, one falli at the seams. There are basi central issues that can make us and they are subtly intertw is the racial-urban crisis and is the expansion of military on, and influence over, our civi ment. In the recent past our has been unable to solve social by willfully legislating within of meaningful national priori Presidents have unwittingly wise become at once prisoner hosts to the "industrial-milit plex"; and our people have strated that, like any other group, when given the opportu so, we can be selfish and rapaci

One might furthermore be a note of depression in pointing in the course of 180 years of re tive democracy, we have ac Presidential Succession Act Twenty-Fifth Amendment wh scribe for us a batting order th at present turn out to be Nixon Russell, and McCormack.

The days of old coalitions politicians conjuring up phrases and images of a Wa Lincoln, or a Roosevelt have They can resort to these ste cises until they are blue in the the critical problems of housin tion, jobs, and identity stay wit can the new breed of Nixon's sli son Avenue media-types turn like "law and order" into functi grams. The public-relations bla dashed expectations of the Gr ety have embittered too many of our population. And our wo conflicts are too deep to bear ye dose of government by caricatu



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Harper's
magazine

rthur Schlesinger, jr.

'IETNAM AND THE END OF 'HE AGE OF SUPERPOWERS

'either the Soviet Union nor the United States can contain by ilitary power alone the surge of nationalism sweeping the globe. new American foreign policy must be developed to meet the demands f a new age and new international relationships.

The contemporary crisis of American confidence omes in great part from a growing sense of our iability to manage violence. The rise of violence t home has done more than anything else to reate doubt about the internal prospects of American life; while, ironically, it has been the ailure of violence to achieve our aims in Vietnam which has created equal doubt about the prospects of our foreign policy.

When President Johnson spoke to the nation about Vietnam on March 31, 1968, he did more than suspend military escalation, intensify the search for negotiation, and remove himself from the impending Presidential contest. Though he did not of course put it this way, he announced the collapse of a policy and even perhaps the end of an era. His speech implied a rejection, or at least a drastic modification, of the premises which have governed American foreign policy since the end of the second world war.

Postwar American foreign policy grew from a series of legacies—Stimsonian collective security, Rooseveltian social evangelism, Dullesian anti-Communism. Each bequest had been tempted into universalism—by which I mean the belief that the United States has an active and vital interest in the destiny of every nation on the planet—and even into messianism by the power vacuums left in the wake of the second world war. It was this combination of factors which beguiled America into a course which much of the world today regards as imperialistic and which even Americans must concede as imperial—the course which reached its disastrous climax in Vietnam.

Yet, if there is an American imperialism, it is imperialism of a peculiar sort. The classical theories of imperialism derive from the European experience, and it is hard to fit American policy into the conventional categories. The attempts of pious Marxists, for example, to account for the American presence in Vietnam in Leninist terms—as the result of the need for investment outlets—is self-evidently absurd. The American government has already poured more money into Vietnam than American business could hope to get back in a century. Nor is it convincing to argue that we

"needed" to spend $30 billion a year in Vietnam in order to preserve business profits at home. The effect of the Vietnam spending has been to overheat the economy, to stimulate inflationary pressures, and to require an unpopular tax increase. Except for firms specifically dependent on production for Vietnam, everyone would be happier if the war spending came to an end. Business leaders have not been notably enthusiastic about the war—especially once the Army stopped relying mainly on poor whites and blacks and started drafting their own sons.

A more sophisticated version of the Marxist thesis is that the United States must suppress revolution everywhere because, if revolution succeeds in a country without American investment, the contagion of success may lead to revolutions in other countries *with* American investment. This Leninist version of the domino theory is faintly more plausible as an argument than the strict thesis, except for the fact that American policy in the Third World, while it has been uniformly anti-Communist, has by no means been uniformly anti-revolutionary. Nor do nationalist revolutions in the Third World invariably lead to Communist rule. Quite the contrary—the Communists have come to power in only three new nations in the last quarter century: China and North Vietnam, because they put themselves at the head of nationalist movements during the second world war, and Cuba, because Fidel Castro for reasons of his own led a revolution undertaken on other grounds into the Communist empire. Actually the American government has accepted nationalist revolutions in most countries which have had them; and it has given surreptitious assistance to progressive nationalist parties and even to non-Communist revolutionaries in a number of countries in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. The objection to the Cuban revolution (at least within the Kennedy Administration) was not to Castro's program of internal reconstruction but to his potential role as an instrument of Soviet policy—an objection which, as the events of October 1962 showed, was hardly without point.

Nor do other classical theories of imperialism work much better. Hannah Arendt's argument (in *The Origins of Totalitarianism*) that imperialism was the result of "the alliance between mob and capital" does not apply here; there was no surging popular demand for the adventure in Vietnam. Nor do the theories tracing imperialism to the instabilities and temptations created by disparities in power explain why there were half a million American troops in South Asia rather than in South America.

The Rise of the Warrior Class

But of the classical theories of imperialism the one which throws most light on American behavior is that proposed by Joseph A. Schumpeter the economist. Schumpeter saw imperialism as "the objectless disposition on the part of a state to unlimited forcible expansion"—a disposition created and sustained by the habits and interests of a warrior class. There would always be, he said, rational pretexts for military action—national security, spoils, and so on—but the essential urge would come from the sheer momentum of the military machine in motion.

European imperialism of the late nineteenth century, in Schumpeter's view, was the work of martial and feudal elements surviving in bourgeois society. Believing that the instinct for physical combat was fading rather quickly in the industrial world, he felt that imperialism would be a passing phase in a society which had "neither warlike instincts nor structural elements and organizational forms oriented toward war." He was particularly optimistic about the United States which among all capitalist countries seemed to him "least burdened with precapitalist elements, survivals, reminiscences, and power factors" and would therefore be "likely to exhibit the weakest imperialist trend." But what Schumpeter omitted in his argument, though it was implicit in his theory, was the possibility that war among industrial states might produce new structural elements and organizational forms oriented toward war, a new warrior class and new forms of imperialism.

Has not something like this happened in the United States? The American imperialism of the turn of the century was a clear case of Schumpeterian atavism. Men like Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge, who as historians had celebrated the Federalist vision of the American role, reached back as politicians and strategists to the Federalist past in the hope of redeeming the new commercial society by giving it a martial purpose. But, lacking a serious institutional base

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that society, neo-Federalist imperialism could ot, and did not, last. Half a century later, how- ver, two world wars had brought a great military tablishment into existence, and the Cold War ade it permanent.

During the war, Roosevelt relied more on mili- ary advisers like General Marshall and Admiral eahy than he did on his State Department. After ie war, the establishment of the Department of efense and the National Security Council con- olidated the military influence on national policy. or many years the military have absorbed by ar the largest portion of the federal budget. efense contracts have enlisted large sections of ie industrial community in the military effort. Vith America predisposed to foreign involvement y the legacies of collective security and social vangelism and, in a sense, propelled into such nvolvement by the power vacuums of the post- ar world, with, in addition, the unitary Commu- ist movement of the age of Stalin posing a quite enuine threat and generating crusading absolut- sm in response, the new warrior class became the gency for both the militarization and the en- argement of our interventionist policies.

One must not overdo all this. The military nachine suffered a succession of restraints—first, rom within, by the second world war generals f the Marshall-Eisenhower-Bradley generation; hen, from without, by Presidents Truman, Eisenhower, and Kennedy as well as by civilian lements of the national security bureaucracy, by uch men as Acheson (when he was in office, hough not so much thereafter), Harriman, ovett, and, in later times, McNamara.

The National Security Council was never very ffective as a source of national decisions. Nor nas the military caste always been united in its iews. In 1954 the Navy and the Air Force avored American intervention in Vietnam; the Army, forcefully represented by Generals Ridg- way and Gavin, opposed intervention and carried he day. In 1962 General Shoup of the Marine Corps dissented from the recommendation of the Joint Chiefs for a surprise air attack on the nuclear missile bases in Cuba. Secretary Mc- Namara was engaged throughout his time at the Pentagon in argument with the Chiefs. By 1967 he had become the particular custodian of the negotiating interest within the government, lead- ing to that peculiar exchange of roles by which the Secretary of Defense sat in his office trying to figure out how to start negotiations with Hanoi while the Secretary of State sat in *his* office pick- ing out bombing targets (perhaps in part be- cause, as Mr. Rusk revealed in an interview, he was "within three days" of taking his oath as a career military officer in 1946 when General Marshall offered him a civilian post in the State Department). In the last years of the Vietnam war the CIA and the Secretary of Defense were far more skeptical than the Joint Chiefs or the Secretary of State about the effectiveness of American bombing.

Yet, if the national security bureaucracy is often divided in its views, the warrior caste, as a powerful element in that bureaucracy, has had increasingly behind it the power of sheer momentum—especially in a time when new military technologies, by making America vulnerable to attack from almost any spot on the planet, gave the argument of "national security" an unlimited application, and when duty required the military of one nation to advocate constant growth to forestall adversaries from gaining technological superiority. "Created by wars that required it," Schumpeter wrote of the military establishment in ancient Egypt, "the machine now created the wars it required."

In whatever sense America can be said to be an imperial state, the active carriers of that imperialism are not our bankers or our foreign investors or our traders—not any of the conventional Marxist villains. The carriers are our politicians, our diplomats, and, most particularly, our military leaders. It is our military leaders who—for military, not for economic reasons—have conned both the executive and legislative branches of the government into voting enormous military appropriations and into building enormous military installations, largely irrelevant in the missile age, all over the world (and who, as the price we must pay, insist we must do nothing to offend such splendid countries as Portugal or South Africa). It is they who argue for military intervention. It is they who forever oppose agreements, like the Test Ban Treaty of 1963, designed to slow up the arms race, and who forever demand new systems of offense and defense.

The forward role of the military has been notably evident in Vietnam. First, they succeeded in defining the problem in the terms stated by General Wheeler in November 1962: "It is fashionable in some quarters to say that the problems in Southeast Asia are primarily political and economic. . . . I do not agree. The essence of the problem in Vietnam is military." Subsequently, at every point along the way, the generals promised that just one more step of military escalation would at last bring the victory so long sought and so steadily denied. The Pentagon, in

addition, has seen Vietnam as an invaluable training and testing ground for new weapons and new techniques.

Here surely lies a major cause of our imperial drift: the incessant pressure of the professional military in an age of international crisis. The warrior group, because of its own internal needs and preoccupations, constantly demands more money, more weapons systems, more military involvement, more military intervention. Its members invoke the emotions of virility and patriotism to strengthen their case. Their importunings affect the way choices are defined and the atmosphere in which decisions are made; the pressure is often effective in amorphous situations and with irresolute leaders. But this is *not* a question of bureaucratic determinism. The warrior group does not inevitably control United States policy, nor are the warriors evil men or war criminals. They are professional men trying to do a professional job and making exactly the arguments the nature of their profession requires. It is foolish to be surprised by the advice they give or to blame them for it. It is far more to the point to blame those who take their advice.

What matters is not that the military bureaucracy makes certain recommendations but that Presidents take these recommendations seriously. President Kennedy accepted the recommendations of the Joint Chiefs of Staff on one major decision in his Administration—the Bay of Pigs. He rejected pressures for direct military intervention in Cuba twice—after the failure of the Bay of Pigs and again during the missile crisis. He was entirely skeptical of military plans for intervention in Laos. He declined to follow JCS counsel on Berlin in 1961 or on the Test Ban Treaty of 1963. President Johnson, on the contrary, seems to have flinched from overruling the Joint Chiefs, except on occasion by not giving them quite all the troops or bombing targets they wanted.

The Messianic Phase

The tragedy of Vietnam is the tragedy of the catastrophic overextension and misapplication of valid principles. The original insights of collective security and liberal evangelism were generous and wise. But compulsive Stimsonianism and compulsive New Dealism, stimulated by the illusions of Superpowership, rigidified by an absolutist anti-Communism, and pressed ever forward by the professional demands of the new warrior class, brought American universalis in time into a messianic phase. "History and o own achievements," President Johnson said February 12, 1965, "have thrust upon us t principal responsibility for protection of fre dom on earth. . . . No other people in no oth time has had so great an opportunity to wo and risk for the freedom of all mankind."

This messianic phase led us to lose our sen of the relation between means and ends. I not see that our original involvement in Vietna was per se immoral. What was immoral was t employment of means of destruction out of a proportion to rational purposes. The wreckag we wrought in Vietnam had no rational relatio ship to a serious assessment of our national i terest or to the demonstrated involvement our national security.* The messianic phas transcended and transformed the constituen elements of our past foreign policy. Yet th existence of these traditional elements gave th Johnson Administration a sense that it wa executing a legacy and endowed it therefore wit an overwhelming conviction of the rectitude o its mission, the purity of its motives, and th wickedness of its critics. It was this which mus have led Secretary Rusk to say on February 1968, "There gets to be a point when the ques tion is, whose side are you on? Now, I'm Secretar of State of the United States, and I'm on ou side!"

Given the perhaps excessive self-righteousnes which could lead a Secretary of State to sugges that his critics must be on the side of Ho Ch Minh, given too the reluctance of proud and stub born men to admit that they could possibly hav made mistakes, only the abject failure of the pol icy could force its supporters to draw back. Th failure of the Vietnam policy had long been evi dent to most detached observers. The evidence against the effectiveness of military escalatio was just as strong, for example, on March 31 1967, as it was on March 31, 1968; and if Presi dent Johnson had given his speech a year earlier many Americans and many Vietnamese, now

* The total bomb tonnage dropped on Vietnam North and South, through October 1968, was 2,948, 057 tons. The total tonnage dropped during the second world war in both the European and Pacific theaters was 2,057,244 tons. This means that American planes dropped almost 50 per cent more tons of explosives on this hapless country than were dropped on Japan, Germany, and other enemy territories during the last world war. I owe these figures to the pertinacity of I. F. Stone who elicited them from the Pentagon press office and published them in his highly erratic but sometimes useful *Weekly*.

lead, would today be alive. But in the end the ailure of the policy became so plain that even he President had to admit it—everyone had to dmit it except, inevitably, General Westmoreand.

What was announced on March 31, 1968, was nore than simply the collapse of the American olicy in Vietnam. What was announced was the ollapse of the messianic conception of the Amercan role in the world—indeed, the end of the enire age in which two Superpowers dominated he planet. To understand the reasons for this colapse we must return for a moment to the Superowers at high noon.

There were always decisive differences beween the United States and the Soviet Union on nternal values and policies. But their views of he world outside had remarkable similarities. Each Superpower saw mankind as divided beween forces of light and forces of darkness. Each assumed that the opposing bloc was under he organized and unified control of the other. Each insisted that every nation line up on one ide or the other and condemned neutralism as nomalous if not as immoral. Each expected its wn side to accept its own ideas of political ropriety and economic organization. Washingon supposed that what was then known as the Free World should reshape itself on the Amercan model, while Moscow, that the Communist World should reshape itself on the Russian nodel.

But the world itself did not sit still; it began o change. And the most basic change of all was he rise of a new force in revolt against the reign of the Superpowers—or rather the resurgence of an older force now endowed in the years after the war with new potency and purpose. That force was nationalism; and the rise of nationalism meant growing opposition to the United States in the Western bloc, growing opposition to the Soviet Union in the Communist bloc, and growing opposition to both America and Russia in the Third World.

Nationalism means, first of all, the determination to assert national identity, national dignity, and national freedom of action. It can also mean, as the memory of prewar Germany, Italy, and Japan reminds us, the determination to assert these things at the expense of other nations; and in this sense nationalism has been and will be a source of tremendous danger to the world. But the nationalism which arose after the second world war was, in the main, not the aggressive and hysterical nationalism which had led nations before the war to try and dominate other nations. It was rather the nationalism generated by the desire to create or restore a sense of nationhood.

In the years since 1945 nationalism has redrawn lines of force around the planet. Take Europe, which Churchill described twenty years ago as "a rubble heap, a charnel house, a breeding ground for pestilence and hate." Economically shattered, politically demoralized, militarily defenseless, Western Europe in the Forties was absolutely dependent on America for social reconstruction and military protection. Then the Marshall Plan set in motion the process of economic recovery. Economic recovery led to the revival of political self-confidence, and political self-confidence to a determination to assert European autonomy. No doubt the turn given this mood in recent years by General de Gaulle is exaggerated and extravagant. But it would be a great error, I believe, to suppose that Gaullism does not spring from a profoundly real impulse in contemporary Europe: a deep pride in European traditions and capacities, a growing will to reaffirm European independence against the twin colossi. And even those who reject the narrow nationalism of de Gaulle do so in the name of the larger nationalism of Europe.

The contagion of nationalism runs everywhere. Today nationalism is seeking home rule in Scotland and Wales; it is dividing the country of Belgium; it is threatening Canada with the secession of French Quebec; in our own country it finds expression in the mystique of Black Power. And it has wrought even more spectacular changes within the empire which Stalin once ruled so calmly and implacably. The Yugoslav heresy of 1948 represented the first serious rebellion of national Communism against Russian primacy. In another decade China burst forth as an independent Communist state, increasingly determined to challenge Russia for the domination of Asia and for the leadership of the international Communist movement. With the clash between China and Russia, the unified Communist empire began to break up. Moscow long ago had to accept the Yugoslav heresy, and on Yugoslav terms. It has conceded a measure of national initiative to the once cowed and compliant satellites of Eastern Europe. Albania and Romania are going their own way. In a desperate effort to preserve the dominant Russian position, the Soviet Union had to resort to military intervention in order to discipline Communist Czechoslovakia. Even Poland, even East Germany may some day insist on national freedom. "Everyone chooses the truths he likes. In this way faith disintegrates." This was said by Pope Paul VI, but

it might as well have been said by Brezhnev.

The unity of Communist discipline, the unity of Communist dogma—all are vanishing as international phenomena, crumbling away under the pressure of nationalism. In the contemporary age of polycentrism there is no longer any such thing as "world Communism." A Communist takeover no longer means the automatic extension of Russian, or even of Chinese power. Every Communist government, every Communist party, has been set free to begin to respond to its own national concerns and to pursue its own national policies. One Communist state, Cuba, has even performed the ingenious feat of being simultaneously at odds with both Moscow and Peking.

As nationalism has transformed the democratic and Communist worlds, so too it has transformed the Third World. After the war, many people—Communists and anti-Communists alike—supposed that Communism was the wave of the future and accepted the thesis of its inevitable triumph. In particular, it was anticipated that Marxism would sweep through the developing world like a prairie fire. With Asia, Africa, and Latin America shaken by the deep-running demands for economic development and social justice, new states everywhere, it was believed, would turn to Communism, if only as the most efficient technique for modernization. Some in the West became mesmerized by the notion that, when a nationalist revolution began in an underdeveloped country, Communism was bound to win out. This has not happened. There has been an abundance of nationalist revolutions in these years. But the striking fact is plainly the failure of the Communists to ride to power on nationalist upheavals.

The reasons for the failure of Communism in the developing world is the same as the reason for the expulsion of colonialism from that world: what the new nations want more than anything else is the assurance of their national freedom of decision. And this very fact too, while it has endowed the new nations with spirit and audacity, has prevented them from forming, as some once feared they might do, a unified bloc against the West. Today they are unified only in their determination to stay out of the Cold War—and in the hope of shaking down the developed countries, Russia as well as America, for all the economic aid they can get. Beyond that, they too are deeply divided by nationalist resentments and rivalries.

Nationalism has thus changed the relations between America and the Western world and Russia and the Communist world, and it has defeated expectations of Russian and American influence as well as of a unified neutralist bloc i the Third World. It has emerged as the mo powerful political emotion of our time. The Ag of Superpowers is coming to an end.

A Common Frustratio

Or at least this is evident to everyone—ex cept to the Superpowers themselves. A mai source of trouble in the world today is, as ofte before, the failure of Superpowers to recogniz a new historical situation. This is natura enough. England and France, though knocked ou of the running after the second world war, con tinued to try and act like great powers as late a their attempt in 1956 to control the Middle Eas and humiliate Arab nationalism. Superpower are always slow to realize the decline in thei capacity to command events. So America an Russia, operating on the momentum of ideas ge erated in the immediate postwar years, have pe sisted, despite a new age and a changed worl in those habits of thought and action whic worked more or less between 1945 and 1955. Th illusion of Superpowership thus lay behind th long American attempt to determine the destin of Vietnam. It lay behind the Soviet attempt t enter the Caribbean in 1962, as it lies behind cur rent Soviet attempts to dominate the Middl East and dictate the future of Czechoslovakia.

In 1967 Chairman Kosygin visited the Unite States and had a meeting with President Johnso in New Jersey. He came at a moment when Rus sia and America were in sharp disagreement ove the two most urgent items on the meeting' agenda—Vietnam and the Arab-Israeli war. Yet in spite of this disagreement, the meeting itsel was surprisingly cordial. This caused puzzlemen at the time. In retrospect there is no great mys tery why this should have been so. The two lead ers were evidently brought together by consider ations deeper than conflicts in Southeast Asia o in the Middle East. They were brought togethe by a common sense of international frustratio and a common fear that their mutual interests i world management were under challenge. They shared most of all a deep perplexity and an guished exasperation over the inability of thei two countries to run the world any longer. The partnership of Holly Bush was above all a part nership of irritation and chagrin.

The world had for some time been approaching the point when the common American-Russian interest in global management was becoming more important than their disagreement on ideo-

ical issues or than the clash of their national erests. The irony, of course, is that these two ntries were not at all concerned with collabo- ion during the Era of Superpowers—at a time en such collaboration might have gone far vard ordering the planet. But, as the recovery national initiative in the rest of the world gan to threaten the very idea of Superpower- p, the tendency grew to consider it more im- rtant to share world domination with the other in to open up the game. So, like two cartels ich have been competing bitterly against each ier for the world's supply of a vital commodity n this case, power—they now tend to prefer to vide the market between themselves as against e risk and uncertainty which would follow from e admission of new competitors.

The clearest expression of this drawing to- ther can be seen in the attempt to limit the ntrol and availability of nuclear weapons. I do t suggest that the Test Ban Treaty of 1963 d the treaty to stop nuclear proliferation are t excellent things in themselves. They are rely the greatest formal strides toward peace e world has taken in this generation. But it is portant also to consider how these proposals ok to the non-nuclear nations. Their obvious fect—and, some cynics have suggested, their cret intention—is to exclude the rest from the uclear club and thus to preserve American-Rus- an nuclear dominance. This is why, of course, ese treaties have been so bitterly denounced by e two great rebel states—France in the Western oc and China in the Communist bloc.

Alas, the drift of the Superpowers toward col- boration, generally encouraging as this new ood may be, has come too late, at least too late save their joint hopes of world domination. What forces in the world could resist us?" osygin said to *Life* in February 1968. "No- ody." Kosygin is wrong. The pathos of the pres- nt situation is that, just as America cannot uni- terally impose its will on Southeast Asia and ussia cannot unilaterally impose its will on the iddle East, so America and Russia together, ven if they agreed on every detail of policy and orked together to put a common policy over, can o longer settle affairs in Southeast Asia and ie Middle East. The events in the rest of the orld have developed a life of their own—a future s well as a past of their own—and they are assing beyond the reach even of joint Ameri- an-Russian dictation.

Indeed, the very process of Russian-American approchement hastens the end of Superpower- hip by reducing the fear that independent national action is likely to provoke the great powers into nuclear war; it thereby increases every nation's sense of its own freedom of maneuver. Nothing exhibits more arrestingly the decline of Superpowership than the spectacle in recent years of Superpowers pushed around by their satellites—the Soviet Union by East Germany, Cuba, and North Vietnam; the United States by South Korea, South Vietnam, and Taiwan. Tocqueville's old forecast—America and Russia, each "marked out by the will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe"—has had, in the end, an exceedingly short run.

Ordinarily it takes defeat in war to persuade a Superpower that it has been living beyond its means. Sometimes one defeat is not enough. It took two defeats, for example, to convince Germany it was not a Superpower; there are those who fear that the Germans may not have learned this lesson yet. Great Britain, on the victorious side in the second world war, persisted in the illusion until the defeat at Suez terminated her imperial dream. The American failure in Vietnam has produced a striking reassessment of the world position of the United States. Vietnam has been an expensive and horrible education; but no one can question the fact that most Americans are now determined to have no more Vietnams. Only the Soviet Union, sustained by a dogmatic faith in the infallibility of its ideology, still seems dogged in the pursuit of Superpowership, and this in spite of spectacular setbacks in Cuba and the Middle East. The world must hope that Czechoslovakia may in time have the same effect on Russia that Suez had on England and Vietnam on the United States.

A New American Policy

The last-ditch champions of the American Vietnam policy like to argue that the only alternative to universalism is isolationism. This, of course, is a self-serving definition of the issues; and the debate should not be established in these terms. A headlong dash from the world, a retreat to our own shores, even a retreat to our own hemisphere: all these are impossible options. An isolationist course would be as false to our interests as it would be false to our ideals. The United States cannot resign from the task of helping to build a rational world order.

But what form is this world order likely to take? As Franklin Roosevelt construed the universalist world a quarter of a century ago, it would be a world in which order would be en-

forced by the great powers. The decline of the Superpowers dooms this world. But it would appear equally to doom the sphere-of-interest world sought by Stalin. Thoughtful people still argue that spheres of influence offer the only alternative to universalism. But is it probable that, in the age after the Superpowers, the sphere-of-interest policy will be as easy to work as it was in the past? Confronted by nationalism in Czechoslovakia, Russia had to use military force to maintain its sphere of influence in Eastern Europe. Confronted by nationalism in the Dominican Republic, the United States had to use (or thought it had to use) military force to maintain its sphere of influence in the Caribbean. Both Superpowers got away with their military intervention in the short run. But both know that, where they are unwilling to use military force, they can no longer count on the automatic compliance of the countries of Eastern Europe or Latin America. It is highly doubtful whether China will be any more successful in putting together a submissive sphere of influence in East Asia.

My guess is that the most realistic evolution in the future would be along the lines of the proposal made by Churchill in 1943—a development of regional groupings within the United Nations, thereby merging universalist and sphere-of-influence conceptions, strengthening the "middle powers" and discharging the great powers from the supposed obligation to rush about putting down every presumed threat to world peace.

This would be a policy neither of universalism nor of isolationism but of discrimination. It would imply the existence of what President Kennedy called the "world of diversity"—"a robust and vital world community, founded on nations secure in their own independence, and united by allegiance to world peace." And it would imply the recognition of the limits of American power. As Kennedy put it in 1961,

> We must face the fact that the United States is neither omnipotent nor omniscient—that we are only 6 per cent of the world's population—that we cannot impose our will upon the other 94 per cent—that we cannot right every wrong or reverse each adversity—and that therefore there cannot be an American solution to every world problem.

Kennedy's profound insight was forgotten when his successor reinstated Dullesism and plunged ahead with the policy of overkill. But today, in the melancholy aftermath of Vietnam, we must [illegible] understand more urgently than ever that "there cannot be an American solution to ev world problem," and that we must therefore mand a sense of proportion and priority in conduct of our foreign affairs.

In light of the Vietnam tragedy and of current world mood, what would be the ba principles for a new American policy? What the lessons of Vietnam?

First, that everything in the world is not equal importance to us. Asia and Africa are vital importance for Asians and Africans, a they are of some importance to us. But they a not so important for us as they are to Asia and Africans, nor are they as important for as are Europe, Latin America, and Soviet Ru sia. In the last three years we have given mo of our attention and resources to a margin problem on the mainland of Asia while our po tion has steadily deteriorated in parts of t world far more indispensable to our nation security.

Second, that we cannot do everything in t world. The universalism of the older generati was spacious in design and noble in intent. I flaw was that it overcommitted our country— overcommitted our policy, our resources, a our rhetoric. It estranged our friends witho intimidating our enemies. Vietnam should tea us that in the last half of the twentieth ce tury armed white men cannot determine t destiny of a nation on the mainland of Asia. should teach us, more generally, that any Amer can policies which involve the denial of local n tionalism are doomed to failure.

Third, that we cannot be the permanent gua antor of stability in a world of turbulence. Vi lence is epidemic in the developing world; and w cannot regard every outbreak as a summons fo the American fire brigade. "Every country," wise Englishman said, "has a right to its ow Wars of the Roses." Not every revolution, no every change in political and economic systems not every assertion of belligerent nationalism i necessarily a mortal threat to the security o the United States.

Fourth, that all problems in the world are no military problems, and that military force is no necessarily the most effective form of nationa power. So long as we continue to define our worl problems in military terms, so long will w strengthen our own warrior class and plunge th nation into further military intervention. This is a self-defeating course. We have never had more military power in the world than we have today—and we have seldom in recent times had less influence. As General de Gaulle observed to

esident Kennedy in Paris in 1961, the French d learned that exerting influence in Southeast ia and taking military action there were almost compatible. We should ponder this statement. id, as we free ourselves from the military ng-ups of our foreign policy, we can begin to mbat the militarization of our domestic ought and institutions.

Fifth, that the basis for our international in-ence in the coming period will lie less in the wer of our arms than in the power of our ex-iple. As the Superpowers themselves begin to alize that their time is over, then they will cognize that future world leadership will de-and persuasion as well as power. Political ties, onomic assistance, cultural relations: these we ust strengthen as we can. But military inter-ntion is another matter.

We should undertake military intervention ly when the national security of the United tates is directly and vitally involved, when the ople whom we think we are supporting display capacity for resistance themselves, and when ere are reasonable prospects for success—all nditions rejected and trampled on by those who ade American policy for Vietnam. We must ke advantage of the fact that modern mili-ry technology—intercontinental missiles, nu-ear submarines, rapid means of airlift—reduces ie need for the physical presence of American oops and bases in foreign lands. The time has me for a policy of "selective disengagement."

Of course, it seems easier in the short run to row military weight around like an interna-onal bully than it is to appeal to the reason nd conscience of mankind and to validate that ppeal by the values we display in our national mmunity. Yet we have exerted our greatest fluence in the world precisely when—as in the ays of Woodrow Wilson, of Franklin Roosevelt, f John Kennedy—American leadership, in great art because of its identification with progres-ive policies at home, has been able to command he confidence of ordinary people everywhere. Mr. Nixon's goal of "clear-cut military superi-rity" will never be a substitute for American dealism as exemplified in action.

The Price of Progress

We can restore our influence only as we con-ract our military presence around the world and egin to display reason, restraint, and magna-imity in our dealings with other nations. Above ll, we can restore our influence only as we live up to our highest ideals in our national community. "Those are not wrong," Carl Schurz wrote seventy years ago, "who maintain that the nation which would assume the office of a general dispenser of justice and righteousness in the world . . . should be held to prove itself as a model of justice and righteousness in its own home concerns." The industrial order is undergoing vast and fundamental changes as the mechanical society created by the first industrial revolution is evolving into the new electronic society. "Because your country is further on the path of industrial development than ours," Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber told a meeting of American intellectuals, "many of the crises you are living through today are the ones we shall increasingly have to face in the future." If America is in turmoil, he continued, this was not the proof of decay but the price of progress. America seems in crisis because Americans have reached the point in social transformation where they are raising and debating fundamental questions long buried in tradition and dogma: the relationships between rich and poor, between black and white, between parent and child, between structure and spontaneity. "From the answers that you will find to this new set of questions will come a new 'social contract,' a new definition of the relationship between man and society with this second industrial revolution."

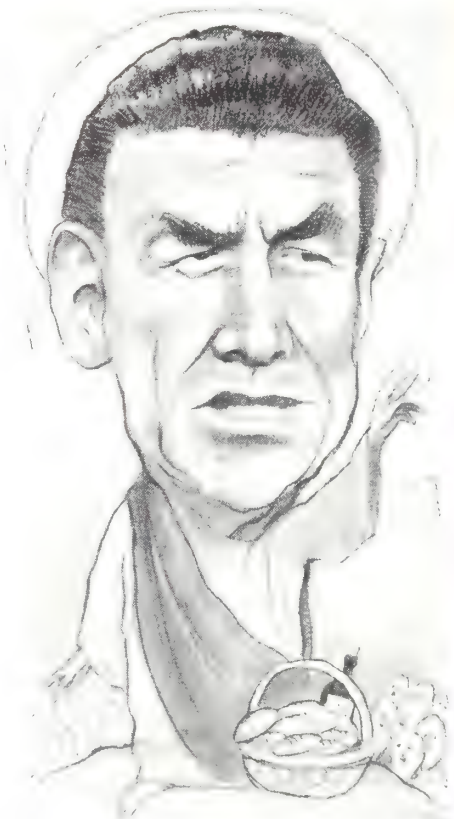
The experience of Vietnam has shown that we cannot run two crusades at once—that we cannot wage even a small war against an underdeveloped country and at the same time move creatively to meet the problems of our own land. The policy of total involvement in the world is incompatible with the policy of social reconstruction at home. It would appear that in the years ahead America will exercise international influence less by trying to run the planet than by trying to solve the new problems of the high-technology state—the accelerating pace of technical change, the humanization of the city, the dilemmas of racial justice, the reform of education, the plight of the individual in a world of great organizations. In the years immediately to come, the world will follow us less because of our armed might than because of our capacity to heal the disruptions and fulfill the potentialities of the electronic society. If this is so, then we return to an earlier conception of the way America should seek to lead the world. "She will recommend the general cause by the countenance of her voice, and by the benignant sympathy of her example," said John Quincy Adams. ". . . But she goes not abroad in search of monsters to destroy."

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Larry L. King

HAROLD E. HUGHES: EVANGELIST FROM THE PRAIRIES

Turncoat Republican, Vietnam dove, advocate of international disarmament, latter-day disciple of Eugene McCarthy, ex-drunk, social do-gooder, Iowa's former Governor is now his state's Senator and may yet surprise his constituency with what he attempts to do.



The women were up and baking cookies, cupcakes, and fruit tarts long before the sun, having sent their husbands off to their shops and stock barns even earlier than usual. The children, having awakened to this day of rare promise, wandered sleepy-eyed about the warm winter kitchens of Iowa, sniffing bake goods, and asking questions: "How did a real Governor ever get borned in Ida Grove, Mamma?"

For weeks the citizens of Ida Grove, population 2,300, had been anticipating the biggest day in its history. Now, on the morning of Harold E. Hughes Recognition Day, Mayor Tony Schau, a shy country fellow who probably would prefer wrestling a bear to public speaking, and might have more luck, worried over the official proclamation he would attack—not without grave danger to the English language—at the banquet in Community Hall that night. Husky 4-H Clubbers and glow-faced little Future Homemakers promised themselves to cater the Governor's banquet with dignity and dispatch. Betty Hutchinson, who writes a column called "Pertinent Piffle" for the Ida County *Pioneer Record*, wondered what she should ask Governor Hughes in the personal interview he had consented to; finally she decided to solicit his suggestions on how Ida Grove might best court "progress." (The Governor, possibly expecting a grilling on the state budget or the Vietnam war, would blink at the question and reply, well, he couldn't say without making a detailed study of the situation; it is up to each town to declare its unique assets and problems and to measure these carefully and proceed accordingly, and this has apparently been done in Ida Grove and the town is definitely moving forward—a most un-Hughes-like speech the antithesis of his usual blunt candor; on must remember that many good men have bee softened by protective considerations of home.) I the lobby of the Ida County State Bank, worker and bank executives collaborated in the hangin of a huge streamer: "Welcome Home Harol Eva, and Family." "Some have been hoping w can convince him to move back here," a loca booster said. "It would be mighty sweet adver tising for the town."

Two bodies of opinion existed over how th guest of honor should be properly addressed One group held that since Harold Hughes woul be Governor for another month he should b called by that title; a dissenting element, holdin

at the Governor had just been elected to a gher office and within the month would be orn in as United States Senator, felt that any pellation other than "Senator" might consti- te a personal insult. No such thing, the first oup cried in rebuttal, because there are only ty Governors as against one hundred U.S. Sen- ors and so we must call him "Governor," else e town is ruined. Two signs erected some years o reflected this community division: the sign Ida County Airport welcomed its very occa- onal travelers to "The Home of Governor arold E. Hughes"; another on the outskirts of wn, near the main highway, had been altered welcome passersby to the hometown of "Sen- or" Hughes.

Shortly before 11:00 A.M. Governor Hughes, iving a black limousine and accompanied by s wife and sixteen-year-old daughter, tooled by e sign prematurely welcoming him as Senator id, with not a surplus look nor sentimental ause, rolled on through the brief business dis- ict to the Ida Grove Motel on the far edge of wn. One had, in old newsreels, novels, and real fe, followed many men returning to their native arth: Wendell Willkie standing in an open con- ertible, cops sirening him through the home- wn crowds, as he permitted Elwood, Indiana, glimpse of him after his nomination for Pres- lent; Willie Stark, exhorting the woolhats and ednecks from the steps of the Mason City court- ouse in *All the King's Men* country, telling em how he was going out to the old home lace and raid his pappy's smokehouse; Lyndon . Johnson searching for his boyhood tracks in ne poor dust of Johnson City. They had all come ack with smiles on their famous faces, reveling n the parades and music and oratory.

So a moderately jaded observer of such polit- cal kingfish, sharing a trailing automobile with ne of the Governor's aides-de-camp, was sur- rised to see the Governor roll on through town, either calling attention to himself nor chasing ld landmarks across the railroad track. "The Governor isn't that much of a sentimentalist," is assistant said. "He operates a little different han most politicians. He doesn't want you to nterview him today. You can observe him in ublic but he doesn't want you talking to him— at least on issues; he'll be busy with old friends when he's out in public and when he's not in public he wants to meditate."

He wants to what?

Yes, the man said, the Governor simply likes to sit and think. He's of the opinion that public men don't do enough of that.

Cheers for the notion, but did the Governor expect to actually spend his day in solitary meditations when the whole of Ida Grove lay at his feet, anxious to honor him and trembling to begin?

The assistant noted that official events didn't begin until 3:00 P.M., and the Governor therefore had four hours of leisure time.

The visitor said hell, there would be a march on the Ida Grove Motel once word got around that the Great Man had arrived: celebrity stalkers, job seekers, precinct czars, and other assorted old pests.

"People out here pretty well respect your privacy," the assistant said as we parked outside the Ida Grove Motel.

But, the visitor protested, I've flown all night to get here and talk to this man. He's been something of a middle-America folk hero back in the East: great things are predicted for him. He's hot copy. National exposure as he enters the Senate is the kind of break politicians pray for. Maybe you'd better tell him how advantageous this could be to his Washington career.

The aide smiled and said, "Don't ever try that approach on Harold Hughes. I *told* you he was different from most politicians."

Governor Hughes passed by en route to the motel office, a sober countenance upon him, a really bleak and cheerless look. When he emerged he offered only a token wave before disappearing into his rooms. The visitor did not then know an interesting bit of the Governor's history—that the Governor is an ex-alcoholic—or he might not have so readily observed, "He looks like a man who needs a drink."

There was a long and silent afternoon with the visitor restlessly rattling around his own motel room while the Governor presumably meditated behind an adjoining wall and traffic disturbed the distant highway some three times an hour. The visitor stared on the chilled, brown winter landscape of rural Iowa and wondered what sort of prairie guru the folks had elected here.

Iowa is not given to losing its head. Though it contributed a Henry Wallace who got involved in matters of the occult, observed exotic diets,

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Larry L. King has contributed many profiles to Harper's"—with subjects ranging from LBJ and Governor Rockefeller to Louis Armstrong and William F. Buckley. Some of Mr. King's nonfiction is collected in his book, "And Other Dirty Stories," published by New American Library.

killed little pigs, and flirted with radicals and Reds in his Progressive party phase, FDR and not Iowa got him to the Vice-Presidency. The only time Iowans gave us a President they offered that paragon of Old Guard virtue, Herbert Hoover. More often than not the Iowa electorate chooses cautious Stone Age Republicans whose endless peregrinations to Washington disturb neither the status quo nor anyone's mental processes, including their own. Senators such as Bourke B. Hickenlooper or Jack Miller serve their many terms untroubled by imagination or national travail. The most notorious Congressman from Iowa is cranky old H. R. Gross, a seventy-year-old knee-jerk best remembered for castigating the Reverend Bill Moyers for dancing the frug in the White House, for complaining when a State Department wife turned up at some official function "half naked," for trying to deny Harlem its preference for Adam Clayton Powell, and for going into a screaming snit at the merest thought of bureaucrats with new schemes in mind on spending.

Iowa is bedrock country, Faith-of-our-Fathers country; it is incredibly clean, and its quiet villages are trim and tree-lined. It is overwhelmingly white, instinctively Republican, and rural even in its cities. There is about it a joyless sense of order, rote, and commercial hustle common to the Germans between their holier wars; and refugees from the Eastern Seaboard or even the Southwest, when suddenly faced with Iowa, tend to be mesmerized by the supposition that such places exist only in stories by MacKinlay Kantor, paintings by Norman Rockwell, and old Walt Disney productions with Fred MacMurray, freckled boys, and big friendly dogs. It is capable of the Old Testament furies: in one recent issue of the Des Moines *Tribune* were articles reporting eighteen persons arrested in Ottumwa for conducting "a loud party" past midnight and a wife who received thirty years in prison for pinging her husband with a letter opener so slightly that he was home from the hospital within the week, and an upbraiding of Frank Sinatra after he'd had the temerity to suggest that " 'The Star-Spangled Banner' is a terrible piece of music." One night after the visitor had been turned away from the most preferred hotel in Des Moines because the sweet old lady desk clerk obviously suspected his beard, he stood alone in downtown Des Moines—dark and dead as the grave at 9:00 P.M.—and with the terrible December wind punishing him for the ungodly hour, he knew why Ronald "Dutch" Reagan had torn himself away and gone out to California. Iowa is where the State Supreme Court awarded a man eight-year-old son to his maternal grandparent because the father was an artist and presumabl lived a bohemian life in the West. It is where local grand jury recently urged efforts for "th elimination of moral pollution by faculty an paid speakers" at Iowa State University, Ame

Such a catalogue is not intended to embarras Iowans, but to stress how very amazing it is tha Harold E. Hughes—turncoat Republican, Vietna dove, advocate of international disarmament, la ter-day disciple of Senator Eugene McCarthy, e drunk, social do-gooder—could get himself electe to statewide office not once but five times.* I the words of his friend, author Vance Bourjail of the University of Iowa, Harold Hughes i "one of those men of balanced contradiction wh sometimes occur in our political life. . . . It i as if the checks and balances which our civi books speak of as being fundamental to the demo cratic structure were embodied in a single huma system."

Though a Methodist Sunday School teache and a persistent free-style moralist, Hughes wo the Iowa Governorship in 1962 largely on a plat form to make legal liquor-by-the-drink. A enthusiastic hunter in a hunter's state, he cham pions far-reaching gun-control legislation. Th Governor of a rurally oriented state, he cam paigned against and defeated a constitutiona amendment to reapportion in favor of rural an small-town voting blocs. He has publicly iden tified with young dissenters by telling their crit ics, "I really worry a lot more about the lon faces on adults than I do about the long hair o kids." In a state where the "non-white" popula tion is less than one per cent and little or n political profit is to be gained by supporting civi rights, Hughes has condemned his audiences a hypocrites for doing little to accept blacks, In dians, or others of the poor. "The apostles," he tells them, "say that if you say you love God and love not your neighbor you are a liar." He has supported an open-housing law for Iowa, issued an executive order forbidding discrimination in employment by state agencies, established a state Civil Rights Commission, and virtually alone raised $600,000 from private sources to establish employment programs for the poor.

In a country known more for eye-to-eye vengeance than for enlightened criminology, Hughes managed effective prison reforms, established a State Law Enforcement Academy, reshaped the Highway Patrol along more gentle lines, and

*Commissioner of Commerce in 1958; Governor in 1962, 1964, and 1966; U.S. Senator in 1968.

hed capital punishment. He obtained Iowa's lcoholic treatment facility and its first pub- fender; he tripled state aid to education was aggressive in conserving parks and public recreational works. His administra- got an industrial-safety law and twice in- d workmen's compensation benefits, pushed gh a bill to control billboard advertising state highways, and gave the state its consumer-protection laws of any conse- e. His fiscal reforms included repeal of the rty tax on household goods and reduction es for the elderly poor, an increase in state e tax, and a tax withholding system greatly g revenue collections which had in the past hit-or-miss.

st of these moves delighted the state's lib- or progressives, as did Hughes' anti-Viet- war stance, his friendship with Bobby Ken- and his ultimate endorsement of Senator rthy for President. (As U. S. Senator, es' first Washington act would be to back or Ted Kennedy over Senator Russell Long Assistant Majority Leader.) The wonder, ver, is that numerous conservative Demo- and even many Old Guard Republicans ap- d of the Hughes administration.*

is secret is his ability to communicate people," says Martin Jensen, now a legis- assistant to Senator Hughes in Washing- "He's simply talked sense to them—told the . When he urged liquor-by-the-drink he sed the hypocrisy of the Iowa law. Officers been winking at our liquor laws, and citi- routinely broke them. Key clubs existed ver the state: for fifty cents to a dollar a ty man could become a 'member' and etically buy anything that New York bar- ers can mix. Governor Hughes convinced le that widespread breaking of the law n't exist unless it represented prevailing udes. He argued that liquor should be legal-

ized for two good reasons. One, so the state would benefit from liquor taxes rather than making illegal operators and bootleggers rich. And two, just because it was the *honest* thing to do. That kind of practical integrity is appreciated in Iowa."

They began to gather in Ida Grove in midafternoon—locals for the most part, though some came from Holstein, Danbury, Arthur, Odebolt, Rockwell City, Battle Creek, Storm Lake, and Denison. They were country folk and wore their country looks honestly, the men fidgeting in the strangleholds their midweek neckties had on them and the women's heads a little too obviously fresh from the Kurley Kue Beauty Shop on Second Street. Shy boys and girls of elementary-school age hung back while their parents urged them to go shake the Governor's hand in order to have something to tell their grandchildren; teen-agers giggled and smirked in their private conspiracies; and eyes stared weakly out of chalky old wrinkled faces with the winter of death on them.

Standing in the basement Community Room of the Ida Grove State Bank, shifting his considerable weight from foot to foot while attending his brow with one of a series of crumpled paper napkins, the big Indian-looking man in the rumpled olive-drab suit had a look on him —for all his grinning in the right moments or calling old friends by their proper names—that said he preferred to be in some less fussy and bothersome place. One remembered a similar reluctance to public exhibition in certain World War II veterans suddenly returned to the confusions of civilian life after months in the foxholes of Europe or the Pacific, but the visitor had never before seen it so obvious in a public man. When a rare lull occurred in the receiving line the visitor—mainly to test Hughes' reputation for candor—remarked that this was very hard work, fully expecting the standard disclaimer of clever old-pro pols. Harold Hughes indulged in no such falsehoods. He slapped another napkin to his sweating brow and said with feeling, "It's the hardest damn work in politics. It may be the hardest work in the world."

Harold Hughes is known for such unexpected answers. One night a couple of years ago some journalistic fraternity was doing black-tie honors to Hughes when somebody unwisely suggested how much fun His Excellency might be having. Hughes replied, "Frankly, I'd rather be at home eating a hamburger." When an American Legionnaire once told of Hughes' refusal to surrender when the Nazis broke through to

*ortions of the Hughes record naturally appealed onservatives: he gave local governments more ol over their affairs and increased their state strengthened the Iowa Development Commis- and conducted "Sell Iowa" trips to the nation's cial centers and led similar missions abroad. established fifteen regional vocational-technical ols to train workmen for light industry (then d light industries to the areas where schools located, thus achieving a balance of supply and nd in local labor markets); he required col- and universities to pay taxes on their profit- ng properties; he established a toll authority nance interstate bridges, and though spending than doubled, he kept projects on a pay-as-you- asis and boasted of balanced budgets.

reach his infantry position in Sicily, rattling on about how most of Hughes' comrades had surrendered, Hughes said, "They would have had me too, if I'd had anything white to wave." One morning last December as the Governor ate his breakfast eggs in a Sioux City restaurant he was attended by the executive of a large meat-packing company. "What do you people want when I get to Washington?" Hughes asked. The executive said, "Oh, not much—just a little statesmanship." "Yeah," Hughes said, "I guess that'll do until you *really* want something."

Little groups huddled here and there in the Community Room, sipping coffee or punchless punch, nibbling bake goods, and remembering when. "I remember when he played football," a bald-headed merchant said. "They called his older brother 'Big Pack' and called Harold 'Little Pack.' Somebody said the Hughes boys were so big they looked like pachyderms out there on the field, so that's where they got their nicknames. And they could play football!" These were people who had lived a typical rural American boyhood of the 1930s with Pack Hughes: there was an old swimming hole common to their experience, a certain Model-T Ford with no glass in the windows, skating at the roller rink on Saturday nights until they quit taking tickets at the big dance over in Denison at which time the alert might slip in free. There were hunting trips smelling of dew and dung, Amos 'n Andy on the radio, plenty to eat but not much money and no frills at all. Staid citizens may not recall it now but at Harlan perhaps an hour's drive from Ida Grove—desperate farmers stopped milk trucks at gunpoint to pour out the milk rather than see it dumped on the market at Depression prices, and a mob of farmers threatened to lynch a judge if he held with the financial interests in attempts to foreclose on mortgaged farms. Still, for all its Depression woes, there was, in Harold Hughes' view, much to recommend life. He worked as a lifeguard at the local swimming pool and helped his parents with their commercial greenhouse, fell in love with Eva Mae Mercer (whom he would marry in 1941), won all-state honors not only in football but as a tuba player and discus thrower, and made respectable if not sensational grades. Optimists may have marked him down for a future head football coach or for a country lawyer, though his mother's secret wish was that he become a Methodist preacher.

Hughes entered the University of Iowa in 1940 on a modest football scholarship. He had to work nights as a steamfitter, and soon felt the full demands of his life as scholar, athlete, [illegible] worker. Under these pressures, and against [illegible] teachings of a Fundamentalist home, he t[illegible] his first drink. Hughes immediately displaye[illegible] great and loyal sympathy for whiskey. "I dic[illegible] particularly enjoy drinking," the Senator [illegible] remembered. "I just couldn't quit drinking [illegible] long as anything remained in the bottle." Af[illegible] less than a year in college he dropped out ne[illegible] to return, and worked at a series of odd jo[illegible] His whiskey consumption increased after [illegible] only brother and close companion, Jess, w[illegible] killed in an auto crash. In December of 1942, [illegible] then a rather rootless and purposeless you[illegible] man, Hughes was inducted into the U. S. Arı[illegible].

In the spring of 1943 twenty-one-year-old H[illegible] old Hughes became a combat BAR rifleman; [illegible] saw action in North Africa, Sicily, and Ita[illegible]. He was one of several soldiers who "threw [illegible] big drunk in Oran, almost like a riot," only [illegible] wake up behind barbed wire in a military sto[illegible]ade. "They marched us out one by one past [illegible] court-martial board," he remembers, "and to t[illegible] frontline soldiers the judge would say, 'You [illegible] going back to active duty at two-thirds p[illegible]. You'll probably get killed anyway.'" Such w[illegible] the sentence passed on Harold Hughes, a[illegible] though he cheated its execution he did pick [illegible] malaria, yellow jaundice, and a case of battlefi[illegible] nerves. At the end of the war he returned to I[illegible] Grove with the notion that "if I wanted to dri[illegible] myself to death I had earned that right." Peo[illegible] in Ida Grove are careful not to discuss their Se[illegible] ator's hellion days, though he has publicly r[illegible] membered fistfights and an arrest for drivi[illegible] while intoxicated.

When he was sober enough, Hughes repair[illegible] washing machines from a rude shop located [illegible] the basement of a friend's home. There was[illegible] enough repair work to adequately support a wi[illegible] and two small daughters, however, so he got [illegible] job driving a milk truck. He graduated to t[illegible] huge semi-trailers that roll across the Americ[illegible] mid-continent, taking cattle to their terrib[illegible] slaughters in Chicago. He remembers a lot [illegible] all-night diners, roadside naps, cramped muscle[illegible] stockyard odors, and rowdy beer joints. By 195[illegible] at age thirty-one, Harold Hughes was a smal[illegible] scale cattle buyer and trader and manager of [illegible] small truck line—as well as an apparently hop[illegible] less drunk. "On weekends he drank," Van[illegible] Bourjaily has written, "and the weekends starte[illegible] earlier and earlier. They began to start as earl[illegible] as Wednesday." One morning Hughes woke i[illegible] Des Moines, a hundred and twenty-odd mil[illegible] from home, with no notion of how he came to b[illegible]

e and without a cent. It was one of those
s when a man touches bottom, and knows it,
must decide whether to stay down or go to
considerable trouble of getting up. That
ning Harold Hughes quit booze cold turkey.
I hadn't quit," he says, "I'd either be dead
bum by now."

e story goes that he came to seek public office
use he lost his temper over what he thought
s an injustice; if the story is true it almost
ediately distinguished Harold Hughes from
average politician. Not as many men leap into
public pit in the true crusader's spirit as our
g politicians or our legends would have us
ve. After all, he followed a rather conven-
al course favored by would-be politicians in
years immediately preceding his first quest
public office: he had become active in com-
ity and church affairs, he had joined civic
s and a fraternal order or two, he had even
a delegate to two Republican state conven-
s. Perhaps he was doomed to the political life,
ther he consciously knew it or not, for there
much in him of the preacher, the teacher,
missionary.*

the mid-1950s Hughes worked as field
esentative for the Iowa Motor Truck Associ-
n; after a few months, dissatisfied with the
nization, he quit to found a similar organ-
ion known as the Iowa Better Trucking
eau. He decided that the three-man State
merce Commission, which regulated trucking
railroad commerce, favored giants of the in-
try to the detriment of small truck lines or
pendent operators. Hughes tried without suc-
to interest his fellow Republicans in de-
ding reforms. After an atypical Iowa elec-
year, 1956, in which a Democrat, Herschel
eless, won the Governorship, Harold Hughes
his complaint against the Commerce Com-
sion to the state house. Loveless was im-
ssed by the young man's zeal and reformer
incts. If you want to accomplish something,
ernor Loveless suggested, then you should
tch to the Democratic party and run for the
merce Commission yourself. The next time
held an election—in 1958—Hughes was a
nocratic candidate. He called on the help of
ckers and truck drivers he had known, old
nds from home, fellow Methodists, and long-
ering organizational Democrats as his cam-
paign operatives. Campaigning Iowa vigorously he won an upset victory. He was not long in learning that a single junior member of a relatively obscure commission cannot perform many miracles; he also observed the need for reforms in others of Iowa's bureaucratic empires, concluding that only a strong Governor could adequately turn the antiquated bureaucracy around.

"Urged on only by a few friends in his native northwestern Iowa and by the voice of God," a Hughes friend wryly says, Commissioner Hughes declared for Governor in 1960. He was wiped out in the Democratic primary, losing to a candidate who would go on to lose to the Republican nominee, Norman Erbe. Governor Erbe did not start any prairie fires during the next two years—years in which Harold Hughes used every possible excuse to make speeches across Iowa. He was well-equipped for calling attention to himself: a bulky six-feet-three with dark skin and midnight black hair, who spoke in a deeply muscled voice; the result was something close to a thinking man's John Wayne. He won the gubernatorial primary in 1962, then upset Governor Erbe by 42,000 votes in the general election at a time when Republicans captured all other statewide offices being contested. Organizational Democrats, possibly considering the Hughes victory something of a fluke and warning of the conservative preferences of his constituents, advised him not to try to turn Iowa into a paradise overnight. Harold Hughes gave his answer in his inaugural address before a Republican legislature: "It is sometimes said that the knack of skillful government is to hang back, do as little as possible, and make no mistakes. I hope there is another way—for between you and me, this prospect does not invite my soul." Making skillful use of press conferences, radio and TV and personal appearances, Governor Hughes forced reform bills through a reluctant legislature by appealing over their heads directly to the voters. "If the legislators expected him to plead with them, shower attention on them, or bribe them, then they were disappointed," Martin Jensen says. "Hughes is just not going to spend a hell of a lot of time wooing anybody." He wooed the public with continuing success, however: in the 1964 election, when Lyndon Johnson won landslide victories in virtually all states including Iowa, Governor Hughes was elected by a margin more than doubling the President's. In 1966, when a comeback Republican tide chased five Iowa Democrats out of Congress and gave Republicans an eleven-to-five margin in state offices (where Democrats had held a thirteen-to-three margin

* Some fifteen years ago Hughes seriously consid-
d a career in the ministry. He took enough cor-
pondence courses in theology from Southern Meth-
st University to qualify as a lay minister.

because of the 1964 avalanche), Hughes won a third term by a shade less than 100,000 votes.

It is axiomatic that the longer a politician stays in office the more enemies he accumulates, especially if he remains an active force. By 1968, Hughes had his share of critics: he was a big spender (Iowa's annual budget rose from $200 million to almost $500 million and taxes reached an all-time high); he had lost ground in an unsuccessful attempt to repeal the state's "right-to-work" law; he had so persistently lectured on the white man's maltreatment of blacks* as to make some voters suspect he loved them too much; he had angered Iowa's organizational Democrats by disavowing the Vietnam war so stubbornly defended by the Johnson Administration; he had found himself in such sympathy with most Great Society domestic schemes—and said so—that Republicans or other conservatives had grown disenchanted; he was said to be arrogant in his treatment of legislators and to have shown excess partisanship in replacing some Republicans within the state government just because they were Republicans and without regard to their records.

Governor Hughes, thinking he had led Iowa in progressive directions about as far as she would go, had privately decided late in 1967 to retire from public life. He mentioned his decision to Bobby Kennedy. Don't do it, Kennedy said: There are a number of young, concerned United States Senators who are beginning to have an impact on foreign and domestic affairs; we may hold the nation's destiny in our hands; come join us, we need you.** It was the perfect pitch. He would run for the Senate. He would win over a well-financed and articulate young Republican, State Senator David Stanley, but only after his hardest fight, and by a mere 7,000 votes.

Though the night was bitingly cold, more than three hundred persons paid $5 each to crowd into the testimonial banquet in a convert gymnasium adjoining the Ida Grove Fire Depa ment. Pack Hughes had been born within t blocks of the drafty old hall, and had played b ketball in it when you were judged "out bounds" only when you crashed into the walls.

Long wall-to-wall tables were draped in wh paper "tablecloths." There was neither rum r go-go girls on this night, though the visitor have the luck to sit directly across from the o man present in whom such spirits flowed t his poor wife affected not to know him. ("Y goddam right, Pack," the happy fellow volu teered at irregular intervals during the Governo speech. "If you ain't President by Seventy-s then I miss my guess and have wasted five d lars.") The typically dismal political "banque was served, American to the core, only margi ally edible if one takes food seriously, with pas mounds of mashed potatoes, sorry little gre peas and—ironically, there in the heart of t beef belt—three hundred hunks of somethi masquerading as prime cuts of roast beef. (I mediately upon leaving the banquet, an assista was assigned to get hamburgers from a lo restaurant, which were gratefully consumed the gubernatorial motel quarters.) Over th brick ice cream people chatted of business, cro babies, and basketball with laments that the ba quet conflicted with the Ida Grove-Storm La game. The evening was 100 per cent small tow from the little green peas to the prayers presu ing God's undivided attention on this small c ner of Iowa, down through the labored local jok and table chatter. One who had been brought on such innocent amusements many years a several assassinations ago, and who still h some of them in his bones, marveled on the indestructibility.

J. W. Lipton, president of the Ida Grove Sta Bank and obviously the town's big man (o noted how he was deferred to, the number times he was pointed out as "the new preside of the Iowa Bankers' Association," the ease wi which he assumed a leader's prerogatives), master-of-ceremonies acted as a bridge betwe reality and the larger-than-life recollections old friends of Harold Hughes. Norman McIntos a classmate in the Class of 1940, and now cattle auctioneer; Troy Wilkins, hardware deal and old friend; Justice Snell of the Iowa S preme Court, who remembered awarding Haro Hughes his high-school diploma. "I think Hubert Humphrey, Abraham Lincoln, Lynd Johnson, and Richard Nixon," Justice Snell cri out a curious roll call, "and I remember that li

*Like New York's Mayor Lindsay, Hughes is credited with having cooled ghetto areas by personally walking slum streets in times of tension. Even with its small number of blacks, there are dismal slums in Waterloo, Sioux City, and Des Moines—a fact that even Hughes didn't fully realize until an insurrection in Waterloo caused him to call in troops. "I was shocked by what I saw," he said of his initial ghetto experiences. "I couldn't believe the venom I found. I'd go home nights and couldn't sleep and felt like I couldn't face the world the next morning."

**Hughes was reportedly on the verge of endorsing Robert Kennedy for President at the time of his assassination; ultimately, he nominated Senator Eugene McCarthy at the Democratic National Convention and criticized Mayor Daley for the mess in Chicago.

ck Hughes they were once all poor boys. I nk of Thurgood Marshall and Dr. Ralph nche—uncommon men who succeeded by their ividual efforts." Troy Wilkins, not to be out-ie, compared the guest of honor to the New ck Jets' quarterback Joe Namath. ("They are h $400,000 players in the big leagues.") The dware dealer urged the audience to "conduct selves as loyal fans as we back our $400,000 yer in Washington, and not expect him to re a touchdown on every play"; before he sat vn he suggested, if the visitor heard him cor-tly, that Harold Hughes has his personal sig-s called by The Great Coach in the Sky.

'Years ago when I first decided to seek pub-office," Governor Hughes responded, "I asked ew people around town here their opinion of And if anyone recommended it to me, I can't nember it. . . . Now I'm a big United States nator-elect and J. W. Lipton would like to nk my paychecks at his bank. But let me tell a little something about that: here in Iowa nake $30,000 a year, have my own driver if I nt him, a nice big house to live in free, and a has a maid and a cook. In Washington I'll ll make $30,000 but I have to drive my own r, buy my own house, and Eva must do her n cooking and dusting. And you know, some ople keep talking to me about my 'promotion' Senator. Actually, Governors outrank Senators matters of protocol. . . . I bought my first use here in Ida Grove with a GI loan. Had to ake monthly payments of twenty-four dollars d seventy cents and I wasn't always sure I uld make 'em. In the last month, I've received ore notoriety for buying a house in Washing-n than *Howard* Hughes received for buying as Vegas."

It was a curious, rambling opening and, though livered in cheerful enough tones, one felt the overnor was attempting some vague defense something. He went on, making small jokes d recalling older times, and then suddenly his ice became more measured and assured; this as the Harold Hughes one had heard of: "We ve never learned the age-old message that we ust live together on this planet. . . . I'm forty-x years old and I've never known a moment of ace. Little has changed, except our efficiency in stroying one another. . . . As Robert Kennedy t it, 'The great challenge of this age is to me the savagery of man.' . . . We hear much lk of honor and death and war; of being illing to die for our country. I think it's time e did a little *living* for our country." He went t them on the racial issue, though not a single black is numbered among the 12,000 people in the several villages of Ida County. ("We had a Negro who shined shoes over at the hotel," Banker Lipton would recall, "but after six months he moved on.")

Hughes continued: "The only way you can help your county rid itself of ugly disturbances is to look into your own heart. Pluck the mote from your own eye. Unless people believe in the rights of *all* men, our laws will never work." For long moments and in eloquent simplicity ("We can no longer escape direct confrontations with our consciences. . . . Man must first find peace in his own soul. . . . We *are* our brother's keeper") he went on, and when he finished the people stood and applauded with more than routine warmth and verve, so that one thought *good, he reached them, they listened and he reached them.* And two days later, in Des Moines, a visitor asked one of the secretaries in one of the gubernatorial offices at the state capitol whether she would move to Washington to work for Harold Hughes. "No," she said. "My husband says he doesn't want to live with the niggers."

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THE PLACE WHERE I'VE NOT BEEN

by Yehuda Amichai

The place where I have not been
I never shall be.
The place where I have been
Is as though I have never been there. People stray
Far from the places where they were born
And far from the words which were spoken
As if by their mouths
And still wide of the promise
Which they were promised.

And they eat standing and die sitting
And lying down they remember.
And what I shall never in the world return to
And look at, I am to love for ever.
Only a stranger will return to my place.
But I will set down
All these things once more, as Moses did,

After he smashed the first tablets.

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Richard Levine

JESSE JACKSON: HEIR TO DR. KING?

"I got news for you: a new hair-style does not constitute black power, a new life-style does. . . . We've developed into a generation of Oreos—black on the outside, white on the inside." So speaks the Rev. Mr. Jackson, head of Operation Breadbasket, a secular-style preacher who knows how to turn the economic screw until it hurts.



"Poached eggs," muttered Jesse Jackson, sitting up in his Chicago hospital bed to get a better look at breakfast. "That's white folks' food." He winked at the group of Operation Breadbasket ministers and staff who vied for space in the tiny room with flowers from well-wishers, reached under the bed for a greasy paper bag, unwrapped it, and began taking in spoonfuls of sweet-potato pudding while leafing through the morning mail.

The ministers were there because Jackson had scheduled a ten o'clock press conference in the hospital lounge. Although Breadbasket had moved a long way from its original slogan—"Your ministers fight for jobs and rights"—they would provide a show of unity with occasional interjections of "Amen" and "Tell it, Jesse." The staff members were there to discuss the position of the organization on the Chicago Transit Authority's proposed bus-fare hike. (Jackson would talk about "taxation without representation" there were no Negroes on the CTA board—and announce that if the CTA didn't shape up soon, Breadbasket would establish a BTA, a Black Transit Authority.)

Jesse Jackson was there because he had mononucleosis. He had been in the hospital for two weeks, darting past the disapproving glance of his doctor for important meetings and then back in bed again. Specialists at the hospital had determined that he suffered from sickle-cell trait, a blood disorder peculiar to Negroes of West African descent that protected against malaria but increased susceptibility to the more common viruses of Chicago, Illinois. Jackson was delighted with the diagnosis; mono was mono, but an African disease was a press release in itself.

Still, it was no time to be sick. At twenty-seven, Jesse Jackson was probably the most powerful Negro in Chicago. Breadbasket had become the only mass organization in the black community a force to be reckoned with not just by white business interests in the ghetto but also by the politicians downtown, now that Jackson had begun endorsing candidates and speaking out on local political issues. Yet with all his success, he had serious problems, too. Breadbasket's quick growth in recent months had aggravated internal tensions between the ministers and the Negro businessmen, between the black and white staff members. And the thorniest problem of all was Jackson's attempt to build a consensus around his leadership in a black community plagued by factional rivalries and deep class hostility.

He lingered over one letter from the pile on his , finally reading it to the group. "Dear Rev- nd Jackson," wrote a fifteen-year-old girl, hen I first started attending the meetings my ople thought you were a crook, but with the p of God I showed all but one that you weren't. ray for Breadbasket every day and that I may ne day commit my life to it." Jackson was zzled. After three years of organizing Negroes Chicago, bringing the largest chain stores in city to heel with a series of boycotts, traveling ound the country to set up other Breadbaskets, adling Martin Luther King's head in his arms the balcony of the Lorraine Motel in Memphis, ining national prominence last June as man- er of Resurrection City, finally landing in a hos- al for "sins against my finitude," who could ll think he was a crook?

Some people, even now. A great many more, ree years ago. In the fall of 1965 Jesse Jackson as a student at the Chicago Theological Semi- ry, working part-time for the Coordinating ouncil of Community Organizations (CCCO), a aky coalition of civil-rights groups which would ovide Martin Luther King with his local sup- rt in the Chicago Freedom Movement the fol- wing spring and summer. A few months as a mmunity organizer in the Kenwood-Oakland ea of South Chicago taught Jackson that the ost powerful forces in the ghetto were still the inisters rather than the professional organizers the Negro politicians. The difficulty was that ese ministers, mainly Baptist, were spending nday mornings, in the words of one now affili- ed with Breadbasket, "shouting hallelujah and assing the plate." They were a generally conser- ative lot, ruling their churches like petty fiefs, ntensely suspicious of rivals. Most had long since ade their peace with the Daley machine. ("Ne- ro ministers think they're servants of God, but ey're servants of Daley," commented one inde- endent black alderman. "Maybe that's the same ing.") Some of the more powerful—such as r. Joseph H. Jackson, president of the National aptist Convention—were important cogs in the achine. Jesse Jackson, then twenty-four years ld, seminary-trained, brash and ambitious by his wn admission, seemed an unlikely candidate to in them over. Feelings ran so strong against him n those days that he was once turned out of a eeting of the Baptist Convention of Chicago at unpoint. Yet by April of 1966, when Breadbasket aunched its first campaign, many of these min- sters were shouting hallelujah and announcing he boycott on Sunday morning.

"This may sound corny, but he's loved those ministers into support," says John McDermott, director of the Catholic Interracial Council. Jackson began to woo them by forming a friendship with the Reverend Clay Evans, then president of the Baptist Convention of Chicago, becoming associate pastor at Evans' church. Next he invited a group of ministers to meet regularly at the Chicago Theological Seminary with several professors. The talk at these meetings shuttled back and forth between traditional sin and—a favorite Jackson phrase—"institutional sin." (This remains the typical, often curious Breadbasket mix. One recent meeting of the organization's steering committee opened with a detailed documentation of the case against a small chain of food stores located exclusively in the ghetto—no Negroes in executive positions, unsanitary conditions, high prices for bad meat and bruised vegetables—and ended with the ministers, arms interlocked in a circle, offering up silent prayers for the salvation of the company president's soul.)

Gradually, Jackson was able to gain the ministers' confidence*, in part because he has a genuine respect for their role in the community. "The preacher is a psychotherapist," he says, "his congregation's soul doctor; if he drives a big Cadillac it's because his people want him to." He is also one of them in a way that was never the case, for example, with Martin Luther King. "I'm just a country preacher doing some serious observing," he will say at a meeting, and the intention is half ironical, the effect humorous. In a real sense, though, it is true. Martin Luther King was middle-class Atlanta. He might speak of "the great washed and the great unwashed, the Ph.D.s and the no D.s," but you always knew *he* washed regularly and that it was *Dr.* King. Jesse Jackson was born in poverty in Greenville, South Carolina. He is well-educated, but speaks with a down-home accent—final "g's" in participles are dropped and "thing" becomes "thang." He is a sharp dresser—turtlenecks and suede sport jackets, occasionally a dashiki—but wears high-top country boots under his bell-bottom trousers. It is a nice touch. The ministers like it, and so do the kids.

*Though there are still some who have successfully resisted his appeal. Dr. J. H. Jackson speaks out frequently against Breadbasket. He was a long-time opponent of Martin Luther King, both because he doesn't believe in civil-rights protests and because King helped lead a splinter group out of the National Baptist Convention in 1962. His dislike of King and anyone connected with him is so intense that when the city of Chicago, in a belated tribute after King's death, renamed the street Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Drive, J. H. Jackson changed the address to a side entrance on 31st Street.

By January 1966, when King brought the Southern Christian Leadership Conference into Chicago, sixty ministers were willing to form a steering committee and Operation Breadbasket was launched in the North—an Atlanta Breadbasket already existed—with Jackson as its director. Breadbasket's immediate model was a successful "selective buying" campaign conducted by the Reverend Leon Sullivan in Philadelphia in the early 1960s. At the start Jackson followed the familiar pattern. Breadbasket's goals were limited to jobs and its tactics were simple: ask a company with business in the ghetto for its employment figures, demand the hiring of Negroes at all levels equal to the percentage of the city's population that is black, throw up a picket line if the demands are not met, and wait by the phone.

It always rang. Between April and October of 1966 nine companies were contacted, milk companies in the spring ("That stuff can't stand around," Jackson explains), and soft-drink distributors when the weather turned hot. Four companies had to be picketed; the others heard the footsteps coming. Jackson held press conferences where the executives signed "covenants" which read more like confessions: they pledged adherence to "a program of creative employment and business development aimed at ending the economic indignities and injustices which have ravaged the Negro people physically and spiritually." He would then announce the organization's next target and leave—without a follow-up program or a specific hiring schedule.

Some businessmen called Jackson an extortionist, feeling that they were being forced to lower their standards, particularly in management positions. Jackson's stock answer was that if the Army can teach a Negro to build bridges in Vietnam after a six-month training program, a company doesn't need two years to teach him how to sell soda pop successfully. But the more typical reaction was simply bewilderment. Recalling his negotiations with the Breadbasket ministers two years ago, the vice president of a large milk company still shrugs his shoulders. "One minute they would be talking about how many Negro truck drivers we had to hire, and the next minute about man's relation to God."

Since those early days Breadbasket has grown enormously and changed its direction several times. If the organization has become more professional, it has also become more religious ("Breadbasket *is* my church" is a comment one hears frequently). But the religion would horrify most clergymen. Breadbasket "services" are held on Saturday morning at the Tabernacle Bap[tist] Church. By 8:30 cars are triple-parked along [In]diana Avenue and a small marketplace is in [full] session on the sidewalk outside the church. B[lack]hawk the Negro press, impeccably dressed you[ng] men offer the Muslim paper, *Muhammed Spea[ks]*. There is a bookstall with works ranging fr[om] Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul on Ice* to a children's c[ol]oring book entitled *Color Me Brown.* Afri[can] clothes, pastel drawings of Negro leaders, an[d a] variety of buttons are also available. Inside [the] huge hangar-shaped church two or three thous[and] people are listening to the Breadbasket orchest[ra], actually a jazz band led by Ben Branch, the mu[si]cian Martin Luther King was speaking to fr[om] the motel balcony just before he was shot.

The exact number of people at a given Satur[day] meeting depends on the guest celebrities expec[ted] (three main groups: white politicians, black a[th]letes, and Jackson's Hollywood friends, black a[nd] white) and whether Breadbasket is involved [in] a boycott at the time, in which case picket[ing] teams leave from the meeting. This particu[lar] Saturday the crowd is unusually large, for Core[y] King is in Chicago and has promised to atte[nd]. Probably three-quarters of the people are wom[en], mostly young, well-dressed, definitely midd[le] class. (Jackson, who is very conscious of his [ap]peal to women, claims that he learned how to u[se] his good looks to build a following from Ad[am] Clayton Powell. In a recent "Pin-up Boy" poll c[on]ducted by a Chicago newspaper, he ranked, alp[ha]betically, between Cary Grant and Jean-Clau[de] Killy.) There are also pockets of whites in t[he] audience and, perhaps more surprisingly, so[me] tough-looking young blacks at the rear, th[eir] jackets indicating membership in one of the W[est] Side gangs, the Conservative Vice Lords.

Now the Breadbasket choir, two hundred te[en]agers seated in tiers behind the pulpit, is war[m]ing up the audience with a hand-clapping ren[di]tion of "I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel to [be] Free." The song has become Breadbasket's "[We] Shall Overcome," and it will be sung often th[is] morning, the audience joining in, each time mo[re] enthusiastically as the pace of the meeting pic[ks] up:

> I wish I knew how it would feel to be free,
> I wish I could break all these chains holding me;
> I wish I could say all the things I should say,
> Say 'em loud, say 'em clear, for the whole
> world to hear.*

When the song is over, the guest speakers a[re] introduced. Illinois Lieutenant Governor Pa[ul] Simon, who has been having a terrible tim[e] trying to look as though he always clapped a[t]

*Courtesy Duane Music, Inc., ASCAP, by permission of Billy Taylor and Dick Dall[as]

ayed to gospel music on Saturday morning, nks Breadbasket for its endorsement of him ore the November elections. The Reverend llie Barrow, a fiery lady preacher who heads adbasket's women's division, gives the women ep talk: "We've got a power in us, not because now big our bust is, or how small our waist is, because of how long our shopping list is." A h-school leader of a black student boycott exins his group's objectives: more Negro teachand principals, courses in Afro-American hisy, holidays commemorating black heroes.

At 9:30 Jackson arrives from the hospital, the id moves into his theme song, "Hard Times," he walks down the aisle, and the audience, nding now, breaks out in rhythmic clapping. kson lets the enthusiasm build for several min-s before taking the pulpit and motioning for iet. He surveys the audience, unsmiling; the y indication of his illness is the sweat glisten-g on his forehead, though it is nearly freezing tside and not very much warmer inside.

"How many of you watch those cowboy movies TV?" he asks, to a show of hands. "They're a son y'all got to learn. At first there ain't nothin' the scene but pistols and money. Bang! Bang! man holds up the stagecoach. Who has the most wer? The man with the most money. He can be ugly he looks like he's been made in a Headart program and it don't matter.

"Now the rich man starts building up his ecomic base. Opens a saloon or a general store. ien he brings in the law. For justice? To make m give the money back? Course not. The law's ere to make sure no one robs the rich man. He's e legislature, not only protects but decides who its protected.

"Next the schoolmarm gets off the stagecoach. ie interprets history and teaches culture. Since e rich man already has his money, he wants erybody else to be polite.

"Finally the preacher comes to town and forves the rich man his original sin. Old folks who ole money start getting scared.

"That's how you go about forming a civiliza-on. First the economic base, then the legislature protect it—that's politics—then the culture to terpret it, finally religion to justify it. Y'all nderstand what I'm telling you? Say 'Amen.'"

Cries of "Amen" and "You're on the case, Jesse" amidst general laughter. Jackson, however, has more on his mind this morning than entertaining the audience with his own brand of social theory. "Saturday morning is hustling time," he had told a group of Negro businessmen the night before. "If you can't sell your product to three thousand people, hair growing long, lips thick, earrings dripping down, you can't sell your product period." He is about to prove his point.

"Black people are at the first stage of the cowboy movie, building an economic base. Most of us don't think we produce but two or three things, the primary one being slums. But we produce all *these* things." Jackson points to a table beside the pulpit which holds the products of the black-owned businesses affiliated with Breadbasket, reaches for one of them and begins his pitch.

"You will show your blackness by buying Grove Fresh orange juice. Repeat after me: Say it loud, I'm black and I'm proud and I buy Grove Fresh orange juice." The audience responds on cue, as Jackson holds up one product after another.

"Say it loud, I use Mumbo barbecue sauce.

"Say it proud, I eat Staff of Life wheat bread.

"I use Swift Out. It opens up any drain. Why it's so strong if you pour it in your sink it'll open up the sewer down the block.

"Say it loud, I use King Solomon spray deodorant and I'm proud.

"Now Joe Louis milk does not come from a Negro cow. That milk has 400 U.S.P.s just like any other milk. It's written right here on the carton. Only difference is that your husband can make twelve thousand a year driving a truck for this company.

"Rather than looking through the yellow pages, you got to start looking through the black pages. Trouble is Negroes been programmed by white folks to believe their products are inferior. We've developed into a generation of Oreos—black on the outside, white on the inside.

"But I got news for you: a new hair-style does not constitute black power, a new life-style does. About the only thing can save us is waking up one morning with self-respect and willing to do some serious work. Cause the Lord don't make orange juice. He may make the ground fertile but Grove Fresh makes the orange juice and you got to buy it. That's what the Lord does to keep from being called a puppeteer."

After Jackson is finished, there is more singing and jazz while ushers move down the aisles taking up a collection. Then Coretta King is introduced, rather perfunctorily, as "the first lady of the civil-rights movement." Jackson was not too enthusiastic about her coming and there is obviously

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Richard Levine was until recently an associate editor of "The New Leader," and is now freelancing. He has done graduate work in Slavic languages at Columbia University and spent [illegible] in Poland.

a certain amount of distrust between the two of them. "We'll take care of our business and then Mrs. King can do her women-power thing," he had told his staff during the week. (More women power is *not* what Negro organizations need, and it is certainly not what Breadbasket needs. Jackson was just then in the process of restructuring Breadbasket, primarily in order to eliminate the women's division, which was becoming too large and too independent, as a separate entity.)

For her part, Mrs. King has been sitting quietly behind the pulpit throughout the meeting, not looking entirely pleased with what is going on, and when she finally gets up to speak, she says: "The greatness of our movement is that it is basically a spiritual movement based on Christian precepts, and we must not forget this. If you believe in Dr. King's principles you have to believe that all people, no matter what color, are God's people." She gives a restrained tribute to "black women who have kept the faith over the centuries"—she is a lady of such enormous dignity that it is difficult to imagine her overdoing anything—and then there is a curious, awkward moment.

"After my last visit to Breadbasket," Mrs. King concludes, "I told my husband that Jesse Jackson will make a tremendous contribution to our society. I hoped then, and I still hope now, that he will remain with SCLC." Jackson is clearly caught off-guard and all he can think of doing in response is to raise Coretta King's right hand in a black power—she would call it soul power—salute. Modesty is not one of Jackson's virtues, and he is probably as much surprised by hearing his contribution to society put in the future tense as by the public suggestion that he might take Breadbasket out of SCLC.

And yet there have been rumors that he might, rumors which persist despite Jackson's denial of them. It is true that you can go to a number of Saturday meetings without ever hearing of SCLC, though you will invariably hear that Operation Breadbasket is the most viable civil-rights organization in this country, or words to that effect. It is also true that Jackson does not get along well with Ralph Abernathy and thinks him ineffective as head of SCLC, but their differences, except for one occasion, have been kept from public view.

The one occasion came last June when Jackson was replaced as manager of Resurrection City in Washington by Hosea Williams, and while he was given another assignment—organizing satellite Resurrection Cities around the country—nothing much ever came of the plan, probably because nothing much was ever intended to come of it. Jackson's role in Resurrection City was partly keep the young militants in the encampme (many of whom, including busloads of Blacksto Rangers, he had brought with him from Chicag in line, but it soon became apparent that his d sire for sharper confrontations with the Admin tration was closer to theirs than to Abernath and that he was turning morning prayer sessio into Operation Breadbasket meetings. By the ti he led a group of marchers to the Agriculture D partment cafeteria and let them run up a $292. lunch bill, then refused to pay it with the comme that the amount was a token of what the nati owed the poor, Abernathy had had enough a Jackson was reassigned.

More important than whether or not Jacks will separate from SCLC is that he could if h wanted to. The three thousand people on Saturd are committed to Breadbasket in Chicago n SCLC in Atlanta; or rather, they are cor mitted to Jesse Jackson personally, which is wh he must fly back to Chicago for the Saturd morning meetings no matter where in the cou try he may be on Friday night, and even get o of a hospital bed to attend, as he has been doin recently. Operation Breadbasket in Chicago is al the only financially independent program SCL sponsors, with most of the money coming fro collections at the meetings and regular contribu tions from the businessmen Jackson has helped s much over the past two years.

These Negro businessmen have become the cor of Breadbasket. The huge meetings at Tabernacl Baptist Church are an outgrowth of Saturda breakfast meetings at the Chicago Theologica Seminary beginning in the fall of 1966, wher Jackson and a handful of businessmen, mainl small producers of food, cosmetics and housewar products, would discuss common problems an possible solutions. The problems were that the felt discriminated against by their natural out lets, the large food chains which do a high per centage of their business in the ghetto (forty o A&P's ninety stores in Chicago are located in th predominantly Negro South and West Sides of th city). When they weren't locked out completely the businessmen complained, they were getting only token orders, unfavorable shelf space, and almost no advertising. The obvious solution wa to force the chains to market their products with the threat of a Breadbasket boycott. The firs store picketed turned out to be a Negro-owned franchise of Certified Grocers, a mistake which was never repeated. Within six months all of th major food chains that do business in the ghetto had negotiated covenants with Breadbasket.

he businessmen also held seminars with pro-
ors of the University of Chicago Business
ool, where they were instructed in accounting
marketing techniques. They hired a Negro
ertising firm to give their products a new
ack pride" image: "You don't have to be ~~Negro~~
k to drink Joe Louis milk. Just 'hip' "; "Afro-
en, a beautiful new hair product for a beautiful
ple."

Almost all of the companies increased their
es after affiliating with Breadbasket. One com-
ıy, Argia B's Food Products, grew from virtu-
zero sales to a volume in six figures, and its
gle item, a barbecue sauce, now has 15 per
t of the entire Chicago market. But even an
eady substantial company like Joe Louis milk
ributes a 20 to 30 per cent increase in sales
er the past two years to Breadbasket negotia-
ns. Occasionally, the organization's quick suc-
s proved disastrous, as when a bleach manu-
turer failed because he could not meet the large
ders from Jewel Tea.

New businessmen joining Breadbasket are
estioned by an "attunement" committee to
ake sure they are black through and through—
Oreos, or, worse, an Oreo fronting for a
narshmallow," need apply—and treat their
egro employees accordingly. "If I thought we
ere just developing some more black capitalists
ith the same value system as white capitalists,"
ckson told an early meeting of the businessmen,
would leave this morning. The only thing dan-
gerous about black power is that it might become like white power—compassionate toward machines, not people. What we need is white folks' technology and black folks' love." Breadbasket's directory of black businesses now includes over a hundred producers, financial institutions (two banks with predominantly Negro boards have quadrupled their resources in two years, although they are still both piggy banks by downtown standards), and a variety of services, all of which are negotiated into the covenants.

Last summer Breadbasket found that A&P was not living up to its original agreement. Although Negroes were being hired, others were being laid off and the net gain in jobs fell far short of the prescribed 770 new employees. After a fourteen-week boycott, a second covenant was signed, and Breadbasket considers it a model for future negotiations. In addition to the standard demands for jobs and the marketing of the businessmen's products, A&P has agreed to use black-owned scavenger, janitorial, and exterminating companies in its ghetto stores ("We have a monopoly on rats in the ghetto," Jackson likes to say, "and we're going to have a monopoly on killing them"), to contract with black construction companies for new stores, bank in the black banks, advertise in black media, employ a black public-relations firm, and meet monthly with Breadbasket just to make sure it does all this. As a further check, "sensitivity seminars" are held for A&P executives "to make management more aware of the effects of prejudice



"I don't think <u>any</u> of this was here when we passed by last night."

and assist them to develop action toward implementing this strengthened policy."

Since the businessmen have come to the fore, Jackson has been more vulnerable than ever to charges from black militants that he is only interested in helping a few dozen middle-class Negroes get rich quick, and doesn't concern himself with the masses of blacks for whom the "gut" issues are housing or welfare or whatever. One militant black leader of a West Side tenant union habitually referred to Jackson as "the Booker T. Washington of the late Sixties," and even when they conceded that he was effective in a limited area, it was with the faintest of praise. "If you're talking about pissing to fill up the Mississippi," another militant commented, "I guess every little bit helps."

The charges were the more damaging, of course, because they were substantially true. Breadbasket *was* a middle-class organization, and the decision to make it so had been taken very deliberately. Jackson felt that SCLC failed in Chicago in 1966 because Martin Luther King set himself up on the West Side, where the poorest blacks live, and then chose to organize them around the housing issue. The plain fact is that the poorest blacks are the most difficult to organize, and housing is the most complex of issues, with too many people making decisions—every slumlord or white homeowner who refuses to sell to a Negro, in fact—and too few people with the power to enforce an eventual rent or open-occupancy agreement. Jackson had been involved in organizing rent strikes and leading some of the marches into white neighborhoods, getting his head split open with a brick on one occasion, and he wasn't about to make the same mistake again. He would organize on the South Side among middle-class Negroes and choose black economic power as his issue, for although businessmen might be expected to take a what-have-you-done-for-me-lately attitude, if you managed to do something for them, they would stick by you.

And they did stick by him, showing up every Friday night for the workers' council meeting, where Jackson would give chalk-talks demonstrating his economic "theories." The island theory, for example—a little circle inside a big circle on the blackboard—which postulates that the black community is a colony inside the larger white community, so that money changes hands only twice, once when a Negro gets his salary and a second time when he spends it on the mainland. Or its complement, the kingdom theory—fence around the little circle—which explains that Negroes must make the ghetto their kingdom, buying only from one another within it, so that money changes hands co tinually, and whites who want to do business in t kingdom must pay a tax in the form of jobs a fair prices and marketing black products. "I do know if you're ready for a kingdom," Jacks would sometimes conclude, "but I'm sure ready be the king."

Jackson's political involvement began immec ately after the death of Martin Luther King. a City Council meeting the next day May Daley read a eulogy: "The life of Dr. King a his ultimate total sacrifice provide us with t inspiration to deepen our dedication and commi ment to the goals for which . . ." It was too mu for Jackson. Wearing dark glasses to hide h fatigue and the same green turtleneck he had the day before, now stained with King's blood, told the packed chamber: "This blood is on t chest and hands of those who would not have we comed him here yesterday. A fitting memorial Dr. King would not be to sit here looking sad a pious and feeling bad, but to behave differently."

Four hundred people attended the Breadbask meeting the Saturday before King's murder; fo thousand attended a memorial service the follo ing Saturday. Jackson now had the support needed to become a political force in Chicago, a throughout the summer he issued a steady strea of press statements—against the passage of "stop and frisk" law in Illinois, against Daley "shoot to kill" order (the Mayor had also bee watching cowboy movies, Jackson feared), again the police actions during the convention ("lega ized klansmen and robots wound up by Mayo Daley"), in support of a group of black bus dri ers striking the Chicago Transit Authority, i support of the black students' boycott.

"In the long run," a Breadbasket positio paper explains, "one cannot hope to develop strong black independent political movement wit out cultivating the economic resources of blac people. . . . Where there are independent black en trepreneurs there is the possibility that they wi support independent black candidates." Jackso endorsed two independent black Congressiona candidates for the June primaries. Both lost. The the national candidates began calling on Jackso —three thousand people every Saturday *is* a poli tician's church—and before the summer was ove George McGovern and Eugene McCarthy ha been received warmly at the meeting, and Nelso Rockefeller privately at Breadbasket headquar ters.

In late October Jackson came out in suppor of Hubert Humphrey for President and Repub



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An inspired mixologist at Fort Lauderdale's Mai-Kai restaurant created this cocktail to toast the winner of the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park. It is often called the Derby Daiquiri.

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"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

can Richard B. Ogilvie for Governor of Illinois, hough both endorsements were made with such ttle enthusiasm that a staff member of Bread- asket would describe Jackson's strategy as an tempt to sit down between two stools—the pun as intended—without falling. The Presidential ndorsement was more an organizational obliga- on (Abernathy had spoken out for Humphrey) han a personal commitment, and came after some avering on Jackson's part between McCarthy nd Humphrey, as well as pressure from Nixon upporters, including, he charged, an attempted ribe to get him to back a planned "boycott" of the ection by blacks. (Posters of Johnson as Clyde, aley as Bonnie, and Humphrey as C. W. Moss, ith a caption reading, "You white goats won't et our votes," were pasted up in the ghetto.) ackson also endorsed Illinois Attorney General Villiam G. Clark in the Senatorial contest, and his was done more enthusiastically, for the con- rast between him and Everett Dirksen on civil ights was enough to make even the militants wax yrical in his praise.

The Ogilvie endorsement was the most impor- ant of the three—Jackson announced his support with some trepidation"—since the former presi- lent of the Cook County Board of Commissioners had never showed very much sensitivity to the black community, had indeed made better roads his principal issue in the campaign. But Ogilvie's opponent, Governor Samuel H. Shapiro, was a Daley man who had just signed the "stop and frisk" bill Jackson opposed so strongly, and here, the reasoning went, was an opportunity to hurt the machine. "Ogilvie is a Pharaoh and Shapiro s a Pharaoh," Jackson told the Saturday meeting before the election, "but Daley is a *Pharaoh's* Pharaoh."

It was understandable that Jackson's venture into politics had made him enemies in Chicago. Less understandable were the raised eyebrows among the politicians Jackson supported. He had a style which seemed tailor-made to offend the sensibilities of just those "good" liberal politi- cians who would normally be his closest allies in the white community if given half a chance. Sat- urday morning was his show, and every candidate came away knowing it. Introducing a Republican aspirant for a judgeship on the Cook County Cir- cuit Court, Jackson raised the man's arm and shouted the old vaudeville gag line, "Here come de judge!" Adlai Stevenson III, Illinois State Treas- urer and a Breadbasket hero since he put funds into the black banks, recalls the time he, William Clark, and Mayor Richard Hatcher were made to take up the collection at a Saturday meeting. "Now Adlai," Jackson directed the politicians, "you go up the center aisle, Bill, you take the left side, and Dick will flank out to the right."

When talking about Jesse Jackson, even some of his most enthusiastic admirers outside Bread- basket will admit they can't always figure him out. It is not just that he has a complex personal- ity, but that he seems to have several personalities which fit together only very loosely, as if events have come too quickly and fame crowded too closely. He is still the campus hero, getting the adulation he needs from cheering crowds at Sat- urday morning meetings instead of at Saturday afternoon football games. He is a Baptist preacher, the Reverend Jesse Jackson, though certainly a new-style preacher, "the most secular one that walks," in the words of a close friend. He is most recently a powerful civil-rights leader, displaying great charisma and keen tactical sense, but it is often difficult—and perhaps it is unnec- essary—to separate his intense commitment to his people from his equally intense commitment to himself.

Jesse Louis Jackson was born in Greenville, South Carolina, a large textile center, where his father is still a cotton sampler in a local mill. By the late 1940s Greenville had reached a certain level of sophistication in arranging a segregated society, and the public facilities, although definite- ly separate, were more or less equal. Jackson's earliest memory of the subtler effects of segrega- tion comes from a picture in his second-grade ge- ography book. It showed two boys standing back to back on the Equator. "There was John," he re- calls, "dressed in knickers and a British-type jacket. He was facing North. Facing South was Bumble, his hair so hard it seemed like the sun- light was bouncing off it, and he didn't have nothin' on but a little string tied around his ass. None of us wanted to be like Bumble."

At Sterling High School Jackson's main inter- est was athletics, and he won letters in football and baseball. He also began to develop an attitude toward whites, a kind of bemused disdain for their foolishness, that is very characteristic of him today. Sterling High School played football on Thursdays, he remembers, and the white school, Greenville High, on Fridays. "For a while I would think, isn't it too bad I can't play with them. But we had the better team, so I soon began to think, isn't it too bad they can't play with us."

After high school Jackson received an athletic scholarship to the University of Illinois. He stayed one year and still talks about it with great bitter- ness. "Negroes were reduced to a subculture at

Illinois. The annual interfraternity dance was *the* social event of the fall, only the three black fraternities weren't invited. My friends and I were down at the Veterans of Foreign Wars listening to 45s, while the white folks were jumping to Lionel Hampton in the gym. Live."

The second major phase of the civil-rights movement, after the Montgomery bus boycott of 1956, started during Jackson's freshman year at Illinois. On February 1, 1960, four Negro students from North Carolina Agricultural and Technical College in Greensboro sat down at a Woolworth lunch counter traditionally reserved for whites and ordered coffee. When the manager of the store closed down the counter, they took out their books and began to study. The Southern sit-ins were launched. Jackson saw the event on television, and a combination of homesickness, disgust with Illinois, and an as-yet-faint desire to join the movement, to be where the action was, led him to transfer to A&T when the year was over.

There he quickly became a kind of black version of the All-American Joe College–honor student, star quarterback, student body president, national officer (Second Vice Grand Basileus) of his fraternity. He began dating his future wife, Jacqueline. Then in the spring of 1963 he found himself, suddenly and almost accidentally, leading the protest marches in Greensboro. He had criticized the strategy and slow pace of the sit-in campaign during a conversation with two friends, members of CORE, and they challenged him to do better if he could. After a letterman's banquet the following day, he brought a group of athletes to a CORE meeting, where a decision was made to step up the organization's efforts. Almost daily for over a month Jackson led marches through downtown Greensboro. He would go into hotels, restaurants, and theaters alone, leaving, after service or tickets were refused, for the next "test," while white youths jeered the students and little kids ran along beside them chanting, "Two, four, six, eight, we ain't gonna integrate." These preliminary marches were followed by picketing, sit-ins, and mass arrests for criminal trespassing.

The demonstrations succeeded in desegregating downtown Greensboro, and Jackson gained statewide recognition for the achievement, becoming president of the newly formed North Carolina Intercollegiate Council on Human Rights. More important for Jackson personally, the events of that spring left him with a strong commitment to civil rights and a determination to deliberately fashion himself into a Negro leader. He began to study the styles of such national figures as Malcolm X, Adam Clayton Powell, and Martin Luther King, looking for the best in each. "Malcolm had the capacity t respond quickly to whatever white folks threw him," Jackson says. "The only question was ho bad was he going to eat them up. Powell had th quality of defiance. At a time when Negroes coul get arrested for restless eyeballing, he was wall ing around with white women. King had it all: H could deal with whites, he was courageous, plu he had intellectual respectablity."

Although the two first became close during th Chicago Freedom Movement, Jackson feels tha he owes much of his success to the example an encouragement of Martin Luther King ("m father figure, my brother figure, and m teacher"). He considers Operation Breadbaske King's legacy in Chicago and sees his own brie odyssey from civil-rights demonstrations to ecc nomic boycotts to political involvement as paralle ing King's career and the development of hi thinking. There is another, more explicit paralle As a young man, Jackson has achieved a grea deal in a short period of time, yet the problem he is faced with now are more difficult than th ones he has already solved, the expectations o his followers higher than ever. Lying in his hos pital bed, he must have been thinking along th lines of a remark Martin Luther King made in similar situation and at the same age. "I'm wor ried to death," King reportedly told a friend afte the conclusion of the Montgomery bus boycott "A man who hits the peak at twenty-seven has tough job ahead. People will be expecting me t pull rabbits out of a hat for the rest of my life.'

Jackson desperately needed to pull out his own rabbit now, one that could nibble away at severa complex problems. Within the organization, the ministers and the businessmen were unhappy for different reasons. The ministers felt slighted because they had been pushed further and further to the sidelines as the influence of the businessmen grew. The businessmen were afraid that by moving from economic protest into politics, Jackson was spreading himself too thin. "There is no such thing as being a little bit pregnant," one of them complained.

The conflict between the black and white staff members was probably inevitable, given Breadbasket's emphasis on self-help and black pride, as well as the general exodus of white liberals from civil-rights organizations across the country. Breadbasket was the last stand for many of these people in Chicago, the only aggressive organization where whites were still welcome, or at least tolerated, and they attended the Saturday meetings, picketed, even formed a North Shore for Breadbasket chapter. But the feeling was shared

y several of the black staff members that the whites were assuming too much authority, in part, t was admitted, because they had more administrative experience. Organizational rivalry had eached the point where Jackson had threatened o quit if the whites were turned out.

Jackson's insistence that the whites stay was ndicative of his role in the black community. He ccupied the middle ground, serving as a link etween the moderates and the militants, and this ould be both a blessing and a curse. Jackson es- oused nonviolence, yet occasionally the strain of his commitment showed, as when he admitted at Saturday meeting soon after King's death that 'every once in a while my jaws get pretty tight bout white folks and I find myself in Whitey's hest beating his heart for him." Breadbasket emained an integrated organization, yet Jackson ould tell a meeting of Chicago businessmen that white managers must leave ghetto stores immeliately and white management ultimately. The uccess of his attempt to unite black organizations n Chicago around his leadership depended on is ability to stay inside the system while criti- izing it, to sound like Whitney Young to the noderates and Stokely Carmichael to the mili- ants. The difficulty was that he sometimes ounded like Whitney Young to the militants and Stokely Carmichael to the moderates.

This was, of course, the dilemma Martin Luther King faced in his last years; it would be the dilemma of any man in the middle, pressured from both sides. But Jackson had several advantages over King. He was younger, and so could speak the same language as the new generation of black militants. He was a better politician than King, sensitive to the problems of power and able to see issues in political as well as moral terms. Finally, he was simply more militant than King, for the middle ground had shifted in the civil-rights movement, and King had never quite succeeded in shifting with it.

There has been a power vacuum in Chicago's black community since Martin Luther King left, and Jackson was certainly the most likely candidate to fill it. A white lawyer who occasionally attends Breadbasket meetings recalls watching him after the memorial service for Martin Luther King as he stood by the church exit greeting the mourners. The whole spectrum of the black community filed by—politicians, NAACP officers, militant heads of small West Side community organizations, gang leaders, welfare mothers, businessmen—and the lawyer was amazed that Jackson had a personal word for each one, knew exactly when to give a black-power handshake and when a regular handshake. No other Negro in Chicago, perhaps in the nation, could have functioned as well in a similar situation, for Jackson was particularly adept at keeping lines of communication open to all groups. Reconciliation within the black community was the constant theme of Jackson's Saturday morning "sermons," and the results were beginning to show. Before the elections a reporter called Chester Robinson, a black militant who headed the West Side Organization, to get his reaction to the planned boycott. Robinson asked what Jackson had said, and when the reporter informed him that he had just come out for Humphrey, Robinson answered, "Well, I guess I'm a Humphrey man."

The rabbit that Jackson pulled from his hat was Black Christmas. It was a simple idea, not even completely original. Bob Lucas, former head of Chicago CORE, had called for a boycott by blacks of downtown stores during the Christmas season and Jackson at first supported the idea, then realized that "Negroes are going to buy—those Christmas lights are just too bright." Instead of merely boycotting downtown stores Jackson would ask them to shop exclusively in black-owned stores, buy gift packages of the businessmen's products in a special Black Christmas center that Breadbasket would run, or even open up accounts for their children in the black banks.

It was a simple idea, and it worked for Jackson on several levels. The ministers would be happy because he would emphasize the spiritual values of Christmas. The businessmen would be happy because they would be making money. The class antagonisms in the ghetto might be eased somewhat if Jackson could get enough middle-class Negroes to invite poor families into their homes for Christmas dinner. All groups in the black community would participate; who could be against Black Christmas?

Still in the hospital, Jackson began making telephone calls. Doug Andrews, militant head of the Garfield Organization, agreed to serve as co-chairman of Black Christmas and promised to get other West Side organizations involved. Lawrence Woods, an aide to Congressman Dawson, was willing to organize a parade through the ghetto to publicize the idea (Woods was a good choice; he wouldn't have any problem getting a permit). One by one, the businessmen agreed to rent floats in the parade ("Now, Mr. Johnson, you got a growing company. I think you need to rent *two* of those floats"). A call to Aretha Franklin took care of the entertainment



"You're 88, Junius. Don't you think you'd better start reading the classics?"

after the parade. A friend consented to stuff his black dashiki and play Santa Claus ("We'll say you're a Soul Santa, a big fat black man from the *South* Pole"). Black Christmas might just work, but only if Jackson could get the word around the ghetto quickly. The first week in December was very late to start organizing; maybe not three hundred years too late, as he would tell the press, but a few weeks too late, anyway.

It is late Saturday night and the people in Lakemeadows Lounge are not thinking about Black Christmas. They are listening and dancing to music provided by Ben Branch's band. Jackson, out of the hospital a few days now, has dropped by because "my soul has a cavity that Ben's sound can fill." After the number Branch calls him up to the platform, where he receives a polite round of applause. But Jackson has a very portable pulpit, and where there is a large gathering of Negroes, he is not about to wave his hand in acknowledgment and take a seat.

"When I was a little boy growing up in the old country," he begins, "every winter Bing Crosby would come on the radio singing 'I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas.' It didn't snow in South Carolina but once in twenty years. When I grew up and visited Miami or Los Angeles or Hawaii, Bing Crosby would still be singing about a white Christmas, and you know he wasn't singing about *snow* in those places.

"White Christmas don't have nothin' to do with snow. It has to do with white merchants making up in the fourth economic quarter what they lost in the third. They can do it because Negroes don't live by quarters. We live day afte day after day.

"Follow me now. There is a distinct differ ence between the Christmas rush and th Christmas celebration. Negroes participate in th Christmas rush. White people on State Stree can't participate because they're too busy work ing. After we get through rushing, after w have signed our life away on new charge plates all the vice presidents of the big companies fl off to the Caribbean Islands for the Christma celebration. You know what they're celebrating Our ignorance!

"Now, it does not have to snow to be a whit Christmas, and it does not have to rain dow coal for us to have Black Christmas. It just take black folks getting together and deciding t determine our own destiny. Don't argue with a man who's got his game up tight. Worry abou your own game. We got to put ourselves on th agenda. . . ."

Jackson is just warming up, and he will g on another fifteen minutes, interrupted occasion ally by encouraging shouts from the audience an approving toot from Ben Branch's saxophone or a twang from Wayne Bennett's electric guitar When it is over, he is sweating and visibly ex hausted, for he is still weak from the mono an this is the fourth time he has preached abou Black Christmas that day, with always th thought in the back of his mind that maybe i is too late, maybe even three hundred years to late. So that when a man comes over to his tabl and asks what he's been up to recently, Jackso sinks back in his chair and says, a little wearily "Oh, just fightin' sin and organizin' Negroes."

Harper's Magazine, March 196

E. E. CUMMINGS: TWENTY-THREE LETTERS

Edited by F. W. Dupee and George Stade

FOREWORD

The most wonderful account of E. E. Cummings I know—of his inexhaustibly bright mind, his lean and always youthful good looks, his gaily elegant manners, his vastly animated talk—is to be found in a book by his old friend John Dos Passos: *The Best Times: An Informal Memoir* (New American Library, 1966).

"Cummings was the hub," Dos Passos recalls, meaning the center of the circle of young writers and artists (and their girls) who gathered in Greenwich Village in the early 1920s. Several of them had known each other, intimately or slightly, at Harvard, from which college EEC was graduated with honors in 1915, delivering a commencement oration in defense of "The New Art" (Gertrude Stein, Matisse, Stravinsky *et al*), which at that date was very new indeed. Most members of his Village circle were connected in some way, as contributors or editors or owners, with the magazine which was the leading avant-garde publication throughout the 1920s. I mean of course *The Dial*.

What seems to have impressed Dos Passos in his friend Cummings was not only the very original poetry EEC was publishing month after month in *The Dial*. It was also his talk; or rather the relationship between his talk and his work as a poet and painter. The two writers spent a lot of time exploring New York on foot, as young people used to do when walking in the big changeful city was pleasanter than it is now. And Cummings, always a busy note-taker and journal-keeper, combined walking and talking with the recording of his impressions.

"As we walked," Dos Passos writes, "he would be noting down groups of words or little scribbly sketches on bits of paper. Both of us lived as much for the sights we saw as for the sound of words." Cummings had "all sorts of cryptic ways of talking. 'Dos d. your w.' he would say when he thought I wasn't drinking fast enough." They often dined in Italian speakeasies with the great French-born sculptor Gaston Lachaise, his wife, and his wife's son, the painter Edward Nagle. "After a couple of brandies on top of the wine Cummings would deliver himself of geysers of talk. I've never heard anything that remotely approached it. It was comical ironical learned brilliantlycolored intricatelycadenced damnably poetic and sometimes just naughty. It was as if he were spouting pages of prose and verse from an unwritten volume. Then suddenly he would go off to Patchin Place [No. 4, which was his New York address from 1923 till his death in 1962] to put some of it down before the fountain ceased to flow. His mind was essentially extemporaneous."

Yes, "extemporaneous" is certainly the word for his *mind*, and for certain of his letters, especially his early letters, which are frankly and freely extemporized. But in other letters, as in his poems and in the prose of, say, *The Enormous Room*, the effect, as Dos Passos makes clear elsewhere, is certainly not that of a man "spouting" his thoughts and feelings. Rather, the effect is that of an artist craftily catching the bright flow of his mind in intricate patterns of rhythm, language, image, and tone. In many letters, for example, that "cryptic way of talking" which Dos Passos noted in Cummings' conversation is converted into a mode of written communication which is at once lightly kidding in tone and strongly satirical in content. I wouldn't for anything commit the impertinence of "translating" for the reader *all* the examples, in the following letters, of the liberties EEC took with famous names ("Tears Eliot") or with the vocabularies and syntaxes of the several polite languages, modern and ancient, which he knew, some of them extremely well. One specimen should be enough, from a letter (December 11, 1933) which is rich in multilingual wordplay. "Lah Shoot Dew Dough Lar" = *la chute du dollar*, and is of course the alarming French phrase for the decline in value which the American dollar underwent during the Great Depression. His way with punctuation, spacing, and capitalization was (after about 1918) very much his own, too; and the letters that follow reproduce these singularities as closely as possible. However, the lower-case e. e. cummings was not a lifelong preference for him and is not used here.

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Cummings wrote letters by the thousand. Many of them survive, especially from the period 1917-62, when he kept carbons, and from his correspondence with his parents and sister. His parents were, in fact, the kind of highly literate, readily communicative New Englanders who not only encouraged letter-writing in their children but also solicitously saved their letters, including the present one, in a note written in careful capitals by "Estlin" in 1902, when he was six.

Edward Estlin Cummings was born in 1894 i Cambridge, Massachusetts, and died in 1962 in hospital near the family summer place at Silve Lake, New Hampshire.

For assistance in gathering and editing thes letters I am especially indebted to the poet' widow, Marion Morehouse Cummings. Harcour Brace & World will publish *The Selected Letter of E. E. Cummings,* edited by F. W. Dupee an George Stade.

F. W. Dupe

TO HIS PARENTS

49 West 39, [New York, N.Y.]
Wednesday? [June 22, 1916]

Dear Family–

Yesterday I had a real experience that of being called by an editor. After keeping me on edge for three days Frank Crowninshield bowed me in an hour and a half that my humour was not of the "Vanity Fair" variety, etc. which I knew all the time. I sudored. A healthy humiliation, Estlin as Sco [Scofield Thayer][1] might say. Afterward in the open air I was thankful as I was doubtful all along whether I could do ha ha's and poems at the same time. Sco entertained me magnificently while he was here. He has now left to be married, after expressing doubt on the advisability of "V.F." I shall write him that that danger is avoided! also to thank him for his very wonderful letter the most wonderful ever seen.

I am now on the trail of a livelihood thru Mrs. Roberts of "The Craftsman". Her husband edits the "Digest". If he has not work for me, she has promised "a strong letter" to every editor in N.Y. individually most generous lady. Of course I have seen nearly all But I shall get two or three letters to great unknowns from her, and stick to it for a while longer * * *

[illegible] I return I don't know, sorry as I am to say so. It looks as if I'd be here till week-end anyway. Don't let the financial side worry you, as that is provided for. I'm terribly sorry not to have been able to help at the farm etc., but the more I get excavated the more I find that the whole business is much worthwhile. I frankly cannot expect success–but the game is interesting, at any rate, and the people one meets would alone make life entertaining. Some–like Prince Troubetzkoy–I would have gone a longer way to meet * * *

Estlin

P. S. I feel like the "questing Beast" of Malory.

[1] Harvard classmate, later (1920-29) editor and, with Sibley Watson (also a Harvard friend), co-owner of *The Dial*.

TO HIS MOTHER

Camp Devens
Fitchburg, Mass
September 11, 1918

Dear Mother–

* * * I was very glad to get Dad's letter. Sorry he found an effusive phrase in it–he'd better steel his worthy being for the unuttered future, I must say!

Incidentally,the roi de la royaume de l'aveni was a neatly ironic touch. I cannot but own tha before I came to "war" I was furiously socialistic (in my placid,nonchalant,assinine,luxuriously inimitable way). From the day of my coming dates an always crescendoing love of the aristocratic,of Scofield,for instance,of limousines and Debussy,of S.W. [J. Sibley Watson]–coincidin with a despising,hearty & unique,of slip-slop (vocal & dish-water) feet,smells,and in general,th function of a ὀστοῦν ἐν σαρδίνι.

It must be comprehended,however,that I hav my own unique & furiously placid way in thi which differs from the ordinary--that is,accepte –manner of dealing with an "unpleasant" situation. John Doe says I hate to sleep en bloc,dine

[1] E.E.C. was drafted into the Army in the spring o 1918 and discharged in the autumn of the same yea

a merde,breathe per ordens and die en masse. Therefore I,(having inherited intelligence + a Pull,[ ]will go see,or have papa go write to,Major A.,or Secretary X,which gentleman or -men will be most likely to advance me to a more decent -&-respectable-and-lovely footing.

I say—to hell with John Doe. Pensez vous que j'ai souffert pour rien la conscription obligatoire et tous des maux qui se viennent avec une séparation complête from all which I hold to be life? Not on your tintype;as Uncle George ecstatically would remark. I say:the artist is merely the earth's most acute and wiley observer of everything-under-the-sun. Mankind intrudes itself. (Draft) Does the artist duck? Nix. Does he let Major Abbot,KCB,EZ,etc. come between him and the new angle on destiny? Like fun he does. Nor President W,nor Napoléon Buonaparte. The artist keeps his eyes,ears,& above all his NOSE wide open,he watches,while others merely execute orders he does things. By things I do not mean wearing gold bars or pulling wires or swallowing rot-in-general or nonsense-in-particular. I mean the sustaining of his invisible acquaintance with that life which,taken from his eyes,makes itself a house in his very-brain-itself. On the pergolas of that house his soul will lounge gorgeously while his arms & legs do squads right.

But why then wouldn't his soul lounge better in a pleasanter environment? it is asked. —That is not for anyone but the artist himself to answer. In a rude manner of speaking,at which I trust nobody will take offense,it is nobody else's dam-business. To personalize the abstraction—if my prodigal family wants to keep on best terms with its fatted calf,it will lease the calf the pasture the calf wants to graze in. For even a calf has a will of its own,they say!

If my attitude of being-left-absolutely-alone is incomprehensible to you,I daresay I am sorry,but not for all the lead pipe in Solomon's mines would I dare negate the invisible,and derail my destiny by swerving from the polished and trite tracks on which my "neighbors" have so generously placed my unoffending cow-catcher. Talk about verbum saps! This is an earfull indeed of them * * *

[9 West 14th St.
New York, N.Y.
January 9, 1920]

Dear Mother,

Herewith apologies for the long delay in writing you! I have only just completed my essay [on the sculptor Gaston Lachaise] for The Dial [February, 1920],which as you remember I had begun while with you in Cambridge. Alas,all that rather intent concentration was due to be torn up. Then I began again—but not being satisfied, tore up essay number two. By that time I was hard up for time. So I did a good deal of distinctly difficult labor,mostly between the hours of ten PM and seven A.M.,using the day as a place to sleep in. I happened to notice that once it took two hours and three quarters to write exactly three sentences—not that I wanted three in particular. I only mention this to show how more-than-carefully I worked it,over and then over,using enough paper for what turned out to be thirteen and one-half pages to fill a rag man's contract. The Corona bore up bravely till the last word was written and promptly refused to write figures,which mattered nothing at all. Expert-Machinest W.S.Brown[3] is due to fix it today.

But my reward was greater than I ever could have hoped for. Lachaise wanted to read it before I sent it in,in order to correct any technicalities—e.g.french spelling,notes on exhibitions,etc. So I brought it down to his house. Some hours later I found this note in the keyhole—

> Couming.
>
> That great very great—may I just say that now I will say as I can fully when I see you—
>
> We all say the same at home—
>
> Lachaise

And hardly had Brown and I finished reading it when in came Lachaise, to whom the is it seventy four stairs—I forget what you told me—were apparently as nothing—or I should say two times seventy four,since this was the second time he'd climbed to see me. He was appreciative as only Lachaise can be appreciative—you who met him at Joe's can imagine how much that means to anyone. Then he produced the essay,showed me some terribly obvious blunders,with the words

> "I have shoost find Come-ing some vay-ry lit-tel ting"

and then we three drank tea and ate buttered toast,discussing the critical world in general and,

[3] William Slater Brown, the friend with whom EEC, while serving in France with the Norton-Harjes Ambulance Corps in 1917, had been imprisoned for several months in a concentration camp on suspicion of treason—an experience out of which EEC made his famous narrative, *The Enormous Room*. Brown was now sharing with EEC the West 14th Street apartment.

with the essay as a basis,in particular. Then Lachaise said "I should run",and we wished one-another good night. I plead guilty to feeling excessively happy. * * *

The other night Brown and I went by a vacant lot on Fifth and Twelfth where some leftover Christmas Trees were lying. They had been sold at wholesale there,but many were left. We took up,at his suggestion,five,arriving almost breathless after the seventy four famous stairs. Now we have what we call a Forest. When Watson and his wife came to tea last sunday they were considerably astonished,but Brown passed it off with the remark

"We're going to give Wagner here,Watson."

Everyone admires our Forest extremely. The man next door wanted a tree but I told him where he got off. You can't imagine how sweetly the studio smells ! * * *

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN[1]

[Paris]
14 mai 1922

I desire that one or two things happen to "The Enormous Room":either

A)it be immediately supressed,thrown in a shitoir

B)each and all of the below-noted errors be *immediately and completely* rectified without loss of time,fear of money,or any-thing-damned-else–

Omissions for which there is no reason and no excuse–

1)portrait of Jan(not Jean)
who is nevertheless mentioned,p134

2)portrait of the Belgian Farmer,who is briefly described(with,I think,some others) in connection with an *omitted* incident–the Surveillant distibutes mail,from a window, to men in the cour beneath
The Farmer is mentioned,p143

3)portrait of The Young Skipper,who is described along with
[illegible] (I think chapter VII of the original MS
They are mentioned together,p247
The Young Skipper is further mentioned :p257,266

N.B.–Not having the MS with me,I cannot te what other characters have been dropped out;bu in the case of these four,anyone who tries make sense of the book as it stands can see th their portraits have been omitted.

If the portraits omitted were in any way inferio there might be some(damned little by Jesus)e cuse. They are NOT below,and are-in fact a considerably ABOVE,the average in the mut lated book-as-it-stands.

I do not consider that the omission of certain e planatory matter which should follow the "pla ton-cries" p79 is good for the book;that matt should be put back in,with whatever else has bee dropped out,and put back in Goddamnquick. Th appeal of the book is largely documentary;as document let it appear complete or for Christ Sweet Sake NOT AT ALL. As a piece of writin I do not argue–I know how it should be,and anyone thinks he knows better than I, let him him-or her-self.

Misprints for which there is no excuse of th smallest variety–occur on,averagely,every othe page. [A list of misprints follows.] *

Translation of the French phrases is,at least ha the time,very confusing to the reader–it bein very important that he should understand that certain character is speaking French and no English. I had this carefully regulated,and ha translated myself as much as was good for th context,and in the MS THERE IS NONE O THIS NEEDLESS AMBIGUITY. In additio the translating is . . . . but I refrain. (P.S. AS I STANDS the book is not merely an eye-sore bu an insult.)

E. E. Cumming

TO HILDEGARDE WATSON

[Pari
Dec. 11, 1933

A Christmas Truestory
(copyright)

It was vairy veree cold in Paris. All French la under a brumewave. Brume looks like smoke,bu (alas)within that smoke is wrapped a whole plat itude of cold. Estlin and Marion were cold. Th reevs were cold,too;both rievez. Sometimes th sun shone like a Turner, sometimes nut;ofte neither;seldom boath.

[1] Copies of this letter were given to John Dos Passos and possibly to EEC's parents, for transmission to Boni & Liveright, the publishers, who had sent him proofs of *The Enormous Room*. For further details, see Dos Passos, *The Best Times* (page 89).

Our tiny pair had come up from a little place called Africa where never,nevvair,is et kald. Theere in Africa were flamingoes and fahries and burrows with long warm strong thonglike ears and even an occasional scorpion. Born under Libra,Estlin did not see the scorpion;which disappeared into a double you sea. Marion saw it,but she was not afraid and so their existence passed like a day in the night. Effrica . . .

Well,we got pretty hungry. The Kruger Millions from home hadn't arrived. Possibly they were delayed by Xmas weather? All Frunce lay under a brumewave. Dicky Ames ran low,too;his thoroughbred dog "A-r-r-e-e-e" had to go and get his ear almost chewed off and hospitals cost money. Then,too,there was Lah Shoot Dew Dough Lar & Idon't mean maybe as Americans are always quoted as always saying. But this story is intended to cheer you up;so we decided to do something. And something we did.

We went to the "Guarantee Troo-st",a company of whimsical folks without much meaning. They [illegible] taking the part of "a Guggenheim addict" in the current amateur theatrical called Lay Bah Fonde, so that was his bank; the Triste. Marion and Estlin walked up to the Mele Dep't with beating [illegible] 15c each in Lay Maytroe . . . Marion was upbraiding herself for not looking up a new photographer [illegible]

when I found your letter,Ididi a kind of bow to friendship: I am still bowing,after Eggs Something at the Café Weber (with a more than mortal Cinzano Sec) ;I shall probably continue this salutation for centuries to come!

please tell Miss Moore that I deeply enjoyed her Eimi article—can't imagine why she should reproach herself:she never did like doytee woydz & Am's probably full of them. —Besides,penguins [illegible]

TO JANE CUMMINGS

4 Patchin Place
some time in space
[illegible]

Dear Aunt Jane

* * * am fighting—forwarded & backed by a corps of loyal assistants—to retranslate 71 poems out of typewriter language into linotype-ese. This is not so easy as one might think;consider,if you dare,that whenever a typewriter "key" is "struck" the "carriage" moves a given amount and the "line" advances recklessly or individualistically. Then consider that the linotype (being a gadget) inflicts a preestablished whole -the type "line"—on every smallest part;so that words,letters,punctuation marks &(most important of all)spaces-between-these various elements,awake to find themselves rearranged automatically "for the benefit of the community" as politicians say. Oddly, this malforming or standardizing process is technically called "justify"ing:thanks to it,the right-hand margin of any printed page which has been "set" on a linotype has a neat artificial evenness—which the socalled world-at-socalled-large considers indispensable forsooth. Ah well;you should see the army of the Organic marching against Mechanism with 10,000th-of-an-inch(or whatever) "hair-spaces";you should watch me arguing for two and a half hours(or some such)over the distance between the last letter of a certain word and the comma apparently following that letter but actually preceding the entire next word;you should hear my printer's blasts against his "operator"(as is called the Slave of the Linotype) when said unfortunate playfully smashes the machine while "he's thinking of giving Rockefeller a bomb or something" like all "operators"or all I've met,this bird is a communist . But something tells me we'll succeed !

[illegible] there came a letter from Hollywood,a letter written by an excellent fellow and stating that a Mr. Von Sternberg who directed,among other films, The Blue Angel wished to purchase one of my paintings("cheap" . Don't try to persuade me that those nitwits are going Intelligent:I know much better' Much . . . * * *

TO MARIANNE MOORE

[illegible]

Dear Miss Moore

Thanks for your essay in the May
"Echo"(and who,by the way,wrote
"an" excellent "editorial"?)
which Mr Peter Monro Jack,more
than oddly enough,has just shown me.
You have(unlike many learned
"critics" of this obloquyflattery
unworld)a gift:appreciation.
You feel and you express your
feeling. That's miraculous

TO CYNTHIA GOODING[5]

Silver Lake, N.H.
August 20 1942

Dear Miss Gooding–

here's hoping you'll accept a sincere apology for considerable silence

am not 40 but almost 48. Glad you appreciate the Rilke letters. It's better that mostpeople should laugh,even at,than cry;isn't it? You'll find whatever I have to say about me on the jacket of Him; and in the prefaces to CIOPW,the book without a title,Is 5,the modern Library edition of The Enormous Room,Collected (wrongly:rightly Selected) Poems. Nobody,believe it or not,knows "why" anything. Since you "go in stages",you're perhaps beyond the Cummings "stage" already. However that may be,it's impossible to have "enough emotion";as for "experiences",the most profound I know are breathing:and "enough words" would be a fine title for every novel. No woman is illdressed. Live first,"want to" afterwards. I suggest that you read Shakespeare's Hamlet aloud,slowly,3 times;and The Agamemnon of Aeschylus (see Loeb Classics) silently and more slowly,4:then,if you like,let me know how you feel

TO HILDEGARDE WATSON

4 Patchin Place
[Spring, 1945]
vendredi

Dear Hildegarde–

entirely agree with you about le philtre. Never until Bédier had I realized how a story can be greatly told. If "Tristan Et Iseut" were merely onedimensional (human),Marc would be the true hero;as Arthur is the true hero of the Launcelot and Guenivere romance. Magic adds another dimension:whereupon Tristan and Marc both become heroes. Finally,fulfilling every complexity, comes a third dimension–"la courtoisie de Dieu". Did any mere treatise on the meaning of that Courtesy which is Christianity ever begin to touch our poet's ten words "les hommes voient le fait,mais Dieu voit les coeurs"

today a long awaited letter from Mrs. Moore arrived. Shall try to write something for the catalogue [for a showing of his paintings in Rochester]. And if you'd very much like me to make a speech,I'll more than gladly do my best;although, toutfranchement,should infinitely rather not. Singing birds shouldn't talk

yesterday a wop came out of a store,got into a parked car,backed up,knocked down Marion (who was standing in the rain,waiting to cross 6th Avenue) and would have run over her if passersby hadn't yelled. She got up,made him drive her to Patchin Place,took his number,changed her clothes,lay down for a few minutes,then arose, made tea for me and a couple of guests,and rang the big elephant-bell. I thereupon descended from my pied-à-ciel to find her radiantly entertaining the company

TO HOWARD NELSON[6]

4 Patchin Place
May 26, 1945

Dear Mr Nelson–

allow me to congratulate you on many things,e. g. being "the only second lieutenant in the batallion",losing nothing more than your "clothing" (most of the socalled civilians hereabouts are playing admiralissimo like mad;having long ago parted with even their sense of humor) and enjoying a fine ocean-view. Speaking of La Mer,how about La Cathedral Engloutie? It might perhaps cheer you to hear that America's leading critic of music,my friend Paul Rosenfeld,dearly loves Debussy

your extelephonic bard reminds me of a mighty scientist of my acquaintance,who may or may not be mad:anyhow he insists that my little poem "ygUDuh" exemplifies the very latest (postEinsteinian) mathematics. As nearly as I can make out,science is halfwaking up to what Santayana (in his "Realms of Being") calls "eternity"–nothing everlasting,something nontemporal. Let me add that I am not a Santayanian. But as William Blake has far from infrequently observed,only the imaginary is indestructible. If Mr S,being a dis-

[5] Tr. Singer, now Cynthia Gooding Ozbekian.

[6] who wrote to EEC out of the blue while serving in the Navy in the Pacific. They corresponded for many years.

pointed poet,delights in calling this only in-
structible actuality "nonexistent",that's his
neral * * *

ver met Gertrude Stein;but,as a "speaker" at
[arvard] "commencement",recited a few of her
nder Buttons which laid "them" in the aisles.
'hey" also fell noisily for Amy Lowell;whereas
esident L [Lowell] (solidly seated a few feet
om tremblingly standing myself)didn't. (The
ar was '15). As much of G's latest book as your
mble could subtract from the whir of again&
ainingness seemed goodcommonsensical,nay
tter uncommonnonsensical,prose

own tiny theory re the latest unpleasantness
ay amuse you. Le voici. Once upon a time,there
as a country inhabited by very ignorant and
sunited red communists. Certain very united
d ignorant foreigners arrived(the usual "dirty"
o ignorant that they called the aborigines "In-
ans")& did-in said aborigines by force and by
aud. Today the proverbial wheel has come full
cle. A new species of red communists,even
ore ignorant than their predecessors but ex-
ssively united,are doing-in the ditto-ignorant
t disunited descendants of the former doers-in-
-fraud-and-by-force. Et voila * * *

TO HIS MOTHER

4 Patchin Place
Sunday January 5 1947

ear Mother—

* * Cyril Connolly,the editor of "Horizon"
agazine(much the best periodical concerning
called literature;& published in London)has
en wining-and-dining Marion and me in cele-
ation of a(let's trust)soon-forthcoming Eng-
sh edition of 1 X 1. * * *

e told us one story which might amuse you. The
iterary editor" of one of America's biggest
CBS?)radiorackets,a woman, was questioning
r C before he "went on the air"—"and what is
our religion?"she asked him. "Cummingism" he
plied. "What?" He repeated the word;then,
nce she obviously understood nothing,added
'm a devotee of your American poet,E.E.Cum-
ings"—"you mean you were" she corrected him.
r C was surprised. "No" he maintained "I am."
The "literary editor" gave him a pitying look.
"How can you say that" she asked "after the
terrible things he did!" "What things?" asked
Connolly. "Living in Italy and broadcasting for
fascism:don't you know he's a traitor?" Connolly
blinked. Then he understood—"you're confusing
him with Ezra Pound, aren't you?" he asked po-
litely. She shrugged. "O well" she said "it was
one of those three—Eliot or Pound or Cum-
mings" * * *

TO SIR SOLLY ZUCKERMAN[7]

4 Patchin Place
June 1 1947

Thou rogue—

if anyone living could induce me to abandon my
native land in her hour of greed,'twould surely be
use;but the(as it happens)undersigned prefers
beauty

so much for who runs may read. Per contra(alias
entr' ourselves)a not unrecent peep at Tears
Eliot,or maybe 2 l-s,has mightily confirmed my
negligible suspicion that be it never so humble
there's no:Solly,after entertaining that hombre
for 15 minutes you feel like taking out a patent
for manipulating the dead

quite another preternaturally distinguished cos-
mopolite onceupontime told Marion & myself that
he soberly spent a nonnonsensical afternoon me-
andering all over some suburb of Stalingrad for-
merely entitled London while crying loudly(&
very voluntarily)"caviar for the upper classes,
peanuts for the lower classes". This beatitude,it
seems,had been imagined by an enlightened
butcher. Well,we were amazed. Finally I said
"Freddy [A. J. Ayer], wouldn't 'peanuts for the
proletariat' have been better?" but he couldn't
seem to decide. And that,since you don't inquire,
is what's wrong with Europa

all my heart is on a new hampshire hill gifted
with blue mountains. Yes;&,but for the miracu-
lous persistence of what(I very fondly assume)
we mutually revere as the touchstone of human
nature namely(in 5 syllables)a sense of humor,
thou couldst take ye holes pinke unracee & stick
same up Joe's cornucopia

[7] British scientist.

TO SIR SOLLY ZUCKERMAN

4 Patchin Place
lundi [1947?]

Thou (Rogue)—

* * or as Sing observed to Wing when the Hoo
dynasty quite expectedly collapsed
give our sadists carte blanche in atomics
let our massochists flaunt economics
if I understand Freud
noone need be annoyed
while our narcissists stick to their comics
period * * *

TO CICELY ANGLETON

4 Patchin Place
November 11 1947

Dear Cicely—

a fine book you sent us;so fine that Marion & I feel sure its author is(as one strangely perceptive NY reviewer suggested)Isak Dinesen. And there's an extraordinary person! Believe me or don't:although Out of Africa,Winter's Tales,& (my favorite)Seven Gothic Tales were all ballyhood by some "book of the month club",I've scarcely met anybody,literate or il-,who could appreciate her achievement. A "writer" to whom I lent the Seven returned them coldly,remarking 'twas a pity she didn't know the past tense of English irregular verbs—true enough!over & again,Dinesen will put "did say" for "said" or "did think" for "thought". Alors? She builds(like Shakespeare)a multidimensional world:like him & like El Greco & like Bach,she composes fugually. To watch a Dinesen motif state itself almost imperceptibly—& then occur upsidedown & reoccur wrongsideout;to finally emerge,triumphantly&magnificently As Is—makes the undersigned marvel that what Ezra Pound aptly called "the mamie-slept-in-the-sewer school" of "modern writers" can dare lift their mommapushedpoppaoutofthewindow "democratic" unheads. After spending a dollar to buy the Seven,I worked about ten days discovering the plot of The Roads Around Pisa;& should enjoy learning how long it took(or,if luckily you've never made friends with this masterpiece,will take)you to do the like. Could all the Flakners in Missouriissippi ever dream of Peter And Rosa? And what a miracle of momentous complexity is The Poet! * * *

TO PAUL NORDOFF

Silver Lake, N.
September 22 [194

Dear Paul—

it's good to hear you've outgrown your "great d
pressions". I've the very great honour to infor
you that you're way ahead of me! Am possib
emerging from an impossible & v.v. one at t
socalled present writing

which only makes myself happier for your frien
ship

concerning uncertainty(alias insecurity,or wha
ever mostpeople fear)I rather imagine that ins
faras an artist is worth his spiritual salt he ca
never get enough. Only when Columbus is in t
middle of nowhere do the members of his cre
invariably(&,from my viewpoint,rightly!)stage
mutiny & threaten himself with at least seve
teen kinds of superdeath

but who'd care to not discover America by mi
take?

TO LLOYD FRANKENBERG[s]

Silver Lake, N.H
août [1948

Dear Lloyd—

* * * it is more than most kind of thee,mon
sieur,to warn me of le public's reaction to 2 Wil
Words(see how they run). And yet the(howeve
painful)fact that America is not a free country
doesn't,I feel,justify anyone's behaving like a
slave or three

or(in the lines of the Bad Bald Poet)steady
there once was a cuntry of owe
such lofty ideals that know
man ever could mension
(imagine the tention)
what might have offended jane dough
selah

[s] The poet, editor of the anthology *Pleasure Dome*

TO AN UNIDENTIFIED CORRESPONDENT

4 Patchin Place
December 14 '48

ar Mr Freedman–

haps the passage which you mention might be
anded as follow
he("the Schoolmaster")is not merely
somebody who taught school–he actually
embodies schoolteaching:looking at him,
one feels that "Lessons"(lessons being
what schoolchildren learn)"hide in his"
(very prominent)"wrinkles" . . "Bells"(bells
being what call children to school)"ding"
(ring;with a particular sound)"in the
oldness of his" (tired with teaching)"eyes."
rhaps not. Anyhow,as Delacroix observed:
t is to omit

TO SUSAN F. COPLEY

4 Patchin Place
January 26 1956

ar Miss Copley–

t being a socalled critic,I don't expect a poem
be the same for any two people;or even for one
rson twice. But perhaps I can give you some
tion of how the poem[9] you're concerned with
els to me now.

all a mirror says is Hello:nothing more. It's a
young girl who,looking in it & seeing her re-
flection,asks Who(can this be)? When the
mirror doesn't answer,the impatient girl con-
cludes I(the person looking in the mirror)
must be You(the person whom I see in the
mirror);or,how-I-look is who-I-am;or,things
are what they seem;or,only the-surface-of-life
is what-really-matters. This is absolutely un-
true. But since light doesn't lie,the girl's mir-
ror hasn't deceived her–she's fooling herself

all a gun means is Bang:nothing more. But a
man who means No(because he's full-of-hate)
seeing something yes(something loving or
beautiful or alive) will grin with pain,and
curse the living something;and kill it,if possi-
ble,with a gun. If the something is a someone,
in a socalled war,the killer will suppose he's
triumphed over an "enemy". He doesn't realize
that true wars are never won;since they are
inward,not outward,and necessitate facing
one's self.

[9] *Poems 1923-54*, page 406.

TO KENNETH BURKE

4 Patchin Place
March 11, 1956

Dear KB–

such a charmingly cheering hyperepistle as thine
our nonhero has rarely if ever experienced. In re-
ply let him(quite entr' ourselves)observe that I
unquestionably am the infraultrafabulous pre-
protofascistic Ogre of the Cowcatchus,who de-
vours pink prosemites for breakfast & yellow lib-
erals at lunch & black democrats with his dinner.
Good Freudians were quick to suggest that my
superego suffers from subneolithic trends;while
middleoftheroad Marxists are not slow to accuse
me of sinister&dextrous deviation. Possibly need-
less to add,I have been found guilty of the mis-
demeanor known as lace-majesty(or making light
of Einstein)& convicted of the crime entitled
happy-us-coppers(or openly avowing a predilec-
tion for David at the expense of Goliath)but
nevertheless beg to remain

(gratefully)

TO HILDEGARDE WATSON

Silver Lake, N.H.
August 12 1956

Dear Hildegarde–

am greatly cheered because a not mistakably in-
tellectual chipmunk has caused-to-disappear all
the peanuts I put out for him ce matin except one,
whose solitary presence says "don't forget me!"
& I don't. The causer is extremely shy,remark-
ably unhurried,cares almost nothing for mere
food,& frequently leaves the ground to explore our
largest grapevine. His completely different prede-
cessor was utterly & entirely "enchanting"(to use
Marion's beautiful word)–lovely,eager,velocitous,
trusting,a perfect poem of a creature. One day

(after dancing all over our hearts) this miraculous atom of gaiety vanished; & for a long long time we could scarcely hold up our heads. I'd seen a damned yellow cat lurking in the grass behind our barn,& several times shot at him with a pistol (the thirtyeight Remington automatic which SW discovered in Jersey,decades ago) but always missed—finally Billy James lent me his Winchester rifle . . . whereupon satan disappeared * * *

Silver Lake, N.H.
September 16 '56

Dear Hildegarde—

alas no:the accursed cat's at large
(only this morning I glimpsed its
damnable self waiting for our single
extant chipmunk to emerge from his
burrow). How "American" 'twould be
to assume the inexistence of "evil"
by pretending that cats don't eat
chipmunks . . . or to develop such a love
for cats that nothing they ever do
can seem "wrong" . . . or to become a real
"philosopher" by never "identifying
with" either cat or chipmunk,& merely
"accepting" the fact that one kills
the other as a "natural process" . . .
or even to murmur(with a yawn)"well,
I like a good beefsteak onceinawhile
myself" & turn on ElvisThePelvis * * *
à bientôt!

TO ELISABETH KAISER-BRAEM[10]

4 Patchin Place
November 26 1956

Dear Garance—

* * * having glimpsed Wien & Berlin after WWOne,can imagine how Germany reacted to the Hungarian horror. But doubt if any European can conceive the reaction of an American born & bred. Picture "God's country"(alias earth's richest nation)—the sworn enemy of brute force, the foremost friend of democratic freedom,perpetually dedicated to an unconditional defence of all oppressed peoples &(with this sacred mission in view)armed to the hyperangelic teeth with ev
not imaginable implement of supersatanic
struction—urging(via night&day broadcasts)
socalled satellite nations to revolt from colo
Russia;&,when diminutive Hungary miraculo
did so,lauding Hungarian heroism to the skie
offering the gallant Hungarian people millions
dollars & promising the immediate dispatch
all kinds of desperately needed materials . . .
Moscow,enraged,hurled her whole hugeness
SOLUTELY UNOPPOSED against that hand
of patriots;& began blowing their cities & th
women & their hopes & their children to hell
whereupon the never defeated United States
America shrugged her peaceloving shoulders
murmured "too bad"

when "America" cheered wildly for Finland wh
secretly selling hightest gasoline to Russia so
tanks could murder Finns,I ceased to be—in
only true sense,that is spiritually—an "America
If my bookofpoems[11] ever comes,look at p 390 (i
& 393(vii)& 396(xiii) . . . proving that PearlH
bor didn't fool someone . . . not to mention
(poem 11),lest anyone suppose that the man w
wrote Him Act II Scene 8(Mussolini-as-Caesa
the homos)was a "fascist"

there are notafew Americans who feel as I do
as Marion does—but they(we)are,thanks to "
mocracy",helpless as far as "action" goes. Com
disait Saint-Exupéry:when one person oppres
many people,everybody cries "tyranny!" but t
anny occurs just as truly whenever many peo
oppress one single individual . . . & nobody ev
whispers

[10] Her German translator.

TO ROBERT WAGNER, MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY[12]

4 Patchin Pla

To a human being,nothing is so important
privacy—since without privacy,individuals cann
exist:and only individuals are human. I am u
speakably thankful that the privacy of 4 Patch
Place will be respected;and shall do my best
prove worthy of this courtesy.

E.E.Cummin
March 6 19

[11] *Poems, 1923–54*.

[12] Mayor Wagner intervened to save the environs
Patchin Place from demolition.

Harper's Magazine, March 19

IGHTS AT O'REAR'S

story by Patricia Browning Griffith



rummy, dirty, ugly O'Rear's; mecca, umcus, polestar of our universe. Who cared about gritty-edged coffee cups, greasy french fries, stly chili. O'Rear's sold setups to anyone old ugh to sit upright, and kept the jukebox bawlloud enough to hear from the highway as you ve by. There, boisterous, smug, indifferent, ering, we gathered around the small white lding like an automotive crap game, conducting social lives within the confines of our Detroit ıor—though a lot of them bore a sign in the k window, "Made in Texas by Texans."

'Rear's Round-Up Drive-in was a square box the drive-in in every town in the country, flatped and glass-fronted, tacked with pictures of ed sandwiches and voluptuous ice-cream sodas t never quite came true, with a luminous multi-ored jukebox, its windowed head working conıously conveying, impaling, spinning discs ch exploded into Ruth Brown or Nat Cole or nmy Edwards or Hank Thompson or Lefty zzell. O'Rear's was not even so ambitious an lertaking as to entice us with neon, but relied tead on a wooden sign with the red "O" in Rear's" painted to resemble a lasso. But then lidn't need neon to attract us.

here was little to do in that town; the movie s about all. The skating rink closed for the months, the rodeo lasted only a week, the Satay night drag races had been closed by the riff, and the Baptists wouldn't allow dancing —so we drove. We drove and drove and drove for hours always within a radius of fifteen miles, up one of the two main streets, down the other, dragging from the city limit sign to the cemetery road, turn here, then there, like a child's pony ride, the same circle, the same path, day after day, night after night, sweating and sticking against the plastic seat covers, strewing the roads with beer cans, gunning our motors, squealing our tires, popping our mufflers, a primitive mating rite with horsepower trappings. Religiously we stopped at O'Rear's, where cars swarmed on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights as if it were a Billy Graham crusade. Finally if we had a date we'd park on lovers' lane, a road between the railroad tracks and the cemetery. If we didn't have a date we'd circle the main street again, drive down lovers' lane to see who was there, and go home, hopes building toward the next night.

In that town people actually stayed in cars so much it was possible to know a person all summer without ever having seen him from the chest down. Men cared for their cars as women cared for their children. They were discussed, cleaned, decorated, and primed; they were readily identifiable. Chrome was very big. Also it was important that the back of the car be weighted so that it was lower than the front. We looked like a whole town of bootleggers. Flashy seat covers were in great demand. Backseat radio speakers were absolutely necessary. It was essential to drive fast with the

window down and your arm resting on the door but still provide music for the people in the back seat. Since everyone every night listened to Randy's Record Shop in Gallatin, Tennessee. As cars pulled up to O'Rear's chances were twenty to one the program turned off in each car would be Randy's with someone like Chuck Berry "Maybelline"-ing it along.

Our leading, swashbuckling driver was Max Corley, whose '51 Fordomatic traveled with outside sun visor, spotlight, twin side-view mirrors, fender skirts, continental tire rack, ripple bar wheel-discs, imitation leopard-skin seat covers, a backseat speaker on each side, a nude-decorated steering nob, and a beer opener chained to the back of the ashtray. Max Corley foraged the countryside in his green chromey car, a Western Genghis Khan in ducktail and a Stetson, backed by Bobby Jack Owens and the Riley boys, Floyd and Warren, who were probably as unsavory to some eyes as the Asian hordes might have been. Max had actually enjoyed a brief popularity among the average Christian-type children in grade school but by high school most people tried to stay out of his way, knowing it was Harry-hang-the-flag for any kid who crossed him. We simply called him a bully, accepting that as the exhaustive truth, for that was how we saw things—unvarnished but oversimplified with everyone explained by our one-word character labels -friendly, ugly, stuck-up, sweet, cute, pious, and so on. There was no doubt, however, that Max Corley possessed a certain dark, solemn charm which could be summoned forth for his purposes, so that any nice-looking new girl was liable to find herself in the back seat of his green and chrome car before anyone else got her name straight. A lot of women found his glum, sideburns type attractive. In fact it was remarked on several occasions that the service he received at O'Rear's was exceptionally good.

O'Rear's had two carhops Mildred Temple, a tall, flat-faced girl with dull brown hair and acne, and Dorothy Lester, a good professional carhop. Short, stocky, blondined, sturdy as a tractor, she strode from car to car, balancing trays as if her hands were a foot square, waiting on four cars in the time it took Mildred to handle one. She had a sharp, crude tongue and the ability to create that happy rapport that sometimes exists between men and waitresses.

Mildred, on the other hand, was slow at writing her orders, slow at delivering them, and between cars she'd rest on the Dell Dairy Ice Cream bench beside the screen door fanning herself with her red cowboy hat which, with black slacks and white blouses, made up the uniform of the O'Rear's wa resses. Early in the afternoon when business v slack, Mildred would sit on the bench writing l ters on her stationery box, gazing across the hi way now and then where two orange gas pun and an oak tree in the pasture beside them lool like mere toys below the immense steel-gray ba drop of Texas sky.

"My dearest darling," or, "My darling swe heart," she'd begin the letters and fill pink p after pink page with her small handwriting. S wrote always with a snapshot before her, tal from her billfold, fat with pictures of elderly r tives singly or in groups, standing on the porch a farmhouse, in front of a barn, or beside a c But the recipients of the long pink letters w two gaunt-faced servicemen posed in twenty-fi cent photo booths. One picture was inscribed the corner—"Love ya, Freddy."

They were both fiances, she'd explained. Arou her neck she wore a large white enamel locket wh a rose on it, which contained other pictures of e fiances. Freddy had been cut from a group sn shot and was so tiny about all you could see w the outline of a face under a soldier's cap w low on the forehead. The other fiance was a lar disembodied face with the chin cropped off. She couldn't decide which one to marry, but she w ried more about Freddy, she said, since he w clear to Europe.

Despite the fiances, on Saturdays Mildred wo be in the early movie sitting on the back row wh strange boys who wore T-shirts with a pocket the chest and worked on road construction cre They were always just passing through town, hung out in the Post Office Cafe, where Mild met them. In deference to her fiances, howe she would claim they were cousins or just frie or went to her church.

A couple of years before O'Rear's opened M dred had made a brief excursion into high sch It was hard to understand why she came to sch in the first place since she spent every period re ing confession magazines hidden inside her n book. As far as anyone noticed, the only time paid attention was the day the males and fema were separated and shown a film on venereal d eases, and the day we read "O my luve is like a r red rose," and Max Corley caught her copyin into a letter.

Patricia Browning Griffith, Texas-born, trained as a journalist and is now married living in Washington. This is her second p lished story, and she is finishing a novel ca "The Future Is Not What It Used to Be."

The population of our school was divided into iques of town girls and cliques of country girls hile the boys mingled democratically. But Mil-red belonged to another group, a few really poor rls who sometimes wore dirty clothes and needed aths and had hair-pulling fights after school. nese girls spent lots of time in the rest room put-ng on makeup and sneaking puffs off cigarettes d were blamed for the four-letter words rawled on the rest room walls in lipstick and pen-l which the rest of us read so avidly.

After three or four months Mildred dropped out school and until O'Rear's opened we'd only see r now and then on Saturdays snuggled on the ck row of the movie. She had always been a easant girl, with a big gummy smile, and Max orley and his friends had always teased her so at it was easy enough to resume at O'Rear's.

"Who you writin', Mildred?" Max called as she t on the bench one afternoon. She closed her ationery box quickly, revealing the word "love" rawn over and over again on the top of it and corated with flowers at the top of the "l" and e end of the "e."

"I bet she's writin' her boyfriend in California," bby Jack said from his seat beside Max. ildred approached the car self-consciously as if r size had come upon her only the night before. bby Jack was tall and skinny with two yellowed eth, which we attributed to his having drunk est Texas water for the first eleven years of his fe. "That perfumed paper you writin' on, Mil-red?" he asked.

Mildred pulled her order pad out of her side cket. "No it ain't," she said gruffly.

"Who you writin', Mildred?" Max demanded.

Mildred lifted her well-plucked eyebrows and rned away, shielding her eyes from the sun with r hand as she did. Her nails were large but short d painted purple-red. "My fi-an-ce." She said e words importantly.

"Your fi-an-ce!" they mocked.

Bobby Jack lounged with his arm resting across e back of the imitation leopard-skin seats. "Who u in love with today, Mildred? The one with the g nose or the one with the pimple face?" he ked.

Floyd and Warren in the back seat laughed, apping the knees of their Levis with their freck-d hands.

Mildred ignored them and pulled out her white me-store sunglasses. She had used the same pur-e-red nail polish to paint red stripes around the hite rims.

"How do you know when you're in love, Mil-dred?" Max asked her thoughtfully. He seemed to be staring at her thin lips where lipstick had cared like tiny red scabs along the edges.

"Does your heart pound when you're in love?" Bobby Jack took up the game.

"Do your knees knock?" Max asked solemnly.

"Do you have hot and cold flashes?" Floyd Riley asked.

Mildred wiped the lenses with the tail of her white blouse and held them against the sun for inspection. Bobby Jack leaned toward her and spoke with conviction. "I'll bet it's just an itch where you can't scratch," he said. Mildred adjusted the sunglasses and tried to fluff her short permanented hair back over her ears while they laughed.

"Didn't I see you parked down on lovers' lane, Mildred?" they'd ask. Or, "Who was that you were smooching in the movie Saturday, Mildred?" "Do you really believe in *LOVE*, Mildred?"

Now and then she'd smile broadly at their ridiculous questions as she's smiling in our class picture taken early in the year while she was there. She stands the tallest of all the girls, her black patent bandeau strap pulled hard around her neck and encircling one arm like part of a soldier's gear, a kooky look in her eyes caught unflatteringly half-closed by the camera. The rest of us look shockingly young and deceptively innocent and it's a great surprise since my mind's eye remembers us as simply shorter adults, like the pictures in *Beautiful Stories from Shakespeare*.



The spring Mildred began working at O'Rear's Sonny Morris, owner of the Grand movie theater, opened a radio station outside of town. It was the type of station that broadcast the local Baptist minister on Sunday mornings and filled every afternoon with a musical request program. *We have a card here from Shirley W. says, "Please play 'I'd Walk a Mile' for Jimmy and Diane, Ronnie and Sue, Larry and Wilma Jean, and that good looking Sophomore M. L." Also a card from . . .*

Saturday morning was the local talent show featuring church ladies' trios and men's quartets, and infantile voices interspersed with the dull, heavy shuffling of tap shoes. Sonny Morris scouted all the rural communities in the area to fill up those three Saturday morning hours. There were four of us girls who used to harmonize now and then at church socials when people were desperate for entertainment or wanted the main attraction to seem better than it was. So one Saturday morning we drove to the station set in what had recently been a calf lot, and straining toward the microphone sang "Moonlight Bay" with echoing parts. Sonny Morris read off a commercial for a local hardware store and then introduced the Lord's Lights trio from the Pine Grove Baptist Mission. Sonny Morris liked his better groups to have names, so the Lord's Lights had been created right there in front of the Dr. Pepper machine. They sang "In the Garden" and "Were You There?" in close harmony. Mildred was a Lord's Light. She and another brunette slumped stiffly on either side of a short, fat red-haired soprano who bobbed her head as she sang.

After a cornet solo Mildred came back to the microphone. We expected another hymn and you couldn't tell by the introduction since the pianist began all the songs with the last four bars and an opening chord so that even "King Sized Papa" sounded like a hymn. She stood with her fists doubled at her sides staring at the clock in the back of the room. She was dressed up for the Saturday movie in a limp green sweater and a black skirt, a gold ankle bracelet, and a string of brown wooden beads. In her attempt at theatrical makeup, round patches of rouge sat on either cheek and black lines winged from either side of her eyes. She took a deep breath and closed her eyes.

"It was beside the Pontchartrain . . . beside the Pontchartrain," she began to sing. The first notes nearly knocked us out of our folding chairs. We'd never heard anyone sing so loudly. Her voice was so strong and intense with a husky quality, it stunned us. She gripped each note with her nasal alto, wringing it dry before she slid to the next. Now and then her body would sway and her eyes close again as she made a long note a sort of cou try tremolo. The song was a queer, minor melo that groaned out the story, rhymed in hillbi unsubtlety, of love, betrayal, and death on t shores of that gloomy lake. The Mildred bef us, looking like a pimple-faced Olive Oyl, seem to drift away and reappear in a world of Spani moss, veiled by the misty fog of the lake, sufferi over love as we had only dreamed it could be su fered. All our backseat automobile romanci shrank to dull insignificance. We drank in ea strange, loud note, even though slightly emb rassed to see in Mildred an experience of love had only dreamed of. That evening she beca the star.

"Can I have your autograph?" Bobby Jack sa as she set eight bundled hamburgers on their tr

"Heard you knocked 'em dead today, Mildre Max said. "Heard they had to call the sheriff t calm the fans."

Mildred smiled trying to hide her pleasure fishing in her side pocket for money. "I'm gon sing next week, too," she said proudly. M cocked his head sideways and watched her sli their change across the metal tray, counting alo as she did.

"I believe Mildred'll be a *star*!"

"A star!" Bobby Jack shrieked. He shouted i the back seat as if Floyd and Warren hadn't hea "Mildred's gonna be a *star*!" He hopped out of t car, bounded to another, and shouted, "Mildre gonna be a *star*!"

That week everyone teased Mildred about bei a star. It was the chic thing to do. That's the w an idea was, very clever for about a week and th suddenly one night, as if by magic decree, it was and only real clods trying too hard would say again.

It was hot that week. The temperature pass a hundred every day. Housewives, husbands, people in cars with "See You in Church Sunda stickers drove to O'Rear's and sat fanning the selves and wishing for a breeze. Mildred a Dorothy abandoned their hats and wore pi snoods that made sacks for their hair in back a tied on top of their heads. Mildred's hair w shorter than the net so the snood drooped down back like a damp fish net.

Every night Max and his friends discuss Mildred's career with her.

"You do your do-re-mi's today, Mildred?" M would ask.

"I been thinkin' you oughta get a lot of se costumes," Bobby Jack said one night and th all broke up with laughter.

Mildred would blush and smile at Max, flatter

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by his attention and never certain whether it was total teasing or not.

"You better be thinkin' about takin' your fiances along with you when you hit the big time," Bobby Jack advised her one night. He reared back pulling change for the jukebox from the front pocket of his tight Levis. Mildred picked up her big white locket which left a greenish "V" on her neck and ran it back and forth absent-mindedly on the chain as she waited. "You gotta be sure those fiances have class," he said.

Mildred rarely paid attention to Bobby Jack's comments, but she listened to Max.

"You gotta take care of yourself, Mildred," Max said. "You oughta have a scarf around your throat." It was scathingly hot but he insisted Bobby Jack wrap a handkerchief around her neck. For the rest of the evening they called her Tonto.

On Friday night before her performance Max told her to give it everything she had. "You never know who might be listening," he said soberly.

"That's right, Mildred. Roy Acuff might be listening in person," Bobby Jack said.

"Ernest Tubb might be listening," Floyd said.

"Minnie Pearl might be listening," Bobby Jack added and they began laughing.

Max had taken Warren Riley's rabbit's foot away from him and given it to Mildred for good luck. "It's been in my family since the days of Davy Crockett," Max said, "but I want you to have it."

Everybody at O'Rear's had taken up the game and was wishing her good luck and saying how Hollywood or the Grand Ole Opry would be the next stop. Mildred would smile gratefully. "Don't forget to suck a lemon in the morning soon as you get up," Bobby Jack called before they roared away.

The next morning Sonny Morris saved Mildred's song till near the end of the program and presented her as returning due to popular demand. There was the sound of a chair scraping then a few seconds later Mildred at the microphone. "I'd like to dedicate this song to all my good friends at O'Rear's and especially to Max Corley for encouraging my career," she said. Then she launched into "Are Ya Half as Good a Girl, As Your Mother Thinks You Are" while all over town people were gasping and thumping their radios in disbelief. It was the most exciting thing to happen in weeks. Max would be furious, outraged! There was no telling what he might do. Poor Mildred, we said to one another and giggled.

The movie was always jammed on Saturday nights and especially that Saturday since it was the coolest place in town. But as soon as the l feature was over there was a race to O'Rear's see what Max was going to do.

"You sang real good," people called to Mild when they drove up and in the next breath the ask if Max had been there yet. She'd shake head disgustedly. She'd been teased about dedication all afternoon though she insisted t she meant nothing by dedicating that song to M They were just friends, she said, and she wis people wouldn't always be making things o nothing.

Earlier Max had been zooming around town l a tornado before he crossed the river to Oklaho and Johnny's Roadside "21" Club and Restaura Johnny's specialized in fried catfish and hot h puppies and featured on Saturday night a hillb band with the kind of dancing that was acc panied by a lot of stomping and frequent fistfigh

It was nearly midnight before Max came ro ing up with the Riley boys, his twin Hollyw tail pipes thundering behind, and Bobby J tailing him in his father's blue pickup. They cled a couple of times, long enough to stir u cloud of dust that floated into everyone's root be and then screeched to a halt with a spray of gra They were all wearing Western hats and smok cigars and passing around a bottle of whisl wrapped in a paper sack. Bobby Jack left his p up and lumbered over to lean on the door of Ma car next to Warren. From the jukebox Ray Char was shouting, "*Hallelujah I just love her so . .* Bobby Jack ducked his head between his arms kick a rock under the car and swayed his bott to the music.

Mildred was across the drive-in, her per poised above her order pad when Max drove "Here he comes," someone called to her. S dropped her order pad and bumped her head o side-view mirror picking it up. When Max flash his lights for service Mildred was on her way another car. She walked on as if expecting Dorot to wait on Max. Then Floyd Riley stuck his he out the back window and yelled, "Sooey!"

Mildred stopped.

"Sooey," Floyd bellowed again.

She pushed back her bangs that were sticki to her shiny forehead. Then walking unevenly ov the gravel as if her feet hurt, carrying a tray h full of paper cups and bottles, she went to Ma car.

"Hi, Max," she said shyly trying to push a str lock of hair under the snood. Max stuck a cig in the side of his mouth and tilted his head ba to stare at her from under his Western hat. In t heat her thick black mascara had drooped from t



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top of her eyelashes and formed a black crescent under each eye.

"We wrote a song for you, Mildred, you wanna hear it?" Warren asked. He, Floyd, and Bobby Jack began singing to the tune of "Tennessee Border" . . . *"Her eyes are red, her teeth are yellow . . . . her head is like a watermelon . . ."* At that point laughter broke up the singing. "There's more," Floyd said but started laughing again.

Max motioned to Mildred with a crook of his finger as if he had a secret to tell. When she took a hesitant step nearer the car Max reached out the window and with one hand shoved the tray, scattering bottles and cups to the ground. Mildred jumped back pulling at her wet blouse where icy root beer had spilled. She looked up at Max as if expecting some reasonable explanation, but he'd turned his back to her and was lighting the cigar. She picked up the bottles, her face scarlet, then hobbled back to the front counter, shoved the tray inside, and hurried to the side of the building where she entered the door marked with a crudely drawn sign "Cowgirls."

After a word from Max, Bobby Jack jumped into his truck, slamming the door three times before it closed with the tinny wallop of a pickup door. Max revved his engine and they pulled up to either side of the door Mildred had entered. They left no more than a car's length between them and the building.

"I've got the biggest, heaviest, I've got the ti-i-i-me . . ." Lefty Frizzell sang through the hot night as they waited.

When Mildred opened the door Warren was ready with the spotlight. It flashed against the coarse white-painted concrete blocks of the building and circled a moment before he caught her squarely in the center of light. She held up one hand to shield her eyes, holding the other arm to her side as if she were trying to retract within herself like one of those cheap Japanese fans. She had tried to rinse the root beer from her white blouse, which now hung damply outside her black slacks. The stray hair was tucked back inside the snood and the mascara scrubbed from below her eyes. After a moment she started toward the front, down the narrow sidewalk that ran alongside the building. Quickly Max pulled forward, his front wheels on the sidewalk, his front bumper touching the building, blocking her path. She was no more than six feet from the car and in the spotlight she looked surprised as if she'd not realized what they intended.

On the other side of O'Rear's a few people left their cars and wandered over to watch, leaning against other cars and chatting with the peo inside.

"Run through the middle, Mildred," somec shouted. She stood still a minute then cautiou as though measuring her possibilities began wa ing between the cars. Slowly, alongside her M and Bobby Jack backed until they formed a " in front of her.

"Come on, Mildred," a voice called, "leap o the car," and there was laughter.

Max still had the cigar clamped in the side his mouth and he'd pulled his Western hat low his forehead so that his eyes were nearly hidd He was steering the car with one hand and W ren was holding the spotlight on her.

Mildred walked back to the sidewalk and her lip. She looked as if she might burst into te but she put her hands on her hips and tried look tough. "Okay, Max," she said nodding h flat face at him and trying to sound threateni She turned abruptly and started limping vig ously toward the back of the building. Since t curb was higher toward the back of the buildi Bobby Jack had to back once and pick up spe to climb the curb then slam on his brakes to k from hitting the building. This time the pick was no more than a yard from her.

"You're slow as Christmas, Mildred," Bob Jack said to her leaning both arms out the wind and shaking his head. Mildred turned back towa the front.

Dorothy carrying three stacked trays ca around the building and stopped to appraise t situation. "You on vacation, Mildred?" she call She looked from Bobby Jack to Max. "Why do you pick on somebody who ain't working, Ma she said. Floyd gave her the finger and s stomped away.

Mildred removed a tissue from her pocket a stuffed it in the heel of her right shoe. She push her foot down a couple of times, testing it comfort then leaned against the side of the bui ing and folded her arms as if prepared to wait out. About that time, bald Mr. O'Rear with white cloth tucked into his pants for an apr leaned around the corner and said that if M didn't cut out that spotlight and foolishness was gonna call the sheriff. They were interferi with his business. Furthermore if Mildred did get back to work she could in the future coll her check from another establishment.

Max backed so that Warren could switch t spotlight to Mr. O'Rear as he spoke and everybo laughed until Mr. O'Rear retreated inside, m tering to himself. Mildred looked helplessly towa Mr. O'Rear as he spoke. She seemed about to c

What women like about the Rover 2000 Automatic

annot say we designed the Rover ively for ladies any more than we ed it exclusively for gentlemen. e fact is ladies like it. Admittedly, of the things they see in the Rover seem trivial to menfolk, but to little things mean a lot.

Opening and closing.

fingernailed ladies need not worry breaking their nails when they the door—the push buttons on the are twice as long as normal.

Stepping in and stepping out.

g deal really. It's just simpler be- the floor is four inches below the ill and the doors open w-i-d-e.

Room—with a view.

seated, there is a great amount of for leggy legs. A lot of headroom. he view from all windows is ex- t and uninterrupted. A lady can tactly where the right fender is without having to guess.

Seating arrangements.

wo front bucket seats can be ad- to the contours of any female . They go forwards and back- , adjust from English upright to longue. Although all four seats o hug their occupants, we suspect adies really love them because of nell and feel of English leather.

Big wheel.

steering wheel is larger than is which makes it easy to turn and like that. It can be moved up or down. When the car is still, the steering is a little stiff; just stiff enough to remind the driver to look behind before pulling into traffic.

Shifting and handling.

Some ladies don't like shifting and with the Rover automatic transmission, they don't have to. And, if they want to—well then, it can be just as manual as they please. The car handles effortlessly; holds the road like a leech. It's a snap to park—not just because it's shorter and narrower than Detroit's finest but also because it turns circles inside them and most other cars. Yes, even a VW.

Bric a brac.

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Easy to read.

The speedometer is the ribbon type, unmistakably clear to read and placed so as to reduce the difficulty of refocusing when glancing from road to speedo and back. The switches are clearly marked and shaped so you can recognise them, even by feel. No two next to each other are shaped alike. A bold red brake light on the dash tells a lady: (1) the handbrake is on or, (2) the level of the braking fluid is low. High beams can be flashed, with headlights on or off, by flicking a lever on the steering column.

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out to him when she saw Max had taken his eyes off her to laugh at Mr. O'Rear. She stood very still weighing her chance to escape against the danger of angering Max further. Then she put one hand against the building as if to bolster herself. Slowly she began edging along the sidewalk in front of Max, tiptoeing, her eyes focused on his head.

"Max!" Bobby Jack shouted from behind her.

Max seemed instantaneously aware of his negligence. He stomped on the gas before turning to see her half across in front of him. She pressed herself against the wall as if she were facing a knife thrower. The green car moved steadily toward her.

"Run, Mildred," someone yelled impatiently, for Max looked far enough away for her to get by, but she seemed unable to move.

Max's mood of confidence seemed to change. He gripped the wheel and leaned forward as if he might will her to move. Only her hand jerked up to clutch her locket.

When he hit the sidewalk and didn't stop, her mouth opened in a silent panic and she finally started to turn and retreat. Max hit the brakes but it was all too late. She screamed a long, low chilling scream, the car slammed her against the side of the building. The bumper hit her below the knees and she seemed to fold up, and only then did the scream stop. For a moment it was quiet enough to hear a car passing on the highway and far off a dog barking hoarsely. The spotlight shone on a Big Daddy Burger sign on the side window.

"Jesus Christ!" Dorothy cried out from beside a nearby car. Then the jukebox which had been between records blared and people moved. Mr. O'Rear stalked out, cursed at Max, and hurried back inside to phone for the sheriff and the ambulance from the funeral home. For a minute Max sat stunned, bent over the steering wheel. Finally he removed his hat and smoothed his ducktails and with his arm wiped the sweat from his forehead. Warren rubbed his head where he'd hit the windshield.

"*I found my thrill, on blueberry hill . . .*" Fats' genial voice was singing. Before the record ended, the ambulance could be heard over the jukebox. There was considerable discussion as to who would ride with her the thirty miles to the hospital. When they put her on the stretcher she cried out, her voice, deep and loud, her mouth an open rectangle, "Ah-ah-ah . . ."

The next week there was a new carhop, a bosomy girl with a harelip called Sissy. She was terrified of Max, having been told a hundred different st ies about how he'd run down the last waitre though the sheriff after talking to a few bystar ers ruled it an accident.

We never again saw Mildred Temple arou town or in the movie or at O'Rear's. Mr. O'Re said she would be in the hospital for quite a wh and Dorothy and a few others chipped in to se an arrangement of gladiolas and signed the ca from "Your friends at O'Rear's." Months lat someone claimed to have seen her working as carhop in another town. (In our area there's ways a big demand for an experienced waitress We talked about organizing a caravan and goi over there and kidding around with her but never did. That was actually out of our orbit a we always seemed to have plenty to do right the at O'Rear's.

STATUES

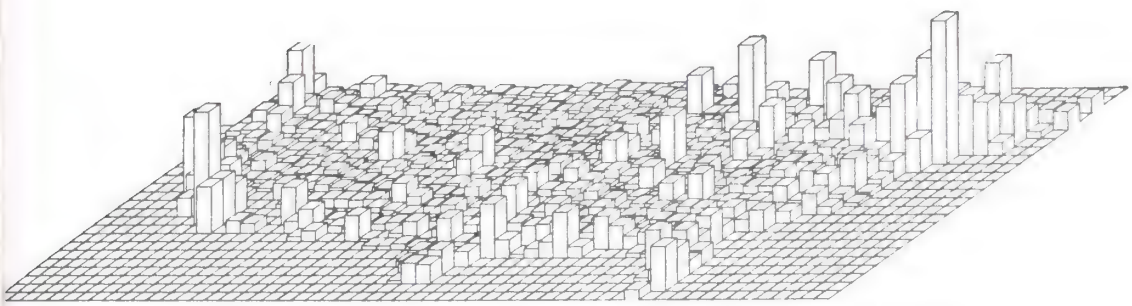
by John Ratti

They have never stopped staring
straight ahead
with their polished marble,
polished agate eyes.
The rituals have stopped;
their feet are dry,
no more wine and honey,
no crushed flowers.
They smell of stone dust
and the earth they were cut from;
the incense, the smeared, musky perfume,
is gone, blown away, dried up.
Some, we have covered their genitals,
pumiced off their pubic hair,
and tacked them up like starfish.
Others, we have draped their breasts
with stone folds and sweetened their mouth
with chisels.
But most of them, displayed in museums,
standing in gardens and corridors,
stare straight ahead,
dangerous,
focused beyond the vanishing point
of a dead sculptor's brain.
And the rituals,
the rituals have stopped.

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Peter R. Gould

THE NEW GEOGRAPHY



opulation map of the United States, drawn by a computer at the University of Michigan.

Fast cars and mammoth trucks have a fascination for children. Often, leaving school in the afternoon, youngsters fill up the hours before dinner by taking the longest way home, the way that takes them through heavily congested areas and across much-traveled roads. What can be done to insure that the children and the cars don't collide? In Sweden, a group of men are studying just such a problem so that school sites and traffic routes can be located to minimize the dangers. Professionally, such men are known as geographers.

During the last ten years, geography—a subject you may remember from your own school days as crammed with dull lists of places to be memorized—has exploded. Geographers today are intrigued by the order and regularity they find in the patterns, structures, arrangements, and relationships of man's work on the face of the earth. They want to find out how things hang together in geographic space, why things are where they are, how they got there, and what processes and forces are shaping and molding "things mappable." Increasingly they construct those compressions, simplifications, and abstractions that contemporary social and behavioral scientists term models of the real world. Their work has vitally important contributions to make in diverse realms of modern life. In fact, according to the distinguished economist Kenneth Boulding, geography today has "caught the vision of the study of the earth as a total system, and it has strong claims to be the queen of the human sciences."

Unlike their colleagues in the physical sciences, workers in social and behavioral fields seldom have a chance to conduct highly controlled experiments. Perhaps for this reason, tried and true bodies of theory are rare in geography. But there is one quite major exception—Central Place Theory. Central places are those intense agglomerations of human activity where goods are bought and sold, where ideas are exchanged, and where social, cultural, political, and religious institutions are located for the convenience of the people living around them. In plainer language, they are, in fact, our familiar cities and towns and villages. The basic question the geographer asks is this: Are these critical foci of human life scattered higgledy-piggledy across the landscape? Or is there order in the varying size and spacing—if only we can be clever enough to find it? It is not an easy question to answer, for in most parts of the world we are dealing with a very dynamic, ongoing process of growth and movement with many random elements to it, and we cannot say, "Keep still, dammit! Stay put for a while until I see what's going on!" And yet technical advances are making

it increasingly feasible to measure the patterns that towns make on a landscape. At the University of Michigan, for instance, Waldo Tobler has recently taken a microphotograph of the towns and villages in the Nile Delta, and placed it in front of a laser beam. The laser transforms the pattern of towns into a wavelike pattern of bright and dark light, and skilled interpretation provides the geographer with evidence that regularities exist even where patterns have been shaped by a host of individual decisions acting over long reaches of time.

Why should there be satisfying rules of order and regularity? Imagine (geographers have vivid imaginations) that we have towns of equal size represented by corks floating in a large wooden tub. Into the corks we stick bar magnets of equal strength, with the same poles sticking up, so that each cork forces its neighbors away. How do the corks arrange themselves? With each one pushing all the others away, clearly the pattern will be a hexagonal one. In the same way, if you were locked in a large room with others, and were then told that one unknown person had bubonic plague, you too would try to maximize your distance from the rest. We can think of towns similarly competing for space—and, of course, for the trade of the people who we assume are evenly scattered across the land.

In actual fact, of course, people are not dotted uniformly across the land and, far from staying still, they move away from the countryside and from town to town. Patterns of resources are lumped like cold butter on a piece of bread, and towns tend to huddle around them. Even so, the basic principles underlying the simple hexagonal patterns of central places, from which many more sophisticated explanations have grown, can still be faintly seen in certain parts of the world. In many of the flat farming areas of the Midwest, for example, large towns are farther apart than smaller ones because they need all the people in their large hinterlands to support specialized stores and activities—a symphony orchestra, a hospital, a delicatessen with choice gourmet foods.

The smaller places nest within the shadows of their big brothers, and these in turn fit within the huge urban fields of the great metropolitan centers that increasingly dominate the pattern of American life.

The Chinese, under the prerevolutionary system, also had their towns distributed in a remarkably even, latticelike pattern across the North China Plain, and their administrative hierarchy was reflected in the size and spacing of their central places. It will be interesting to see what h- pens to the human geography of these under t impress of a very different political arrangeme

In Sweden, where it is geographers who loc new services (such as hospitals) to maximize th accessibility, central-place considerations h been at the root of recent suggestions to scrap medieval political system of apportionment, a rearrange old units into new regions focus upon major towns. America, too, is facing pr lems of political apportionment, and the ar from which the people send their representati must be devised from smaller voting distri grouped together under the geographical c straints of contiguity and compactness. Otherw men are *not* equal; depending upon the shape a size of your district, the vote you cast will worth more or less than the votes of your fell countrymen.

In the underdeveloped world, some of the for colonial areas have called upon geographers a regional planners to arrange the spacing of th towns and administrative centers *before* planned processes of urban growth produce ar in the hinterlands not properly covered by agric tural, medical, and educational personnel.

Far from being an esoteric construct of the a demic world, the theory of central places is c tributing everywhere to the solution of real a very human problems. And yet, in its brief h tory, there is one sad and even foolish element. T foundations of the theory were laid in the 19 by the German geographer Walter Christaller scholar for years without honor in his own co try. Like the spatial economist August Lös whose opposition to Nazism led to a pover stricken death during the second world war, W ter Christaller has lived a penurious existence yond the walls of Germany's universities. Tod a white-haired and much beloved figure, he h been honored by invitations from the Internati al Geographical Union, and has received the G Medal from the King of Sweden, the highest g graphical award that country can bestow. But tempts by American geographers to honor t man, who saw so much further into the beauty geographic order than his colleagues, almost fail a few years ago. Walter Christaller, as a distress

Peter R. Gould, now professor of geography Penn State, was an English child refugee in t U.S. during World War II. After doing his N tional Service in Malaya, 1951-52, he came bo to this country and studied at Colgate and Nor western, where he took a Ph.D. He has spent t years in Ghana and Tanzania.

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young German of the Twenties, joined the Communist party. Although in later years his theories were viciously attacked by Soviet geographers, the United States has refused to issue him a visa. As a result, the Association of American Geographers, in an unprecedented action, gave him their outstanding award *in absentia*. Today America remains the only country in the world to which this gentle and lonely scholar has been refused admittance.

The Route of the Rotary Club

Brilliant theorists account in part for the "geographical revolution" of recent years. But credit must also go to major advances in the size and speed of electronic machines, which have increased the geographer's computing ability nearly a million-fold. At the touch of a button, geographers can now have maps plotted with large amounts of data, on a variety of projections, that formerly would have taken hundreds of hours to construct by hand. Maps in Sweden are already published with social facts and figures plotted by computers in their geographical locations, and Canada's computerized geographical data bank is ready to roll. The implications of such advances for regional and national planning are obvious.

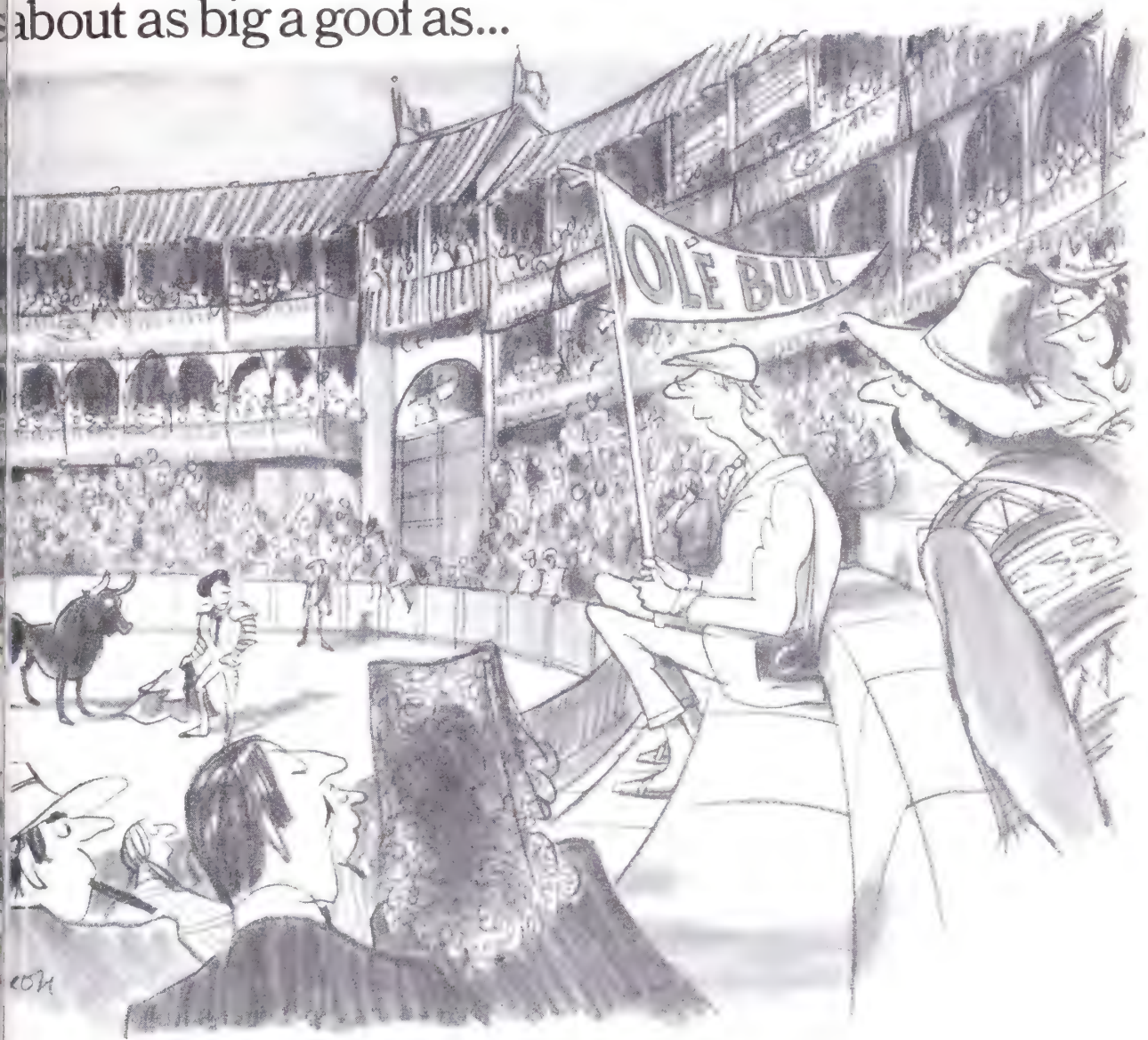
Computers can also process the information we receive from satellites, information that would otherwise overwhelm us by its sheer amount. Today geographers are working with others in the esoteric fields of remote-sensing and pattern recognition. Although a person slowly scanning an air photograph of an area may find it difficult to distinguish one gray tone from another, machines can identify various crop and vegetation patterns if their images are recorded on a broad spectrum of ten wave bands, instead of the single band of visible light. When we know more about these "spectral signatures," we shall be able to have worldwide, annual surveys of diseased and healthy plants recording how much food the human family has, where it is, and what the surplus and deficit areas will be for that year.

Other significant patterns can be spotted by the naked eye. The roads we drive on, the cities and towns we pass through, the farms with their crops and buildings—all form distinctive arrangements that are constantly and slowly changing. Many of the patterns are the result of diffusion processes. Fads such as hula hoops, super balls, and surf clothing sweep across the country from innovation centers such as southern California; Rotary Clubs, television and broadcasting stations, and pizza parlors spread from city to city, moving out fro the large Eastern and Midwestern towns and dow the urban hierarchy to form distinctive pieces c American life. Both the profound and trivial idea and innovations that influence our lives are mo ing faster and faster across geographic space a technology speeds up the whole process of com munication. Think of the time it took us to lear of Kennedy's death compared to the time it too for the country to hear of Lincoln's.

How do geographers study the way news trav els? Consider an agricultural area where farm ers are gradually adopting an innovation—perhap a new breed of corn. The "rules" that guide an shape this pattern of adoption as it seeps acros the land will be complicated, because we are deal ing with human beings, but we can simplify then for the moment and start by imagining a gri overlaying a map of the farming area, with a num ber of potential adopters of the innovation re corded in each cell. Supposing one farmer trie out the new breed of corn and finds that it is suc cessful. Will there be any overall regularity an order to the way in which his findings become known to other farmers? As we might expect studies have shown that the intensity of communication falls off quite regularly with distance. We can imagine, therefore, a communication "field" around our farmer which shows the direction and distance his news will probably travel. This is symbolized by a second, and smaller grid floating over the map; the cells in this smaller grid can be assigned various probability values—small ones far away and large ones close to the central cell—indicating the likelihood that the glad tidings about the corn will reach them. If we let this grid settle over each of the first few adopters of a new idea in turn, and assign new adopters by drawing random numbers, we can predict where the innovation will take hold next.

Gradually the geographer can increase the complexity of an abstract description like this one to take account of barriers to communication. Some of them may be physical (such as mountains or lakes). Some of them may be cultural (because different religious or linguistic groups in an area may talk more to their own kind than to the strangers "across the divide"). Or the barriers may be in the minds of men, and another set of probabilities may be chosen to represent the likelihood of a farmer adopting an innovation on the first, second, or third telling. In the end the geographer has a model that will simulate a very complex process indeed. And, although he cannot turn the clock back and say "suppose in 1963, when the corn was introduced, a different pattern of first

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adopters existed—what then?" he can now turn his computer back to time zero, assign a new set of innovators to his model and run it once more. Thanks to the Swedish geographer Törsten Hägerstrand, a body of evidence is building up that different ideas spread with a fair degree of consistency, so that if we know how one idea moved in a region, we can make some reasonable guesses about the way similar ideas will follow.

Geographers also use simulation approaches in urban areas to tackle problems at quite a different scale. The very process of urban growth is in a sense a diffusion of the city outwards into the green countryside, an expansion that first gobbles up agricultural land along the main arteries, and then slowly oozes and fills in the gaps. While realistic simulations of city growth and land use are still beyond the capacity of even large computers, similar diffusion processes have been studied within the city itself and along sections of the expanding urban fringe. Richard Morrill, of the University of Washington has, for example, simulated the growth of Seattle's Negro ghetto by building a model in which the rules assign probabilities for new migrants moving to ghetto blocks, while barriers of white resistance erode under the hammering of "block-busting" tactics. Is any knowledge about our cities more relevant than this mappable process?

Like a Laboratory Rat?

Obviously, today's geographers are reaching far out into the borderlands of their discipline, working with other kinds of scientists in those broad, overlapping areas where problems do not fit neatly into tidy intellectual boxes. One of the most vital "clusters" of current activity might be labeled "perceptual and behavioral geography." Many people still have a vague feeling that geography studies the way the environment determines men's actions. Notions of environmental determinism can still occasionally be found, but responsible scholars have come to see that the way in which men *perceive* their environment (rather than the environment proper) may be of critical importance in explaining many of the patterns of human activity on the earth.

Some of the most distinguished work in this area comes from Gilbert White and his students at the University of Chicago. White and other geographers are gradually building up a body of knowledge about the ways in which men try to control and respond to the vagaries of nature as they understand them. In the United States, a sequence of studies has explored the way in wh people's perception of environmental hazard s related to public and private decisions to loc e industries, agricultural activities, and residen l areas on flood plains and along storm-lashed co - al areas. The whole question of the mistakes r n make in using space is a vital one, and a num r of studies, from Sweden to Tanzania, have sho n that agricultural patterns, for example, are in - cient because men learn to use the informat n available to them so slowly.

Consider the European farmers in Tanza a who, against the advice of plant-breeding s - tions, perceived Mount Kilimanjaro's lower slo , where rainfall variability was high, as a sensi e place to plant wheat. Sometimes their crops w e good ones, but in other years low rainfall, r w kinds of rust, and swarms of dioch finches wh stripped the wheat fields bare, flung the farm s back to the higher, well-watered slopes. Farm s do not like being compared to white rats, but j t as a rat who is fed if he turns right while mov through a maze, and starved if he turns left, gr - ually learns to make the correct choice, so farm choosing wheat varieties in areas where new r - tations of wheat rust are common may have th behavior reinforced by the sight of blacke l grain at harvest time.

Not that men's perceptions of an environm are changed only by disasters. As technolo changes, and as new alternatives become availa areas once considered worthless may suddenly come valuable, so that whole patterns of land u shift. In New Guinea, where the people of t mountain areas have a technology reminiscent the Stone Age, old and long-established patte of land use have changed under the impact of new cash economy. Where, formerly, valley b toms were cultivated and the steeper slop ignored, today the pattern is completely reverse new coffee and banana farms spread over t mountainsides, leaving the valleys to grow ov with brush.

Simple farming people sometimes have a ve deep understanding about their land and the cro it will support, and when they choose to farm in way that appears inefficient to the "expert" th may, in fact, reap more bountiful harvests in t long run. In parts of Ceylon, for example, farme deliberately grow a number of different varieti of rice, some of which produce smaller crops th the highest-yielding strains. But different va eties reach maturity at different times, so th the harvest period is stretched out and all the ri can be safely gathered in. Fields with a sing strain of high-yielding rice would ripen at t



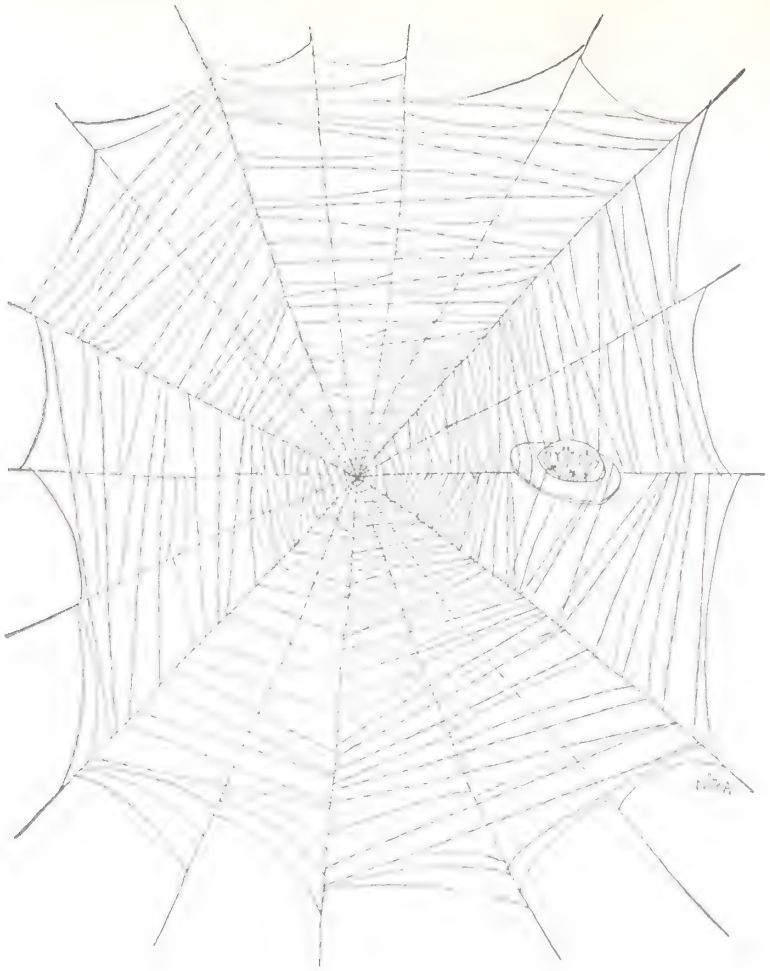
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Heidi wouldn't lie.



same time, overwhelming the villages' limited labor supply. Thanks to the research of the geographer Warren Thornthwaite, and his Laboratory of Climatology in New Jersey, the same principles of "programming" the harvest period to prevent sudden floods of vegetables and fruits are being applied in modern America, and solving a good many problems for companies that sell frozen foods.

In a sense, everyone from the simplest farmer to the most sophisticated scholar arranges his life according to his own "mental maps," which may or may not reflect reality. Many people in the northern United States, for instance, have rather similar, pleasant impressions of northern California, Washington, Vermont, and Connecticut, as opposed to Alabama, Mississippi, and the Dakotas. Geographers have constructed perception surfaces, showing where in America groups of university students in California, Minnesota, and Pennsylvania would like to live. Apart from local peaks around the points from which the samples were taken, the generalized mental maps match to a remarkable degree. People tend to carry in their heads an image of America with a high ridge desirability along the West Coast that falls steep over Utah and Nevada. While the overall trend the perception surface is downwards as one mov toward the East, there is a definite peak ov Colorado and a low sinkhole over the Dakotas. about the one hundredth meridian, the surfa changes its general orientation by ninety degree with a low perceptual trough over Mississippi ar Alabama that rises slowly northwards to th Mason-Dixon line. Here the gradient, with a loc around depressed Appalachia, increases sharp to the second major peak of the surface over Ne York and New England. The geographer who co structed the perception surfaces does not clai that they are "true," but they do show, in ver general terms, the geographical images tha groups of widely separated students hold. The raise a host of questions about the future migra tory movements of this very mobile generatio and about new patterns of location for many the newer, footloose industries in the U. S.

Similar maps constructed for university st dents in Ghana, who were asked to evaluate th



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desirability of districts for government service, have raised similar planning questions. One of Africa's great problems is to get well-educated people out of the burgeoning cities where the lights shine so brightly in the minds of men and into the backward, rural areas where teachers and administrators are so desperately needed. Alaska offers higher salaries to get teachers, and the Soviet Union provides incentive payments to lure young men and women to the large construction jobs in her expanding Siberian cities. Perhaps salaries for government service should be inversely related to the hills and valleys of perception surfaces that men overlay upon real geographic space.

New Questions for Schools

The vitality of the new geography is not confined to the research level. Like their colleagues in mathematics, physics, and the biological sciences, a number of geographers are deeply concerned about the quality of high-school teaching. In a country where many planning decisions depend on people's ability to judge and weigh various alternatives, and in an age where knowledge and understanding of our planetary home is crucial, we are still turning out geographical illiterates. European and Japanese children, by contrast, cut their spatial teeth on eight years of geographical instruction. But the deep distress of many professional geographers and teachers is now resulting in action. Supported by the National Science Foundation and sponsored by the Association of American Geographers, the High School Project has already tested a number of new instructional units in the schools. They offer an imaginative body of concepts that can be applied to a variety of particular situations.

Since the majority of America's children are growing up in large urban areas, much of the instruction is built around the dynamic problems within and between these areas of dense and still-growing population. "How does a city grow?" the class is asked. "What happens in those spaces of America that have received more and more people and industries over the past century and a half?" Students start with a plastic map of "Portsville," and begin to build a city in a series of stages. In the early years, before modern transportation facilities appear, the growth is highly restricted, but still decisions about the use of the land in the embryonic city must be made. Where will houses go when they are competing for space with new industries in an era when movement away from the center of things is very costly and time-consuming? Gradually the city is built up with symbols of different colors representing all the varieties of land use in the town. And what happens during the next period as first horse-drawn and then electric tramways make travel easier? How does the use of the land in the city change—and why? What will become of those residential areas on the tramway lines when commuter railways and automobiles appear? As the friction of distance declines under the impact of technological innovations, land considered worthless at one time soars in value and the students bid against one another for it. Should there be controls? What about zoning some areas before it is too late? Do we really need parks now? Or shall we let the green spaces be swallowed up?

In a sequence of realistic case studies, the students also work through the political aspects of a variety of locational decisions. Why did Worcester, Massachusetts, get a new medical school whose very presence raises the income of the town so that stores expand and new employment opportunities soar? A number of other towns bid for it. Was Worcester the best location? What do we mean by "best location"? Why did Brazil make the purely political decision to locate its new capital, Brasilia, deep in the interior, far from the major nodes of economic activity on the coast?

Whatever their location, human settlements require daily infusions of food, energy, and water to keep them going. Our freshwater resources—those ubiquitous, take-it-for-granted, relax-they'll-always-be-there resources—are dwindling under the increasing pressure we place upon them. And so a further unit of the High School Project focuses upon the water cycle: how water is carried and stored, how energy is transferred from one area to another, and how the availability, storage and control of water form crucial components in the regional development of America's future.

Linkages between cities also produce patterns and structures that are constantly changing as new transportation facilities, such as interstate highway systems, are superimposed upon older patterns. Students may examine relationships between towns in a small agricultural region, where simple notions of central-place theory provide a coherent, organizing framework; or they may focus upon the expansion of large cities on the Eastern Seaboard. In either case, the new geography stresses the spatial *dynamics* of American life. It hammers home a message: "Don't just sit there! Think about the future of your land. Is the present course of events going to lead to the America you want?" It is a message adults ought to be getting too.

Harper's Magazine, March 1969

Kodak



In hope of doing each other some good

product represents a new line of business we are ing. It has a connection with the photography busi- for which we are better known. The connection is g one but easy to follow. The story is encouraging, ıctive, and possibly important.

fty years ago movies were dangerous in a sense now forgotten. Film and guncotton were chemically very ar. Film caught fire then and burned violently. Pro- ɔn booths had to be so built that at least the audience t escape incineration. We figured if we could lick problem we could bring movies into the home. So id, and made a lot of money. We also hired a lot people. Many of them soon found they needed tants. To support the assistants, sales had to grow nore.

ne way they grew was through more outlets for the lose acetate that replaced the dangerous cellulose te. One line of development led into plastics, another fibers for clothes. Modifications in the cellulose ate for these different needs called for much research. ighty body of cellulose ester technology developed. ow we are at the end of the sixties. Questions are d whether the ubiquitous photographic images, the pretty plastics, and the man-made fibers on the person and on the floor are worth loss of a world where the waters once ran clean.

Water? Now take those cellulose acetate membranes that the chaps from the polymer technology lab are displaying above. Take them, as other technology companies will take them from us, and put them inside equipment that receives bad water, brackish water, sea water, radioactivity-contaminated water, or water carrying many other kinds of things in solution. Out comes water freed of a very high percentage of its load.

Those companies see a public demand for clean water not in place of the comforts of technology but as one such comfort. There is plenty for them to do in building the equipment. All we say is that our cellulose ester technology, born out of the more narrowly perceived wants of bygone years and blended with contributions of others, can now take on responsibility for the yet incompletely understood "reverse osmosis" interface where the separation happens.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY An equal-opportunity employer

From the Other Side of the Moon

by Irving Howe

Steps, by Jerzy Kosinski. Random House, $4.95.

Jerzy Kosinski was born in Poland in 1933. He lived through the war and then the Stalinist occupation of his country; at the age of twenty-four he came to the United States. He has since published two works of social commentary and two of fiction, *The Painted Bird* (1965) and *Steps* (1968). He writes in English, and by some miracle of training, which recalls the linguistic bravado of Conrad and Nabokov, he is already a master of a pungent and disciplined English prose. Simply as a stylist, Kosinski has few equals among American novelists born to the language. And I have also become convinced, after reading *Steps*, that he is one of the most gifted new figures to appear in our literature for some years.

Steps is an experimental work, which is partly to say that it follows upon the "tradition of the new" that has dominated Western writing for the past century but that it also deviates sharply in tone and technique from that tradition —otherwise it could no longer be described as experimental. It is a work highly problematic in aesthetic strategy and moral implication, and even after two careful readings I do not pretend to grasp it fully. All I hope is that I will not gloss over my puzzlement by means of an overheated "literary" rhetoric, such as overwhelmed reviewers often employ to mask their difficulties.

Kosinski's first piece of fiction, *The Painted Bird*, apart from being a brilliant work in its own right, offers some clues to his literary intentions. *The Painted Bird* is organized as an autobiographical recollection of the sufferings endured by a six-year-old boy who in the fall of 1939 was sent from a large city in Eastern Europe, "like thousands of other children, to the shelter of a distant village." Written with a rapacious intensity, *The Painted Bird* charts the boy's wanderings from village to village: hunted, beaten, starved, violated. The world of the East European peasants comes to seem a brute double of the Nazis' technological horrors, and at the very least the book should burn out all notions about noble savages and primitive creatures of earth. Kosinski's theme appears to be the spiritual interchangeability between backward and advanced civilizations, their union in hate. ("No death is granted to hate," he writes in a commentary on his novel, "it follows in the wake of life, and as the tail is part of the comet, so is hate a part of life itself.") The final effect of *The Painted Bird*, described by its author as "an attempt to peel the gloss off the world," is like that of a Bosch painting or a Bunuel film: often literally unbearable, so that one rushes to agree with Bunuel when he remarks about the book, "I had to stop a couple of times, almost terrified by some of its chapters."

About Kosinski's powers for graphic evocation there can be no doubt, but finally one wonders whether there is not in this book a numbing surplus of brutality. *The Painted Bird* comes to seem too close to that which it portrays, too much at the mercy of its nightmare. Literature is not life, and there is a question —at least there always has been—as to how much of the world's gloss can be peeled off in a book. About the possibilities for peeling in the world itself we all know.

As a self-conscious artist, Kosinski seems to have been aware of these problems and decided to free himself from expressionist detail while searching for another form, more serene in its external dress and likelier to allow for symbolic compression and ellipsis.

Steps is the kind of fiction a critic finds easy to evoke but difficul scribe. It communicates the der atmosphere of Europe in the rian age, and also, perhaps, the natory self-displacement that whenever a man looks too close own experience. The materials of terror, violence, corruption, a dence; the tone is that of an "classical" lucidity. Somewher lurks in the background, as lo the illogical, and Camus too, as i of motives; but these are i thoroughly absorbed. Kosinsk from the other side of the moon heat, beyond protest, beyond al

Steps is very short. It conta two dozen miniature episodes nettes, among which are inte extremely biting fragments of c tion, printed in italic, between t of a man and a woman either fore or just after the sexual ac fragments of conversation seem in time present, between ch neither named nor located, w episodes or vignettes are in ti The latter are arranged not in ditional time-sequence of the no an integrated movement of inci as to form a coherent action; pear, instead, as a group—I w to say "a series," but that is j remains in question of panels leaux in a juxtaposed simulta recollection and fantasy. The ships among these panels of inci apparently meant to be "spati is, to be perceived as if on a flat and thereby freed from the ol

Mr. Howe has written on "Pol the Novel" and other critical and is editor of "Dissent." Cur is a Fellow of the Center for A Study of the Behavioral Sci Stanford University.

ental narrative. Sequence is
causality dissolved, coherence

res who appear in these pan-
names: they represent a still
ep in the emptying-out of life
almost been completed in *The*
ird, where the characters did,
retain first names. Nor do the
Steps have much visible rela-
e another, except insofar as
nge on the narrator, also un-
"I" who cryptically but with
e dredges up pieces of mem-
"pieces," but Kosinski does
indulge in what some critics
fallacy of imitative form,"
hat the depiction of chaos re-
rks that are themselves chaotic
t partake in the chaotic. Each
in *Steps* is beautifully com-
dered with a polished icy dis-

ames too are withheld, though
s are given. It becomes clear
t of the incidents are set in
uring and after the war, that
tor lives in a country ruled by
ty" under circumstances sug-
ommunist Poland, and that he
es to America, where he under-
eral bits of comic initiation,
t like the protagonist of
Amerika.

st incident shows a man—"I"—
in a European country and
p a girl by a display of magic:
zzled by his credit cards, which
m to purchase anything he may
e *guesses* this incident to occur
stwar years, and to represent a
time simultaneous with the in-
hat come at the end.

follow remembered incidents
from detached horror to the
zarre. A woman copulates with
al somewhere in the countryside
rn Europe while peasants bet
lepth to which she can be en-
soldier escapes from a tiresome
rade and, caught asleep by his
utes his captors with member
wo civilians are killed casually,
nnoticed, in a military maneu-
voman is discovered by the nar-
a village, locked in a cage and
barbaric amusements; the local
orced to defend his silence be-
s ghastliness, shows no repent-
e narrator, hiding with farmers
the war, is mercilessly beaten
es his revenge by enticing the
children to swallow ground
ater, the same narrator watches
e of a girl friend, and learns in
ence how to inflict upon her a
f psychic defilements. After the
becomes a student at the Univer-



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sity and befriends a young man who, in order to escape Party surveillance, hides himself in toilet-stalls, his "temples," until discovered and destroyed. Hiding in an abandoned factory, the narrator kills an old watchman gratuitously, simply to study the reactions of a victim. And meanwhile, during the interspersed talk with his mistress, there are suggested a range of sexual perversions.

We have here, then, the standard repertoire of modern—or if you prefer, human—horrors, but it soon becomes absolutely clear that none of this is meant merely to shock. One is at times unnerved and at other times perversely aroused; but the pain of attention is never eased. As the reader tries to mobilize his resources to perceive some order in Kosinski's materials, he does not doubt for a minute that the episodes themselves are remarkable. The prose is lean, fierce, stripped, tremendously graphic; indeed, so subject to the matter at hand it cannot be quoted with advantage.

Meanwhile the paradox of this writing, as perhaps of all such writing, is that even while Kosinski, in a comment on *Steps*, claims that it has "no plot in the Aristotelian sense" and that its content "precludes a sequential or objective ordering of time," a major pleasure in reading the book derives from the "Aristotelian" plot of each incident, so compressed and lapidary it might be called the plot of a plot.

And a still more urgent paradox: stripped though the book is of ordinary personality or character and thereby of individual psychology, and indifferent as it appears to be to precise denotations of significance, *Steps* arouses an intense eagerness, indeed an accumulating anxiety, for the reestablishment of traditional order: that is, for taking the panels of incident and arranging them in one's mind as the coherent "Aristotelian" action Kosinski has declared inappropriate to his material.

The effect resembles that of other fictions composed in our century. If you read Virginia Woolf's *To the Lighthouse*, you struggle desperately to extract from its stream of subjective impression an articulated action; if you read a Robbe-Grillet novel, you struggle desperately to extract from his charting of pure gesture an articulated psychology. Perhaps, then, there is inherent in our way of perceiving human conduct [illegible] the urge to order? Perhaps the Aristotelian principle of sequence, accumulation, and resolution is not just "another" convention like all usable literary conventions, but is rather a principle conforming to a need [illegible]

Kosinski, in his own comment on *Steps*, makes things a little too easy for himself:

> Each incident . . . is morally ambiguous. The reader is guided to an area of experience but he must digest the experience by himself. His gain is the product of his own sifting through and refining of much of the author's imagery. The reader should do this unconsciously, leaving each episode with a tingle of recognition, an intimation—no more. . . . Given these experiences . . . he will perceive the work in a form of his own devising, automatically filling in its intentionally loose construction with his own formulated experiences and fantasies.

Clever; but I do not believe it. And what is more, if I may be forgiven for falling back on authority, I doubt that the great critics of the past would have believed it, either. Kosinski does himself an injustice, since his work has a more authoritative, even commanding structure than he allows. While it is true that every reader brings to a work of fiction, or anything else, "his own formulated experiences and fantasies"—he does this even with so classically lucid a work as *Tom Jones*—it is not at all true that he will be content to leave each episode, let alone the entire work, "with a tingle of recognition, an intimation—no more." That is often the state one experiences after a first reading, but I am convinced that serious readers must go further. Whatever degree of unconscious activity may go into the composition of a novel, it must be read and evaluated through a rational consciousness. No matter how recalcitrant or obscure a work may be, one must try to discover in it principles of structural order and implications of moral life. Which does not necessarily mean that I, or anyone else, always can.

The structural problem of *Steps*, as I've already suggested, is that of the inner relationship of parts: do the steps form a staircase? The very title is provocative, since steps—even in dreams—lead somewhere: up or down, to or away from castles. There can, I suppose, even be circular staircases, provided someone like Kosinski designs them. To see if I could come up with an answer, I jotted down in outline the main incidents of the book, hoping thereby to establish some kind of sequence or pattern; but I could not find any direct line through time.

At least as an image for the breakdown of connection and cognition, all of this jumble seems possible: an author may so conceive it. But as soon as he tries to create a literary work w[illegible] *parts* and thereby internal rela[illegible] the steps cannot be entirely "al[illegible] communicate the sense of "alc[illegible] the steps must be arranged i[illegible] kind of pattern. It's the parado[illegible] the paradox making it into a d[illegible] that chaos can be adequatel[illegible] sented only through versions [illegible] ence.

Steps, circles, spirals, [illegible] image or arrangement we prop[illegible] difficulties remain and with th[illegible] damental questions which we [illegible] be unwilling to ask out of a fear [illegible] ing unsophisticated. Is there a [illegible] ing reason why one incident fol[illegible] other? Would the symmetry an[illegible] icance, the graphic vividness [illegible] be impaired if certain incidents [illegible] shuffled or omitted entirely? Is t[illegible] tieth incident dependent for it[illegible] on the fact that it comes after [illegible] nineteen? Such questions can so[illegible] ish, and I ask them out of a c[illegible] that it's time critics were willin[illegible] sounding foolish. What is more [illegible] the standard answers only too w[illegible] I often use them in the classr[illegible] in print. But either "non-Aris[illegible] art will find its own Aristotle[illegible] may end up drifting back to Ar[illegible]

Steps signify some kind of [illegible] and here, in grappling with th[illegible] we can feel a great deal more[illegible] mainly because Kosinski is so [illegible] a writer—indeed too good a[illegible] merely to be content with "a t[illegible] recognition, an intimation." Th[illegible] tor's journey comes to seem a [illegible] stripping or destruction of soc[illegible] sonality as it is enforced by t[illegible] sures of social experience. In [illegible] relative social harmony we can [illegible] our lives more or less at peace [illegible] roles available to us; but wher[illegible] bears down too heavily, we crac[illegible] ourselves—it's a fine touch tha[illegible] ski's narrator, shortly after co[illegible] America and still feeling threat[illegible] encounters with other people, [illegible] pass himself off as a deaf-mut[illegible] there are people who believe, the[illegible] that the kind of stripped self t[illegible] Kosinski's "I" has cut through [illegible] bared to sex and violence, is hur[illegible] "true self," but I think they are [illegible] wrong and even guilty of a mo[illegible] against whatever defines us as [illegible] No, this "true self" is a depriv[illegible] abandoned one: deprived of th[illegible] cumstances which enable us [illegible] abandoned by God and man.

Finally, then, we reach the p[illegible] what is Kosinski's tacit moral va[illegible] of this stripping of self he has po[illegible] in *Steps*? We have no trouble ir[illegible]

ne abstracted verisimilitude of
's episodes: all of modern life
ature has prepared us for them.
e is a trouble in making out the
between writer and narrative,
what the "I" registers and
sinski would have us respond.
something extremely unnerving
he detachment, seemingly the
water, which rules this book:
e the distance in the Kierke-
n scheme between an inacces-
d and helpless man.

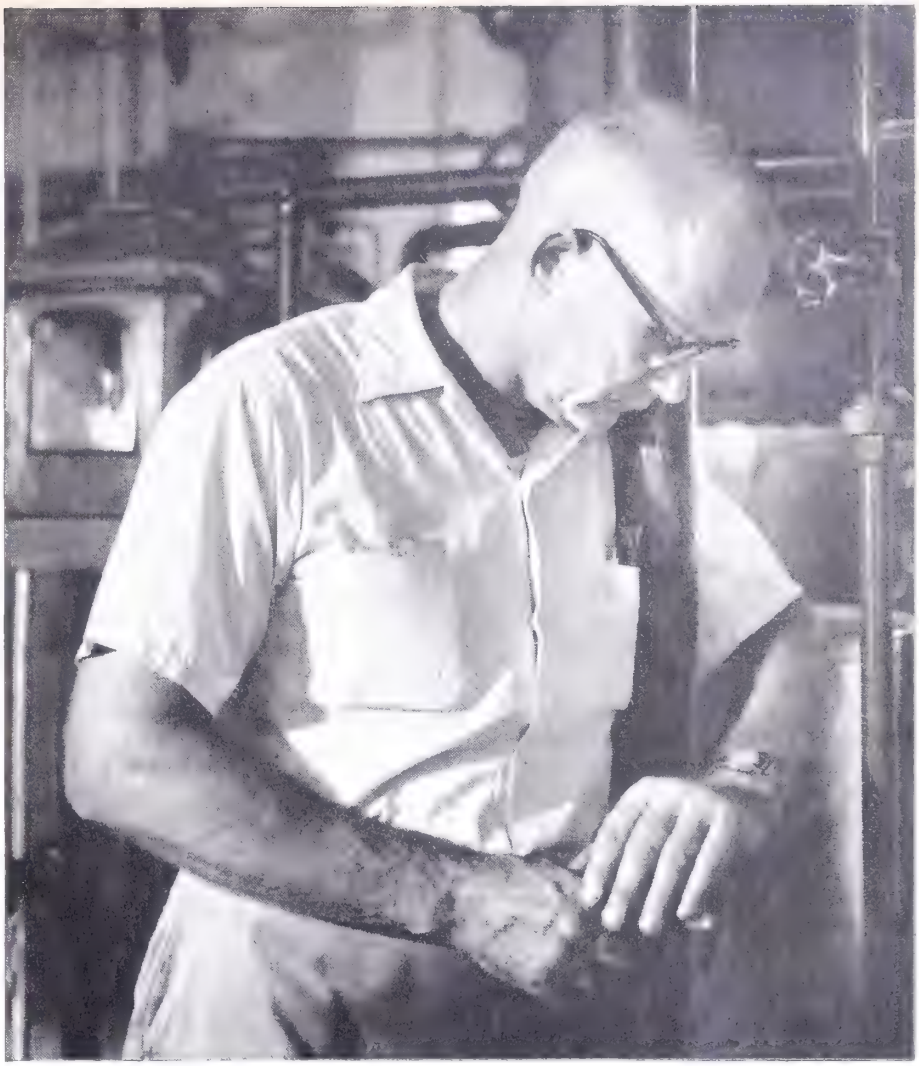
hat are we to make of a detach-
emingly beyond judgment, be-
ger, beyond grief? In peeling off
ss of the world," Kosinski writes
vere a world from which he had
his ties, or to change the figure,
e were an astronomer locating
rs.

ven while registering this un-
of mine, I want to say a word in
on to it. The evil he records is
is making; the messenger is not
med for the news; and perhaps,
he stars are dead. If, as I think,
a kind of immoralism in the
f pure spectator, I see no reason
se that Kosinski does not know
d one must also remind oneself
kind of aesthetic discipline that
o a book like *Steps* is made pos-
ly by an urgent moral passion,
a passion for the moment un-
invisible.

earches for clues . . . The dedica-
To my father, a mild man." I'm
e how much can be made of a
on in discussing a work of fic-
t the key word here is "mild,"
an be seen as a kind of opposi-
all that is depicted in the book.
ere is an epigraph taken from
agavad Gita:

r the uncontrolled there is no
om, nor for the uncontrolled is
e the power of concentration;
for him without concentration
e is no peace. And for the un-
eful, how can there be happi-
?

ume Kosinski used this passage
sons more urgent than to justify
rmous control with which he has
; I assume the epigraph, like
lication, is meant as a counter-
what the narrator sees and dis-
step by step. But if so, we are
t with questions. Where are we
the steps that take men from the
niverse of this novel to the moral
e suggested by the sentences
he Bhagavad Gita? How does the
of *Steps* return to a world in
he figures of an action can again
with names? [ ]



OUR STILLER doesn't hold much for instruments and formulas in making Jack Daniel's. To him, it's a matter of feeling out the run.

Our stiller will admit to having a few gauges around. And he knows there's a formula for making whiskey somewhere. But he goes by instinct and experience. He knows the run is ready by the sound it makes pumping through the still. That's the way his father and uncle before him and Mr. Jack before them did it. And a taste of Jack Daniel's, we think, will tell you we're well off to have his kind of know-how.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

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A Rose for Emily

by Justin Kaplan

Etiquette: In Society, In Business, In Politics, and At Home, by Emily Post. A Replica of the 1922 Edition. Funk & Wagnalls, $10.
Emily Post's Etiquette, Twelfth Revised Edition, by Elizabeth L. Post. Funk & Wagnalls, $6.95.

Visiting this country in 1831, Mrs. Frances Trollope (the novelist's mother) observed that a typical American theater audience was like nothing she had known at home. "The noises were perpetual, and of the most unpleasant kind," she wrote. "Men came into the lower tier of boxes without their coats." "The spitting was incessant." "The mixed smell of onions and whiskey" made her regret she was not back in her room working on other notes for *The Domestic Manners of the Americans*. Her book caused considerable anguish on this side of the Atlantic, and along with other accounts of our domestic manners, such as Dickens' *Martin Chuzzlewit*, it helped stir up, in loyal and corrective response, a home-grown literature of etiquette and improvement books big enough to deserve its own excellent history (Arthur M. Schlesinger's *Learning How to Behave*, published in 1947). Even so, that literature was possibly bigger than it was availing. Ninety years after Mrs. Trollope's book Emily Post still had to remind her readers (all of whom, by the ingenious conventions of her book, aspired to belong to or at least imitate "best society") that in the theater it is "very inconsiderate to giggle and talk" and to drag your coat "across the heads of those sitting in front of you." She also reminded her readers that by the strict code which governs behavior in opera boxes as well as drawing rooms, a gentleman removes his rubbers before entering.

Mrs. Post's *Etiquette: In Society, In Business, In Politics, and At Home*, published in 1922 in a modest edition of 5,000 copies, went on, of course, to a position of commanding authority in its field. Now, 47 years, about a million copies, and 99 printings later, we have a "replica" of the first *Etiquette* and also a new twelfth edition, revised by Elizabeth L. Post, who is married to Emily Post's grandson and divides her time between Westchester and Martha's Vineyard. By these two editions, social history and social utility are being served simultaneously and with v degrees of success.

Emily Post, as she herself reco when she wrote her book, was som of an anachronism, the product f family, background, and bank a which, it seemed, had been put on in order to turn little girls into *g dames*. Born in Baltimore in 1 spectacularly popular debutante i married to a society banker in York, she turned to writing pa support herself and her two sons her marriage broke up. Young and some, already the author of a cou novels, she was one of the li ladies (along with Willa Cathe Dorothy Canfield) who celebrated Twain's seventieth birthday at a formal banquet at Delmonico's in Seventeen years later, when she her etiquette book, the word "p (according to a newspaper colu 1922 discussing F. Scott Fitzg *The Beautiful and Damned*) had to mean a gathering of person have a 'good time' only when stimulated by strong waters." Re against hip-flask America, Mrs. was determined to protect and pe ate the decorums of her own up ing: she believed in *jeunesse dor* not in flaming youth. Still, as a of considerable skill and alertnes saw the need to make some conce to the fantasies of her potential re and to the realities of their relat "best society." Writing out of nos for the past and distress with the ent, from the vantage point of T Park, New York, and with an Oakley eye for dead center, she d a remarkably effective strategy.

She dangled before the reader a nition of "best society" which was fully exclusive but still seemed to room for almost everyone. Movin with Mrs. Post must have had the paradoxic double appeal as the ori Loop the Loop at Coney Island was supposed to be both desper dangerous and perfectly safe. "Bes ciety is not a fellowship of the weal



"We can't go on like this; for our life is just one big picnic!"

Mr. Kaplan's biography, "Mr. Cle and Mark Twain," won the Pu Prize and National Book Award 1966; he is now working on a about Lincoln Steffens.

e, "nor does it seek to exclude
o are not of exalted birth: but
association of gentle-folk, of
ood form in speech, charm of
knowledge of the social ameni-
l instinctive consideration for
ngs of others, are the creden-
which society the world over
es its chosen members."

on in *Etiquette* it turns out
e than a little cash is necessary.
cannot entertain at all ade-
we are told, with fewer than
help. And even when she is at
t philosophic, Mrs. Post's meta-
ow she has not lost sight of what
t all go. "Life . . . is a bank in
you deposit certain funds of
r, intellect, and heart. . . . And
k honors your deposit, and no
. You can draw out nothing but
u have put in." Still, even the
reader who, not having much of
account anywhere, had to con-
public library's copy of *Eti-*
in order to find out whether to
soup toward or away from him-
uld have been caught in Mrs.
net.

age four he is thrown into heady
tations with the President and
arding and with King George V,
n he is with Mrs. Post all the way
nning such undesirables among
t of actors as the Richan Vulgars
rvenu, Mr. and Mrs. Gotta Crust,
hat odious Hector Newman." The
has also learned to share Mrs.
scorn for the parvenu vices of bad
n speech ("Pardon *me*!") tact-
s ("Twenty years ago you were
ttiest woman in town"), ostenta-
"Nothing is more vulgar than a
of 'ice' on a man's shirt front, or
fingers"), and abasement ("It
good of you to come to my horrid
shanty").

reader has been co-opted, as in
absorbing works of the imagina-
he has been bribed into assent by
omise or illusion of probationary
rship. With Mrs. Post by his side,
omes Everyman going on a jour-
upward toward the wealth and
of Mr. Robert ("Bobo") Gilding
is wife, the former Lucy Wellborn,
ive at Golden Hall. "The house is
ace," says Mrs. Post, bringing
man to the purlieus of the Celes-
ity, "the grounds are a park."
s. Post hints strongly that *Eti-*
is also a sort of *roman à clef*.
you my friends," she says in her
ation, "whose identity in these
is veiled in fictional disguise." If
d been in the swim we should have
able to identify "Bobo" and his

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Lucy (who "smokes like a furnace and is miserable unless she can play bridge for high stakes"), Mr. and Mrs. John Kindhart, the Toploftys, the Worldlys, the Oldnames, and a stand of New York blades—Frederick Bachelor, John Hunter Titherington Smith (whose name is too long for his visiting card), and the elegant Clubwin Doe—who dine out at the Toit d'Or and the Fitz-Cherry. In the world these vivid figures inhabit there is a great deal of room for detail and punctilio (usefully organized for reference) but very little room, it seems, for "intellect" or even for "character" and "heart." In the "well-appointed" country house, for example, man and wife are invited to share a guest room only "if the hostess is sure beyond a doubt that they occupy similar quarters when at home." Each guest room must have a palm-leaf fan and a flyswatter, which, by association, brings us to Professor Bugge, the one apparent intellectual we meet among Mrs. Post's characters. The one "artist" we meet in best society also has a derisive name—Frederick Dauber. Mrs. Post's years as a toiler in literary upper bohemia may have left her with grudges to settle.

She is at her brilliant best in scenes of broad social comedy in which she gives her characters their head. One of these scenes, an evening at the Newlyweds ("How a dinner can be bungled") has the overtones of a Witches' Sabbath. The Gildings, Mrs. Toplofty, the Kindharts, Mr. Clubwin Doe, and some others enter Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed's smoke-filled drawing room. "Everyone begins to cough and blink. They are very polite, but the smoke, growing each moment denser, is not to be overlooked. Mrs. Toplofty takes matters into her own hands and makes Mr. Doe and your husband carry the logs, smoke and all, and throw them into the yard." "Dinner's all ready," the cook shrieks from the dining room, and the guests file in. They begin with an oyster course, which is all right, but they balk at the next hurdle, a "greasy-looking brown" soup served at room temperature. The meal moves on from disaster to disaster. What passes for conversation is punctuated by clash and rattle—as the waitress (named Delia, apparently because she has a habit of dealing plates around the table, Mrs. Post says, "like a pack of cards") clears, stacks, drops, and spills. By the end of the evening Mrs. Newly[wed] had innocently overextended h[er] hostess, knows what she is in [for] nobby guests, "without malice truth and frankness" (says M[rs. Post] forgetting about "heart" amo[ng] things), are going to tell [all] "Whatever you do, don't dine [at] Newlyweds unless you eat you[r] before you go, and wear blac[k] so no sight can offend you."

Most of the old characters, al[so] their Margaret Dumont anti[que] been retired over the years and [are] ing from Elizabeth Post's tw[o] vised edition of *Etiquette*. Tr[ue] names are still here—Mr. [and] Bonds, Mrs. Rich, Mr. and Mrs [Van] meadow, Miss Jenkins (who "[was] Grace Gotham"), and Mr. Alan [Van] lake, seen in the act of ordering[a] and a rose quilt from a store in [Wash]ton. Now, instead of New York, [the] glittering opera house and t[he] Cherry, these people appear to [live] a generalized place called "Ho[me]" The geographical center of the [U.S.] moved westward, its standar[ds] moved downward from "best [to]" toward a sort of large, housebro[ken] munity, and, in general, the su[ccess] revisions that have taken pla[ce] 1922 reflect a process of leveli[ng] turing, and deformalizing that h[as] place in the country. High soc[iety] are no longer so forbidding—l[ife] no longer are so alluring, either.

The concept of the book, [has] shifted over the years from a [book] forms and etiquette to a general [ency]pedia of modern living which n[ot] practical and for the most part [has] advice on how to conduct yours[elf] radio or television interview ("[You] really a guest in the home of the [host] or viewer") and an audience [with] Pope, how to run a bar mitzv[ah] to terminate a telephone conv[ersation] ("My bath is running over") an[d] tail party ("Remove the liquor a[nd] the bar"), how to shield your be[ard] nic from gusts of sand, how t[o] contact" and how to behave or [not] date, how to announce a legal ch[ange] name ("Mr. and Mrs. John C[ook] Name Announce that by Permi[ssion] the Court They and Their Childr[en] Taken the Family Name of M[ook]" and even what to do before star[ting] a car trip ("Your fuel, oil, brak[es] automatic transmission fluid sh[ould] checked").

"Although we have many fine [Amer]can authors," the book concedes, [we] are cautiously urged to turn to [Mae] West and Winston Churchill for [illus]tive "sources of pure English[.]" function of books, aside from this

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RANDOM HOUSE

Photo: Burton Berinsky

hat of conversational pump r mild sedatives in guest rooms ns. Our one intellectual, Pro- ugge, is still with us in 1969 ndled more gingerly than ever r parties: "Professor Bugge re *you* to tears, but Mrs. Ento- d probably adore him."

ld be unfair to expect either Elizabeth Post to say other n unmarried girl should not go overnight trips with any young n with her fiancé." But when ent Mrs. Post tells you that ng is not only ear-splitting but xtremely bad form," that you void critical discussions of re- politics, and that you must "never write a letter to *any*one that would embarrass you were you to see it in a newspaper over your signature"—then you know that things haven't changed all that much in Emily Post's world in nearly fifty years. Despite the striving for comprehensiveness and realism in this new edition, my impression is that nowhere in 721 pages is the word "sex" used except in such phrases as "the opposite sex." This fits in with another impression, which is that the new *Etiquette*, for all its strenuous updating, still has some of the ostrich, or at least backward-looking, qualities of the old one. Under twelve layers of writing and revision there is still Emily Post's Troy, a rather crusty place. [ ]

oks in Brief

atherine Gauss Jackson

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lected Short Prose of James dited and with a memoir by itzgerald.

cellent introduction to the hard well as the emotional and intel- ire in the life and works of a e literary figure of the Thirties ties. Agee is best known, of for his Pulitzer Prize winning *Death in the Family*, his *Permit age* (poetry), his documentary f the Depression South with Evans, *Let Us Now Praise Men*, and his movie reviews in *ion*. But this is a volume of pre- uncollected prose—essays, let- es, stories—from Harvard days before his death in 1953, with inating and moving memoir by friend and literary colleague. zgerald is himself a well-known d translator.

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ke of Palermo and Other Plays, Open Letter to Mike Nichols. und Wilson.

most brilliant essayist, critic, netime novelist (*Hecate County, I Thought of Daisy*) here presents three of his plays. The first, the title play, was written in 1966, the second, *Dr. McGrath*, in 1967, and the third, called *Osbert's Career, or the Poet's Progress: A Comic Strip* was partly written in the Twenties and Thirties and finished in 1968. The "Letter," suggesting to the talented director the feasibility of his starting an American National Theater, uses this platform as an excuse for a teasing, toughly realistic, and nostalgic look at both nineteenth- and early twentieth-century American plays and playwrights. The first play and the letter appeared in *The New York Review of Books*; the second play in *Commentary*, and part of the third in *The New Republic*.

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Performing Arts *by Robert Kotlowitz*

FILMS: SHORT TAKES

The Night They Raided Minsky's: No one ever stayed on a burlesque stage out of choice, for there was always plenty in burlesque that was awful, not least the spirochetal faces in the chorus line. But nothing I remember in its ritualized routine, from which you always knew what to expect (except for surprises), was ever quite so commercially horny as the climactic shots in this new film. The shots are of Britt Ekland's breasts, accidentally and arbitrarily bared several times over to a Minsky audience by Miss Ekland's movie-father, an austere, God-fearing, and, for all I know, authentic Amish soul shocked at his daughter's willingness to undress in public. While Miss Ekland has her triumph, we are supposed to think that burlesque was fun, maybe because burlesque doesn't count anymore.

What's awful is the face of innocence the movie wears for nearly its entire length. It pretends to a good heart, just as all those sentimentally scatological burlesque comedians used to. In the end, virgins, Jews, the Amish, Pullman beds, country girls, and the old magical god Eros are somehow all mixed up in what turns out to be the same dirty leer. It seems a shame, for the director William Friedkin apparently wanted something more, or part of him did. He has tried, for example, to catch some of the feeling of New York's lower East Side of about fifty years ago, and early in the movie succeeds by using (I think) black-and-white newsreel shots. But in the end the crassness of the story does him in, as it does in Jason Robards, who is certainly the wrong man to try to "play" comedy, Norman Wisdom, a somewhat endearing English music-hall comedian, and Joseph Wiseman, who plays old man Minsky with Solomonic eyelids, heavily weighted with wisdom. Bert Lahr is there, too, exploited without embarrassment for the pathos of his last appearance before his death. The tacky chorus line that appears frequently is parodied very neatly, however, and so are the old burlesque routines that Danny Daniels has staged. They are like a second film, set within the first and superior to it. Nothing in the movie's cheap narrative ever comes close to them.

The Magus: As a novel, *The Magus* was one of those compulsively readable books that slowly acquire a public life of their own, reaching out to widening circles of readers, all of whom pass it along to their friends. It doesn't matter whether such books have literary quality or not as long as they provide a good time. *The Magus*' fascination lay in the infinitely imaginative variations its author, John Fowles, spun on what is really a very slender (and ancient) thread: the sentimental education of a young man, here called Nicholas Urfe. Fowles surrounded his hero with such glittering obfuscations, such dizzying mysteries and apparitions, that it was only midway through the novel that the reader began to wonder whether Urfe was worth all the trouble so many people were going to on his behalf. He had a kind of intellectual callowness, as well as an emotional obtuseness, that made him seem [illegible] hopeless case. But this is prob[illegible] tral to all sentimental educatio[illegible] wise they would not be sentim[illegible] the end, Fowles put all our ques[illegible] doubts aside. Through a really [illegible] technique that carefully explo[illegible] own suspended disbelief, he br[illegible] Urfe's bewildering experience [illegible] Aegean isle of Thraxos to whic[illegible] as a schoolmaster to convalesce [illegible] more unsuccessful love affair.

Once in Greece, Urfe falls [illegible] hands of a rich, aging landown[illegible] Conchis. If you say the name a [illegible] get some—probably false—clu[illegible] nature, for the essence of Fow[illegible] is that it abounds in false clues, [illegible] tations, definitions, explications [illegible] lives in a villa filled with precio[illegible] perhaps not-so-precious art, fa[illegible] sea, and as soon as Urfe tresp[illegible] his property, it is clear, or fai[illegible] that Conchis has been waiting [illegible] visit, has in fact planned an [illegible] adventure—or perhaps only a [illegible] for Urfe to live through. At the [illegible] the adventure or dream is [illegible] woman named Lily, who is pe[illegible]



"Because you're a king, I'll tell you . . . the pastrami is bett

n, perhaps not, but who will be
n one to guide Urfe along the
conscious decision, adult cares,
nsibility. Or, perhaps, she is the
eak out of Conchis' carefully
sychodrama, demolish it, and
ay Urfe for herself.

sly, the story of *The Magus* is
nd ready to pull any casual ob-
wn into depths, presumed or
, in which he can only floun-
however, excruciating pleasure.
the book, the movie offers a
e, the kind of good time that
me from opening a series of
boxes, each one of which is
nore delicately, more craftily,
e entertainingly than the one
s it, with the final surprise that
no end to the boxes: there is
nother one.

rector, Guy Green, has clearly
l all the details of the novel, its
Majorcan blue skies to serve
as a replica of Thraxos, the
and pink-and-white beaches of
ore, the Greek islanders them-
e children whom Nicholas Urfe
and especially the nearly un-
tension of the flashbacks in
onchis tells Urfe exactly what
d on Thraxos during the Ger-
upation in World War II. This
rd, painful sequence, coming in
ile of the film, sets off the fan-
listic dream narrative that sur-
t to wonderful effect. It is good,
is, controlled work. But curious-
n has perhaps made the film too
o abrupt, if that is any longer
these days. It needs more in-
om in which to let the mysteries
more time in which the audience
ch its breath before being sur-
again. And while Fowles' own
ay is highly intelligent a
of compression, hints, clues—it,
ds even more words, more time
h to resolve, or not resolve, the
The movie's ending comes as a
and I have no idea whether it
it a "reasonable" point for any-
has not read the novel.

ael Caine gets the open-end char-
f Urfe to perfection; anything
pen to him and will, that is the
e of Caine's perfectly contem-
face. Anna Karina is his real
nd, transformed from her Aus-
directness in the novel to French
by the necessities of her accent.
nchis, Anthony Quinn is more
than usual, less instinctive and
ar; you can believe in his intel-
And as for Lily, Candice Ber-
alks through the movie—and off
—with her incredible good looks.
no idea whether or not she can act, but on the screen she has the old unmistakable presence of a star, the quality that keeps you paying close attention whatever she may be saying or doing; and talent has almost nothing to do with it.

Candy: The joke, if it ever really existed, has gone out of Candy in her film embodiment. In its place is a long, dreary vaudeville, six or seven acts' worth, in which performers like Richard Burton, Walter Matthau, Charles Aznavour, Ringo Starr, James Coburn, and even Marlon Brando make brief appearances which I hope they regret by now. It is an ugly, mean-spirited job, in which the put-down is the sole reason that anything happens. I had the uneasy feeling the whole time that I was trapped inside someone's brain—Terry Southern's maybe, or Buck Henry's, who wrote the screenplay—being victimized by their every fantasy and hallucination, every unedited pun, play on words, or double-entendre; getting out of that kind of obstacle course has never been any fun.

There are a few pleasures. I liked Ewa Aulin, the young Swedish girl who plays Candy. She has the kind of blankness that can sometimes stand in for innocence. Burton is McPhisto, the world's lousiest poet, and for two minutes or so he carries the joke off, wearing a velveteen smoking jacket, chest bared, hair blowing in the wind, even when he's lecturing inside to an audience of frantic high-school students. Brando's joke is over just as quickly. He plays a Guru with an ever-thickening Jewish accent, and he is very funny trying to struggle out of the Lotus position or mauling a huge salami and a bottle of beer as a bracing prelude to some Kama Sutra experiments. But Walter Matthau is hapless as a John Birch general, James Coburn is witless—and he is not a witless actor—as Dr. Krankeit (that old Marx Brothers joke), called upon to perform a brain operation at Roosevelt University before New York's "most respected, wealthiest and most depraved people," as though it were a happening in a Greenwich Village loft. When performers choose to do roles like these, out of free will, or some vague desire to be in on something that will shock the boobs, they had better not be surprised if their admirers begin to despise them a little for it. It's not, after all, like trying Hamlet and bombing.

The Brotherhood: If this story of the Mafia seems near bankruptcy, it's because nearly everything in it is in debt to something else that was done better at another time. Lewis John Carlino's script, for example, is about a conflict between two brothers, two ways of life, and it comes to us courtesy of Budd Schulberg and *On the Waterfront*, among others. Martin Ritt's direction is humorless and grim in the way of "serious" television drama, which in turn is a dilution of Elia Kazan's own grim and humorless style without, however, its humanity. Lalo Schifrin's score sounds like a hit parade of sound effects from old movies about hoods, and Kirk Douglas as a Mafia leader tries hard for a little cocky Cagney, a little vulnerable John Garfield. It is a very ordinary movie, even in terms of thirty years ago, filled with all the pretenses of naturalism in both the script and the performances. Not one second of it is believable.

Ice Station Zebra: John Sturges' new adventure movie is a huge production, one of those massive jobs that swallow us alive, in which a nuclear sub makes its way under the polar ice cap to rescue an American research outfit that has apparently disappeared into the Arctic without explanation. For action it has crash dives, paratroopers, Russian spies, off-course satellites, and a troop of Marines, the average age of whom seems to be fourteen. It also has Rock Hudson, who is not at all bad that is, he's entirely reticent as the Navy captain of the sub, Patrick McGoohan as a tight, quick, rational Englishman of the kind that makes you wonder how they ever lost the Empire, Ernest Borgnine, Jim Brown, and enough others to field maybe three football teams. And best of all there is also some nice suspense and pacing for at least two-thirds of the movie's three-hour length. It comes apart a bit only when the mystery starts to unravel; but that is the nature of mysteries.

What really got me was the kind of details that the immense, curving Cinerama screen was able to offer. (It would probably take about two thousand conventional-sized television screens, I guessed, to cover its immense expanse.) Every single glistening drop of bow spray can be seen as it comes pouring over the submarine's surface, caught by a camera strapped to the conning tower. There are beautiful abstract patterns made by the sub as it cuts its way through the North Sea, all the gleaming, meticulous, finely wrought, intricate machinery inside the sub, and huge chunks of mountainous ice hanging down from the roof of the ice cap like molars. Nothing could distract me from that screen, not even several minutes of confused story-telling at the end of the film and several more that were merely hackneyed earlier on. Buy some popcorn and see the movie. [ ]

Music in the Round *by Discus*

THE WAY THEY USED TO DO MUSICAL COMEDY

In pre-electronic days, a singer had to sing out and fill a theater; nowadays it's good looks first, good voices second.

It's not exactly my field, but I got started listening to a record named **Originals/Musical Comedy/1909-1935** (Victor LPV 560) and couldn't stop. If the art of singing involves considerations other than pure voice, and of course it does, the great figures of the musical comedy stage are as entitled to serious study and evaluation as their sisters and brothers of the opera house and concert stage. In matters of style, communication, personality, delivery, and, especially, diction, such singers as Fanny Brice, Edith Day, and Blanche Ring need not take a back seat to anybody. Indeed, some of their work is art on a high level. I am thinking of Fanny Brice's famous record of "My Man" (not included on the present disc), which is in a category with Maggie Teyte's recording of the *Périchole* aria, Ninon Vallin's of the Fauré songs, and Elisabeth Schumann's of German lieder.

In the early days of American musical comedy, singers often came from the opera house. An example would be Emma Trentini, the tiny spitfire who sang at the Hammerstein Opera and was Caruso's great and good friend. She made the transition to *Naughty Marietta* with no trouble at all. Later on, as Negro music began to enter Broadway, and as jazz became more and more prominent, singers were chosen who were not as gifted vocally as some of their predecessors. But nevertheless they had to have plenty of voice if only because they had to sing out and fill a theater. Those were pre-electronic days, and the singer had to make do with the vocal cords, not with an electronic engineer riding gain. That is why Broadway today has virtually no singers as such. When a musical is cast, the producers look for pretty boys and girls first, good voices second. No matter how weak the voice, the stage mikes and body mikes can amplify it. And so, today, we get musical comedy singers who—quite literally—have a range of five or six notes, and who become desperate when the range goes up. Most musical comedy singers today declaim rather than sing their songs. Some do it brilliantly, and it could be said that Rex Harrison in *My Fair Lady* talked his songs with more style than most singers could sing them. Which is true. As a matter of fact, such an approach is to be preferred to bad singing. In any case, the musical comedy stage since World War II has spawned a breed of microphone singers, a group that has about the same relation to the real thing that Champale has to Moët & Chandon.

Nearly all of the singers on this *Originals/Musical Comedy* disc were pre-electronic. They came out, opened their mouths, and sang. And they sang with charm, poise, and the ability to put over a song. Earliest in the chronology is Blanche Ring, who recorded "I've Got Rings on My Fingers" in 1909. This was obviously a well-trained voice, brogue and all. There is the sweet, appealing sound of Nora Bayes in "Mr. Moon Man" of 1911 (horrible material, but she and Jack Norworth put it over). An equally terrible song is "Fo' de Lawd's Sake, Play a Waltz" from *The Slim Princess* (1911), but the personality of Elsie Janis is such that one listens entranced. Edith Day sings "Alice Blue Gown" in an easy, soaring manner, and the great Fanny Brice belts out "Second Hand Rose" with the authority of Nellie Melba taking a high B flat. Gallagher and Shean, Louise Groody, Eddie Cantor, Helen Morgan, Libby Holman, Beatrice Lillie—all different, and all with personalities that come right through the old records, as vital and pungent as ever. Another thing: they were aristoc their way, meaning that there wa any of the Carol Channing kind garity in the presentation.

One of the bonuses on *Originals' cal Comedy* is "You're the Top," by Cole Porter and sung here b He never had much of a voice, b what style. One automatically th F. Scott Fitzgerald: the music an have the same kind of sophisti Another bonus is "Like He Lov from the 1926 musical *Oh, Pleas* cent Youmans was the compose Youmans himself accompanies B Lillie here. One more bonus: Nobl singing "Manda" with Eubie Bl the piano. Blake was one of the ragtime players, and this 1924 re both an example of artistry in its an unusually compelling period And for nostalgia, it's hard to Harold Murray singing "Rio Harry Tierney and Joseph Mc wrote the score—a score that sou though Franz Léhar had spent time in New Mexico and had Viennese operetta with cowboy mu

The great musical comedy singe an additional point of artistry. knew exactly what they could d never attempted anything outsid special strength. I was thinking when I played the new Beverly Si ord named **Bellini and Donizetti He** (Westminster 17143). Sills has be tracting a great deal of attentio since her singing, a few years ba Handel's *Julius Caesar* with the York City Opera Company. But he is in an area outside her strength the disc is disappointing. It is a pr at the bel canto style rather than t thing, and only a period with the kind of vocal standards that this indulges could let this kind of s pass. It is often tremulous and pi the trills as often as not are more a flutter or a fast vibrato tha

MUSIC IN THE ROUND

y turned br-r-r-r that Galli-Curci [elba, or the other great sopranos immon at will. Every once in a lls gets off a neat virtuoso pas- t she really is more a lyric than tura soprano.

More on the Piano

month I ran out of space in a o of some unusually interesting iscs. Let me continue. Connois- the grand style in piano playing nt to have Rachmaninoff's **Piano o No. 3 in D minor** as played by ir Horowitz and the London Sym- Orchestra conducted by Alfred (Seraphim 60063). This is a re- the famous 1930 recording, and he relatively few concerto record- orowitz has made. He was in the youth when he made it and it is only to the composer's own. Fill- t the last side of the disc is an- eissue, Horowitz' 1934 recording dn's Sonata in E flat.

in is played by two young pian- he well-known Vladimir Ashke- lays the four **Scherzos**, the **Barca-** nd the strange **Prelude in C Sharp (Op. 45)** on London CS 6562; and aphim S 60081 Agustin Anievas corded the 24 **Etudes**. Ashkenazy houghtful pianist with virtuoso ient, and his performances have, e most part, shape and style. The musical error occurs in the middle of the E major Scherzo, where he the music to pieces. Anievas is an can pianist who won the first Mit- los International Competition. He s through the Etudes in a remark- left way, with technique to burn. sy is his playing that it might be ed by some as flip and superficial. t, though; the performances, tech- y and musically, are too well con- d. This is very impressive piano ig.

k in 1948, John Kirkpatrick re- d the **Concord Sonata** by Charles He had been the first pianist to the piece and play it in public. he has made a new recording (Co- ia MS 7192). Through the years he been studying the various editions e music, and he was on close terms the composer. Some things in the recording differ from Kirkpatrick's album, and the approach is much assured. Nobody can make the e sound easy, and some of it actu- is unplayable; but Kirkpatrick, who close to Ives's world, succeeds as as anybody in suggesting that ue mixture of stubbornness, nostal- modernism, clumsiness, and genius was Charles Ives. [ ]

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Acrostickler® No. 8

by Henry Allen

(Solution to Harper's Puzzle No. 8 will appear in the April issue. For solution to last month's Puzzle No. 7, consult Table of Contents.)

A
66 30 18 170 110 Parotitis.

B
166 224 62 36 26 "And still she slept an _____ -lidded sleep." Keats, "The Eve of Saint Agnes."

C
78 28 126 184 208 14 A rougish youngster.

D
102 6 172 154 148 212 174 186 The Mad Monk.

E
164 46 82 206 168 180 160 Nearly all that baseball and cricket have in common.

F
42 218 60 10 116 16 132 20 138 84 152 194 68 One of the many 66,72's in which the Acrostician has appeared (6,2,5).

G
220 54 86 90 32 Pertaining to the Little People.

H
70 130 200 156 106 2 64 44 "Speak out, sir, and do not Maister of _____ me . . . my name is MacGregor!"

I
72 182 48 196 178 Cry of the crowd to a doomed gladiator.

J
190 88 214 136 134 56 94 202 122 4 50 Signs of maturity (5,6).

K
92 40 120 22 Port of Spain, scene of battle of 1702.

L
100 210 124 198 76 204 Pioneer in electricity (1775-1836).

M
12 144 52 222 192 Christian name of Arrowsmith's wife in the Lewis novel.

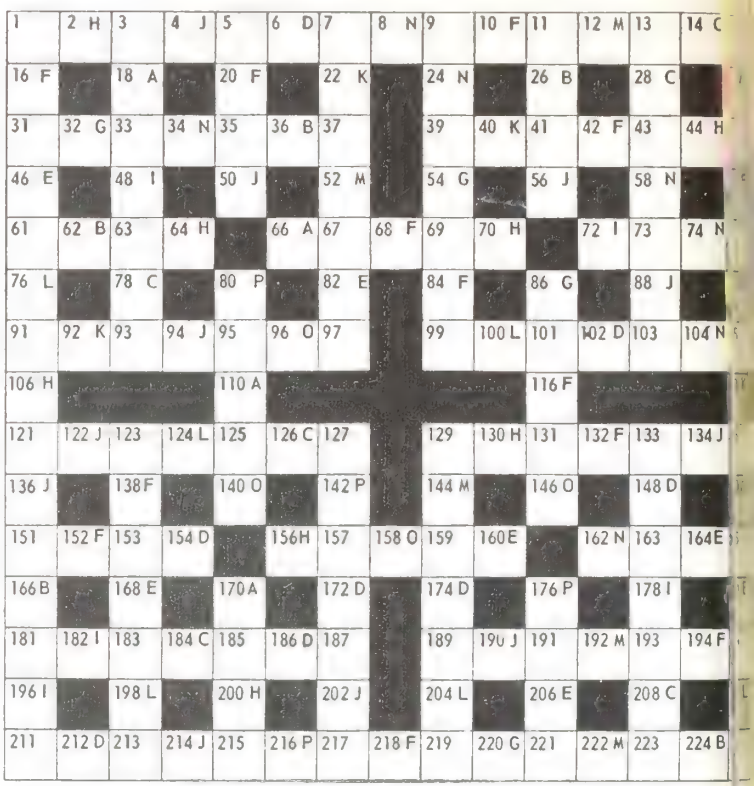
N
24 58 34 162 8 104 74 "Wine has played the _____." Fitzgerald, "Omar Khayyam."

O
96 158 140 150 146 Taking possession of lands or tenements.

P
142 80 176 216 An actor of crude vehicle.

DIRECTIONS

(1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on
(2) When an answer consists of two or more words, numb parentheses following the clue indicate each word's length
(3) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to th responding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
(4) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrosti when read down, spell out the name of a prominent perso Acrostician.



ACROSS

1. Legally prepared for death, perhaps? (5,3,7).
31. The Forum in a regular way.
39. A penny in Nebraska.
61. I'm not keen to see you between 500 and fifty twice.
66. With 72 across, famous milieu of the Acrostician.
72. See 66 across.
91. Cricket and tennis terms upended!
99. The O'Sullivan girl's near me and you.
121. Look! The bug embraces quiet.
129. Forbade oldness, I hear, in the hospital.
151. Seize the prig!
156. American football plays found on 162 across at Oxford.
162. Repetitious goddess or part of the Thames.
181. But beasts may be employed in the chase!
189. A disease may cause a first-class alarm.
211. Soho rage that's appealing, it's said (10,5).

DOWN

1. Plump bird sports? (5,5)
3. Song of the Thirties that br up the color question (2,1,4
5. O, yes. They go with hea in a Volga sort of way.
7. What Richard III found at worth? (2,5).
9. This lad's a flower when sw
11. A holiday that goes too fa
13. Pressman's time or that knighthood? (4,3).
15. Sport in the Old West for Kid? (11,4).
80. "The donkey has dined," the old prospector of means
86. Peculiar in an amusing sor way.
123. A distaff worker, a fisherma lure, or a football play.
127 Corrosion in a tea for this ficial.
129. I'm beset too early.
133. It could be a stair to you it's the Hapsburg Empire to
170. Kind of footwear for a w digger?
176. French cop in the chief lice office.

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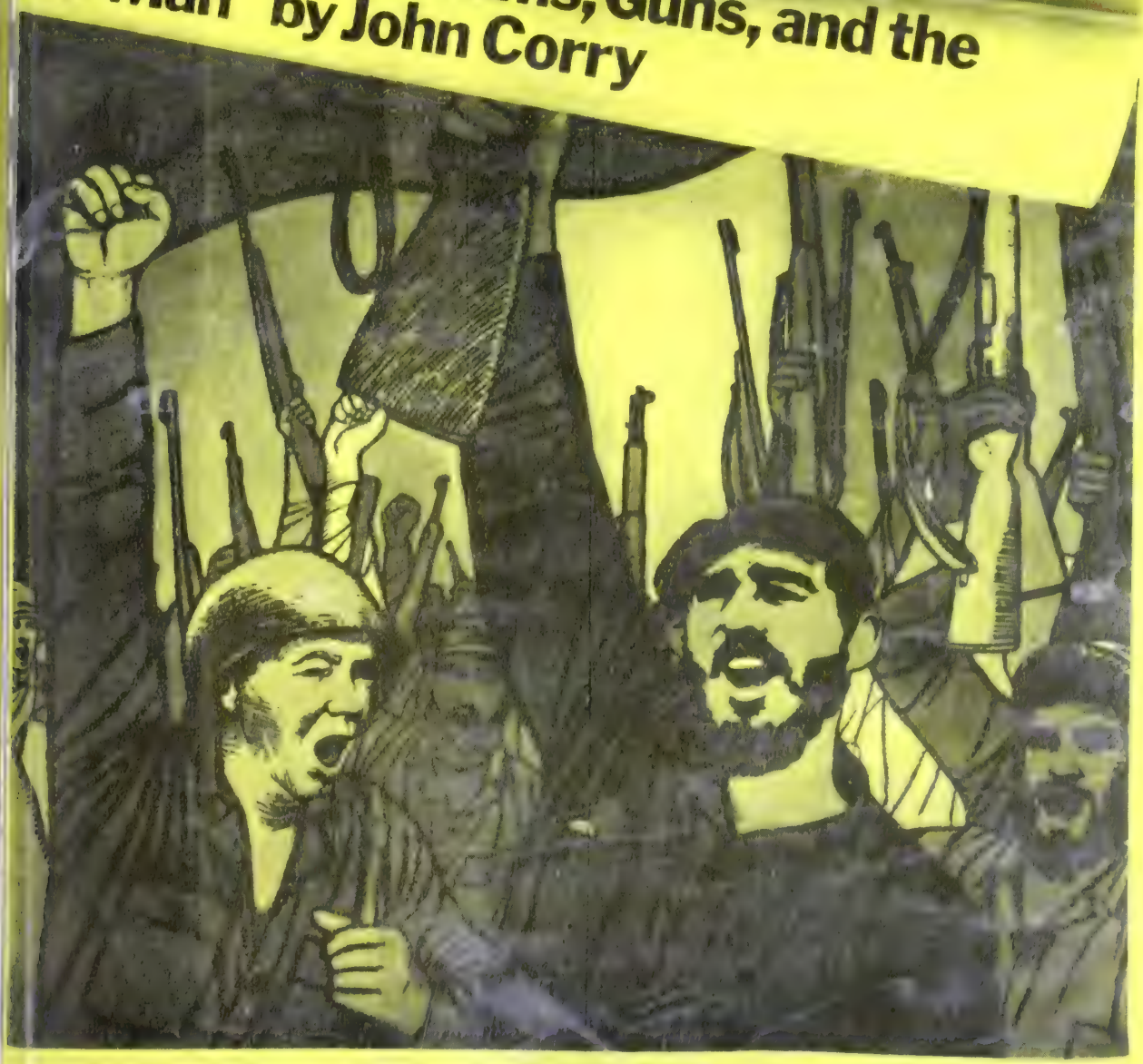
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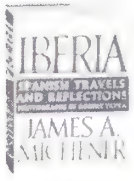
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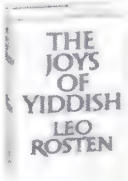
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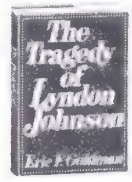
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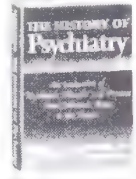
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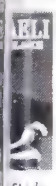
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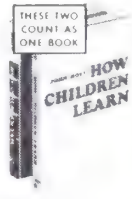
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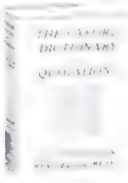
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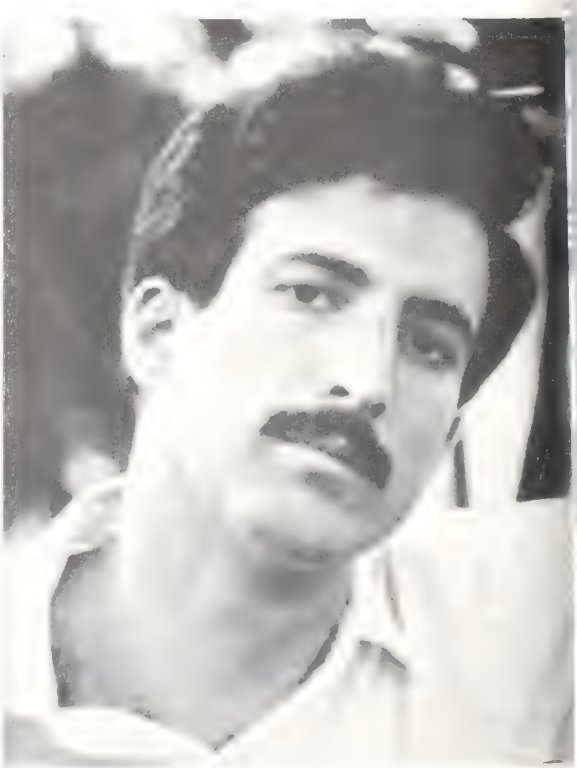
A FINE MADNESS

JOHN CORRY, one of our contributing editors, is not sure, but he thinks he got married in the Mexico City airport while on the way to Cuba on assignment. There are technicalities involved in leaving for Cuba, and Corry, craftily maneuvering around them, found himself with an official document saying that he could return to Mexico after leaving Cuba only if he traveled with a fine, miniskirted American blonde he had just met. (See photograph.) Since she was also on her way to Cuba, it did not make an insurmountable problem, but Corry thinks it did show a certain sense of whimsy on the part of the Mexican government. Nonetheless, it prepared him for dealing with the Cuban officials, most of whom, he says, also had a peculiar sense of whimsy. Nothing, Corry says, is quite the way it seems in Cuba, and he sometimes thought there was a fine madness running through the country. For his story, see page 37. . . .



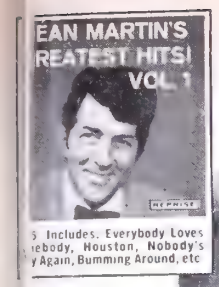
Corry on Assignment

JEREMY LARNER, who also found a certain madness running through our own country during the political fights of 1968, was one of Senator McCarthy's main speechwriters. He has written here, beginning on page 62, the first of two articles assessing the McCarthy phenomenon and the strange and reluctant man behind it. "Having suffered too long with false heroes," Larner writes, "we gave our anti-hero the benefit of the doubt, and credit for all the ironic virtues each one reserved in secret for himself." Yet McCarthy turned out to be "a man who followed his star as well as his circumstances. But it was no less than a star, a very lofty star—so high that at times it looked unreal—as distant and as solemn as an image." Larner's second installment, which will follow in May, describes among other things the conflict between McCarthy and Bobby Kennedy; McCarthy and the assassination; the long summer and the campaign that never happened; Chicago and McCarthy's retirement; some lessons of 1968; the New Politics and its future.

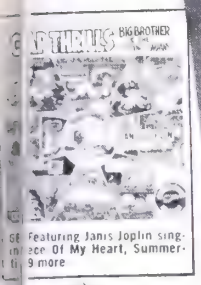


And Larner

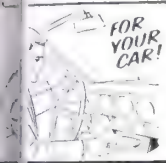
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s A Very Good
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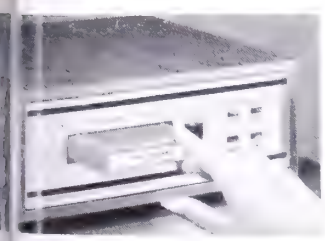
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Letters

Irrelevant Reverend?

As a Baptist who too often has heard the Reverend Billy Graham referred to in terms that should be reserved for Christ Himself, I thoroughly enjoyed John Corry's refreshingly irreverent article, "God, Country, and Billy Graham," [February]. His wonderful character and personality seem to shine through all the more clearly for not being overlaid with pious platitudes!

LOIS DUFFIELD
Woodbridge, Conn.

Billy Graham is sincere, optimistic, happy, punctual, friendly, but ethically irrelevant. He avoids taking a position on many national issues. He has had no permanent effect on the cities in which he has crusaded. He confuses number of converts and material possessions with success. Like so many preachers, he attacks sin but is unwilling to define it. His efforts are commendable but result mainly in providing millions of dollars for radio and television to help Mammon and in entertaining the middle-class viewers. Our country needs something more beneficial. HUGO BORRESEN
Vienna, Va.

I want to thank you for the excellent article on me by John Corry. Indeed he has a gift for "flair" writing. I deeply appreciate the sympathetic treatment he gave me.

Since I regularly read *Harper's*, I was highly honored that you gave such a prominent place to the article and had my picture on the front. I was a little startled and taken aback by the apparent halo around my head. I could only wish that that were true! BILLY GRAHAM
Montreat, N.C.

Art and the Movies

My congratulations and gratitude to you for giving sensible film audiences another of Pauline Kael's magnificent essays. Her "Trash, Art, and the Movies" [February] ranks in perception, wit, concern, bluntness, and erudition with her pieces on the absurdities of the *auteur* theory of criticism and the idiocies of the art-house crowd. May I add to her shrewdness and insight in her observations regarding the accessibility of the New Filmgoers to the "same old manipulation" that their parents gave in to? A few summer evenings spent in New York's film-revival theaters have convinced me that the "film generation," so susceptible to the old-time crap as resurrected in recent films, is inexplicably snobbish and hostile to the classic movie machinations when used in older pictures—even if the older pictures are invariably more stylish, more clever, and more worthwhile. They boo the subtle melodramatic structuring of *Great Expectations*, but they're mesmerized by the radio-serial wickedness of Anne "Dragon Lady" Bancroft in *The Graduate*. They scream with laughter when Lillian Gish is tormented by decadent courtiers in *Orphans of the Storm*, but they're reduced to a crazy awe when Mia Farrow gets the same treatment from the witches' coven in *Rosemary's Baby*. . . . They are nonplussed by the use of austere lighting and harsh close-up in *The Passion of Joan of Arc*, but they think it beautiful and ingenious in a tiresome patchwork of a movie like *Faces*.

Miss Kael is right as usual. The film-as-artsters of my generation are not only presumptuous, they are ignorant as well.

ELLIOT SIRKIN
Johns Hopkins U.
Baltimore, Md.

. . .The amount of printing space consumed by Miss Kael in the past five years is entirely out of proportion to her importance as a film critic. . . . Miss Kael seems obsessed with the notion of imparting her brand of "criticism" to the masses, *i.e.* the middle classes [illegible] goers; thus, her deliberate ado[illegible] casual, arrogant, and morali[illegible] her old-fashioned ideas about [illegible] stitutes art, her denigration of [illegible] culture along with most fellow [illegible] ics and any kind of intellectu[illegible] tion in or relating to the ciner[illegible]

Certainly, all critics have th[illegible] spots, but Miss Kael apparent[illegible] behind any attempt at anal[illegible] scholarly and serious for critici[illegible] sensitivity to the aesthetics of [illegible] ages (technique should be impli[illegible] work), or any cognizance of [illegible] values in the work of Lester, [illegible] Antonioni, or Bergman. What [illegible] an outraged, frustrated, prejud[illegible] tionalism . . . LEE
American Film
Washing[illegible]

Inside the "[illegible]

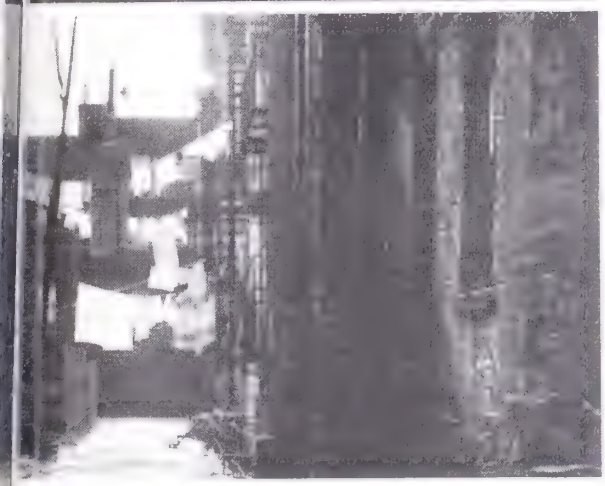
All of us who are almost as i[illegible] in what goes on in newspaper [illegible] we are in what comes out of t[illegible] surely delighted with Gay Tal[illegible] patches from behind the Ch[illegible] Front ["The New York Times: [illegible] Great Newspaper," January, [illegible] ary]. I was dimly aware tha[illegible] control of the *Times* is kept w[illegible] ruling family, but assumed th[illegible] harmless and perhaps as good a[illegible] any to insure continuity of our [illegible] newspaper's patrician standard[illegible] ever, I had no idea that the ana[illegible] tween the *Times* offices and a roy[illegible] was so complete, and I'm now s[illegible] that any standards at all surv[illegible] irrational and degrading strug[illegible] preferment.

This raises a question as to [illegible] articles, which seem devoted t[illegible] it like it is, didn't tell us more a[illegible] effect of this "court system" [illegible] *Times*' news coverage. . . .

Perhaps such negative views [illegible] *Times* are unwarranted and i[illegible]





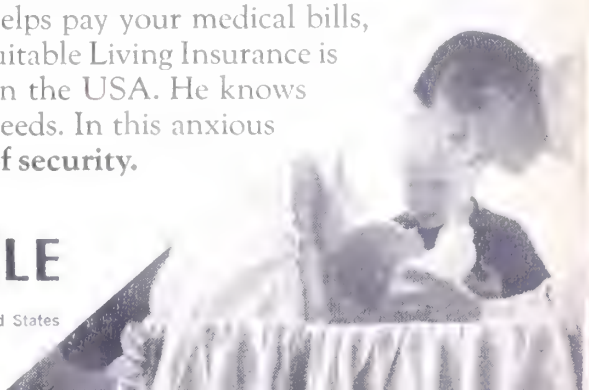




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LETTERS

treatment is just fine despite the p
archal domination exercised by the
ily and the retainers, but if this i
case, the articles should have come
out and said so, and then should
gone on to explain the journalistic
vance of those painstakingly delin
(but interesting!) personality pr
and interaction networks.

As it is, Mr. Talese's critical comm
regarding editorial matters, afte
stirring introductory account of the
of Pigs controversy, are limited to
incidental intelligence as that the W
ington office of the *Times* is an u
autonomous mini-kingdom (but co
tent!), that certain reporters were
unjustifiably circumspect regardin
allegedly well-connected Robert M
and that the ruling family retains
tation rights over drama critics.

Surely a real "in depth" treatme
concrete news practices and pol
relating them to the *Times*' pe
institutions, would have done mu
lift the articles from the level
triguing backstairs tattle to that
plicit and meaningful social com
tary. . . .

ARTHUR S
Davis,

Defending the Jo

Is Robert Kotlowitz trying to pu
newcomers to ballet from attendi
City Center Joffrey Ballet (and enj
themselves wonderfully) ["Perfo
Arts—Ballet: Saran Wrap Para
February], or has he a grudge of
sort against letting himself respo
this vital, warm, young company?
am not a person who "wandered in
theater for the first time"; I spend
of my entertainment money o
Joffrey, the Balanchine company,
ican Ballet Theater, Martha Gr
Yuriko, Royal Ballet, Bolshoi, etc.

I am not "up" on technique but
not uncritical, either, and if I h
confine myself to just one subscri
it would be to the Joffrey for sure.
have already sent my modest con
tion to help this company, but I
add to that because I feel some
however little, should be done to
up for this destructive article.

MARGARET R. KAIZEN
New York

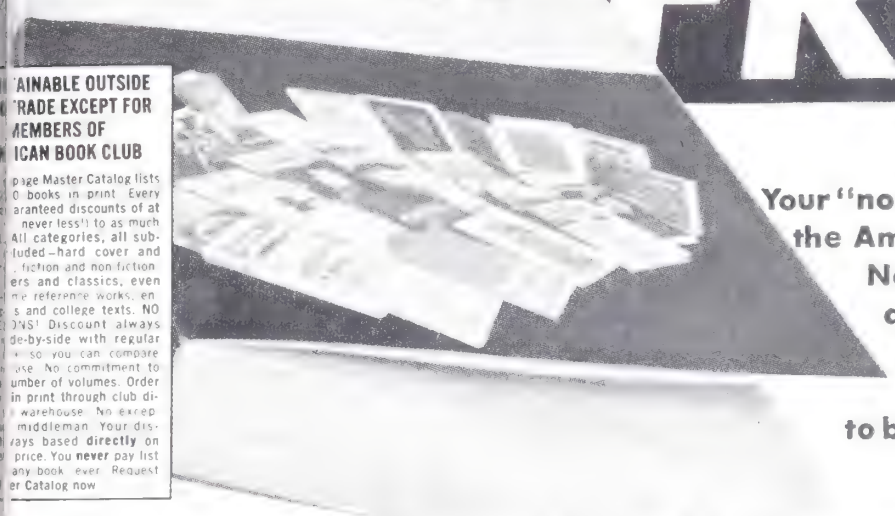
The Public Int

I have just finished Nicholas
on's article in the February *Ho*
["The Easy Chair—What You C
to Improve TV"]. Does he really
that anybody could have done wh
Banzhaf did? Mr. Banzhaf's

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imagination, and the time and res
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the FCC could not enforce the lav
Mr. Banzhaf pointed it out. If ar
could have done what Mr. Banzh
why did the FCC not do it?

I think Mr. Johnson overestima
resources of the average citizer
writing a letter to complain abo
arette advertising on TV takes
lump of time from the average c
day. To expect him to cite the l
to propose remedies as well is to
to forsake his own profession o
in favor of Mr. Johnson's. . . .

JEROME T. H
Arlingtor

A Time for l

Anthony Howard's article, "N
for Heroes," ["America: Three
Comments," February] begs th
tion of just how much this "out
server" knows about modern ir
democracy. His scapegoat for t
lems of America in the 1960s
so singular—the Kennedy my
so many people who are offend
aura and devotion which
charismatic personalities. Mr.
reacts with emotional naiveté
that the Kennedy myth has
this country an enduring disse
cause of its evangelism.

Basically Mr. Howard over
essential fact that in the lo
republican democracy rests on
of all its citizens in its syste
any particular point in time
groups and or individuals in a
who must submit to majority
which, naturally, reflect majo
ests. True, an enforceable Bill
and other enlightened democra
dures protect essential mino
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least in theory. But when, as i
of the Afro-American, Mexic
can, and other underprivileg
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system naturally wanes. Th
discrimination, strategically
throughout the socio-political
of society, is neatly outside th
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t knows how. Most Holland-America
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of crossing, she gives you two extra
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The Easy Chair *by John Fischer*

THE MINNESOTA EXPERIMENT: How to Make a Big City Fit to Live In

"Minnesota is the best-governed state in America. It also is the most imaginative, farsighted, and ambitious. Its people have known this all along—but this spring they hope to prove it to a skeptical world. Within the next month or two the Minnesota legislature probably will throw into high gear an entirely new kind of metropolitan government, more sophisticated than anything of the kind attempted elsewhere. It will be recognized as a beacon for the rest of the country—and maybe even for people overseas, from Tokyo to Moscow to London, who are searching for some way to make their giant cities livable."

When I first heard this kind of talk, from an assortment of Minnesota politicians, businessmen, and professors, I listened with tolerant amusement. It sounded like old-timey frontier bragging, tinctured with the naïve Chamber of Commerce boosterism which went out of style along with George Babbitt. Odd, isn't it, that his sales pitch should continue to echo for so long on his native prairie?

But a few weeks ago I had a chance to take a long, careful look at what is actually happening in Minnesota. I came away with a suspicion that its local patriots might be speaking something close to the literal truth. Maybe it really *is* the best-governed state.* Just possibly it is about to come up with an invention which will prove as significant to American cities as the Wright brothers' first plane was to aviation.

This device is known as the Twin Cities Metropolitan Council. It is designed to provide unified direction for a whole urban region: a domain including 1,800,000 people—nearly half the state's population—its two big cities, Minneapolis and St. Paul; about 130 smaller municipalities in the surrounding countryside; seven counties; a wormcan of special purpose agencies; and (eventually) a zoo. Something similar has been attempted in a number of other metropolitan areas—Nashville, Tennessee; Miami and Jacksonville in Florida; Seattle, Washington; and, most successfully, in Toronto, Canada. The Twin Cities model, however, promises to be more effective than any of them, and infinitely better than the makeshift gimmicks such as port authorities and government councils which have been tried in New York, San Francisco, and elsewhere. Its machinery already has been assembled and manned. During the next month or so, the rest of the country might do well to watch attentively while the Minnesota legislature tries to get it off the ground.

Why is this happening in Minnesota, instead of in New York, Illinois, or California where the urban crisis is rife?



"Remember this, my child: the best things in life are free. The very best things in life cost plenty of money."

Harper's Magazine, April 1969

*In their own shop talk, both political scientists and working politicians seem to speculate a good deal more about which are the worst-governed states, rather than the best. I have heard such people from Mississippi, Massachusetts, and Texas argue persuasively that their respective states are at the bottom of the list. The national press sometimes nominates Georgia, at least since Governor Lester Maddox switched his axe-handle talent from restaurant keeping to statesmanship; but in fact he apparently has been too ineffectual to do much harm, so that Georgia probably remains one of the better-run Southern states. My own hunch, based on grossly inadequate data, is that West Virginia has the cleanest government, from the courthouses to the legislature, of any state.







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SWISSAIR

Heidi wouldn't li

ute? One explanation, cited by veryone I talked to in Minnesota, ate's unique political tradition. gin with, it has an unusually eous population, mostly of Scan-, German, and Yankee descent. ginal settlers were nearly all , who took a lively and respon-erest in the affairs of their own mmunities. No one industry ever ed the state—as mining, for ex-lominated West Virginia. There l companies traditionally have igs (often in the interest of ab-wners) and also have paid the share of the tax bill. Many of irginia's little people, the mine and creek-bed farmers, have ac-his semifeudal society with only sional grumble; so long as they ave to pay for government, they cent to let somebody else manage ver badly.

e typical Minnesotans, such pas-ould be unthinkable. For reasons fully understand, they always en intensely ambitious, not only mselves but for their society. the fact that Easterners and even ans long regarded them as a f yokels may have something to it. Anyhow, they have been al-sessively anxious to prove that long in the big leagues; and to re, they have been willing to pay er it takes in both energy and as a consequence, although they ly 2 per cent of the country's pop-, they have built the fourth-larg-versity system, several excellent arts colleges, a symphony orches-pected throughout the world, the Guthrie Theater, and three art es of some distinction. They have ed medical pioneers at both the Clinic and the university medical famed for its leadership in heart y. In business their innovations from Scotch Tape to bank holding nies, with the result that poverty atively minor problem. They have ted superior newspapers (as Wil-arry Furlong pointed out in the 963 issue of *Harper's*). They have nsisted on acquiring big-league in baseball and football—an in-e which, in a curious fashion, lead to the Metropolitan Council. lsewhere, prestige goes along with ; but in Minnesota even more ge comes from conspicuous public e. The business leaders, and a good intellectuals and professional men, ore devote a remarkable amount of time to Good Works. The arche-l man-who-has-made-it in, say, may enjoy his leisure on a yacht, Hollywood among his collection of

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starlets—but if he lived in Min
he would spend it in committe
ings.*

Moreover, this is young peopl
try. The whole power structure—
ernment, politics, and business—
predominantly by men in their
and forties. Unlike Florida and
nia, it is not weighed down with
of timid, tired, and conservative
ple—perhaps because they mo
warmer climate as soon as they
A visitor quickly gets a sense
institutions are open to chan
know it has to come. Both dinn
conversations and public deb
likely to focus on the nature an
tion of the coming changes, not t
tion of whether they are desirab

The political parties, in pa
are free of the encrusted machin
tribal gerontocracy which are
trating to young activists in
states. "Clean government" h
been taken for granted. Since
therefore offers virtually no pa
or opportunity for graft, the two
—which are pretty well even in s
—have to concentrate on issues
than on spoils. In this competiti
have become relatively liberal. A
a permanent machine can't survi
out patronage, newcomers to
don't have to buck a hierarchy
trenched bosses. They can get
action immediately and rise fa
no accident that Minnesota p
both Hubert Humphrey and Ge
Carthy in a single political gene
or that a pack of able young
crowding up behind them.

Ten years ago I would have
that Minneapolis and St. Pau
never get together on anything,
all a joint system of governmen
fifteen miles apart, on opposite b
the Mississippi River, they had
been implacable rivals. This
began to subside only when both
were hit over the head, so to spea
a baseball bat. Each, in an effort
ahead of the other, tried to get a
league baseball franchise. Both w
buffed. To their chagrin, they
that they could not get or suppor

*Donald Dayton, one of the owners
neapolis's leading department store,
retired in vigorous middle age to de
full time to public service. I happene
tend a conference on metropolitan
ment where he was one of the panel
more than held his own, intellectual
the civil servants and government pr
who served on the same panel. On ou
dinner that evening, one of my frie
marked casually that "Dayton's is t
department store in America. It
Neiman-Marcus look *parvenu*." Sinc
judge of department stores, I pass
servation along simply as an example
self-confidence.

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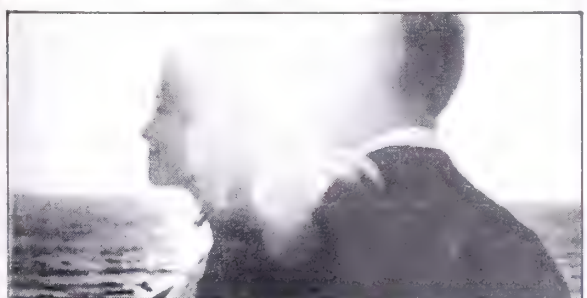
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City

THE EASY CHAIR

league team in baseball—or foo
hockey—unless they operated it
as a Twin Cities venture. Thus
sports pages appeared the first
of civic wisdom.

Meanwhile, more serious p
were getting out of hand. T
noisome one was sewage. Mo
300,000 people on the outskirt
two cities were pumping their w
of backyard wells, and pourin
sewage into backyard cesspoo
were horrified to discover, in 19
half of their wells were contam
and that pollution was threate
region's lakes and rivers, as we
underground water reserves. B
was physically impossible to b
cient sewage-disposal systems or
meal, suburb-by-suburb basis,
nity leaders began to talk
sanitary district covering th
urban region.

At the same time the two ci
their surrounding small towns w
ting increasingly worried abo
troubles, which no one of the
handle alone. Polluted air was
from the factory districts into
dential suburbs. Outlying land l
earmarked for future parks a
space, before it was overrun b
sprawl. The routing of throughw
location of a new airport wou
everybody in the region. A rapi
system to link together the Tw
and their satellite communitie
soon become indispensable. The
tion of the area seemed likely t
before the end of the century
should the homes and schools a
ping centers for these newcome
cated? Each one of these
hooked up with every other.
put water and sewerage lines,
was clear where the future po
and industrial centers would
depend largely on the location
that the answers would mesh
into a sensible overall pattern.

merge together into a single all
metropolitan government. T

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Next, "The Heirs of Stalin," a sobering report on reality in today's Russia by a card-carrying Communist, Frank Hardy of *The Times* of London.

From Hong Kong's *Far Eastern Economic Review*, a startling assessment of trade between Japan and Red China and where this seems to be leading. Also on Japan, "Student Warriors...a Closer Look," an illuminating report from Stuttgart's famed *Christ und Welt* on why Tokyo's student rioters are the fiercest of all.

From *The Classic*, Johannesburg, "Woman from America," a powerful tale of a tall "ugly beautiful" Californian who lives in a mud hut in Botswana. From *Primera Plana*, Buenos Aires, "The Millionaire and the Fake Figaris"—which fooled so many experts.

And finally from *Le Nouvel Adam*, Paris's *Playboy*, "The Frenzies of Ibiza"—how hosts of tourists, movie stars, hippies and former Nazis are cramming themselves onto a spectacular speck of land off Spain—and all seem to love it.

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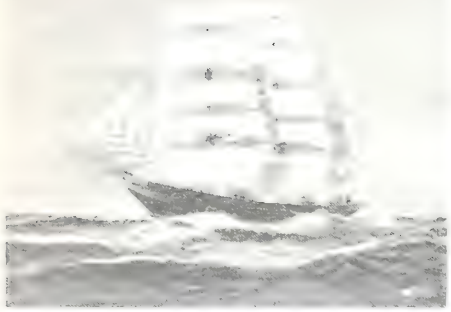
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"There is no passion as intense as that of the functionary for his function.") Suburbanites fear they will have to pay higher taxes to help meet the soaring relief and school costs of the central city. They also are afraid of losing control of their own schools and zoning regulations to faceless bureaucrats downtown. County legislators don't want the wicked city to become too powerful; therefore, better keep it divided and impotent. Many citizens are simply frightened of Big Government in any form. And a few kooks will always arise to denounce the Metro proposal as a Communist plot.

Knowing this, the Minnesota power structure didn't even bother to suggest consolidation of local units into an all-purpose metropolitan government. They proposed something quite different—a Metropolitan Council with its power strictly limited to those few functions which clearly *had* to be handled on an area-wide basis. It could not mess around with the zoning code in Wayzata, or with the way Bloomington runs its school system. Each little town would continue to manage its police and street lighting and traffic rules exactly as it pleased. No village councilman need worry about losing his job or his dignity.

But in those few fields where it would be given responsibility—sewerage and water supply, airport location, highway routes, preservation of open space, and the like—the Council would have real authority. It would have its own sources of revenue, so it would not have to depend on voluntary contributions from 150-odd municipalities. It would have responsibility for making overall plans "for the orderly physical, social, and economic growth of the Twin Cities area." It could review all plans and projects of local government and special agencies, such as the Airport Commission. And if it found that any of them conflicted with the regional plan, the Council could suspend them. It also would be empowered to review local requests for federal aid.

Obviously such a Council would not be a scary, all-powerful, super-octopus—which is what the conventional scheme for metropolitan government usually sounds like. Neither would it be as helpless as the Councils of Governments which have been set up (with federal encouragement) in many urban regions. These usually are loose confederations of the towns, cities, and counties within the region. All the mayors and county commissioners (or their deputies) get together for lunch now and then and talk about common plans—but even when they reach an agreement, nobody has any authority to see that it is carried out.

The proposed Council was to b in yet another way: its fifteen would not represent any existing government. Fourteen of them v selected from specially created of roughly equal population, w chairman would be selected a Consequently no member would feel that his first duty was to for the parochial interests of, sa Prairie or Ramsey County. Th from local patriotisms and p they could afford to think abou terest of the region as a whole.

This concept had no single f grew out of seemingly intermin cussions among businessmen, o ers, and civic groups over a p eighteen years—and these p probably never would have much, if the sewage and water p had not become intolerable. (H Law: In American politics much happens until the status comes more painful than cha big piece of the credit for the scheme, however, belongs to t zens League, an independent, n san organization working fo government. Most Good Govern ganizations are, of course, no ineffectual—merely Goo-goos, in temptuous phrase of Senator of Tammany Hall. The Citizens is an exception.

Its executive secretary is T erie, a lean, intense young m spent ten years as a reporter torial writer for the Min *Star* and specializes in local ment. Unlike the garden va do-gooder, he is not only ideal politically sophisticated; and dowed with boundless energy, tomless patience. When he loses he doesn't give up in despair to reading the Thoughts of C Mao; he splashes cold water on and gets ready for the next ro

Behind him he has an equally mon organization. The pres Francis M. Boddy, a professor nomics at the University of Mi and its directors are a choice sel the region's public-spirited busi energetic women, and academic tuals. There isn't a political among them, and nearly all of t tors—and the 3,600 members—ing to devote a lot of time to u ous, toilsome assignments. They, League's small staff, were in g responsible for working out th of the Metropolitan Council p winning the support of inn local officeholders, Chambers merce, and neighborhood associ

They were not greatly s



t looks beautiful because Volkswagen doesn't build it.

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Volkswagen to build a big prac-
cation wagon. Very good.
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orts car?
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therefore, when the Minnesota ture decided in 1967 to put the Me itan Council into business. (Poli watchers outside the state, inc myself, were astonished: no legi had ever done such a thing before ly enough, the enabling act was duced by Senator Gordon Rosenm Little Falls, a leader of the rural which had dominated the legislat as long as anybody can rememb though he is a mistruster of cit could see that power was shiftin from the country to the urban pr Evidently he figured that it wo better to settle now for a relative and limited form of Metro gover rather than to risk the creation of controllable monster a few year Besides, like most of his colleag did not like the only visible altern that is, for the legislature itself to cope with the complex and pa thorny problems of the metro

The Citizens Leaguers didn't erything they wanted. For instan had urged that members of the should be elected. This was defe a tie vote in the Senate, with th that the original members of th cil were appointed by the Gover the legislature did give the government the essential tools i to start work:

1. Money—about $725,000 a be raised by a half-mill tax l property throughout the entire politan area. Perhaps $400,000 more can be scrouged from Was in planning grants.

2. A staff—taken over fr ready existing planning con which had done some good rese had no power to put its ideas in ation.

3. Teeth—in the form of auth review and, in some cases, to sus projects put forward by other ments and special-purpose within the region.

4. A specific mission—to tak look at the most pressing prob the region, and to report back legislature in 1969 what ough done, in what order, and by wh how to pay for it.

These recommendations are b designed package. If the legisla prove—as most of my Minneso mants expect—the Metropolita cil will move out of its incubat and will start operating as muscled agency of government.

T Harold LeVander chose James land Jr., a forty-three-year-old

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fessor at the University of Mi... who had never held public off... though he had been an active wo... the liberal wing of the Republica... When I talked to him a few we... he was sitting in his shirt-sleeve... overheated little office at the law... his heels propped up on a desk... with examination papers and... documents. He is built like a... weight, with the face of an Iris... leader and a deceptively relaxe... ner. Nobody, obviously, can re... that relaxed when he carries a ful... ing load in one of the better law... and also works at least forty h... week as chairman of the Counc... this "part-time" work he gets a... salary; the other members of the... cil are paid only modest per di... penses. In the peculiar social clir... Minnesota, it is easier to recrui... men for the tough jobs as volu... and their word commands more... than it would if they were paid... holders.

For two hours Hetland talked... about his hopes for the Counc... ruffled by a telephone that kept... every few minutes. (His secreta... to walk across the room to tak... call, since the perquisites of th... don't yet run to an extension f... desk.)

The Council never expects, he... build and operate sewerage lines... it systems, and the like itself. I... to serve as a kind of holding co... sketching out broad policy gui... It also will (he hopes) supervise a... of subordinate agencies which wil... out the detailed planning, constr... and day-to-day operation of the r... facilities. Some of these already... for example, the quasi-independe... port Commission and Transit C... sion. Others will have to be cre... handle such things as air pollutio... bage disposal, and—of all things—... (I found it rather touching that s... Minnesotans feel that a really... class metropolis ought to have a... class zoo, just as it ought to have... ater, a symphony, and big-league... teams. Since a zoo would be used... erybody in the region, they think i... logical that it should be finance... managed as a regional project.)

Hetland hopes that the legis... this spring will put all of the ope... agencies under the firm control... Council. In addition to its prese... thority to review their plans, he b... it should appoint the members o... operating commission and set... budgets. The Council also should... powered to issue bonds, to finan... construction of a new airport, sev...

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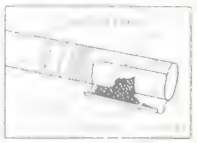
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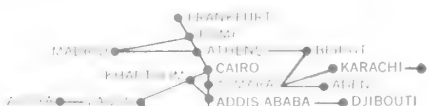
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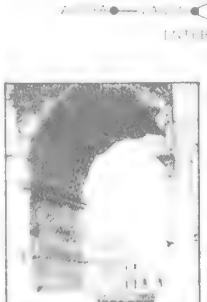


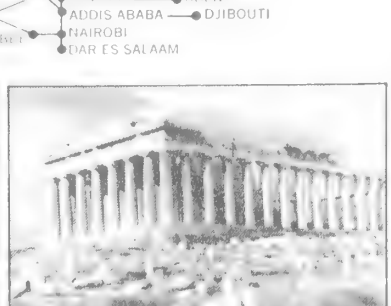


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They would be repaid in most ca s o
of users' fees.

A couple of days later I asked loc
newspaperman for his evaluation f t
Council's performance so far.

"Hetland is not an inspi ion
political leader," he said. "He es
make rousing speeches like Hu hr
and McCarthy. It's a pity that is
more interested in personal pu ncil
since neither he nor the Council e y
as well known as they should be
voters around here. But I do thi he
handling the business of the Coun bo
shrewdly and firmly.

"The other Council members re
rather mixed bag. About half- loz
are excellent, experienced in loc go
ernment and skilled in political r ob
tion. Some of the others seem ret
much at sea, although they proba
fine people in their own profe ion
fields. Still, they appear to have t co
fidence of the legislature, and I t ik
will give them most of the new we
they need to move the Council in fu
scale operation."

Other close observers gave me nil
assessments although they poin
that the Council already is runni in
some choppy weather. One of its lic
big decisions was to challenge th Ai
port Commission's plan for a new m
nal, on grounds that a better site dg
be found. It also has been hasslin wi
the state Highway Department a ht
Transit Commission about who ion
have the final say in planning m
gion's transport network. Bu su
fights are inevitable. It's the Co m
job to make tough decisions, and ve
one of them is bound to disa ion
somebody.

For this reason, above all, it is i
tant that the Council members w
tually should be elected rather th
pointed by the Governor. Only th
it become a truly responsible
sponsive instrument of gover
So when the legislature decide
spring just how far it wants to
strengthening the Council, its v
the question of election will be
issue to watch.

Even if it balks on this point
the current session. I would be
to bet that it will come around soo
later. For a growing number of
sotans are coming to realize th
Twin Cities can't compete with
middle-sized metropolises thro
the county unless they develop a r
sible government for the entire
region. New industries will not
be attracted by good schools and c
amenities alone, in the absence o



Give them this day their daily bread.

of the last
hat *you* were
y. Really hungry.
t because dinner was late? Or
se you missed a lunch?
n you imagine what it is to go
gh life never knowing what it is
ot to be hungry? Subsisting
fter day on a few greens around
...and some pinto beans in the
ing? Nothing more. Nothing
ent. And not even enough of that.
sounds incredible. And it is
dible. Because it's taking place
now...in the midst of the good
o many of us are now living
merica.
t walk down the back roads of most any Mississippi Delta town and you'll see tenant farmers, field hands, seasonal workers ...and their children... with stomachs bloated, eyes dulled, feet swollen, arms and legs matchstick thin.

The irony is that they aren't starving at a rate dramatic enough to arouse the indignation of the nation and the world. Otherwise something would have already been done.

One of the programs that is aiding many of these families is the federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan. Under this plan a needy family can convert a 50¢ food stamp into as much as $2.00 worth of food. The problem is getting that 50¢, because many families have *no* income at all.

The NAACP Special Contribution Fund has begun a nationwide drive to help thousands survive. If you can do with one less "dinner out" this month, the money can mean a month's supply of meat, milk, and bread for a family of five. Just $10.00 buys up to $240.00 in food stamps.

If you would like to contribute to this fund, please send your tax-deductible check, for as little or as much as you can, to the NAACP Mississippi Emergency Relief Fund.

Thank you. And may *your* next meal be a little more enjoyable.

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mechanism to direct future gr
telligently and to mobilize the
limited resources in the servic
growth.

The most important resource
is brainpower. As in other urb
the ablest people have been rap
ing away from the centers of
and Minneapolis into the sub
outlying towns. As a result,
cities are in danger of l
anemia. Note what is going o
York, where so much of the m
and political talent has moved
chester and Long Island and n
gives a damn what happens to
tan. The best way to avert
catastrophe in the Twin Citi
well be an effective and re
Metropolitan Council. It could
enlist many of the talented subu
into the service of the whole urb
not only as potential Council
but also as volunteer workers o
ordinate operating agencies a
sory committees.

Let's assume, for the moment,
legislature will authorize the
this spring to move from its
stage into a fully fledged gov
Will it then actually become a
reshaping other American citie

The most likely verdict seem
"Maybe, within limits."

It is hard to see how the M
experiment could be applied to
York City metropolitan area,
ample. That area sprawls ov
states and includes some 1,40
political units; and its problems
racial, and social—are of an
different order of magnitude.

Seattle, where I also have be
scouting expedition recently, co
such a scheme to its great bene
I don't think it is ready for it.
its civic leaders are trying to c
Greater Seattle's most pressing
in another way. They have inv
strange form of modern-day v
rule, operating outside of the
framework of government. The
the Forward Thrust Movement;
to report on it here next month.

Several dozen other mediu
metropolises—St. Louis, Atlant
Francisco, Portland, perhaps ev
ton and Chicago—probably coul
much of the Minnesota Idea to t
dividual circumstances. In so
they might improve immensely th
ity of their community life. But
they try depends on their ability
erate the imagination, leadersh
eagerness for change which are
teristic of Minnesota. I hope it d
prove to be unique.

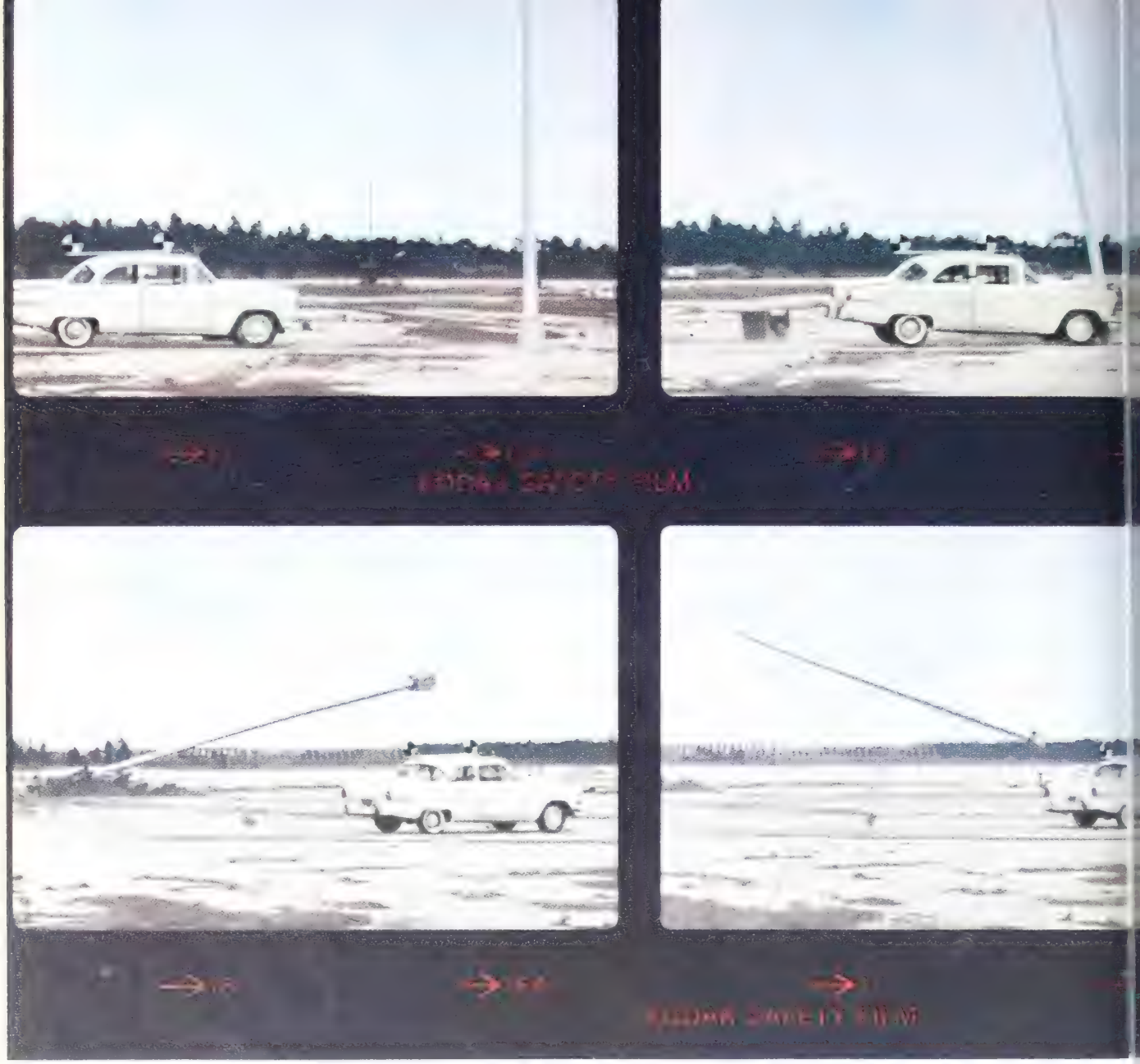


April 15th is a nice day to go somewhere.

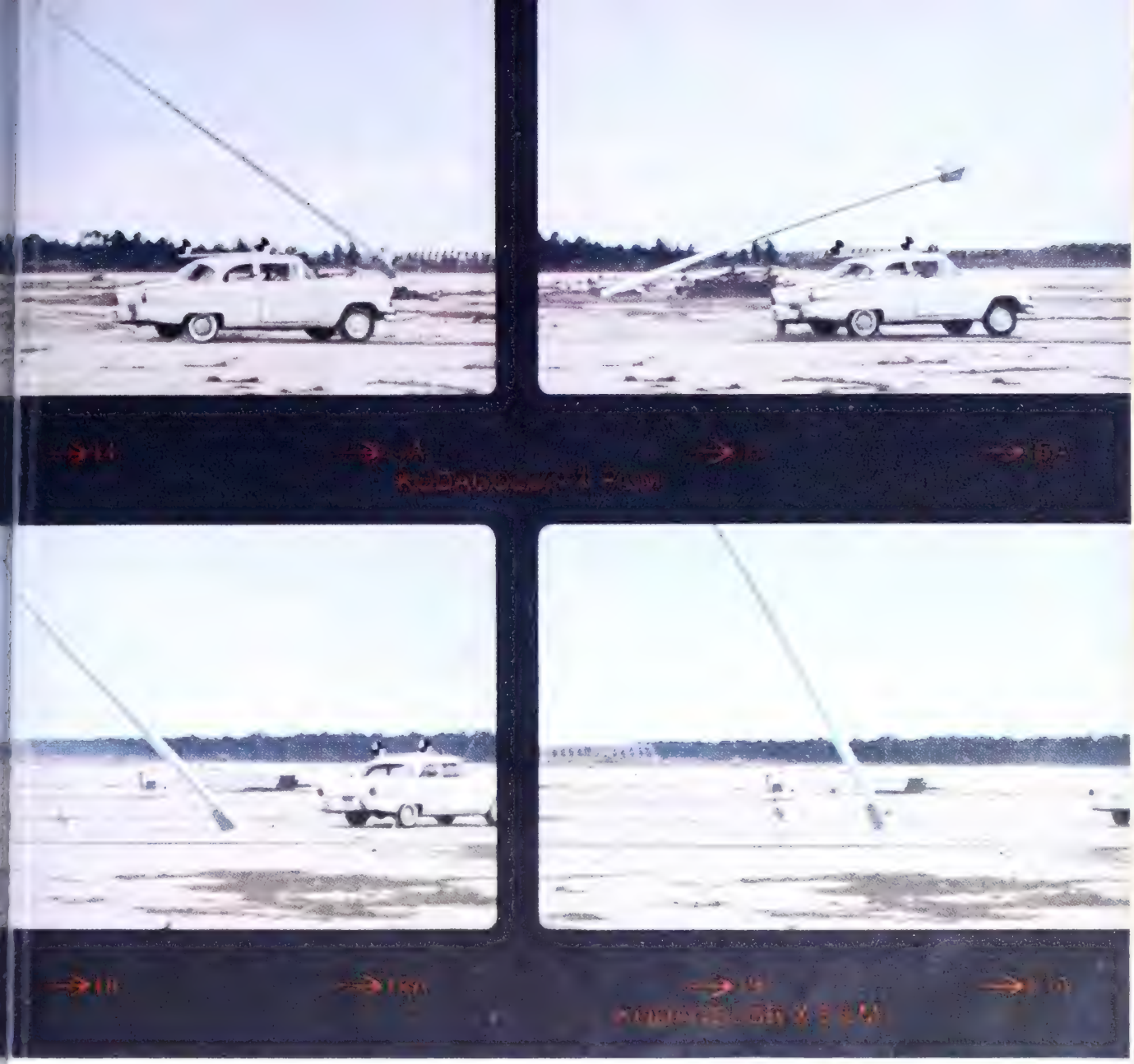
may be working overtime, but that's no reason to hang around the office waiting for your ship to come in. It won't. Besides, April 15th is an even better day than usual to put your foot down, get your back up, or whatever you do to get yourself rolling. How about a few weeks of Copenhagen? How about April in Paris, ugal or Pago Pago? For that matter, how about taking your pick of 119 cities, 81 lands and six continents? an take you to far-off places where nobody knows you. Or we can take you to next-door places and suggest isguise. At bargain rates, mind you. Like New York to Copenhagen for $360. Or Miami to Lisbon for $422. (Those are mid-week 14-21 day Jet Economies.) Or California waii for $200. (That's our round-trip Thrift fare.) Just tell a Pan Am® Travel Agent you want to write off the 15th. In 24 hours or less. **Pan Am makes the going great.**

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helped develop
aluminum light p
that give the
driver a break.



Photos taken during impact test at University of Miami; speed of car—55 m.p.h.

m fact that many of the more serious accidents occur just *off* the highway: ring off the road, hitting trees, signs, ts, light poles.

highway commissions are fighting this with properly engineered lighting sys- d for even greater safety, many are using n breakaway light poles, developed by manufacturers working with the men at .

poles are strong enough to stand up in es, but they'll break off at the base when ng car hits them. The pole absorbs most ock of impact.

e-saving ability of aluminum light poles er of record in New Jersey, where they've ed for years. In one five-year period, cars into the aluminum poles some 2,000 thout a fatality. In most cases there were r injuries and no secondary accidents by the lightweight poles falling.

ing about half as much as steel, alumi- es cost less to install, are moved more hen damaged, never need painting.

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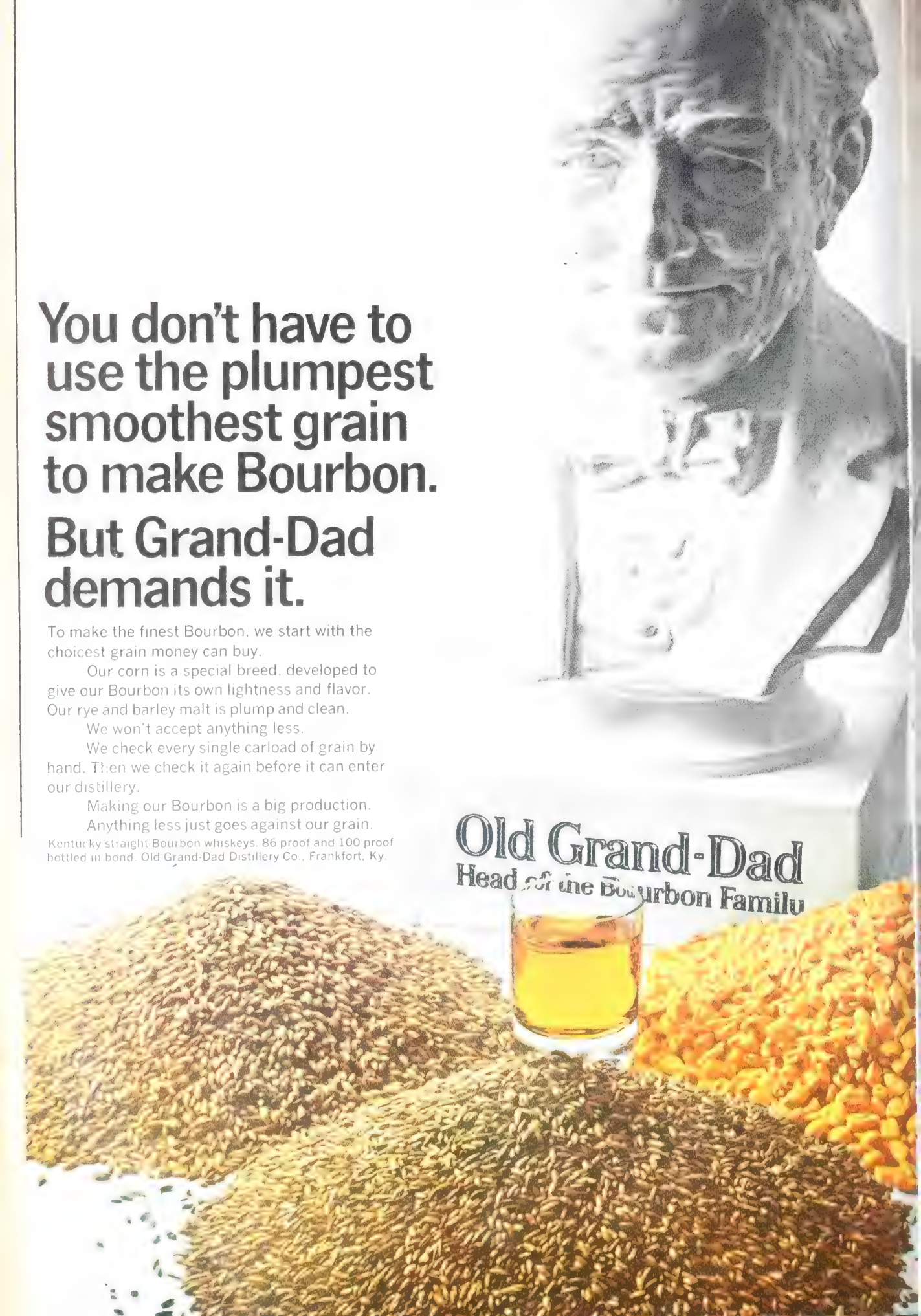
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Harper's
magazine

ohn Corry

CASTRO'S CUBA:
rums, Guns, and the New Man

t is no good," this report finds, "trying to romanticize
e revolution—one of the great crosses being
rust upon it by young American radicals—but it is
good trying to dehumanize it either." For the revo-
tion is remote from the fantasies of both its
iends and foes abroad.

ne first thing about the Cuban revolution is
el Castro, who is the Maximum Leader, Big
ldy, and the Old Spellbinder, and the curious
ng about him is not what he says or does, but
style, which means that he can get right in
re, mix it up with his constituents, and hit them
ht where they live with rousers like, "No fewer
n 2,760 hectares of onions and 308 hectares of
lic will be planted in Havana Province this
r." This is a great heap of onions and garlic,
ectare being 2.47 acres, but it does not seem
ugh to awaken an audience, which is exactly
at it did do, unless you realize that in Cuba the
ch lines are all different and that if you are
ly with the revolution, as they say, 308 hectares
nearly anything are a big deal indeed. Conse-
ently, to the bourgeoisie Fidel can sound stupe-
ngly dull, and when he rose in Havana on Jan-
ry 2 to speak on the tenth anniversary of what
always called "the triumph of the revolution"
he was full of snappy one-liners about sugar cane, tractors, and the nitrogen content of fertilizer. One Government official said there were one million people in the Plaza of the Revolution to hear him that day, and one said there were 800,000, and some resident correspondents decided that 600,000 might be about right; no matter, it was a gigantic collection of Cubans, and they were there not because they were forced to, which is the conventional wisdom outside Cuba, but because Fidel, I think, with his onions, garlic, and one-liners, is their sign that the revolution is making it.

The Plaza is a big, open space, and at one end there is a statue of José Martí, Cuba's national hero, atop a sort of upside-down concrete bowl with steps and bleacher seats. It is one of the world's great places for a mass rally, and when Fidel speaks he stands with the statue looking over his left shoulder and dominates all those Cubans out there in front of him. From the side

and slightly below, he is framed against the sky, looking [illegible] Hubert Humphrey and agreeing that he wanted [illegible] to be [illegible] President [illegible], and it is impressive, especially if your peripheral vision is good enough to take in Fidel and his constituents at the same time. The constituents face Fidel, and at their backs, ringing the Plaza, are three big office buildings, their whole walls given over to giant revolutionary murals. There is Che in one, with his famous dictum, "To create two, three, many Vietnams," which, when you think of it, is in consummate bad taste, and there are Fidel and Che in another, looking [illegible] and revolutionary. What saves the murals is that they are pastels, and they are gay, and it is pleasant to see a couple of guerrilla leaders done up in pansy colors. There is a lot of this kind of thing in Cuba, wherein bongo drums or [illegible] seem to be getting mixed in with the tommy guns, and it makes the revolutionary zeal and revolutionary [illegible].

The crowd in the Plaza that day had begun collecting [illegible] before dawn, the first arrivals being [illegible] people [illegible] Fidel's truest and best constituents, and it stood in a great, patient mass, not making much noise and not doing much of anything except communing on itself and waiting. The first distinguished guest to arrive was the Chinese Ambassador, who wore a floppy fedora and looked [illegible]. He and the second, beaten by about three minutes, was the Soviet Ambassador, who [illegible] looking inscrutable and who did not speak to the Chinese Ambassador. Meanwhile, some young New Yorkers, members of what is loosely called the New Left, were raising a homemade banner, "North Americans with Cuba," which neatly blotted out the view of the foreign military attachés who were sitting behind them. Suddenly, there was applause, some shouts, and all the constituents began to wave their flags and placards. Fidel, materializing from out of nowhere, was making his way through the distinguished guests to the lectern. ("Actually," a wiseacre said, "they're applauding because he showed up on time." Somewhere, artillery charges were being set off, and the noise was echoing and reverberating through the Plaza, and the national anthem was being played over the loudspeakers, and Cubans everywhere were sucking in their paunches and standing at attention.

When Fidel spoke he got into it right away, tossing his gunbelt in the lectern, and not wasting much time acknowledging the cheers. The effect, then, was of great urgency, and he got his first applause when he said there would be no military parade on this anniversary because a par[ade] would waste motor fuel and keep people aw[ay] from work longer than was good for them. [illegible] constant rates he got his first laughs when he s[aid] that this marked the beginning of a year t[hat] would be eighteen months long. "Have you e[ver] heard of anything so screwy?" a diplomat [re]marked the next day, and the hell of it was t[hat] Fidel was absolutely serious, and the people kn[ew] it, and there they were applauding anyway. "T[his] year we have to complete the 1969 harvest a[nd] carry out part of the 1970 one," he sa[id]. (Applause.) "Thus, we have to work in two h[ar]vests. Next year, the traditional year, that [is] next December, and quite probably next Janu[ary] second, it is quite possible that we will not be a[ble] to gather here in this Plaza since a great many [of] us in this country will be out in the fields cutti[ng] sugarcane." (Applause.) "Thus, the next N[ew] Year will probably be celebrated on July fi[rst] while the next Christmas will be celebrated [be]tween the first and twenty-sixth of Jul[y]. (Applause.)

The diplomat was right; it was absolut[ely] screwy, and there was no way of telling if all th[e] the constituents were really thinking was, "D[ear] God, this guy is nuts," or whether, in fact th[ey] thought it was a smashing idea. I do not th[ink] the Old Spellbinder knew either, but he acted as[if] he did, and acting as if you know something is [ninety] per cent of the battle when you run a revoluti[on]. Therefore Fidel went on, unrolling his statisti[cs], sometimes waggling the fingers of his left ha[nd] in and out of his beard, and occasionally, v[ery] occasionally, ranting. From New York, or Wa[sh]ington, or Waterloo, Iowa, Fidel looks like the l[east] of the great ranters. Mostly, I think, this h[as] something to do with that scraggly beard, and t[he] army fatigues, and his being naturally windy. C[lo]se he sounds better. When he ranted on Jan[u]ary 2, jerking his body, tossing his head, it w[as] over things that mattered. "When 80 or 90 p[er] cent of a country's children don't drink milk, th[at] fifty thousand cows suffice to provide for all t[he] children who do drink milk," he said, ranting sp[ec]tacularly about what things were supposed to [be] like in the old days, and also explaining why Cu[ba] now needed a few million more cows. Fidel [is] hardly kindness itself, he is certainly grac[ious]

John Corry came to "Harper's" from the "N[ew] York Times," where he had worked on nation[al] news since 1957. He has been a Nieman Fellow [at] Harvard and he wrote the book about "The M[an]chester Affair" (Putnam, 1967). For somethi[ng] more about his Cuba trip, see page 4.

a monumental ego, and he is probably ble of great cruelty. Still, along with so much hat is Cuban and Communist, he robs himself is own menace. While he was speaking some lren were popping up in the visitors' section, about under his nose, and when one threatened et himself a soldier with about a four-pound matic on his hip hoisted him up and carried off to the can. It is no good trying to roman- e the revolution—one of the great crosses be- thrust upon it by young American radicals— it is no good trying to dehumanize it either. dren in Cuba threaten to wet themselves, even er Fidel's nose.

ll the while Fidel was speaking, the sun kept ing in and out of the clouds, the edges of the vd kept in constant motion, and people kept sing out in the Plaza. (It is nearly a Cuban monplace to see someone being handed over heads of a crowd to the stretcher-bearers.) n, Fidel was listening to the voice of the people, cting as if he were, and then he and they were ogether on one of the slightly mad roundelays are supposed to be the true participatory ocracy. "It is necessary for us to adopt meas- s of self-control this year, or to limit the con- ption of sugar to a rational amount," he was ing, and as the thought got through some ple started to clap. "If you agree, well, let's : the best thing would be to set a rational limit s year that is still more than what the people d. Let's say a little more in the countryside, a e less in the cities, but a limit that amounts to at is really consumed, more even than is really sumed, to save those 200,000 tons of sugar."

'hat was the opener, and then came the ques- a: "If you agree on six pounds, for example, in capital . . ." Someone, at least, agreed and rted to clap, and Fidel pressed on. "Is six nds per capita per month enough?"

While it did not seem as if Fidel were winning ch of a majority, there were shouts nonetheless. et's see, is six pounds enough here?" (*Let's r it for six pounds, folks.*) More shouts, more pping. "Do you agree that this will be enough?" *ow this time let's really hear it for six pounds.*) ittle more shouting, a little more clapping. "We ld make it a little higher in the interior—in Las las, Camagüey, and Oriente. . . . If it's all right h you, this measure will go into effect begin- ig tomorrow." The next day the official tran- ipt said the Old Spellbinder had carried the day n with SHOUTS AND PROLONGED APPLAUSE, which sumably meant a clear majority was in on it. was not quite so, and there are infinitely more OUTS AND PROLONGED APPLAUSE when the favor- ite comes up two lengths to the good in nearly any race at Aqueduct. Still, I do not know if that matters much, and if you are with the revolution, as they say, it does not matter at all.

The world press was little represented at all this, and this was a pity because it was a fine show. There was no one from a major American daily, for instance, although there was a big clutch of photographers from nearly everywhere else. Indeed, when Fidel and his little band were trudging through the mountains and harassing Batista there must have been a great many photographers around because there are now a great many photographs of Fidel trudging through the mountains. Along with posters, the Cuban graphic arts being more or less spectacular, photographs of revolutionary leaders make up most of the interior and exterior decorations, and it is far easier to get a Communist to pose than to make a statement. About midway through his speech in the Plaza the first of a couple of Cuban photographers got near enough to Fidel for some in-close work, and then the man from *Life* Magazine, and then one or two others, and then inexplicably it was decided to stop any more photographers who wanted to get there. In Cuba the people who stop you from getting places usually have sidearms, or maybe a Czech automatic rifle. This does not mean much, since weapons have a way of becoming nearly invisible when there are so many of them around, but they do show a certain earnestness on the part of the people who carry them. Nevertheless, there was a fine American blonde taking pictures that day, and the fine American blonde, who wore a miniskirt and carried a camera with a defective shutter, walked through the armed guards and began taking pictures about six inches from the Maximum Leader. This annoyed Raúl Castro, who is, among other things, the commander in chief of the army, and he passed the word that those guards had damn well better shape up. There is clearly a profitable lesson to be learned here about militarism, blondes, and the revolution, but the decent thing to do is to let it pass.

When Fidel is not speaking to the people he is visiting them. He is, in fact, the constant visitor, swooping off to isolated cane fields in his helicopter, or jumping from his maroon Alfa Romeo, security men trailing behind, to talk to college students. Sartre, who was enchanted by it, once described a mawkish scene in which Fidel confronted a little girl who was selling orange juice. Why, Fidel asked, is the orange juice so warm? Because, the little girl said, the refrigerator is kaput. Tell your superiors to fix it, the great

man said, or else they will hear from me. Fidel probably was conning Sartre, but that may be beside the point. The point is what the little girl thought, and she almost certainly thought it was just great. Life in Cuba is hard, hard, hard, and Fidel is the walking promise that things will be better, and when you make over a nation, which is what they are doing, you are dead unless you have big beliefs. Consequently, there is a lot of talk in Cuba about building a "new man," and while no one can build a new man save God, who is probably busy elsewhere, the point here is that some Cubans think they will.

"Our main hope is that youth follow the pattern set by Che," the Communist functionary said. This was a secretary of the Union of Young Communists, and the secretary, who looked like a teeny-bopper, but was really twenty-one, said that "to be like Che" meant, of course, "to be like Che." And the new man? "It doesn't really need an explanation," she said (whereupon some Cuban hangers-on cheered), "but I will tell you. The new man will be like Che. He will overcome national barriers, be ready to do his duty at any time. He will be—like Che—an example of internationalism, wishing all for the people and nothing for himself." Then she smiled, and shrugged, and looked as if she knew a marvelous secret. This was at a place called Sandino, which was built after the revolution to house counterrevolutionaries. Its first occupants were families from the Escambray Mountains, who, the Cubans say, had been mobilized into counterrevolutionary guerrilla bands by the Central Intelligence Agency in 1959, before being put out of business by the new Cuban army in 1961. Subsequently, the leaders of the bands were executed, but their followers, poor peasants mostly, were taken to Havana, given some rudimentary training in reading, writing, and revolutionary consciousness, and then resettled in Sandino. They work the crops there, and since Sandino and its 756 houses looks pretty much like any other new Cuban town, utilitarian and slightly unfinished, the old counterrevolutionaries presumably live like other people, even though they cannot travel without special permission of the Ministry of the Interior. Cuba is more humane in treating its counterrevolutionaries than you might expect, and there is a feeling, even among Cubans who don't like him, that Fidel doesn't shoot people for saying bad things about him. Nonetheless, you can be shot for *doing* something bad, and *doing* something bad, as opposed to *saying* something bad, seems to be what separates counterrevolutionary from merely antisocial behavior. Last fall, for example, word leaked out from one of the provinces that a couple of men had been shot for burn[illegible] down, or trying to burn down, a warehouse. T[illegible] was at about the same time that Fidel, in a spe[illegible] in Havana, which got prolonged applause, s[illegible] that "before the revolution ceases to be, not [illegible] counterrevolutionary will remain with his hea[illegible] his shoulders."

A Government man guessed that there mi[illegible] now be two hundred political prisoners st[illegible] away in jails, and a non-Communist source, w[illegible] is supposed to be up on these things, said [illegible] guessed there were 15,000 to 20,000 persons [illegible] enclosed prisons, with perhaps 30,000 politi[illegible] prisoners working in farms or camps. He also sa[illegible] however, that his figures might be out of date, a[illegible] I suspect that they were far too high, just as [illegible] Government man's were too low. It is genera[illegible] accepted, even among the people who don't ca[illegible] for the Government, that, except for a few of t[illegible] real hard rocks, all political prisoners have be[illegible] offered a chance at rehabilitation. This means [illegible] job on a farm or in a camp, with possibly a la[illegible] passage to normal life. Not too long ago, howev[illegible] it became known that Huber Matos, probal[illegible] Cuba's most famous political prisoner, was ali[illegible] and well in La Cabaña, the old fortress on Hava[illegible] harbor. Matos was a major in Fidel's guerri[illegible] forces, and in that first year of victory aft[illegible] Batista had fled he was accused of treason, a[illegible] rested the same day, and packed off to prison. Th[illegible] was at a time when Cuba was full of rumo[illegible] of plots and counterplots, and Matos, who was su[illegible] posed to be wildly popular among the people, a[illegible] parently had protested too loudly about the risi[illegible] Communist influence. Now he sits in La Cabañ[illegible] one of about eighty incorrigibles, I was told, wh[illegible] swear everlasting enmity to Fidel, don't want [illegible] be rehabilitated, and brood together over the in[illegible] justices of the revolution. The other thing I kno[illegible] about La Cabaña is that a lady who periodical[illegible] visits there stops off at the foreign embassies an[illegible] cadges magazines for the prisoners, and that no[illegible] the only place in Havana to get a back issue o[illegible] *Time*, say, or *Punch*, is in that jail.

Havana, though, is not where the revolution i[illegible] Havana is running down like a tired clock, an[illegible] it is a little shabby, and the Government doesn't[illegible] seem to mind at all. The fruits of the revolutio[illegible] are in the country and the small towns. Havan[illegible] always had it pretty good, even before the revo[illegible] lution, and now Fidel and his people show les[illegible] interest in it than they do in other places. Poun[illegible] for pound, there are more counterrevolutionaries[illegible] antisocial types, and people who are just not witl[illegible] the revolution in Havana than anywhere else, an[illegible]

best information is that there have been four assination attempts on Fidel's life, and that all :e made in Havana. Still, while it is a conven- ı to write about the city as being sad and bby, and its people as being dull and dispirited, s a little less than the truth. There are long ues there for virtually everything, for the little t is sold in the stores, for bus tickets, for reser- ions in a restaurant, and nothing in Havana rks quite the way it should. The power fails, and lights go off. The water pressure fails, and the et won't flush. It is not the same city in which ın Payne romanced Alice Faye in *Weekend in vana* (of course it never was) and it is certainly the same city that attracted tired Americans its fancy cathouses.

True, there is a bit of this left, but vice in vana is now amateurish, with the old pros hav- been run off the streets, and the slack being en up by thin, reedy girls or short, dumpy girls o say they are actresses or dancers and who fer just going to a better restaurant with for- ners than really trying to make money. Even number of *posadas* in Havana has declined in last year from twenty-five to twelve, and *adas*, which are where couples go to make love, one of the last places for conventional pleas- es. They are hotels or motels, the price being 50 for the first three hours and 50 cents for h additional hour, and the Government is sup- ed to give you a pair of paper slippers when ı get in so you will feel at home. On Friday and turday nights there are queues outside the *po- las*, and some of them are managed by men who k the way night clerks look outside the Brook- ı Navy Yard. Nonetheless, there are queues, oving that flesh cannot be consistently morti- d, even under Communism.

One night in old Havana, which still looks actly the way Graham Greene said it did, except at now it has pictures of Fidel, the fine Ameri- ı blonde and I were invited into a house party. was held in a dark, dismal courtyard, and there s only one sad bottle of rum, but it was a party, d the people at least looked as if they were hav- g a good time. And one night when there was usic from somewhere I joined a bunch of men o were dancing in the street, strutting and affling for no one other than themselves, and ing it with great style, and proving that, yes leed, Cubans really do have a natural sense of thm. Private pleasures are still the best pleas- es in Cuba, and when the Government raises its g red star over them they can become something e. On New Year's Eve the Government reopened e Tropicana, which is an old gambling hell, and the kind of big, open-air nightclub that would have driven Busby Berkeley crazy with desire. There are trees and bushes all over the Tropicana, and midway through dinner there was a fanfare from a band that was planted in the foliage. Then a light fell on the densest part of that jungle, and there, rising high into the night on a revolving platform, was a Negro in a sequin jacket, playing a polonaise on a baby grand. By the time he was nearly out of sight there were people popping out all over that forest, with the last two being a couple of comedians, one of whom hit the other with a bladder.

This, remember, was in an underdeveloped country where you win salvation by hard work, and where the beau ideals wear beards and are always shown staring off into the distance. Nothing at the Tropicana made a bit of sense, unless you understood that in Cuba the economic and political revolution is one thing, but that the social and psychological revolution, which is what the Cubans talk about the most, is something else again. When Fidel defended the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia he did so partly by saying there was something cancerous in Prague, and that it was as elusive as subliminal advertising, and as real as the pennants outside a used-car lot. Here we interrupt him midway:

"The imperialists are carrying out a campaign, not only in Czechoslovakia, but in all the countries of Eastern Europe, even in the Soviet Union. They are trying in every way to conduct a publicity campaign in favor of the way of life of developed industrial society, in favor of the tastes and the consumer habits of the developed bourgeois societies. . . . And they exploit—they do it everywhere—their kitchen equipment and appliances, their cars, their refrigerators, their laces and their luxury of all kinds."

And here, offering somewhat the same thought, is Dr. Osvaldo Dorticós Torrado, the President of Cuba, speaking before a congress of intellectuals in Havana:

"That is why, when we speak of culture and the masses, we understand it not in the sense in which it is understood by the capitalists—that is, as culture aimed at satisfying pseudoaesthetic, cheap, and ignoble appetites of the masses in a gregarious sense, a dehumanized sense. . . ."

And so on.

Fidel and Dorticós were saying that bourgeois depravity is a threat to the revolution, and they were right; but there is a lot of it around, and it is far harder to lick than the CIA, or the blockade, or even some of Mr. Nixon's windier statements.

When all other things have failed, it may in fact do in the revolution in the end. No one can hate the Cuban Government and all its works like a Cuban émigré, and when an émigré sends a color photograph of himself and the wife and kids back to the folks in Cuba, he most always seems to have them posed on a nice long sofa, next to the big TV set, or else in front of the nearly new Chevy, right next to the carport. There is a small cruelty in this, but war is war, and the point is to win. Bourgeois taste dies hard, surviving in the most revolutionary of societies, and it can make you laugh fit to die, or maybe to cry, when young American and European revolutionaries confront the real thing in Cuba. It is like putting some nice ladies from a suburban Hadassah into a dusty kibbutz.

For the tenth anniversary there was a crowd of kids in from all over the Western world. They were *invitados*, invited guests, and the American delegation included members of Students for a Democratic Society, young Trotskyists, a contingent from the underground press, some Mexican-Americans (who may have been the most serious of all the *invitados*), a few young people who were unattached, and some who were members of groups that no one else had ever heard of. One night there was a special performance of the Ballet Folklorico for the *invitados* and all the other foreign visitors, and they filled the balcony of a rather lovely old theater. The *invitados*, in fact, took up most of the balcony, or seemed to, and they talked loudly, smoked the free cigars, dangled their feet in the aisle, and frayed my own middle-class sensibilities. (When the performance started, a dark brown boy with a paunch and a Malcolm X sweat shirt kept murmuring, "Out of sight, out of sight.") There was also in the audience, in a box seat, the Chinese Ambassador. I have seen him applaud "glorious Comrade Ho" with a face made entirely of stone, shake hands with Fidel and not twitch, and look like his own pallbearer when he met the champion antiaircraft gunner from North Vietnam. But that night he turned very slowly in his seat, looked at the *invitados*, and sneered. It is a small observation, but it is all my own.

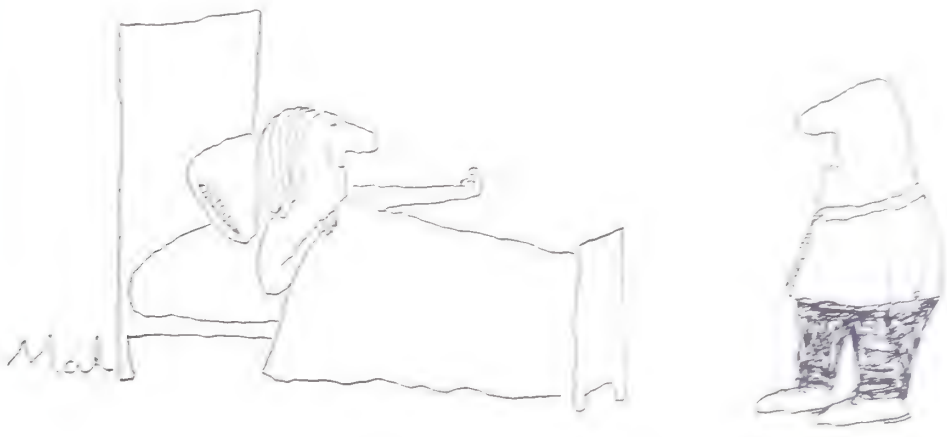
The *invitados*, I think, were uptight. Nearly everyone who comes to Cuba for the first time does become uptight, and this is because deep down nearly everyone wants to believe in demons and angels, and the question is which side is Cuba on, and how can you tell? There is none of the old liberal baloney in Cuba, and this is unsettling, but it does help you know where you are. "No liberalism whatsoever! No softening whatsoever! A revolutionary people, a strong people—this is wha is needed throughout these years." This is Fide speaking, and he is kicking in the teeth all tha a great many other men have died for. We are i America not much inclined to have great expecta tions any longer, but some Cubans do, and this i unsettling, too. The other thing about Cuba i that, just as some Cubans *believe*, others are no in the least bit sure about where they are going (Others hate everything, of course, but this is an other story.) "The reason we Cubans are so nic to one another," an official said, "is that if we ar not we kill one another." This is more or less th same thought offered by a lady who once carrie bombs to Fidel in the mountains. "In war," sh said, "all you can lose is your life, but in peac you can lose your mind." Nevertheless, here i this sweaty country, ninety miles from Florida fewer than eight million people, kissing off every thing that Jack and Bobby and Gene told us t believe in. What is more extraordinary is that th country, like Havana, does not work very we itself, and it is fully capable of lousing up eve the simplest things. It stores several million do lars' worth of pine seedlings in a tobacco ware house, forgets about it, and then sprays the seed lings and kills them. It allows a United Nation man to come in and work for months on a ne way to raise bananas, and then it allows a *coman dante*, or someone with epaulets, to come by, decid they are likely-looking, and cut them down fo lunch. It allows tons of butter to go rancid on dock. It screws up constantly, and at its mos earnest it allows high comedy, or low camp, t creep in. Inside the door of an old English bus traveled on it said: "For good work we must con serve our equipment." Next to it was a picture o Mickey Mouse.

Moreover, there is something marvelous in th sanctification of Che. He is nearly always picture in full Jesus beard, wearing a black beret wit the single star of a major, his eyes cast upward the whites in a semicircle under those darl glittering orbs, looking like a Latin St. Georg warning off the next dragon. He seems incredibl romantic, and he probably was, and when a bo from the New Left made a meager joke abou there being some sexual hanky-pank between Ch and Fidel, the Government told him to get on th next boat to Montreal. Che was an Argentine doc tor who went to the mountains with Fidel, an then spent a good deal of time losing his way losing his troops sometimes, and trying to get Thompson submachine gun to work. After Batist fell he became the president of the national ban

ng the banknotes Che, and then minister of stries, this being a job in which he decided Cuba should be an industrial nation. It d not, and under Che the sugarcane crop all to hell. Eventually Che moved to Bolivia art a revolution, and this was not a success r. He is, nonetheless, a folk hero, and to get full effect of this you must stand in a hot d of Cubans, their flags and pennants all ter, and keep your eyes fastened on his pic- while they play "Hymn of the Guerrilla" over dspeaker. It is not for nothing that "Che, we follow you" is now graffiti.

e other side of the bungling is that Cuba has mplished some magnificent things, while the of Latin America seems to be sliding into a decay, and it has accomplished them while ng nothing but grief from the United States. revolution measures itself in statistics, great lfuls of statistics, and they show something ning out and altering the lives of people. The stics are always the Government's, and so may be suspect, not for political reasons, but use the Government may not have a talent accurate statistics. Nonetheless, they show there are more doctors, nurses, dentists, hos- ls and blood banks than there were ten years that fewer people die from things like acute rheal disease, polio, typhoid fever, malaria, gastroenteritis than ten years ago; that there more students, schools, and teachers than e were ten years ago; that there are more s, houses, and tractors than there were ten 's ago; and even that there are more books g published than there were ten years ago. I not know what the human cost of all these gs has been, but it has been considerable, and I do not know if it has all been worth it, but I would like to think that it has. There is no good way of measuring the quality of life in Cuba, and the statistics show only a change in the quantity of things. Still, it is impressive, and if you remember that much of the middle class fled, along with many of the professionals, and that the country was underdeveloped to begin with, it is monumental.

If you insist on trying to measure the quality of life, however, you look at people, and talk to them, and this is inconclusive, too. Who could measure life in New York City through random conversations with citizens? Just like revolutionary zeal, quality and substance, whether good or bad, exist in the eye of the beholder. Cuba, for example, has the world's largest collection of cars that can barely move, and the collection dwindles a little every year as individual automobiles finally roll to a halt and just die. They are not interred in a junkyard then; they are stripped, taken apart, dismembered the way Edinburgh medical students dismembered the corpses they got from ghouls, and the parts are implanted among the survivors. These survivors make extraordinary sounds, clunking, thudding, and gurgling, and you may see in them (1) proof that things are bad in Cuba and that the blockade is working, which means that *our* side is winning, or (2) a testimony to Cuban initiative and ingenuity in the fact that the damn things run at all. In Santiago de Cuba, a young mathematics professor from the University of Oriente owns one of the two Austin-Healeys in town. It runs on parts of an old Russian motorcycle, and the young mathematics professor, who lives in a single room, is painfully teaching himself English. He does this by reading four old American paperbacks, three of which are porno-



"Are you trying to—? —No, I'm [illegible]."

graphic and one of which is Sherlock Holmes. I found him and his Austin-Healey and his dirty books touching, but you are free to see in him proof that Fidel can't deliver car parts and learning aids to even his most devoted constituents.

So, how you feel about the revolution really depends on your own style, and this is true even if you are Cuban. "I am with the revolution intellectually," a prominent man said, "but I cannot be with it emotionally. When they applaud out there in the Plaza I am not really a part of it. I am over thirty-five, and when you are over thirty-five all that you were comes back to be a part of you, even the way your father told you to sit, or to stand. I cannot feel the revolution the way the others do." This was an intellectual and a militant Communist, and while it is a convention to say that the middle class has been disenfranchised by the revolution, the intellectuals may have been disenfranchised even more. There is a good deal of mediocrity in Cuba, and they know it, and a dictatorship is not an ideal form of government, and they know that, too. Being over thirty-five, or maybe even thirty, can also make you feel disenfranchised in a country where the Maximum Leader, ten years in power, is only forty-two, and where officials are forever turning up in their twenties. Even though nearly everyone still calls it the Isle of Pines, the splashiest, most publicized development in Cuba is on what the Government calls the Isle of Youth. This is where Fidel proposes to build the first truly Communist region of Cuba, and where everyone is trying hard to build the "new man."

The island, which is about six hours away from the mainland by the only boat that stops there, had 7,800 people, twelve schools, and thirteen whorehouses in 1959. It also had an abortion mill that charged fancy ladies from New York $1,500, which included the price of their hotel. In 1966, after a hurricane ravaged the island, young people went there to help rebuild it, and the next year Fidel turned a romantic notion into an official doctrine when he said that henceforth it would be youth's own island and that here would be realized the deepest ideals of the revolution. There are now a little fewer than 50,000 people living there, and this includes perhaps 18,000 part-time workers, young people mostly, who will be there from forty-five days to twelve or eighteen months. There is, however, not much to see on the Isle of Pines except the young people and the work camps. It is undistinguished country, as so much of Cuba is, and parts of it look like Lowndes County, Alabama, and parts of it look like the foothills of the Catskill Mountains, even thou the harbor, approached through a great reef, lovely in the morning sunlight. There are cit groves and cattle farms, one fair-sized city, a eight work camps. Some camps are more co fortable than others, but the general decor functional-revolutionary, which is what it throughout Cuba. Concrete floors, double-dec bunks, and a great many flies. A pretty Ital girl, who put in time at one of the work cam said the thing that bothered her most was absence of doors on the toilets. (Since she lo the revolution, this lapse into bourgeois decade amused and slightly bothered her.) Nonethel it is here that a new man is being put togeth and he will be, an official said, "a man with feet on the ground." The official, who was the land secretary of the Committee for the Orien tion of the Revolution, and was himself young enthusiastic, went on: "We want a society w a different kind of man. We have a society w a low cultural level, and the man we create m have a high cultural level and high techn ability. He must know how to meet problems have a high degree of political orientation. must develop a man who does not live only to or to sleep, but a man who feels his highest oc pation is to create spiritual and material thi We want man to be essentially productive, works because he feels it is necessary to do it, you cannot develop this man in an abstract w but only in a very concrete way." This, of cou sounds like so much revolutionary bushwa, ex that the official was serious, and also sophistic enough to say that many of the young people joined the work camps did so to solve their emotional problems, and not because of their r lutionary zeal.

There are also young people on the Isle of P who are there because the place they worked on the mainland simply sent them, or because t had nothing else to do with themselves, and I pretty sure that one girl that I met was a ho who was just trying to get right with the auth ties. Nonetheless, there are young people t who are striking, and they are striking bec they seem to feel good about themselves. T are no conventional rewards on the Isle of Pi the days being filled with things like digging h in the ground, the nights being filled with cla of one sort or another, but the most interes of the young people there seemed to believe were doing something important. There was, example, a slender Negro girl who lived in a s cottage with eleven other girls. Inside, it w clutter of cardboard footlockers, steel cots,

d work shoes; outside, the revolution had dolled ings up with gravel footpaths. The girl said e had been there twenty months, and that she anted to stay a little longer. "After all the time ve been here," she said, "I want to see the re- lts." Nonetheless, she said, she had decided to on to a university, although she wasn't sure nat she would do there. "I will study," she said, vhatever will be good for the revolution. I want help my country. I was working in Havana aking men's suits, and then I heard Fidel's eech about this place, and I decided to come ere." What had she been doing all these twenty onths? "I've been washing cows," she said.

It is easy to sentimentalize these things, and ost foreigners do. It is especially easy to senti- entalize the young women, some of whom can ok wonderfully feminine and enormously pleased ith themselves while picking up a load of ma- ure. Still, the road to a new man, or new woman, long and tricky. The Moncada barracks in riente Province, the army stronghold against hich Fidel led a disastrous attack in 1953, is ow a school, and in its third grade the children mped to attention when I walked in, and the class onitor said, "We will be like Che, comrade vis- or. Can my class sit again?" In the fifth grade ie children got up and the monitor said, "We ill follow the lines of our hundred years of fight- ig for freedom. We will perform like all the eroes of our revolution. We will be like Che." ater, the director of the school, a gentle, coffee- olored lady who taught peasants in the Sierra laestra when it was a rebel stronghold, and is ow another true believer, answered questions: How do you teach children to be like Che? How o you train the new man? You do it through the ubjects somewhat, but mostly through the ac- vities in which they participate. For example, ney study in a collective way. They do things in collective way. Then there are the examples e give them of the defense of the fatherland, f the heroes, and of the struggles in other coun- ries that are exploited by the imperialists. It is a omplex of living, a way to live, the total of all nat they receive every day—that is how we teach nem to be like Che." The lady was pleasant, and ne teachers were friendly, but I felt discomfited, nd it was not helped when I learned that the tudents went under military discipline when they eached junior high. Regimentation can be un- ttractive, and Cuba hopes that by 1975 all its chools will be boarding schools, which will allow or nearly unlimited regimentation. I was brood- ng on this when I left the Moncada school, and as walked back to my car I came across some of the fifth-graders I had just heard swearing fidelity to Che. They tried to hustle me for cigarettes, and when I said no, they ignored me and kept hustling. It was, in a way, reassuring.

One day in a town called Pinar del Río, the foreign press was brought before a panel of provincial Cuban journalists for what was supposed to be a frank exchange of views. The panel asked us what we thought of Cuba, and no one knew what to say until a reporter from Stockholm said he liked it just fine. From then on the discussion went straight downhill, and when it finally became unbearable I slipped away. Outside in the plaza, "Thanks for the Memories" was being played over a loudspeaker, and I walked about, talked to Cubans, and decided again that anti-Americanism, on the part of the people, at least, simply wasn't there. When I returned to the discussion a nice little girl from the New Left was asking the middle-aged Cuban journalists what they thought of the underground press. The question had to go through a translator, who plainly didn't know what the underground press was, just as those provincial journalists didn't know either. The American girl tried again, and finally one of the Cubans said something about the underground press telling the real truth, while the capitalist press served only the interests. Everyone looked relieved, and the American girl beamed. Then, when the discussion ended, she walked up to the Cubans, all in suits and quiet ties, and showed them her underground paper. The Cubans were polite, and she was still beaming, and she opened to the centerfold, and there in the middle of the page was an ad that said, "Do you want some pussy?" Two of the Cubans didn't get it at all, one got it and hung his head, and one looked absolutely terrified.

It was all a question of style, really, and of who you are, and of what you are. "But you don't understand," a Cuban friend once told me, "the question of individual liberty is irrelevant in a revolution." We were discussing the need for freedom, and he said that the traditional freedoms were frivolous as long as there were workers being shot in Bolivia, or peasants starving in Colombia. I said I didn't think the question of freedom had anything to do with that, and I thought once again that I was a liberal American and he was a revolutionary, and as much as I wanted to go over to his side I couldn't. I admired him, and I admired his revolution, and it was my final sadness about Cuba. If we couldn't agree, then what chance had our Governments? God help us both.

Harper's Magazine, April 1969

Ronald Blythe

ENGLAND'S CRUEL EARTH

One of Britain's lost generation of plowmen and field workers recalls a life of incredible harshness and his escape from it.

You went to the verge, you say, and came back safely?
Some have not been so fortunate—some have fallen.
—Conrad Aiken, "Prelude XIV"

The village lies folded away in one of the shallow valleys which dip into the East Anglian coastal plain. It is not a particularly striking place and says little at first meeting. It is approached by a spidery lane running off by a handsome stretch of Roman road, apparently going nowhere. This road suggests one of those expensive planning errors which, although canceled in the books, will mark the earth forever. It is the kind of road which hurries one past a situation. Centuries of traffic must have passed within yards of Akenfield without noticing it.

It is a "round" village, with the houses lining the edges of the perimeter lanes, but with shops, church, pub, school, chapel, spread along a central road following the bank of a creek officially known as the Potsford River but called locally the "Black Ditch." The center of the village remains self-contained and quiet in spite of farm machines, motor-bikes, and the dull murmur of summer holiday traffic. Jets from the American base at Bentwaters occasionally ordain an immense sound and the place seems riven, splintered —yet it resumes its wholeness the second the plane vanishes. Nobody looks up. In Brueghel's painting of Icarus, Auden noticed:

How everything turns away
Quite leisurely from the disaster; the plowman may
Have heard the splash, the forsaken cry,
But for him it was not an important failure; the sun shone
As it had to . . .

Could this be village indifference or village strength? Insensitivity or discipline? These East Anglian field workers are the descendants of men who were given battlefield leave to return home and get in the harvest. There is, in the bony quiet of their faces, not insularity or an absence of response, but a rational notion of "first things first," as they say. The peculiarly English social revolution which began immediately after the first world war has dramatically changed the countryman's life, though not nearly so dramatically as that of his cousin in the town. He has his Sixties' comforts and luxuries, as well as a fair inkling of popular Sixties' cultures, but these things, though grabbed for by one who has a long memory of bleakness, are apt to be regarded as trimmings. The earth itself has its latest drugs and fertilizers poured into it to make it rich and yielding, but it is still the "old clay." In both its and his reality, the elemental quality remains up-

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Ronald Blythe lives only a mile away from the locale of his book, "Report from an English Village," from which this portrait is taken. It will be published in May by Pantheon Books. Mr. Blythe is the author of a novel, "A Treasonable Growth"; of "The Age of Illusion," a social history of the years 1919-1940; and of other books.

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most. Science is a footnote to what he really ieves. And what he *knows* is often incommuni- ble.

The villager may be anyone from an old horse- n who, aeons away in social-change time, onged to a family used serf-fashion as a field- ng, to a rich agricultural technician for whom word "farmer" is beginning to sound a quaint scription; yet both will be one in the great ision which separates the growers from the re consumers of food the world over. Deep in nature of such men and elemental to their en- e being there is the internationalism of the nted earth which makes them, in common with rice-harvesters of Vietnam or the wine-mak- s of Burgundy, people who are committed to rtain basic ideas and actions which progress d politics can elaborate or confuse, but can ver alter.

In Akenfield, evidence of the good life, a tall old urch on the hillside, a pub selling the local brew, pretty stream, a football pitch, a handsome uare vicarage with a cedar of Lebanon shading a school with jars of tadpoles in the window, ree shops with doorbells, a Tudor mansion, half- dozen farms, and a lot of quaint cottages, is ere for all to recognize. Akenfield, on the face it, is the kind of place in which an Englishman as always felt it his right and duty to live. It is tently the real country, untouched and genuine. holy place, when you have spent half your life road in the services. Its very sounds are formal, eratic; larks, clocks, bees, tractor hummings. arely the sound of the human voice.

The villager who has never moved away from is birthplace for anything more than military ervice retains the unique mark of his particular illage. If a man says that he comes from Aken- eld he knows that he is telling someone from an- ther part of the neighborhood a good deal more an this. Anything from his appearance to his olitics could be involved. But on the whole the illagers don't volunteer much about themselves. hey are not loquacious people. On the whole, they ill admit certain information about their lives uring the "bad days" and will courteously rake p a few old customs as makeweight, but they re- ain intrinsically private folk and their charac- ers cannot be termed open. The young men are eginning to realize that the farming scene has no uture for them unless they happen to be farmers' ons and can inherit. The middle-aged workers ore them with their tales of thirty-bob-a-week- nd-all-hours but the more intelligent teen-ager as already discovered that his farming life must n essence be his father's farming life repeated— plus sufficient training to allow him to cope with the new agricultural machinery. What most modern farms need is a good tractor driver or two, as once they needed good plowmen—or horsemen, as they were called in Suffolk—and for the majority of farm workers this job has to be the ceiling of their expectations. Agriculture is one of Britain's crucial industries but its skilled workers are the lowest paid and, socially, lowly rated. In East Anglia it remains embedded in a conservatism as heavy as the clay lands themselves.

The old farmsteads, neat and trim, ride high on the hills. They must remain remote unless some huge housing project thrusts up to meet them. And this is not likely here. One or two new houses have gone up recently, usually in the depths of the valley and at the side of the stream and its meadows, where a millennium of villagers have preferred not to live. This, on the quiet face of it, is as ordinary a group of country folk as one would meet anywhere in 1967. Or is it? How much is preserved? How much lost?

* * *

Leonard Thompson, aged seventy-one, and his wife live in a solitary house in the village which stands not more than a yard off the Roman road. The mixture of fragility and tenacity which marks the cottage is somehow indicative of Len himself. Although there is nothing particularly frail about him in the physical sense—he is a little brown bull of a man with hard blue eyes and limbs so stretched by toil that they seem incapable of relaxing into retirement—he has stood firmly in the apocalyptic path of events which have wrenched the village from its serfdom. He is astute, unsentimental, and realistic. He is neither proud nor regretful to have endured the bad times. He is political and holds large, simple convictions which make a lot of today's social hopefulness sound oddly irrelevant. In fact, his evident political nature makes him untypically East Anglian, for politics on the corn plain are notoriously vague, furtive, and unreal.

Len is also an extraordinarily interesting survivor of Britain's village Lost Generation, that mysterious army of horsemen, plowmen, and field workers who fled the wretchedness of the farms in 1914. The army had provided—along with the railways—an escape route for many years before this, but it was the first world war which swept Len and his contemporaries off the hated land to conditions which forced the thinking countryman to decide to halt a system of degradation when they returned. The climate of the Twenties and Thirties suited Len perfectly for what he had to

do. The first world war had given those who survived it confidence. Len showed his by stolidly denying the village farmers their virtual ownership of the laborers and their families. He organized the union branch. One sees him, a fine old man, doing his utmost to comprehend the foreign place in which he happened to have been born. Grandchildren arrive during the university holidays. Nephews and nieces fly in from Canada, while the ash at the end of the road, which marked the last point at which soldier and emigrant sons could turn and wave before walking the miles to Ipswich to catch the train to Gallipoli or Quebec, still blocks the view. Through the tape recorder Len speaks for himself.

* * *

There were ten of us in the family and as my father was a farm laborer earning thirteen shillings a week you can just imagine how we lived. I will tell you the first thing which I can remember. It was when I was three—about 1899. We were all sitting round the fire waiting for my soldier brother to come home—he was the eldest boy in the family. He arrived about six in the evening and had managed to ride all the way from Ipswich station in a milk-cart. This young man came in, and it was the first time I had seen him. He wore a red coat and looked very lively. Mother got up and kissed him but Father just sat and said, "How are you?" Then we had tea, all of us staring at my brother. It was dark, it was the wintertime. A few days later he walked away and my mother stood right out in the middle of the road, watching. He was going to fight in South Africa. He walked smartly down the lane until his red coat was no bigger than a poppy. Then the tree hid him. We never saw him again. He went all through the war but caught enteric fever afterwards and died. He was twenty-one.

Very soon after this it was very hard living indeed for the family. There were seven children at home and Father's wages had been reduced to ten shillings a week. Our cottage was nearly empty—except for people. There was a scrubbed brick floor and just one rug made of scraps of old clothes pegged into a sack. The cottage had a living room, a larder, and two bedrooms. Six of us boys and girls slept in one bedroom and our parents and the baby slept in the other. There was no newspaper and nothing to read except the Bible. All the village houses were like this.

Our food was apples, potatoes, swedes, and bread, and we drank our tea without milk or sugar. Skim milk could be bought from the farm but it was thought a luxury. Nobody could get enough to eat no matter how they tried. Two o my brothers were out to work. One was eigh years old and he got three shillings a week, th other got about seven. Our biggest trouble wa water. There was no water near, it all had to b fetched from the foot of a hill nearly a mile away "Drink all you can at school," we were told—ther was a tap at school. You would see the boys an girls filling themselves up like camels before the left school so that they would have enough wate to last the day. I always remember the bitte metal taste of the tap in my mouth; it was cold beautiful! I remember once coming home fron school and feeling almost mad for water. M mother was washing the linen on the doorstep an when her back was turned I swigged two cupfu from the tub. Up it came at once—it was all soap suds! Mother did no more than box my ears. Tha is how they thought about you at that time.

Our parents and all the cottage people were ver religious and very patriotic. The patriotic song and the church hymns seemed equally holy. The took our breath away. The boys marched through the village singing,

Lords Roberts and Kitchener,
Generals Buller and White,
All dressed in khaki,
going out to fight . . .

and their faces would look sincere and important It was all "my country"—country, country, country. You heard nothing else. There was no music in the village then except at the chapel or the church and our family liked it so much that we hurried from one to the other to hear all we could. People like us, who went where we fancied on a Sunday, were called "Devil-dodgers." We all went to one service after another and ate packets of bread and jam in between. People believed in religion then, which I think was a good thing because if they hadn't got religion there would have been a revolution. Nobody would have stuck it. Religion disciplined us and gave us the strength to put up with things. The parson was very respected. He could do what he liked with us when he felt like it. One day he came to our house and told my eldest sister, who was eleven, to leave school. "I think you needn't finish," he said. "You can go and be maid to old Mrs. Barney Wickes, now she has lost her husband." Mrs. Barney Wickes was blind and my sister was paid a penny a day out of Parish Relief to look after her.

People were strict. Parents were strict. All the village children thought of was how to get away, how to "get on." But we had our games and treats. We had a game called "Hudney." A stone was placed on a brick and had to be knocked off

another stone when it was thrown at it. When u ran to retrieve the stone a boy would try and t you with a ball and if he did you were out of e game. We played this for hours on end. We d no toys, no books, and we didn't play cricket football. But all the boys and young men swam ked in the river in the summertime. It was our ggest happiness. Boys were washed until they ere about two, then their bodies didn't see water gain until they learned to swim. We didn't look rty. We were healthy, strong children, but nall. One of our great desires was to have cake. early all our food was boiled on account of there eing no oven in most of the cottages. A "treat" as any party where you could eat cake.

I walked two miles to school. There were so many children you could hardly squeeze in the oom. All the same, it was very cold in the winter. Most of the boys had suits and boots on with noth-ng underneath. Every now and then we used to ave to stand on the outside of our desks and mark me to get our circulation back. We did left-right, eft-right for about five minutes—good God, what row we made! Later on, I heard this sound again n Gallipoli. It seemed homely and familiar. We ust have been bashing some landing-stage. The chool was useless. The farmers came and took oys away from it when they felt like it; the par-on raided it for servants. The teacher was a espectable woman who did her best. Sometimes he would bring the *Daily Graphic* down and show is the news. I looked forward to leaving school o that I could get educated. I knew that education vas in books, not in school; there were no books here. I was a child when I left but I already knew hat our "learning" was rubbish, that our food vas rubbish, and that I should end as rubbish if I lidn't look out.

When I was six we moved to another house. It was a tied cottage with a thatched roof and hand-some beams. My father said, "We shall be better off, boys; we shall have a nice spring over water just across the road, and that will be a great relief. Also we shall have a nice big garden with two apple trees, a Doctor Harvey and a Blenheim Orange." We moved to this house in 1904. As soon as we got there Mother went stone-picking in the fields . . . because we had to buy some new clothes. We helped her when we got back from school at five o'clock. She had to pick up twenty-four bushels of stones a day to get two shillings. Each parish had to mend its own lanes then and the stones were used for this. A tumbril was put in the field and a line was chalked round it. When you had filled it up to the line you got the two shillings. It would take the whole day. We did it every minute we weren't at school and all through the holidays. It was all I can remember.

But during the harvest holiday we had a change—gleaning. The women would meet and say, "Is Scarlets ready for gleaning yet? Is Great Moses?"—these were the names of the fields. They meant, not has the field been cut but have they cleared the "policeman." The policeman was the name given to the last stook [shock] which the farmers would leave standing in the middle of the field so they could have time to rake up all the loose corn they could before the gleaners arrived. There was one farmer who made a habit of keeping the gleaners waiting and one night a young man stole the "policeman." The next morning the gleaners hurried in and gleaned masses—the field hadn't been raked, you see. The whole village was laughing—except the farmer. He raked up quick the next year, I can tell you!

I gleaned all my boyhood. I ran away from it once but came to grief, and since the results have been with me all my life, I will tell you about it. When I was six I got fed up with being in the gleaning field with all the women, so I ran off to help the boy who worked the cattle-cake machine. In no time my hand was caught and my fingers were squashed. The farmer was just coming up by the granary on his horse when he heard me screaming. "What have you been up to, you young scamp?" he shouted. "My fingers—they're in the cake-breaker!" And he said—I shall never forget it—"Get you off home then!" But when he saw my hand he changed his tune and said, "Get up to the house." The farmer's wife tied some rag round my hand and took me home and my mother wheeled me miles to the doctor's in a pram. My sister was home from service, so she came with us and held me while the doctor scraped the grease out of my wounds with a knife, stitched up one finger, cut another, pared it like a stick and tied what was left to the bone and then moved on to the next finger. I lifted the roof, I can tell you. There was no anesthetic, nothing. My sister began to faint and the doctor got onto her something terrific. "Damn silly girl—clear off outside if you can't stand it! Fetch my groom in." So the groom came and held me until it was finished. All the time the doctor worked he shouted. "What did you do it for? Why? Damn little nuisance! Stupid little fool!"

Nobody used pity then, and especially not to children, and particularly not to boys. The farmer told my father and he said "I'll give him something to think about when I get home!" It was harvest so it was late when he returned. "Where's

that boy Leonard?" he said, "I'm going to give him a good hiding." "He's gone to bed, he's had enough," said Mother. My father didn't realize how bad it was, you see. The tops of three of my fingers had been cut off. So he didn't touch me.

There were a lot of hidings then. My father was a good man and didn't like giving them to us, but some people did. Father never smoked or drank, and he looked after his children. He had a wonderful character in the parish. He would go to work with three-quarters of a loaf of bread and a little bit of cheese, and maybe a couple of onions, but when we ran to meet him after his day's work, he would give us the cheese. He had saved it for us. "I can do without that," he would say. We were thrashed a lot at school. Fathers would be ordered to the school to hold their sons while the mistress thrashed them. Most teachers were big thrashers. But we were tough, very tough.

I left school when I was thirteen, on April 20 when the corn was low. I helped my mother pulling up docks in the Big Field for a shilling an acre, which my mother took. She could see that I was too big to have money taken from me like this, so when the farmer came round she said, "Can't you give my boy a proper job?" She meant a regular job with a wage. But the farmer just laughed and rode away. So the next week I tried my luck at another farm. Mr. Wakeling, this farmer, was very tall and he had three sons of about eighteen to twenty-one who were all over six feet. They all stood looking down at me and smiling. "So you are thirteen and you have left school, but what can you do?" "I can do anything." "Well, there's a mangold field over there—you do that."

"What are you going to get?" asked my mother when I told her. "I never asked and he never said," I replied. It was the beginning of being grown-up.

I had a week in this field, singling mangolds, and I did well because I had often done the job before after school. The farmer came and looked and said, "You've done very well, my little man. How much have I got to give you?" "My mother said half-a-crown but perhaps you would sooner give me a rise." But the farmer thought half-a-crown was good, which was what I got for sixty hours' work. When the harvest came along, the boy who was doing the milking, and who was seventeen and strong, was told to load corn and I had to take over the cows. The farmer's riding ponies and then his son's ponies were added. Then the farmer said, "You'll have to work Sundays now, but I shall be giving you another sixpence. So I got three shillings a week. Mother said, "How lucky you are!"

Shortly after this my father came to grief with his farmer and we had to leave the tied cottage. We moved down by the river and when we were settled Father took my brother and myself to his new employer and, twizzling me round so that I could be seen, said, "Here's a good strong boy. I want four and six a week for him." "We'll see about that at the end of the week," said the farmer. Then my father made my brother stand forward—he was fifteen—and said, "Look what a fine lad. I want eight shillings a week for him." The farmer thought for a minute, looked us up and down and said, "All right."

The second week that I was at this new farm I had to drive a herd of cattle to Ipswich. I was thirteen and had lived only ten miles away all my life, but I had never been to this big town before. The farmer went ahead in his trap and waited for me at Ipswich market. He sold the cows and bought some more, and told me to drive them back to the farm. Most of my work was like this, walking cattle along the roads backwards and forwards to the market—about twenty-five miles a day. The farmer was a dealer. I stayed with him a year and four months and was paid four shillings sixpence a week. And then I got into a hell of a row. I'd driven a flock of sheep from Ipswich and the next morning they found that one had died. The farmer was in a terrible stew. He ran down the field and met my mother on her way to chapel and told her all about it. He had driven the sheep too hard, he said. "And you drive boys too hard!" said my mother—she had no fear at all. Well, the truth of the matter is that she said a lot of things she'd only thought until then, and so I left the farm. It must seem that there was war between farmers and their men in these days. I think there was, particularly in Suffolk. These employers were famous for their meanness. They took all they could from the men and boys who worked their land. They bought their life's strength for as little as they could. They wore us out without a thought because, with the big families, there was a continuous supply of labor. Fourteen young men left the village in 1909-11 to join the army. There wasn't a recruiting drive, they just escaped. And some people just changed their sky, as they say, and I was one of them.

Every week in the *Suffolk Chronicle and Mercury* there was an advertisement which said, "Lads for Yorkshire. Milk or Plowing, Good Homes. Fares Paid. Apply: Woods of Stowmarket." All the Yorkshire farm workers, you see, had left the land to work in the factories and mills. So they hit on this idea of getting workers up from Suffolk, where things were desperate, to cultivate

e Yorkshire farms. So I thought, right, I'll go! was getting nine shillings a week for a seventy-e-hour week in a cowshed. I had four hours off week, from ten to two on a Sunday. So I went to orkshire. I met Mr. Woods on Bury St. Edmunds ation and he gave me my ticket. I went to a rm in the West Riding. It was the first time I d been away from home. I lived in a little old om on the farm with two other boys and was ld that I would get £12 at the end of the year, nich was five shillings a week but also my food d keep. The food was good; we ate it with the rvant in the kitchen. We worked like little don-ys until we were a bit unsteady on our feet, then was bed. Then work. I had to pay a pound a year an old woman to do my washing, pay a pound to t home again and a pound for boots and cordu-ys, but I came to Suffolk with eight golden sov-eigns in my hand and felt a millionaire.

returned to my old farm at Akenfield for eleven illings a week, but I was unsettled. When the rmer stopped my pay because it was raining and couldn't thrash, I said to my seventeen-year-mate, "Bugger him. We'll go off and join the ny." It was March 4, 1914. We joined the army ew hours after we had made our decision. We lked to Ipswich and got the train to Colchester. e were soaked to the skin but very happy. At e barracks we kissed the Bible and were given shilling. The recruiting sergeant said, "You n't go home in all this rain, you can sleep in a l in the recruiting room." In the morning he d, "Go home and say goodbye, and here's ten ilings each for your food and fares. Report back Monday."

In my four months' training with the regiment ut on nearly a stone in weight and got a bit ler. They said it was the food but it was really ause for the first time in my life there had been strenuous work. I want to say this simply as act, that village people in Suffolk in my day re worked to death. It literally happened. It is a figure of speech. I was worked mercilessly. I not complaining about it. It is what happened me.

We were all delighted when war broke out on gust 4. I was now a machine-gunner in the ird Essex Regiment. A lot of boys from the vil-e were with me and although we were all sleep-in ditches at Harwich, wrapped in our great-ts, we were bursting with happiness. We were damned glad to have got off the farms. I had en shillings a week and sent my mother half of If you did this, the government would add an-er three shillings sixpence—so my mother got seven. My father died early this year and my mother lived on this seven shillings a week for the whole of the war, adding a scrap to it by doing washing and weeding in the fields. Neither of my parents lived long enough to draw the Old Age Pension. I can remember, when work was short, a group of unemployed young men coming to where some old men were sugar-beeting, which is the worst job there is, and shouting, "Now that you grandfathers have got the pension"—it was five shillings a week—"why don't you get out of the field and give us a chance?" These "old" men were only in their fifties but the hardness of their lives had made them ancient.

All this trouble with the village fell behind us now. I was nineteen and off to the Dardanelles, which is the Hellespont, I discovered. I had two boys from the village with me. We'd heard a lot about France so we thought we'd try Turkey. The band played on the banks of the river as we pulled out of Plymouth and I wondered if we would ever come home again. We were all so patriotic then and had been taught to love England in a fierce kind of way. The village wasn't England; England was something better than the village. . . .

We arrived at the Dardanelles and saw the guns flashing and heard the rifle fire. They heaved our ship, the *River Clyde*, right up to the shore. They had cut a hole in it and made a little pier, so we were able to walk straight off and onto the beach. We all sat there—on the Hellespont!—waiting for it to get light. The first things we saw were big wrecked Turkish guns, the second a big marquee. It didn't make me think of the military but of the village fetes. Other people must have thought like this because I remember how we all rushed up to it, like boys getting into a circus, and then found it all laced up. We unlaced it and rushed in. It was full of corpses. Dead Englishmen, lines and lines of them, and with their eyes wide open. We all stopped talking. I'd never seen a dead man before and here I was looking at two or three hundred of them. It was our first fear. Nobody had mentioned this. I was very shocked. I thought of Suffolk and it seemed a happy place for the first time.

Later that day we marched through open country and came to within a mile and half of the front line. It was incredible. We were there—at the war! The place we had reached was called "dead ground" because it was where the enemy couldn't see you. We lay in little square holes, myself next to James Sears from the village. He was about thirty and married. That evening we wandered about on the dead ground and asked about friends of ours who had arrived a month or so ago. "How is Ernie Taylor?"—"Ernie?—he's

gone." "Have you seen Albert Paternoster?"—"Albert?—he's gone." We learned that if three hundred had "gone" but seven hundred were left, then this wasn't too bad. We then knew how unimportant our names were.

I was on sentry that night. A chap named Scott told me that I must only put my head up for a second but that in this time I must see as much as I could. Every third man along the trench was a sentry. The next night we had to move on to the third line of trenches and we heard that the Gurkhas were going over and that we had to support their rear. But when we got to the communication trench we found it so full of dead men that we could hardly move. Their faces were quite black and you couldn't tell Turk from English. There was the most terrible stink and for a while there was nothing but the living being sick onto the dead. I did sentry again that night. It was one-two-sentry, one-two-sentry all along the trench, as before. I knew the next sentry up, quite well. I remembered him in Suffolk singing to his horses as he plowed. Now he fell back with a great scream and a look of surprise—dead. It is quick, anyway, I thought. On June 4 we went over the top. We took the Turks' trench and held it. It was called Hill 13. The next day we were relieved and told to rest for three hours, but it wasn't more than half an hour before the relieving regiment came running back. The Turks had returned and recaptured their trench. On June 6 my favorite officer was killed and no end of us butchered, but we managed to get hold of Hill 13 again. We found a great muddle, carnage and men without rifles shouting, "Allah! Allah!" which is God's name in the Turkish language. Of the sixty men I had started out to war from Harwich with, there were only three left.

We set to work to bury people. We pushed them into the sides of the trench but bits of them kept getting uncovered and sticking out, like people in a badly made bed. Hands were the worst; they would escape from the sand, pointing, begging—even waving! There was one which we all shook when we passed, saying, "Good morning," in a posh voice. Everybody did it. The bottom of the trench was springy like a mattress because of all the bodies underneath. At night, when the stench was worse, we tied crepe round our mouths and noses. This crepe had been given to us because it was supposed to prevent us being gassed. The flies entered the trenches at night and lined them completely with a density which was like moving cloth. We killed millions by slapping our spades along the trench walls but the next night it would be just as bad. We were all lousy and we couldn't stop shitting because we had caught dysentery. We wept, not because we were frightened but because we were so dirty.

We didn't feel indignant against the government. We believed all they said, all the propaganda. We believed the fighting had got to be done. We were fighting for England. You only had to say "England" to stop any argument. We shot and shot. On August 6 they made a landing at Suvla Bay and we took Hill 13 again, and with very few casualties this time. We'd done a good job. The trench had been lost yet again, you see. When we got back for the third time we found a little length of trench which had somehow missed the bombardment. There were about six Turkish boys in it and we butchered them right quick. We couldn't stay in the trench, we had to go on. Then we ran into machine-gun fire and had to fall flat in the heather, or whatever it was. Suddenly my mate caught fire as he lay there. A bullet had hit his ammunition belt. Several people near jumped up and ran back, away from the burning man and the machine-gun fire. I could hear the strike of the gun about a foot above my head. I lay between the burning man and a friend of mine called Darky Fowler. Darky used to be a shepherd Helmingham way. I put my hand out and shook him, and said, "Darky, we've got to go back. We *must* go back!" He never answered. Darky had gone. I lay there thinking how funny it was that I should end my life that night. Then my mate began to go off like a firework—the fire was exploding his cartridges. That did it! I up and ran. . . .

After Gallipoli I went to France. I went through the Somme and through the battles of Arras, after which I was captured. It was 14 April 1917. We ran and gave ourselves up, there was nothing more we could do. The Germans lined us up and marched us off. I thought, "We're safe now. We're out of it. . . ." I didn't know what was going to happen. If I had I would sooner have gone through all the fighting again. It was the worst thing which ever happened to me in my life. We were taken to Lille, where the Germans had to make us ill and wretched in a week in order to march us through the town, so that they could say to the people, "Look at the great British army, look what it has been reduced to!" We were driven into dark dungeons, straight off the battlefield, starved, made filthy, and in only *six days* we were ill and looked like scarecrows. . . .

At Christmas 1917 they took us to Germany, right down to Kiel. It was snowing and we were in rags. No shoes. They gave us wooden clogs. We dug on the Kiel railway, making a track to the Baltic for the big guns. Many people died. On No-



ey said it was impossible to cook a turkey in an hour. They ate their words.

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"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

mber 5, 1918, some German sailors arrived and t us free. They cut all the barbed wires and left st one guard in charge. "You can leave if you ke," they said. "The war will soon be over. There going to be a revolution, so keep off the roads. ou could go and help the farmers pick up pota- es. That would be sensible."

So this is what we did. And when the war ıded, there we were, Germans, Poles, Russians, ıd Englishmen, working in the fields and real- ing that there was damn little growing in them.

The soldiers who got back to the village recov- ed very quickly. People who had lost their sons lt strange. Generally speaking, we were thank- ıl that it was all over and we could get back to ır work. Yet things *had* changed and people were fferent. The farm workers who had been soldiers ere looked at in a new way. There were a few ıore privileges around than there used to be. hey'd let you take a rabbit or two, for instance. efore 1914, if you'd caught a rabbit, my God, the orld would have come to an end! The sack was ıe least you'd get. We felt that there must be no ipping back to the bad old ways and about 1920 e formed a branch of the Agricultural Laborers' nion.

Nineteen-twenty looked like being a good year. he awards made by the Central Wages Board ere enforced in the spring and we were getting 8 shillings sixpence a week on the farms. We orked fifty-four hours a week and had a half- oliday. What a change from 1914, when it was hirteen shillings a week and just enough grub nd sleep to keep you on the move! The farmers ere able to pay the new wages because of the rices guaranteed by the Corn Act of 1917, so we lidn't feel that we were diddling them. Only two r three hundred men belonged to the Union be- ore the war, now thousands and thousands joined. his was the summer one of our members, Mr. dwards, won South Norfolk for Labor. He was he second farm worker to get into Parliament. We were so pleased with the way things were oing that we felt we must consolidate. We had ıever had anything before, you see. We felt glad ut unsafe. So we demanded fifty shillings a week nd said that we would strike if we didn't get it. hen things began to go wrong. It had nothing to lo with the strike plans.

The slump set in during the great hot summer of 1921. I remember it well. We had no rain from March right through to October. The corn didn't grow no more than a foot high and most of it didn't even come to the ear. We harvested what we could and the last loads were leaving the field when we heard "the wages are coming down this week." It was true. The farmers told the men that they would be given 42/6. Then it was 38/6. A fortnight later on the farm where I worked it was, "You'll have to be on short-time—the boss can only afford to give you 27/6 a week." And that is what we lived on all that bad winter.

It was the government's fault. They ended the Corn Act less than a year after it had been made law. They said it was best if the farmers made their own bargains, which meant that they wouldn't pay the subsidies. The price of wheat was quartered in a year. Cattle were sold for next to nothing because the farmers couldn't afford to keep them. The farmers became broke and frightened, so they took it out on us men. We reminded them that we had fought in the war, and they reminded us that they had too! So it was hate all round. Then we had to close down our Union Branch because nobody could afford to pay the fourpence a week membership fee. I remember the week this happened. I drew 27/6 from the farmer and after I had given my wife twenty-four and paid my Union fourpence and my rent 3 1, I had a penny left! So I threw it across the field. I'd worked hard, I'd been through the war, and I'd married. A penny was what a child had. I wasn't having that. I would sooner have nothing.

The farmers were utterly against the Union and utterly against the Wages Board. Now, in our village, we had no Union, no Board—nobody to look after us. Sixteen men fell out of work but there was no dole for farm laborers. An unemployed married farm worker got parish relief but a single man got nothing. So the young men began to walk to the other villages, searching for odd jobs. Soon East Anglia was full of these men and by 1930 or so, you'd get up to fifty of them passing the cottage every night as they tramped from workhouse to workhouse. The farmers knew about our Union activities from their grooms and gardeners, who had always reckoned themselves above the men who worked in the fields. They would return from the pub and tell their masters all they had heard. There would be fights sometimes between the field workers and the farmers' creepers. It took a brave man to show his politics in Suffolk all through the Thirties. If you weren't a Tory you were a trouble-maker. All the same, we got the Union going again in 1934. Things changed after this, first very slowly, then faster and faster.

I am old now. I read library books about the Great War—my war. The one I am reading now is called *The Sword-Bearers*. I have these deep lines on my face because I have worked under fierce suns.



RUBBINGS

a story by Julia Whedon

Every summer it is the same. We arrive shattered, shuffling, like survivors of some mine disaster. Then, not so slowly as one might suppose, the climate, the trivial obligations of rural life, do their merciful work and we are restored. And although this cycle is entirely dependable, we regard its unfolding as pure melodrama.

Very gradually our minds, filled with nearly illegible notations scribbled in deadly haste during the winter, begin to transcribe. Thoughts burgeon, cluster, then begin to take on forms we recognize. Then, suddenly, they spring up too close together and we frantically try to thin the tangle. In the winter we beat our brains trying to flush a thought, while in the summer, our arms plunged in cold mud probing for clams, inspiration intrudes, unsummoned. I suppose summers are allegorical.

I recall one August we decided to picnic in a cemetery that lay in the heart of a blueberry patch. Our berry picking (which had previousl yielded a nasty succession of fritters, sherbets jams, syrups, and pies) brought us repeatedly t the boundaries of the cemetery, but never withir

As we set off, the wind was high and hot. Cloud sprinted across the sky. There was a sense o great activity with the seasons about to change I found that I was taking deep breaths of summe air as if I were about to immerse myself in fa and come up gasping for spring.

We drove through the blueberry patch by wa of a sandy rutted road. It meandered, not round ing obstacles, just making its lazy way. In th city we are accustomed to terse, direct road sys tems. They have a self-important way of cuttin through all that stands in their path. They asser themselves. Country roads digress. And hov delectable it is to traverse the contours o the land.

The cemetery crowned a high knoll and from one had an opulent view of the land around. ing so close to the sea, the land was crude and shly selective. But that which could grow grew aciously, vividly, clutching at the sullen moors t lay between us and the sea.

The cemetery was old with sinking slanted idstones. Some were worn smooth by time. One e a macabre Angel of Death. Another showed hourglass weighted sorrowfully at the bottom. brought paper and crayons so we could do obings later.

We gingerly picked our way among the dear parted, then relented and finally settled down on a Captain Bowdoin and an old maid sister. l about us were notations in New England his-y—childbed fever, epidemics, ships lost at sea, lendid old age. The salient facts of existence re adorned by lichens, dandelions, and clumps beach plum. That Biblical coming and going, unremarkable in the country, confronted us like sermon. Death in the city is so abrupt, untimely, d altogether ugly. It's part of nothing. It would fatuous to suggest that a New Yorker had gone his reward.

Once we were settled upon our blanket, our tle daughter wandered off, muttering to herself, llecting faded standards that had been placed tribute months before. She thought them very stive and liked their snappy flutter as she raced ross the wild grass and flowering weeds. I ought to scold her but I didn't. She would want know why and it was too nice a day to become uled in one's own logic.

unch was a preposterous collation of peanut tter, cucumber, salami, cupcakes, and Burndy. But soon every morsel was gone leaving s with a little wine, which we sipped—considerg the possibility that this was the loveliest interde in our lives. But this day, as lovely as it was, ould have to contend with another in Spain. We ad journeyed from Madrid, struggling up the ierras then out across miles of baked plains when ddenly, there before us, was Segovia—appearing rom nowhere, like a good idea. So golden and still was—its castle and aqueduct were like dream ragments—recalled and then forgotten. We werved as if we had come upon a doe in the road. Ve had meant to tour Segovia but now that eemed like barbarism. We had no heart for it. So e withdrew to a hillside that lay across the river nd picnicked in a pine grove.

Perhaps it was the odor of bruised pine needles hat brought it all back. There is something about ating out-of-doors that makes you feel inexplicably smug. We never did see Segovia and we adored ourselves for it. I'm conceited I suppose (my childhood enemies called me stuck-up). I'm likely to make a big thing out of not dropping a Good Humor bag in the street. I take a dim view of the human race and deplore my ancestral connection with it. I guess I was a little precocious in this regard. The fat little boys with weak ankles who wrecked my sand castles thirty years ago are still at it. They leave their loathsome spoor above the tide line: beer cans, shredded Styrofoam, zoris. How nobly man acquits himself in nature's struggle—everything feeding upon everything else. Turning his environment to compost he, in turn, is consumed by guilt and despair. Well and good. I'm crazy about justice and I like it unequivocal, regimental blue.

It seemed to me this August day that I had successfully withdrawn from nature's gluttony. I was still, quite obviously, thinking the long thought. Sure at last of one point on the compass, I was taking readings in all directions. All ironies and juxtapositions were intelligible to me. I was, frankly, inebriated by the generosity of my own intelligence. What an obligation and privilege it was to be me! I perceived that my life had a beginning, middle, and end. I was prepared to board my solar ship. Centuries later they would come upon me, with little brushes, and my chattels would tell of my deeds, my wealth, my position. And with these bones and relics they would construe an entire civilization, misplacing me, in time, naturally, by several hundred years.

One thought was overtaking another with such velocity that I began to experience weightlessness. My eyes snapped open and my heart ticked a warning. Had I journeyed too far? I felt like a child awakening in a strange bed. My eyes swept my surroundings. I had, in fact, been dozing and my husband and daughter had discreetly crept away not wishing to disturb me. That was all. I closed my eyes and determined to tunnel back to my thoughts. Yet again I was interrupted. Something was troubling me. A sound cutting in, cutting out. Mentally I swished at it like a cow with flies on her rump. But it persisted. I raised myself on my elbow and looked around again. I was in a bad mood now. For the first time it occurred to me that I was sitting alone in a graveyard. Well, not really alone, of course. Not with George and Emily and all the good folks of Grover's Corners ghosting around and gassing about the good old days. "Oh world," I had trilled years before, "you're too wonderful to believe." Those were the days. Everything I believed and felt was coinci-

dentally expressed by others in lyrics, books, and melody. All the disorders afflicting my aching soul could be diagnosed by reading my diary (any single page would do) which, by another coincidence, I always left unlocked.

I never handle anything poisonous without imagining myself swallowing it and taking the antidote—soap, raw egg, vinegar, milk of magnesia. Similarly, ever since I discovered I had an irrational side to my nature, I've been practicing rationality (which both looks and feels like good posture). In this instance, I doused my anxiety with plain good sense. There wasn't a reason in the world why a normal, perfectly sensible person like myself should be alarmed. Then what was this dark furry thought stalking my composure? It was very simple, I reasoned. I was worried about my daughter and my anxiety about her put me off balance. And, in my disequilibrium, my imagination was substituting unreal things for real things. In the city my daughter and I stick very close together. In the country she is permitted to wander off. Distance means loss of control. But not in the country. Surely in the country distance meant freedom, integrity, expansion. Not mashers, perverts, and psychopaths. Besides, she was with my husband. It was I that was alone. I was amazed. Generally my apprehension is always for others. But instinct prevailed now. I sniffed the air like a plains animal. My mind was poised, scanning for trouble. Then finally I found it. The blip on my radar screen. A man, youngish, well-built, older than I thought at first. His hair was beach-blown. He seemed to be smiling as he approached. As the distance between us narrowed, he came more sharply into focus. He was too pale to be a local. He wasn't shaggy enough to be a hippie. The summer boys all ripped their chinos off at the knee. His jeans were long and mud-spattered. In short, he was a stranger. A stranger in a strange place. And no one would linger in such a place unless he was drawn to its strangeness, I surmised. By this simple addition I unheedingly reverted to the logic of the streets. It was as if a light frost formed over the surface of my body, my temperature dropped, and my motor started idling expectantly. Strangers are supposed to speak. He did not. Check. They are supposed to identify themselves, declare their intentions like ships on the high seas. He had not. Check. There is an invisible line between civil confrontation and intimate encounter. Children and animals may cross it with impunity. The same behavior in adults is highly suspicious, if not psychopathic. He had crossed it.

"Hello," I said, less in the spirit of a greeting than a challenge—a volley laid across his bow. Like a wind-up toy he slowed but did not stop until he reached the very hem of my blanket. He stared down at me, then frowned and turned to the sea which glimmered hard, not wet, beyond the dunes.

"Hey, this is okay," he murmured in tones I thought one generally reserved for a good back rub. I felt implicated somehow and busily set about packing up lunch. I wanted to appear efficient not frightened.

"What a view, huh?" he said turning to me. He apparently required an answer.

"It's a really swell view. Really neat." I replied with what I hoped sounded like hearty teen-age enthusiasm.

"Come here a lot?" he queried.

"No, never. This is my first time—or perhaps I should say 'our' first time. I'm here with my family. They just went for a little walk."

He lowered himself, balancing easily in a crouch, and pulled a strand of wild grass from its sheath and nibbled the tender pale end.

"You had lunch and everything, huh?" he said nodding at our leftovers. Well of course we'd had lunch and everything—what in the world was I supposed to say to that? It made me irritable.

"Your little girl go along for the walk?"

"Evidently. They'll be back in a minute, I know. But I must say it makes me very cross. It's way past her nap time and she whines when she misses her nap. It makes everyone irritable when she whines, and, of course, she's gone off without her shoes. . . ."

I paired them up and then paused and looked at them hard. I looked up at the intruder. They were just a child's sneakers but somehow he knew I had a little girl. Then I remembered the buzzing sound cutting in and cutting out. The sound of a motorcycle moving restlessly about in the distance. We had been watched, observed—whatever it was I didn't like it. Where in the world was everybody? The thought brought me to my feet. I looked frantically in all directions. They were nowhere. The wind poured through the stunted pines in an eternal exhale. My anguish made me pull away from myself—I had a dizzying aerial view of the total absurdity of my predicament. Sometime, somewhere, in the last weeks, my exquisitely woven defenses had snagged and had

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gun to unravel. And to what melancholy seaside elation did I owe my present peril? That there no safety in numbers? That I could only be ninished by numbers, size, noise, and the ambin of others? That drowning only occurs on dry id? In the summer I'm always conducting cram irses in personal philosophy, recklessly deuncing my own diversions, and finally hurling self into what I suppose to be the Ganges of f-understanding. I would return, then, to the y with a bag full of seashells—souvenirs of my ward journey. A regular Anne Lindbergh, exot that by January I can never remember iat they all mean. Had I gone so far this time at I had abandoned all precautions against the seen enemy? I could scarcely believe what I d done. I deserved to lose. As I turned around thought, "You win. Technically it's not quite ir. Ordinarily I'm never found in places like this cause I'm very careful. But somehow I forgot vself."

"Any of these people yours?" the intruder ked.

I just looked at him. Didn't he know I had just pitulated? He repeated the question.

"These people," I repeated looking at the graves *knew* I knew the answer), "these people . . . oh, ar, no. You see, I'm just a summer person. But e headstones are interesting. You should take a ok. Uh, people used to live a long time, long ago. mean once they made it past childbirth and childood diseases. There are numerous references, for ample, that is, in the inscriptions proper (maye I was too boring to rape?), to the sands time which is not surprising, I suppose, living, s they did, so close to the sea. We know that own through time this has been the case; people ving close to the land have had a powerful metanorical sense of their environment. It might be aid that if you believe in metaphors you're a rimitive; if you live by them you're an intellecual. An interesting irony, I think." I was so azzled by my own nonstop fatuity I almost missed y chance. My dissertation left my adversary palably puzzled, if not paralyzed with boredom. hat was all I needed.

I broke for the car and in a minute I locked the oors, rolled up the windows, and was boiling own the dirt road. The road was mined with sand raps and potholes, every hazard known to man how country people can tolerate such primitive onditions in the twentieth century is beyond unerstanding but *typical*).

When I reached the main road I felt elated. I aughed out loud. I'd *done* it! All by my godamned self! But that was just it, of course. I was entirely by myself. I'd left my family behind. I felt as if I'd made a record run down the Giant Slalom and had just been notified I'd missed one of the gates.

Numb, I turned the car around and headed back in. I had no plan this time. I just wanted my family back. The wind swept across the graveyard as before. The man had vanished. I sat, my hands resting on the steering wheel, and looked at the scene without understanding. It was as if what had happened had never been. It left me flat and tired. My eyes picked up a bright flicker of color darting and lighting in the distance. My husband and daughter were coming in at last. Slowly I got out of the car and padded barefoot down the road to meet them. My daughter ran toward me calling, "Mommy, Mommy," in high excitement. She was working very hard at carrying her pail without spilling. "I got berries! All by myself! Look! We could make lots of muffins."

I looked in her pail. There were twenty berries rolling around in the bottom and my eyes began to moisten with tears. My husband looked at me sheepishly.

"With twenty berries?" I asked.

"Well, I figure you could make either one terrific muffin or twenty so-so muffins."

"You can't make muffins with twenty berries," I stated flatly.

"You could try?" he teased me.

"No, damn it, I'm not making any more stupid muffins and that's that. They taste lousy anyway." With that, the tears betrayed me and brimmed over.

"What's *wrong*?" he asked, suddenly concerned.

"What's wrong is you wandered off for over an hour without telling me and I couldn't find you. Anywhere. Things happened. I was frightened." I choked out the rest of the story and blew my nose. My husband thought for a moment and then passed me his cigarette.

"Strictly speaking nothing happened. You know that, don't you?" he said gently.

I nodded. "Except one thing. It's all over for me now. God damn him whoever he was. I have that city feeling now. I can never go places like this again. I'll always know better."

"Mommy," my daughter said tugging on my arm quietly, "I'd let you have one of my berries if you wanted." I kneeled to embrace her, letting her kindness wash over me.

"You'll be the reason I'll come back," I thought. I ate one of her berries and got up.

"Okay." I sighed. "Let's see what we can do with nineteen berries, God help us."

Harper's Magazine, April 1969

Jeremy Larner

NOBODY KNOWS . . . Reflections on the McCarthy Campaign: Part I

A novelist who was at his side in the days of glory and disillusion examines the most enigmatic politician of our time and the campaign he ran.

. . . what my intentions were . . . I think I knew better than some of the people who are telling what they were. In any saying what they were, why nobody knows.

Boston Globe, December 15, 1968.

1. [illegible] November 30, 1967 [illegible] none of the punchiness of the contemporary press release. He was "concerned" that the Administration had set no "limits" on the price it would pay for victory. He was hopeful that his "challenge" might "alleviate the sense of political helplessness and restore . . . a belief in the processes of American politics. . . ."

Gene McCarthy did not say he was running for President. He was challenging not the President, but "the President's position."

People used to say then that he lacked personality. Those of us who could dig him knew better almost right away. It was the great big people who lacked true personality. We suspected they had sunk us deeper and deeper in Vietnam for lack of real stuff on the inside. They were hollowed out, those high and empty holy ones, they spoke in empty bombast, acted from panic and make-believe, tried to cover up the horror of their deeds with giant masks of supergravity.

If McCarthy came on flat and careful, it might just be because he tried to say only what he knew. He did not try to make himself an "image," he seemed to struggle with personal thoughts and to cherish a private sensibility. If he made fun of "charisma," refused casting in the star system of American life and thought, why, that was a signal that he possessed a self worthy of the name, that, alone and inside, without anyone's scorecard or fan mag, the man had a genuine existence. And if he did not set great store by the horns and drums, then he at least might not lose his head when the horns began to play.

It was a pity so few of us really understood him, but he didn't have a chance anyhow—did he? [illegible] seemed monolithic, controlled at the top b[illegible] of policy makers who duped and pacified th[illegible] population. No wonder only one Senator da[illegible] himself against the war! If he irritated p[illegible] politicians, well, what could one expect? Ha[illegible] fered too long with false heroes, we gave [illegible] hero the benefit of the doubt, and credit f[illegible] ironic virtues each one reserved in secret fo[illegible]

By the end of the year we learned we wer[illegible] than we thought—and we were wrong [illegible] McCarthy was not to be pitied or admired f[illegible] ciency of personality. He was a man who [illegible] his star as well as his circumstances. But [illegible] less than a star, a very lofty star—so hig[illegible] times it looked unreal—as distant and as s[illegible] an image.

2. In the fall of 1967, the mood of Ameri[illegible] openly opposed the war was desperate and[illegible] There were respectable liberals who seric[illegible] cussed the possibility of "guerrilla actio[illegible] the United States. If they read the *Wall St[illegible] nal* they might have noted that the busines[illegible] nity was beginning to realize the war wa[illegible] nomic as well as controversial. And there w[illegible] folks, many of them, for whom the war was [illegible] and unpleasant, though they did not like pe[illegible] "spoke against the country." All the media [illegible] material which exposed the gap between Vi[illegible] it was and as our leaders said it was, but i[illegible] sumed, even by antiwar commentators, th[illegible] jority of Americans did not notice or care

And so after the March on the Pentagon [illegible] public antagonism—for reasons which may [illegible] little to do with the war itself—those who [illegible] pathized with its purpose could readily acc[illegible] man Mailer's metaphysical theory that Viet[illegible] bodied the secret will of "small-town Ame[illegible] insatiable lust for annihilation.

Very few would have predicted at that p[illegible]

: political movement which sent student
into precisely the heart of small-town
uld actually topple the man who was de-
e king of everything small-town, and per-
y for good the public faith in the justice
n interventionism.
rd Lowenstein and a few others began to
assumption as far back as August of 1967.
they had to assume it—they were liberal
by profession. As the next generation of
ers, how could they claim their constitu-
y could not lead a popular opposition to

ung prophets-by-necessity set off in their
its and clean-cut hair to talk not only to
ps and students but to local politicians and
s in Oregon and Wisconsin and wherever
ld set up chairs. They developed a grass-
for a Dump Johnson movement, a network
eady to open storefronts, answer phones,
ies, and generally act like a machine. It
le for McCarthy to run for President only
e Dump Johnson nucleus had collected the
ssue an invitation.

must have been uncomfortable at the
iem. Not one of them had won an election
e National Student Association—yet they
g to shove him up the Democratic party.
interested in the issues, and so was he;
vably he had a more personal view of the
offering. Then too, he was entering the
with twenty years' experience in "going
ple" and going to the cloakroom—begin-
an insurgent movement in Minnesota—and
t convinced for a moment of their tactical
ce, let alone their competence.

McCarthy stuck his toe into the water—
ting of the size of the lake or the risk to
mer, but hardly about to splash his chest
he cry of the ape-man.

mp Johnson managers proceeded to funnel
roops into New Hampshire—a clever, help-
which, however, made it seem as if Mc-
near-victory was due entirely to the appeal
kids shaving and covering their legs. Col-
and managers alike announced that they
ting the war not simply as an evil in itself
ymptom of everything that was wrong with
They were going to throw out the Estab-
and build a new country, where everyone
tes, everyone cares, and the man at the top
truth. They would begin by confessing that
try was racist and set right in to rebuild

IcCarthy wanted to see America change and
among the very few Senators who connected
with larger corruptions of power. But after
ears in Washington he was slower to jump
on of mass conversion, more aware of the
existing arrangements, and even, in some cases, of the ways in which those arrangements actually served.

Yet the people who backed McCarthy pretended their vision of America was coming true—that this was the meaning of his unexpected success in New Hampshire and Wisconsin. There was by then a mysterious quantity in American life called the McCarthy movement, and on its behalf the young managers were ready to approach the rest of America, to speak to them of perils and possibilities, to convince them and gain their trust, or even, to be politic, to search for common interests. And finally, having shown strength, to claim power.

But the candidate himself went his own way. Persuasion, politics, and power were not his style in 1968. There were indeed a few times when he seemed to think he might just be elected President. But if he made it, it was going to be as his own man, in his own way, and not as the leader of any movement. He had lent himself to that movement, and felt he had given as much as he got. In the final analysis, their picture of the world was not his, and his purposes could not be harnessed with their potential. Despite an area of political agreement, he had entered and campaigned for reasons which were more than political, reasons which had to do with his concept of his own personality. That concept turned out to be absolute; he could not betray it.

So much depended, in the end, on McCarthy's personality. Movement or no, the qualities that made him what he was had a lot to do with bringing him so close to the White House. But in the end, these same qualities prevented him from leading the movement that bore his name, prevented that movement from its fullest impact on American society.

For I still believe, based on what I saw as one of his speechwriters from March to September, Wisconsin to Chicago, that McCarthy might have been President. If that is true, his supporters need not talk about America failing them. There is a sense in which the McCarthy campaign failed America, and all who were part of it deserve a chance to think why.

3. German on his mother's side, Eugene McCarthy was raised and educated in the practically all-German area of Stearns and Meeker Counties in rural Minnesota. This area was settled mainly by Catholic immigrants who came in the last third of the nineteenth century—fugitives from Prussian conscription, from farm-blighting industrialism, and from the anti-Church purges of the *Kulturkampf*.

The German-Catholic immigrants were serious readers who quickly founded schools and kept them

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up. Except for public high school and a master's degree at the University of Minnesota, McCarthy's education was parochial and his later college teaching was confined to parochial Minnesota colleges. In McCarthy's area the schools were supervised by the Benedictines, one of the oldest and most tranquil of orders, who had avoided the "zeal" of scholasticism, the Counter-Reformation, and the Catholic revival of the nineteenth century. In 1945, shortly before his marriage, McCarthy undertook an "eight or ten month" novitiate in a Benedictine monastery.

The German immigrants in the Midwest came quickly into conflict with the Irish-American Church hierarchy. The Germans looked down upon the Irish push toward "Americanism," as it was called in those days. Feeling that their religious community depended on the preservation of the German language and German customs, they stubbornly resisted the assignment of Irish priests and the teaching of English. As Peter M. Abbelen, a priest of the Archdiocese of Milwaukee, wrote in 1886: "The German Catholic—unlike the Irish—is surrounded by countrymen, who, as Protestants, Infidels, Secret-Society, may do everything in their power to allure him away from his Church." And at a convention of German Catholics in Chicago on September 7, 1887, a delegate from St. Paul rose to condemn the Knights of Labor by stating that "the Germans ought to consider it a disgrace to be ruled by Irish ignoramuses."

The pride in regulation and reserve, the scholastic superiority, the security in judging others who succumb to worldly experience, and, above all, the suspicion of things modern, industrial, and American: these left their mark on Gene McCarthy, and on the temper he brought to the decisions of his campaign.

4. If one heard McCarthy's stump talks day after day, it was evident that his political vocabulary came directly from the tradition of Catholic social thought, which in the early Sixties had found its most progressive expression in the encyclicals of Pope John XXIII. This view of social action begins with the traditional notion that mortals will always be oppressed by their own evil, because their bodies are evil. "Consisting, as he does, of body and immortal soul," writes Pope John, "man cannot in this mortal life satisfy his needs or attain perfect happiness. Thus, the measures that are taken to implement the common good must not jeopardize his eternal salvation. Indeed, they must even help him to obtain it."

Despite the persistence of mortal imperfection, Catholic tradition teaches that there is an "order" in the universe which proclaims the glory of God, there are "laws" inscribed in man's nature, and there are "rights" which belong to every member of society. "Authority," too, "has its source in nature, and consequently has God for its author."

Senator McCarthy, as a religious person committed to this tradition, accepted what John called the "obligation" to act in behalf of social progress, so that man may achieve the greatest permiss e d gree of God's order. The principles of order e di covered by the exercise of "right reason," whi Senator McCarthy converted every day into po tics of reason," using the word "reason" in ac the way that Thomas Aquinas and Pope John sed —as that natural faculty which puts God i zou with man, which sets limits to authority an gi mizes action.

It should be clear that when a man as loya th system as McCarthy would challenge autho y, may do so only after he has restrained his v a arrived at a reasoned judgment. The proper e f progress, in the words of Pope John, is "l le little."

To those who fail to perceive the divine gu an of a higher order, the Church's call will seem ki in a sense of immediacy. How does moving l le little toward a fuller degree of justice apply t th who are oppressed and dying *right now*? Wh d the acceptance of human imperfection prepar as do about atrocities occurring right before ou y Can one act "little by little" to meet an emer Here was a basic difference between McCart a the volunteers who comprised "the McCarthy mo ment," which was in the main passionately s ul For the people who worked for McCarthy, w their ends here on earth—peace in Vietnam, o ac justice in America—which were absolute.

Pope John tells us that "there are indee o people who, in their generosity of spirit, bur w a desire to institute wholesale reforms. . . T tackle the problem with such impetuosity th would think they were embarking on some p t revolution."

This is a perfect description of the Mc r movement. Pope John, I think, would not have contempt for its burning desire, but S a McCarthy often did. From the viewpoint of ligation beyond space and time and flesh, the be no such thing as an emergency. The f McCarthy despised the alarmists on his side despised the secularism of Robert Kennedy. problem was too much help," he later told the *Globe*. The most perfect way to raise a moral i to raise it all alone.

5. McCarthy's backers, as a rule, labored u conception of their candidate that was entire ferent from his own. They wanted a man to for critical changes in America, to thrust tha tion forward, to lead their movement to a b base and greater strength, and then at the moment, to convert that strength into powe to use that power in his own person for the end agreed on. All of these aims centered on the ef make their candidate President. But for McC the race was over in a moral sense the d agreed to run. With that act, he accepted his o tion and carried out his reasoned judgment.

e tended to bury any criticism of himself
he snows of New Hampshire."
Carthy, entering the primaries entailed no
gation to the people trying to get him
is obligation was to raise certain issues,
lance could be restored to the system. His
a candidate had little to do with the col-
d exercise of power. A candidate, to him,
10 shows in speech and action a proper ex-
f balanced judgment. Such an expression—
who could understand it—would properly
e hypocrisy and self-seeking of other candi-

ere truly deserving, and history were ripe,
ndidate might be elected. In which case he
ike an "adequate" President—which is all
an be and well beyond the reach of those
themselves to "greatness." History shows
er, said McCarthy again and again, is best
by those who do not seek it (which was
od politics, too, under the circumstances).
IcCarthy was reluctant to say he was run-
President. He was "willing" to be President,
nized that when one challenged the king, one
prepared to take his place. This was mod-
thought; of course, it was explained, he
ally mean it.
did mean it, and when the chips were down
it all too clear. What reporters and others
nodesty or mystery or some form of conceal-
retreat from personality, was really person-
lf, in such unfamiliar terms that most people
dn't believe it. It took a while to sink in—
he meantime, McCarthy made tough jokes
ie various "interpretations" of himself in
political, temporal, selfish motives—like the
of other candidates. To him these misunder-
s obscured the fundamental nature of his
y.
iginal style was more than "form" to him,
"substance"—to use two of his favorite
ic words. It was a style that proved attrac-
nany and incomprehensible to many others.
style was what McCarthy stood for, and it
essence of everything he would not com-

rsonality, to be sure, is more than principles
ntions. Senator McCarthy was a man of mood
dulged his moods and expected others to
them. Catholic idealism was not, in the end,
ible for McCarthy. The patterns of his be-
were idiosyncratic in ways that no set of
could fully account for.
times McCarthy's "restraint" was hard to tell
e fear of looking bad. In this he was not unlike
athletes who would rather lose than go all out
If one goes all out and loses, then one is with-
use; everyone has clearly seen that the other
better. And athletes like that do lose to any-
one who is as good as they are and to some who are worse.

Similarly, McCarthy seemed always to imagine the worst possible spectator's view of his motives. He had trouble, for example, approaching the leaders of ethnic groups and unions. It was as if their cause was not as important to him as the knowledge that, had he sought them out, it would have been matter-of-factly assumed he was advancing his own cause. The official explanation was that McCarthy was appealing to Americans as individuals, and not as groups. Still, he could have appealed to Americans as individuals to get behind, say, Cesar Chavez and the striking Mexican-American grape-pickers. When leaders *came to him*, McCarthy would pose with them and endorse their groups. But it was not in the man to approach others and open himself to criticism or rejection.

His instinct was to avoid confrontations, both personal and political. It was always explained by McCarthy's true believers that a given confrontation was avoided because it would only exacerbate tensions—but there were times when confrontations were clearly called for. It was an incongruous trait in a man celebrated for his courage, a trait that tested the believers ever more severely as the campaign wore on—and continually shifted discussion from McCarthy's ideas to his personality.

The voters and delegates could accept that personality or reject it—for, once having presented it, the candidate would remain passive. He would not put himself forward or strain at communication or ask directly for support. McCarthy's portrait of himself as a potential leader again was passive, stressing the propriety of his reactions rather than his capacity to initiate.

Again and again, he insisted on his personality, which one had to swallow whole, on faith, not just in its principles but in its whims and moods. Though he laid great stress on constituencies and the obligation for elected leaders to respond to them, McCarthy seemed to feel that no one had a right to ask him to explain himself. Thus the man who was running on the issues demanded acceptance on total faith—which was one of the qualities for which we bitterly castigated LBJ.

Hardest to accept was a deep-seated bitterness, never quite accounted for by immediate circumstance, a bitterness which made him downrate individuals, even as he was calling for a national policy of generosity.

McCarthy's contempt for excitement, his pessimism about the affairs of this earth, was expressed by a compulsive withdrawal that exceeded the limits of mere principle. Often when his supporters most strongly urged him to do something, he would either do it badly—and blame his advisers—or do the opposite, without explanation. If he were then criticized, if it was clear he had looked bad, he would withdraw further—do something against his immediate inter-

ests or those of his cause—as if to underscore that his inner values were not what his critics presumed and were not to be questioned.

All of this added up at last to a man whose personal conception of identity was so precious to himself, and so fragile, that he could not tolerate disagreement or equality, could not, in fact, work directly and openly with others. It took a long time to say it to ourselves. We would say it and take it back again. But toward the end one couldn't help wondering if there were not within McCarthy a reflex of guilt and fear so relentless that it demanded the destruction of every possibility of power or success.

7. In New Hampshire, everyone was abjectly grateful to McCarthy just for entering. It was forgivable, then, that the candidate was not going full throttle. It was laid to shyness, modesty, stiffness—all understandable in a man of such bearing and intelligence. Who could have explained at that point that worldly effort might lead to corruption, to the pressures of other people's expectations, perhaps to a showdown where one would be exposed and unbearably judged by common enthusiasts who had no right of judgment?

Yet it was frustrating—for those who cared—that much of the early campaign, before the final moments of New Hampshire, was vitiated by the candidate's reluctance to take practical responsibility for what he saw as a spiritual decision. First of all, there was little interest in engaging a campaign staff, and the leaders who organized the student canvassers in New Hampshire were taken on only at the last moment. In Washington the mail piled up, the country was responding and no one bothered even to open the envelopes, until a young man named Sandy Frucher took it upon himself to set up the first campaign office. In Chicago the candidate delivered a tepid speech to the Conference of Concerned Democrats, then refused to visit the overflow crowd of four thousand who had waited downstairs for three hours. He said he thought he had done enough, and the organizers of the Conference had to say he didn't know the people were down there.

His attitude then and later was that he was doing his supporters a favor by "letting them use my name." Understandably, he had reservations about their amateurism. But it was all the more incongruous that he left it up to these amateurs to propose a campaign, and took the attitude that he for his part would accept whatever of it he could bear. At one point he agreed to appear on *Face the Nation* only if his schedulers would cancel two days from New Hampshire.

Though it frustrated his campaign staff, McCarthy's demeanor was a great advantage with the young people who came to him, who responded to everything about him that seemed modest and complicated, principled and courageous. They didn't miss his not directing them: he was the permissive father who is really wonderful but who has to be to outsiders. And *he trusted them* to do the ing! Unlike their real parents, he saw (they that action belongs to youth, that "the new tion" is really going to save the world.

One can't say enough for the dedication ousness of the students who came to McCarf truly were, as Robert Kennedy was later to the "A" students in their high schools and Politically they were inclined to some ron tion of the NLF, Che Guevara, and Malcol whether they came with beards to shave or were kids who reacted against the violent an icanism of the New Left, whom they far bered. Though they hated the war and the d still believed that America could be beaut would only live up to its own principles. optimists at heart, immune in the long run ogy, they were terribly grateful to have a do something real.

Under the direction of the Dump Johns cians (many of whom got their start in stud tics), these young people suddenly found th talking to older Americans about the iss feared would destroy this country. I have he of some of the door-to-door conversations Hampshire and Wisconsin: the best of th conducted in a tone of mutual respect, even must have surprised both parties. The ca were learning more than they were teaching— that whether or not people understood Vietn knew that something had gone very wrong country. Often the people fumbled with pers contents, burst out with hatred that transce immediate objects—but many, many connect troubles with Lyndon Johnson, and some, an said just about what the kids were saying. vassers could then suggest to them a look McCarthy. A look would convince you he serious, honest, careful person—if he were P people would come back to America again, ju have. People could talk again, just as we're now.

That was the mood, at least. The McCart loved McCarthy, they loved each other, the New Hampshire and Wisconsin. No wonde admired them: it takes a hard case to turn aw love. Especially when the lovers are smart an and healthy.

Yet it can't be said that McCarthy's su New Hampshire was entirely due to a spon popular uprising. The McCarthy demeanor w visible by a good amount of money put into straightforward TV spots. And on Febru Richard Goodwin drove into the lodge, stopped en route for dinner with Bobby Kenn became in effect the only professional on th Goodwin with his cheerful energy added cohes prestige to the handful of inexperienced peo composed McCarthy's campaign staff. He was

hings, and was better than anyone else at the candidate to do things too.

ouldn't be thought that Goodwin came as s agent—Kennedy did not approve. Goodwin st of all because the antiwar effort was a f principle for him. He was often misrepre- y reporters who did not appreciate the kind ity that lay behind his extraordinary instinct er. When Goodwin knows what he wants, he lso to know who can get the job done. He had in *The New Yorker* in the fall of 1967 (under idonym "Bailey Laird") a political fantasy h he predicted that Lyndon Johnson could e beaten—which, for Goodwin, was the first vard changing Johnson's policies. He had consistently for Bobby to make the race, only himself opposed by nearly all the other old y pros, especially by his old rival Ted Soren- en Bobby refused, Goodwin set out to do his McCarthy.

the day he came, Goodwin proclaimed to who would listen that Johnson was beaten. had lost America. The question that brought m to Goodwin's soft, deep, cobwebbed eyes o would win it?

got my first glimpse of McCarthy fifteen efore New Hampshire, when some wealthy arranged a cocktail party at a posh town n Manhattan. There were carefully collected usiness people, arts and writing people, rich come with curiosity and a bit of trepidation. ere in despair at the reluctance of Kennedy. e for all their foppery and fashionability, ere genteel people deeply disturbed about the d the cities, yearning for someone who might ething, who might tell them what to do, who ake their talent and influence and money and o use to save their country.

arthy looked grave and weary. Eventually he little talk with allusions to poets, expressing se of the country's divisions. The President ot travel openly, he commented. But one's andered. The living room was pop art, like a bedroom, full of costumed jugglers, skinny, sitting on the rug. McCarthy had got there take. He looked over our heads as he spoke, an her reading an old lecture from the roof of his When he finished, they took him off right away. asked for names or time or money. The ce- es shrugged, and gossiped of Kennedy.

re that, Robert Lowell had supplied a ram- ntroduction. "You're supposed to be artists," d to the beautiful people. "I don't see many here." But his audience knew better—they gned the artists' and writers' petition against r. Finally Lowell turned to the candidate, who ind him in an antique chair. "You haven't got ce, you know that, don't you?"

McCarthy sat motionless, his face set, his eyes to Lowell with no expression, no acknowledgment. The room was silent. No one spoke, not even the official backers. Lowell resumed his introduction with grim satisfaction. What on earth were we doing there?

There were always writers and columnists who cherished McCarthy as a loser. He verified their literary conception of America, reinforced their burden of irony. They were pleased when he nearly won New Hampshire, elated when Lyndon fell, but Chicago was best of all for them. If McCarthy had really won in the end, they would never have forgiven him.

9. I joined the campaign in Wisconsin. Before I arrived Goodwin complained I was "too radical," but changed his mind when he saw how quickly he could teach me to write what I later identified as a Kennedy-style speech. A Kennedy speech begins with a terrible problem: sluggish economy, shortage of medical care, water pollution, old people, federal neglect of Wisconsin. One got pages of statistics from our Harvard-MIT student-researchers, condensed them to a couple of paragraphs of well-bred outrage. Look at this, look at that. A country like the United States, we can do better. We've got to stop this war and get ourselves moving again. We conclude with some snappy Kennedy-style programs, one-two-three. More hospitals, more day-care centers, regional planning, foster grandparents. Then rush the speech down to McCarthy, who cuts it to its bones. Next day he might get one or two sentences into his usual stump talk. It would be mimeographed as a statement and appear in the Wisconsin newspapers.

It was enough to make me part of something, if not part of the best part. The best part, I thought, was the canvassing headquarters in the basement of the dumpy Wisconsin Hotel, four blocks downhill from the ornate Sheraton-Schroeder where McCarthy stayed with his immediate staff. Most of the thirteen thousand canvassers were students, with a sprinkling of housewives and people in their twenties. But the captains and lieutenants were young groomed professional people in vests and loosened ties, who had the state of Wisconsin divided into detailed battle maps. Around the clock they greeted the waves of canvassers, briefed them concisely, and directed them to new target areas. Phones and charts kept them informed of minute-to-minute progress. Their objective was to ring every doorbell in the state in sixteen days—and they made it with days to spare. This was the "silent generation" which slipped through college in the Fifties—brought out from isolated expertise by a moral issue, working quietly and effectively for a leader who spoke their tone of language.

At the Sheraton-Schroeder, a mad joy prevailed. Press kids worked all night on peanut butter, researchers rushed up the corridors in their underwear, everyone stayed up drinking and talking and

fooling around. But one day I was surprised to find a knot of young campaign workers assaulting Campaign Coordinator Curt Gans and other Dump Johnson managers because McCarthy had not gone to the Milwaukee ghetto. Going to the ghetto seemed largely symbolic to me at the time. McCarthy was on the right side of the issue; in 1959-60 he had been chairman of the Senate Special Committee on Unemployment, which issued a 4,000-page report citing the same facts as the Kerner Commission did in 1968 and making many of the same recommendations. Now McCarthy was calling the Kerner Report the most important public document of this century; he was the only candidate to endorse it. But in Wisconsin the main job was to beat Johnson; and it was not surprising that McCarthy would be wary of high-powered ghetto tours which meant little in substance and which could not help him in the numerous wards of white workers.

In the middle of Wisconsin, however, McCarthy's press secretary, Sy Hirsch, who had been with him since before New Hampshire, and Hirsch's top assistant, Mary Lou Oates, resigned, largely because of the way they were treated personally, but also because of the ghettos, a fact which was played up in the *New York Times*. After that McCarthy did stride through the ghetto, on a cold day when not many people were in the streets, moving at a fast lope which gave him the pleasure of winding the press and TV people. Three black boys playing basketball in a schoolyard looked up and saw a mob of shouting white people bearing down on them. They ran.

McCarthy then gave a speech on the race problem—in the Sheraton-Schroeder ballroom, to an audience of his young white followers brought up specially from the Wisconsin Hotel and looking scruffy but honored among the rows of neat dull re restless for lack of "news." The speech wa though too general to make anybody's front The kids applauded, and McCarthy, for the m was in the clear.

10. I should say something here about ca oratory in general and McCarthy's early sp in particular. As a rule, speechwriters do no most of what a candidate says. They write o "text" portion which is designed to make new day and which is released in advance to the No candidate has time to compose serious, mented statements in the middle of campai but candidates usually confer with their write carefully edit what they are going to have to behind. National reporters then add an extra by their reluctance to quote from advance tex less the candidate actually speaks them.

Depending on the candidate and the occasion can be important. What he stands and falls on day, however, are the interchangeable parts stump speech, which he develops much as a st comedian develops his "bits." Each "bit" is a p comment centered around fixed phrases sug by an adviser or thought up by the candidat self. The candidate tries out the "bit"; if it goes he expands it. He is constantly adding, dro and recombining "bits" to suit the changin cumstances of the campaign.

McCarthy's bits are worth some reconstr here, partly because, with occasional exceptio did not consistently use texts until he got to O and even then he usually surrrounded them bits and often embellished them as he read. average reporter, who has to be fed with a



ot follow the embellishments and would conclude that McCarthy had abandoned his McCarthy's case the bits are doubly signifiause of what I have already explained about eption of campaigning. What he repeated was the expression of his personality and nce of what he was offering. Indeed, it was lly all he was offering.

rthy from Oregon onwards read texts ad- to particular issues and to problems of groups. But he didn't like it. Particularly t like to speak of the "details" of a problem, e knew could be lined up however a politician Nor was he happy proposing specific pro- because who can really know in advance eps he will have to take if he finds himself ? Considering past campaigns, the most procedure was to present one's values, exne's sense of obligation, and let the public nfidence or not.

knows, if one examines carefully the "pro- of the other candidates of 1968, one will m in the main a collection of shallow, trivial, tradictory stuff. Whatever his shortcomings, hy emerged as the only candidate who be quoted against himself.

the mood was good and the audience adoring, hy spoke with marvelous fluency, subtlety, . Even on routine occasions, he spoke sponly in near-perfect periods, but with an excess ification and a lack of emphasis that usually audience. Even his followers could not follow ing, though one could see them listening with nity that is not usual at political rallies. The nusiast, half-hearing an average speech, never believe McCarthy at his best. Those npredictable moments—at the Pfister Hotel vaukee in March, Oregon State University in utdoors in a dark meadow on a hot August in Houston—would kindle and rekindle the hat the man was saving it for the right mohat when it really counted—and only he would he would step up and lay it on the line for a.

l that happy day, here are some of McCarthy's reconstructed into a complete typical stump

He had entered as a test of the democratic s, calling upon the people to pass judgment on ar, on our involvement in that war, on the n of priorities, and on the future role of ca. 1964 had not been a test; it was a year of litics, Lyndon Johnson *vs.* a dream world clocks have no hands, calendars no numbers, he pale horse of death and the white horse tory are indistinguishable." In 1968, then, n's policies and the assumptions behind them be "taken to the people."

Carthy allowed he had taken chances—but he joked that most of his political future was behind him anyway. 1968 was a year which called for taking chances (an allusion to Bobby). His student followers had taken the risk of leaving their studies. They, too, were trying to make the process work (as they had not before McCarthy).

Always he would mention "the snows of New Hampshire." It was cold there in the valleys, and we were all alone. He saw others up on the mountaintops lighting bonfires, but they had not come down where the action was.

There were no leaders, really, in his campaign. It was a "Children's Crusade," and if the original had had the people he had, it would have gone "all the way to Jerusalem." After Wisconsin, when reporters began to use the Crusade image slightingly, McCarthy addressed his young followers as "the government in exile . . . ready to go back in power."

He said he had been patient about the war, he had "reserved judgment." He had tried, at first, to believe his government. But it became clear that the war was no longer defensible—"militarily, diplomatically, economically—or morally." (Crescendo to a great cheer on that last word.) The war had not gained the support of "what is generally accepted as the decent opinion of mankind."

One of the reasons the war had escaped "public review," was that the power of the Pentagon and the CIA had grown beyond "civilian control"—such as he and his colleagues were trying to establish through the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The Pentagon had interfered in foreign affairs through "military missions in half the countries of the globe" and through unchecked arms sales. The CIA had committed U. S. interests through their clandestine encouragement of "counter-insurgency" groups. He found the effects of a "militarized" foreign policy in the invasion of Cuba, the Dominican intervention, "the quick support which we give to most military takeovers in Latin America," and in "what prepared the way for the military junta in Greece."

"If elected," McCarthy said, "I would go to the Pentagon." (He was, to his lasting credit, the only candidate to take on the military. It was his singular achievement to create an acceptable public diction for a radical criticism of American policy-making.)

He then would do a routine on how whatever the Church was dropping, the Pentagon was picking up: ". . . the idea of Grace of Office, as if to say, 'The Secretary of State knows better.' The ideas of Infallibility, of a Holy War, of Heresy. And the beginnings of an Inquisition. Even a kind of Index called 'sanitizing the records.' I said the real danger point would come when they began to speak Latin in the Pentagon. I saw some very distressing signs of it. More and more, the words they used had rather strong Latin roots . . . words like 'pacification,' 'escalation.' Then there was a report that the Army

had opened a contract with Douglas Aircraft to do a study of something called 'Pax Americana.' That, I think was the last bit of evidence that they had gone too far."

McCarthy would offer a thumbnail history of how the U.S. had taken up a position against "the movement of history" in Vietnam: because we had honored "the dead hand of the past" in "some kind of vague commitment" signed by John Foster Dulles "fifteen or twenty years ago"; because Walt Rostow theorized that the country stood at the middle of a great East-West balance; because Dean Rusk had visions of one billion Chinese armed with nuclear weapons by the year 2000 -which was his first acknowledgment that China existed. Larry O'Brien, as Postmaster under Johnson, had actual nounced that if General Marshall were ali would be supporting the war in Vietnam. No O'Brien had quit the White House to campai Robert Kennedy, McCarthy wondered if he hac open his lines of communication." (He didn' ment when O'Brien later returned to Hum presumably bringing the ghost of Marshall with him.)

The trouble with these people was that they United States into a defensive posture—as inc by the very name, Department of Defense. Mc thought that as the world's strongest count could afford to "make mistakes on the side o rather than mistrust, generosity rather tha

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A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY

1

Once upon a time in California
the ignorant married the inane
and they lived happily ever after.

But nowadays in the villas
with swimming-pools shaped like a kidney
technicians are beating their wives.
They're accusing each other of mental cruelty.

And the children of those parents
are longing for a rustic community.
They want to get back to the good old days.

Coming toward me . . . a slender
sad girl dressed like a sailor . . .
she says, "Do you have any change?"

One morning when the Mother Superior
was opening another can of furniture polish
Cyd ran for the bus
and came to San Francisco
Now she drifts from pad to pad. "Hey mister,"
she says, "do you have any change?
I mean, for a hamburger. Really."

2

Let Yevtushenko celebrate the construction
of a hydroelectric dam
For Russians a dam that works is a miracle.

Why should we celebrate it?
There are lights in the mountain states,
amusements, and the music of Beethoven.

Why should we celebrate the construction
of a better bowling alley?
Let Yevtushenko celebrate it

A hundred, that's how ancient it is
with us, the rapture of material conquest,
democracy "draining a swamp,
turning the course of a river."

The dynamo howls
but the psyche is still, like an Indian.

And those who are still distending the empi
have vanished beyond our sight.
Far from the sense of hearing
and touch, they are merging
with Asia . . .

expanding the war on nature
and the old know-how to Asia.

Nowadays if we want that kind of excitem
selling beads and whiskey to Indians,
setting up a feed-store,
a market in shoes, tires, machineguns,
material ecstasy, money with hands and fe
stacked up like wooden Indians . . .

we must go out to Asia
or rocketing outward in space.

3

What are they doing in Russia
these nights for entertainment?

In our desert where gaspumps shine
the women are changing their hair—
bubbles of gold and magenta . . .

and the young men yearning to be off
full speed . . . like Chichikov

in a troika-rocket, plying
the whip, while stars go flying
(Too bad for the off-beat horse!)

icion toward our fellow citizens and toward of the world." He quoted Roosevelt on "the ear."

thy pointed out that the war was also un- cally. For the first time in history, rumors would send the stock market up instead of hich contradicted Marxist theories of the cycle and was a tribute to the way we had to manage the economy. There were politi- d economists who hated to give up the busi- e—but nonetheless, war was no longer a boost onomy. (McCarthy never mentioned corpo- olvement in defense policy, or how the cor- s lay the financial weight of the war on the man, but neither did other candidates.)

McCarthy would begin his discussion of racial problems by comparing Negroes in America to "a kind of colonial nation living in our midst"—not very different from the former colonies of European nations. Rather than addressing the colonial nation, McCarthy spoke to America at large, in terms of what we must do to allow the people of the colony to have "full participation in the good life of America."

McCarthy had heard that Kennedy had set up "twenty-six separate committees to deal with twenty-six varieties of Americans—like twenty-six varieties of ice cream"—as if one could put groups together for political purposes "like a jigsaw puzzle." This was not, to McCarthy, "the real America"; it was "not

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by LOUIS SIMPSON

ights when a space-rocket rises
ryone sighs "That's Progress!"
myself "That's Chichikov."

right here on earth—
ths on Mars,
s at the Venus-Hilton . . .
ov talking, Chichikov eating,
ov making love.

hichikov, where are you going?"

' to the moon," says Chichikov.

will you do when you get there?"

lo I know?" says Chichikov.

4

, that fish you caught was my uncle.
d in Lutsk, not to be confused
odz which is more famous.

ne was twenty he wrote to Chekhov,
answer came—"Come to us."
ere it was, signed "Chekhov."

ee him getting on the train.
going to the great city
Jews had been forbidden.

nt directly to Chekhov's house.
door he saw a crowd . . .
ld him that Chekhov had just died.

went back to his village.
passed . . . he danced at a wedding
ept at a funeral . . .

when Hitler sent for the Jews
d, "And don't forget Isidor . . .
eft at the pickle-factory."

Andrei, all my life I've been haunted
by Russia—a plain,
a cold wind from the shtetl.

I can hear the wheels of the train.
It is going to Radom,
it is going to Jerusalem . . .

In the night where candles shine
I have a luminous family . . .
people with their arms round each other

forever.

5

I can see myself getting off the train.
"Say, can you tell me how to get . . ."

To Chekhov's house perhaps?

That's what everyone wants, and yet
Chekhov was just a man . . . with ideas,
it's true. As I said to him once,
Where on earth do you meet those people?

Vanya who is long-suffering
and Ivanov who is drunk.

And the man, I forgot his name,
who thinks everything is forbidden . . .
that you have to have permission
to run, to shout . . .

And the people who say, "Tell us,
What is it you do exactly to justify your existence?"

These idiots rule the world.
Chekhov knew it, and yet
I think he was happy, on his street.
People live here . . . you'd be amazed . . .

organic, not vital, not alive." "Respecting each person," he would address himself to all Americans as individuals: "a constituency of conscience."

What conscience demanded for the Negroes was the "four new civil rights" McCarthy had conceived of in 1959. He would preface them with an encyclical definition of civil rights as arising "not from documents and laws" but from "a kind of philosophical inquiry, really, as to what is the nature of man—and from a reading of history." Thus he talked about the "accepted" rights of voting, trial by jury, privacy, freedom of person, public education, etc., as conditions which were considered at a given time and place to be "vital and necessary to the full life of the person and having some bearing on the good society."

The four new rights for our time turned out to be (1) "the right to not just any kind of job, but a job which returns a decent living"; (2) "the right to an education related to one's potential to learn" ("Head Start, and late start, and even middle start" was as specific as McCarthy ever got on this subject); (3) "the right to adequate health, to some measure of physical security"; (4) "the right to a decent house, not a house in isolation, not a house in a ghetto, but a house in a neighborhood which is part of a community which must be a part of the United States of America."

It must be a matter of priority for this country to change the conditions which created riots, including full implementation of the Kerner Report—so that citizens need not exercise superhuman virtue simply to be good citizens.

Later in the campaign, McCarthy took this one step further. "If you go around for two hundred years," he said, "talking about a land of opportunity, you can't be surprised when people begin to protest and demonstrate. If politicians go around talking about the productive capacities of this country, you should not be surprised if there's a march of poor people on Washington."

"And if you ask people to be responsible," he added, "you can't be surprised when people stand up in an election year and say, 'We have passed a moral judgment and we want to see that judgment reflected in action.' And if you deplore the young people leaving the system, you can't be surprised when they do come in and demand a voice."

Placing his own candidacy in the context of popular demands, McCarthy would insist that "in pursuing this office I am not fulfilling any boyhood dream of mine. You have some politicians who look at the White House and say, 'That's where I want to live.' I haven't said that. I never thought that. In fact, I think it should be made into a museum. Nor could I say that I have any claim on it by succession."

McCarthy would recall that in nominating Stevenson in 1960, he had said that "Power is best exercised by those who are sought out by the people, by those to whom power is given by a pe ple. . . . And the seeking of me as a c came like the dew in the night. It was rathe I must say, soft, but there were signs in the that something had happened during the ni so here we are."

Just as a President must not seek the Pre neither must he "personalize" the office. He speak, as Johnson spoke, of "my" country, "m net, or "my" Vice President. The office pro longs "not to the man who holds it but to th of this nation," and it therefore must be e "by the will of the majority" and "for the the entire nation."

Yet we have "a government of men as laws," and therefore J. Edgar Hoover, Gene shey, and Dean Rusk would have to be fired, of them had abused the functions of his offic was very plain speaking of the sort no othe date would dare.)

McCarthy wanted to replace the abuses of ment with "a new kind of politics," but he lame as most other commentators in trying scribe it: "a politics which says that decisi not be made in smoke-filled rooms . . . that d will not be accepted out of a false sense of to one's party, a politics that says we will frightened off because someone is likely to . . . that we are disloyal or living on the treason." McCarthy offered no specifics on w means to increase popular participation in ment. In conclusion he would be reduced to so like, "The new kind of politics says that we n the power of reason to make some judgmen both life and history."

He was the first candidate in 1968 to inv need for a murky "reconciliation": " a reconc of the young and the old, of labor and mana and farmers and businessmen, of the academ munity with the society as a whole, a reconc of race with race, a reconciliation of the C with the Presidency, and even of the Secre State with the Foreign Relations Committee.

Toward the end McCarthy would refer to spirit abroad in the land, a revival of "the described by John Adams [or sometimes John Adams] as one of 'public happiness' [and la propriated by Humphrey as 'the politics of which, said Adams, possessed the American co and won the Revolution even before it was a spirit which was reflected in a delight in pa tion, in public discussion and in public action in citizenship, in self-government, in self-con self-discipline and in dedication."

His favorite end-quote was from "I Hear A Singing" by Walt Whitman, a rhapsodic ren of the carpenter, the mason, the boatman, the n the young wife, etc.—all singing as they go their business, "Each singing what belongs or her, and to none else."

REAT RUM RINKS

simple recipes

1. Rum & Tea: 1½ oz. white or silver (or gold or amber) Puerto Rican rum in a glass of iced tea. Try it with 100% India tea – tea from India.

2. Rum & Orange: 1½ oz. white or silver Puerto Rican rum; 3 oz. orange juice. Serve over ice cubes in Old Fashioned glass. Float a few drops of Angostura bitters on top.

3. Daiquiri: ½ oz. lime juice and 1 tsp. sugar (or use Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix); 1½ oz. white or silver Puerto Rican rum. Shake with ice; strain into cocktail glass.

4. Rum-on-the-rocks: 1½ oz. gold or amber Puerto Rican rum over ice cubes in Old Fashioned glass; add lemon twist, if you like.

PUERTO RICAN RUM is
light and dry and outsells all others 3 to 1





st we take the whole plane
art, piece by piece."

American Airlines has a special place.
Where everything that *can* be done to a plane, *is* done to a plane.
Where over 3,000 mechanics work shifts around the clock. And every Astrojet takes its turn getting overhauled.
It's our sprawling maintenance and engineering center in Tulsa, Oklahoma.
A 55-million-dollar base that covers 255 acres, and is still growing.
But in Tulsa, nothing will ever be bigger than the responsibility.
James Morgan, an airframe mechanic for 13 years, talked to us about his job:

one section or part is more impor-
t than the next.
rything has to be perfect. The ribs,
beams, the skin surface, the landing
r, the power systems.
st we make sure we did the job right,
n an inspector comes along to make
e we did the job right. Check, check,
l recheck.
our automobile got the same kind of
ention, it would last for over 100 years.
l the passengers that."

James Morgan is our kind of man. He has his job because he's the best at it. That's the American Way.

the American Way. American Airlines



"So you're back."

Whitman concluded by addressing the next generation:

Poets to come! Orators, singers, musicians
[illegible]
[illegible] what
I am for;
But you, a new brood, native, athletic, continental,
[illegible]

"He was speaking of us," McCarthy said. "And then he said—and this must be our theme: 'Arouse! Arouse—for you must justify me—you must answer.'"

12. March 31, 1968. As I lay on the floor nearly sleeping, Teddy White appeared, drifting across the room with his hand outstretched toward the TV screen. "Johnson snapped," he said. "His nerve snapped."

Goodwin was gurgling, "We've won, we've won! I thought he wouldn't fold for two months more!"

Our canvassers had had us up to 64 per cent, but we didn't believe it, we were afraid to release that figure. If Johnson hadn't dropped, Wisconsin would have gone that way, and he would have lost forever his chance for newspaper statesmanship. The slop about Lady Bird and the ranch -forget it! Even with sympathy for Johnson, a last-minute radio and phone campaign, and an anticlimax at the polls, Wisconsin went 56 to 35 for McCarthy.

McCarthy was speaking in a small-town auditorium when suddenly the reporters rushed the stage. "I felt like Orestes pursued by the Furies," that night.

"It's a whole new ball game," Goodwin s was eager for McCarthy to call Daley an others.

McCarthy was up, he did make a few ca he kept the press waiting for two hours in t room while he gave an exclusive interview TV. Then he told them what he loves most people: there was nothing to get excited abou

Next day he had a half-hour on national T America tuned in to see the man who knoc Johnson. Goodwin and others had hoped that could be staged, with McCarthy speaking s on his conception of leadership for Americ Carthy, however, turned the show over friends from his Minnesota ad agency, who b the camera in tight and let him ramble on out a text, just as he used to do back in sota, giving the blandest parts of his stump He couldn't sustain it, no one can, the gaze big eye is cruel. He stumbled, cracked a false and dragged in limping. But the farmers loved it, and the rest of the country, well, they see he was sincere and then snap off with no d done. Except that he hadn't really addressed

Downstairs in the Sheraton-Schroeder the dancing and singing the night Lyndon snappe in the bar I met some assistant professors Madison hunched darkly over their drinks. [illegible] a write-in on the ballot there, but it

teral withdrawal, and it was not going to
heir anger and depression they could see at
been taken in. Johnson could come back,
see, that was without a doubt his plan.
it's not Johnson who makes the war; it is
utions of this country. Right, but people
say. It matters who is President. I think.
were inconsolable without Lyndon.

hat afternoon I had seen Nixon in the grand
Neat little sexless women in stewardess
were bustling about with hot liquids and
hors d'oeuvres. They had unfolded a series
ble wooden ramps, leading back and forth
e ballroom until they ascended in front to
, where Nixon stood with Pat and Tricia
e and David shaking hands all afternoon
w of wind-up dolls, smiling and unsmiling
ach smile might be new. Mrs. Nixon tilted
e to side as she rocked two steps and back
th each warm shake 'n' smile.
ale clean people stood quietly in the pens
noon, soothed by the slow movement of the
ugh its wooden channel.
was nearby in every state, discreetly milk-
bbed white hands of a Sunday while we
ur epic battles. One didn't read much about
the road to the airport we'd see the bill-
where he looked studiously into his open
. But we were fighting for the real and the
l we ignored him.

he night he won, McCarthy made a brief
he Wisconsin Hotel to visit his troops. He
m about Jerusalem and they cheered him,
themselves; then he moved through them
valet walking behind him to ward off arms
ds. Listening and talking were out of the
. There was no contact from bottom to top
ampaign for a politics of participation; the
e did pretty much what he pleased, listening
e only to those with money or persistence
to impose on him.
new that night that Johnson was beaten in
in, we knew more or less who had beat him:
y and his people, the shadow of Bobby, and
offensive. What bothered those people who
l to think of it was the problem of who had

ly who, after all, was represented by us?
m was our candidate responsible? It was
at despite his strong critique of the military,
ny's respect for the balance of existing insti-
-and more than that, his conservation of
and energy—pleased businessmen and sub-
Republicans. They were voting against this
ar war, but were they voting to change
a? The racial issue, for instance, had not
early put. McCarthy's Minnesota agency
him never to mention race. And the work-
ing-class wards of Milwaukee had gone for Johnson.

With what right, then, did our youth corps proclaim that Wisconsin had voted for a new kind of politics? In whose name did we say that the primaries proved America's desire for change?

Some left at this juncture, a few to Kennedy, most to stay neutral. But a majority of the younger people stayed on with McCarthy, and dissolved their doubts into a determination to trust the man and win for him. It was hard to step back when already you were part of history. We had done one good thing, one big thing—that nobody could deny. McCarthy had to be good, or how could we be so good? The important thing was to make him President. We would justify him—that would be our answer. Or else the beauty of our love and action would count for nothing.

15. The day after he won, McCarthy sent for Jonathan Schell and myself to come to his suite. Schell was a grad student from Harvard who had been to Vietnam and written two short books about the destruction there. In Wisconsin he'd supplied a few detailed speeches about Vietnam, which McCarthy read out woodenly at banquets and never came back to. Goodwin had told McCarthy he would probably leave, and at his suggestion, McCarthy asked Schell and me to be his regular speechwriters, to "travel on the plane" with him for the rest of the campaign.

Flattered, we immediately agreed.

He leaned toward us confidentially, imposing in his heavy suit and heavy handsome face. His steel eyes had a hard blue twinkle. He was feeling good. Around him a court had been assembled—staff, old friends, a chosen few of the press. He'd decided to be amused with us.

"It's narrowed down to Bobby and me," McCarthy said. "So far he's run with the ghost of his brother. Now we're going to make him run against it. It's purely Greek: he either has to kill him or be killed by him. We'll make him run against Jack. And I'm Jack."

The eye on us was hard; you could not see in. I frowned uncertainly. McCarthy leaned back and laughed at us. For the others watching.

"Did you understand that?" Schell said outside the room.

"Half," I said. It was fascinating stuff for a politician.

"Well, I didn't."

Schell went back to Cambridge, unable to work against Bobby. I went to think about what McCarthy had said. I still got only half, and there wasn't any more, then or later.

16. A week later, flying over northern Indiana, I asked McCarthy to go over a speech with me. He sketched in rapid changes with a felt pen, faster than any editor I had seen. Like lightning he shucked

away all that was unessential (even some good things), leaving natural ellisions—a gift of extraordinary intelligence and feel for words. Sometimes he did it indifferently, and the results were patchy, leaving nothing to say. But this time it went well, I learned something about writing speeches. It was easy enough to be humble about my newness to the trade, knowing as I did that a pure fluke had put me where I was, myself and others like me, that no ordinary Presidential campaign would take on a fiction writer over twenty years younger than the candidate with no time in service and no allegiance to his party.

McCarthy responded to humility. He stayed and talked for an hour about baseball. It was tough for me, looking back into those slate-stone eyes which bore down hard and registered nothing. Mostly he did not reply unless you played his straight man, feeding him lines. Half his remarks came weighted with a honking "Hunh?"—like a blow on the end of his flat strong farmer's voice. Impossible to say anything but yes.

We proceeded with long intervals of silence. It turned out both of us had played first base. He reminisced with me—I wanted to stay with him. I began to talk about those moments of pure being—connecting with the ball, stabbing it from the air—coming through. Or the anguish of missing, keen as a death. The deadly little thrill of knowing you could only miss so many, and then you were through.

No registration. After all, baseball didn't matter. He probably knew that even as a player. I knew it only at times. I still don't know it.

McCarthy was nostalgic about the symmetry of the game, the perfect proportions. "I don't know how they put the pitching mound just where they did, *hunh*? But they found the perfect place."

He told me he didn't go to the Three-I League because he couldn't hit the curve ball. I was aware of his thick wrists, heavy hands, heavy bones: enormous power if he did make contact.

Later I saw a picture of him in the paper at batting practice, taking a tremendous stride into the ball. He could have hit a fast ball out of sight with those heavy bones and that stride. But I told him with a smile that a stride that long makes the curve ball unhittable.

"Hunh?" he said. "That's not my regular stride."

17. Martin Luther King was assassinated between the Wisconsin and Indiana primaries. The nation was treated to a TV parade of heavy government faces more concerned with cooling it than expressing their grief or heaven forbid—their indignation. McCarthy was silent, preferring to keep his feelings unpolitical.

I remember flying into Washington, seeing pillars of smoke rising from the city. Angry soldiers grabbed you if you tried to go into the streets after dark.

The McCarthy campaign was in disarray. The men who occupied key positions on the national
nervous because there was no campaign
There were non-meetings with McCarthy,
would nod his head and say nothing to eve
proposal. Finally he would say that we w
pretty much as before, but how was that? T
things to do, decisions to be made about
people and resources, a movement to b
motion; but in the absence of a form fo
decisions, in the absence of a chain of
McCarthy's colonels and captains (some of
assembled the beginnings of the army) si
not free to take initiative. Those who did w
cut, then or later. So day by day they wa
energy in anxiety about their roles. The c
indifference was a rock on which they
every day each left some remnant of his s
clinging there.

Goodwin had been the one person who
way hold things together, and he was lea
After ten days of indecision and mysteri
calls, it seemed his first loyalty, as he had
along, must be to his friend. But he was
by McCarthy's potential as a candidate.
lated that McCarthy might have been an
candidate in 1960, when the country nee
roused, but he could be a good one now,
needs were dignity, honesty, and healing
was tearing himself away from power, a
telling McCarthy he was the front-ru
Bobby's intensity, he thought, would anta
many voters.

With or without McCarthy, our me
nowhere. With nothing else to do, I passe
writing campaign leaflets. One morning I
from the hotel and took a walk through t
out part of Washington. Some of the bigge
were reduced to rubble—as though they'd h
blockbusters. In the side streets stood
little frame houses set on their own lots,
but perceptibly nicer than the tenemen
York. Most of the burning had taken pl
retail stores along the main streets of t
Now the black people who used to work in t
stood aimless in the streets. As in the
anger had burned mostly against the ph
roundings of black people.

For all the talk about "revolution," t
ment part of Washington lay untouched. W
buildings sat unguarded behind stone fenc
plots of groomed green grass. If the
matched the rhetoric of certain rioters,
mandos could easily have tossed grenad
ice-like whiteness. On Saturdays and Sun
might have done it and walked away. Bu
came from anger and frustration, only th
came from ideology.

While new fires burned the little sto
another ghetto, well-dressed white touris
under the brilliant cherry blossoms along

in. Here and there one saw an integrated
icking their way along the sidewalk where
egroes stood fishing in the basin.
e foot of Washington's Civil War Memorial—
g statue of General Sherman—a plump little
l brown boy is having his picture taken. His
toops and twists to get Sherman in the frame.
is mother hollers, "Close your ugly little
' The boy stands frozen in a gaping grin,
d in his Sunday best, as his mother half-
s in crazy embarrassed laughter and a column
e jumps up in the sky behind them.

The younger people who had remained in the
n were going through a perpetual identity
t two in the morning my hotel room would fill
lost souls who had slaved all day but who
sure if they were really wanted or if they
business being there. And we talked con-
about Bobby Kennedy: despite all the little
that were so easily justified, there was no
d conclusive reason for working against him.
difference between the candidates was
d in a polarization of the kids who worked
n. The Kennedy kids reminded me of the boys
ls who serve on student councils and social
tees. Loyalty for them was automatic, and
llowed a leader rather than a cause. When we
Oregon they used to spot me in the lobby of
gress Hotel, and holler, "Jeremy, hey Jeremy,
ou wish you had a candidate who could *win*?"
McCarthy kids were more likely the kind who
ong papers all alone and got them in late be-
hey were dissatisfied. Winning was a thrill
unstrung them; it called into question their
about being right and good. And for that very
they worried all the harder about what Gene
thy and Robert Kennedy were doing to each
Their work was more than conscientious; it
ompulsive act to quell the doubts that came the
t work left off.
disposition of many of the better McCarthy
as to sit out the McCarthy-Kennedy primaries.
ery time Bobby swung into action, he kept them
g for McCarthy. A superficial mistake was
r high salaries for the canvassing work Mc-
paid for in peanut-butter sandwiches. When
. Kennedy busses were sent off to campuses,
thy kids felt justified in riding them to Indian-
then walking around the corner from Bobby's
arters in the Indiana Theater to McCarthy's
Claypool Hotel. Poverty was a dearly assumed
for our young affluents, and it grew easier to
f Bobby—in public—as if he really were the
ich kid pilloried on the front page of the
apolis *Star* for "trying to buy Indiana."
there were more basic things that Bobby did
ad "old polities" written all over them, begin-
vith his refusal to debate McCarthy. There was
ying visit to the White House the moment

HAVE YOU SEEN THOMAS?

by John Nagenda

I am grown into a monstrosity
in the inside of my head
walking backwards through the mist
on my hands
snarling snatches of song
and shivering deep in my stomach

my friends say
it is all terrible and doesn't bear talking about
and have you seen the soil under his nails
the poor poor lad
we loved so well

and as for my enemies
I no longer have any

Shall I tell you
what enables me to sleep
and why I am able to walk
over the river and not jump in
and how it is I sometimes smile

it is because I am gathering all
into the moment when I shall
open my mouth
and such a scream shall leave it
it'll tear the whole world like cloth
and I shall be glad

Johnson dropped. There were the hacks who worked for him—Salinger, O'Brien, Sorensen, John Bartlow Martin, etc. The endorsement from McNamara which was played on TV every night. The harping on McCarthy's suggestion of a guaranteed income—which the McCarthy kids, as good students, knew was probably going to be necessary in some form or other. The stress on "law and order," which the kids took as an appeal to white racism; for example, the ads which announced that law-enforcement officers all over America endorsed RFK—and then listed a collection of people most of whom had once worked for the Justice Department.

The gimmick that backfired most loudly was the smear of McCarthy's voting record which appeared in college papers in Indiana and on the West Coast. The ad was sponsored by the "Citizens for Kennedy" group which Kennedy soon repudiated; but student editors reported that the ads were arranged by Pierre Salinger, and we also learned that in many localities the same material was distributed by Kennedy campaign headquarters. The general technique was to isolate one vote from McCarthy's record and pretend that it represented his general position. For example, he had once voted against legislation of

Ted Kennedy's to abolish the poll tax—but McCarthy explained that he did this on the advice of Attorney General Katzenbach, who did not want new legislation to complicate the upcoming hearing by the Supreme Court that soon resulted in the tax being declared unconstitutional. On all other occasions, Senator McCarthy had voted against the poll tax.

When he first heard of the smear, McCarthy said that it showed Bobby was "unfit to be President." As late as December 1968—after all that had happened—he told the Boston *Globe* that it was his "greatest disappointment" of the campaign. But for bright students, the kind Kennedy so ardently admired and desired, the voting smear turned out to be a plus for McCarthy.

Kennedy's generous admiration of McCarthy's youth brigade underscores the heavy irony of their daily disappointment with him—an irony that was anchored by the hidden iceberg qualities of our own candidate. The Kennedy slickness all of us knew too well for example, the dubious aspects of his record as Attorney General. By personality and by history, Bobby's weaknesses were out in the open. The uncertainty, for example, the searching for identity, the impulsiveness, the seeking of meaning through action: all of this was paralleled in our own personal histories, where the privileges of affluence and education called alternately to action and despair, to public commitment and private elitism. We, too, were tempted, in our own way, by the prospect of taking the country into our own hands; and we were appalled at the symptom of our temptation writ large over Kennedy and the men who surrounded him—the blitheness, the lightning speed with which ends justified means.

Our own candidate we had not learned to recognize, so we were free to assume that in his privacy and hesitation he embodied our more virtuous inner voices; those that sang of the true path and warned against corruption. The division corresponded well to the temperamental opposition of the candidates. Bobby's inclination was activity; once he thought of something, he had to do it. McCarthy lay low; until proved otherwise, any given act was probably not worth the trouble. Bobby's characteristic sins were sins of commission; McCarthy's, sins of omission. Bobby would tell people what to do—infringe on them, as he had with wiretapping—or get us involved in places we shouldn't be, as Rusk, McNamara, and other Kennedy appointees had done in Vietnam. McCarthy would "liberate" the population—leave us free to act in good faith—keep us from imposing our will on others. The clincher was the one exception to the rule. When it mattered, McCarthy had gone into New Hampshire. Bobby, hung up, had refrained.

Thus we criticized Bobby's heavy-handed politicking; but we didn't know then that for McCarthy "new politics" meant little more than his personal freedom from commitments to anyone. We sneered at Kennedy's hacks—but we didn't know that McCarthy was getting some financial suppor friends of Hubert Humphrey. As for "gua income," McCarthy said those words twice—or 19 at Howard University and on April 11 in The rest of the time he hedged with "a va programs to provide an assured income"—r them spelled out. To his everlasting credit o didate never mentioned "law and order"—but did he speak directly of the hatred and violen made law and order an issue.

The Kennedy ads were a smear, yes, bu tended to cloud McCarthy's comfort with the le processes of the U. S. Senate and its Finance C tee. Had Kennedy people been more careful were indeed votes on McCarthy's record whic not have been explained away by matters of dure, votes that accounted for his 78 per cent with the ADA for 1965-67, as compared to Ke 98 per cent rating for that same period. Ther times when McCarthy seems to have support cial-interest subsidies: for the DAR, for exam federally assisted rifle practice, and perhap egregiously on the "Christmas Tree" bill of the Foreign Investor Act which was loaded wi ers for the benefit of mutual funds, among limited groups—surely a violation of sacred dure! Nor was McCarthy a crusader when it c consumer practices or tax reform—two issue Bobby raised in the campaign. And perhaps glaring of all was his omission of Congre reform in his references to a new politics.

It was hard to be balanced when one was wise and calm daddy, crudely attacked by a re brother who stirred up crowds with his long squeaky baby talk, and unfair money. The McCarthy had gone further on the big issues cially the one overriding one—and he was th candidate who was unconnected, we thought the Democratic machine. Our doubts focused willingness, on his energy, on his effectivenes there was, finally, in McCarthy's reserve, in all unsaid, a special air of mystery, a hint that he strength from a source beyond mere mortal Kennedy and ourselves, a gift for grace that tell him when and how to bring that strength to

In Indiana one of McCarthy's young aide approached very strongly by friends who work Kennedy. Night after night he agonized: ther nothing conclusive. But in the end he staye suffered. The reason finally was the one Kennedy couldn't offer:

"I thought McCarthy had a secret. I though day the secret would explain it all."

Next month, concluding this series, Mr. Lar Kennedy, the campaign that never happened, New Politics and how it might take power.

Harper's Magazine, April

at Hentoff

EMPTATIONS F A BOSTON ATHEIST

e saga of an impatient idealist who moved from jazz this side of wisdom in search of a cause.

While I was there, growing up detached, bury was a Jewish ghetto in Boston. When I about eight, thirty-five years ago, I saw my t community-action project. A new butcher p had opened in Grove Hall, our agora, and a up of fiercely concerned citizens smashed its dows. Not a Jewish thing, you say, but the cher shop was selling both kosher and non-her meats. It stopped. Roxbury has long since ome a black ghetto, and shop windows in Grove ll are occasionally being broken for other dedi-ed reasons these years. If I were to go back v, I'd be the goy. But I wasn't entirely at home n either. I liked the action, but I couldn't con-t with the holy raid on the butcher shop. I had ed God, in the synagogue on the Day of Atone-nt, to strike me dead if he existed. The odds re perfect, because I'd already stopped believ-, but that was the last religious game I played. The secular action, as I grew older, was girls d politics. I went as far as I could with both, but vish girls then were tenaciously chaste; and ntually Kafka made more sense to me than osevelt, Lenin, or Trotsky. There was also ool, of course, and I did what I was told until fway through the first year of graduate school. elt no call to join the community of scholars, t it seemed a calm life, with long vacations, and one were judicious in his associations there uld be no reason to run afoul of the burgeoning mmunist-hunters who, in those years, gave omise of being with us the rest of our lives. t it didn't work out. One night I went to the rary, took out some ten books on James Feni-re Cooper and on Indians for a research paper, d just couldn't begin. There was no connection tween me and them, so I returned the books, left e library and Harvard for good, and ended the ght sitting and listening to Sidney Bechet at the voy Café.

I couldn't be a jazzman, never could improvise, but jazz did give me a vocation. I started writing about the music and the musicians, and fifteen years ago left the province of Boston to become New York editor of *Down Beat*. And it's only since then that I've come closer to finding what it is I can connect with. It didn't turn out to be jazz either. For several years the jazz life was the only one I knew. My criteria of wisdom were the Delphic grunts of Thelonious Monk; I equated the ultimate in hip life-styles with the elegant alienation of Miles Davis; and the guru of us all was Charlie Parker, whoever he was at any given moment—enigmatically euphoric, distantly ironic, deliberately bland, fiercely defiant. What Che is to some of today's young, Bird was to us, a lodestar of a particular time. Che is revolution and the radical brotherhood of man by any means necessary. Bird, in the static early 1950s, was the man with the deck of identity cards.

Outside as well as within jazz, the quest then was of self. Outside, analysis and group therapy were the rites of passage to what promised to be endless self-discoveries. Waking up cold in hand was waking up without a dream to write down. But how many dreams could be told to how many analysts before everyone was stone bored? Soon Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg were to herald another Way, an expansion of consciousness on the road, and that in turn led to journeys into inner space, the hippies, and now their vacant faces as they mooch for spare change.

Inside jazz, fifteen years ago, we looked to superspades to tell us who we were. The straight world (called square then) was frozen white in a hideous tableau—Ike beaming beneficently into the middle distance and Senator Joe McCarthy holding up lists of the damned. We ignored them, as best we could, because we were in contact with the Life Force, the black soul. And since Bird was

the primary avatar, he must have a message for each of us. Some listened to him and became junkies. ("That's not what I meant at all," he said, but Godhead speaks elliptically, especially in its denials.) Others interpreted him to mean that the music was All, and they tried to become their horns. Or, if they were not musicians, they trained —in speech, gait, dress—as acolytes. Others, puzzled, waited for a clearer sign, and then Bird died watching a comedian on television.

For a while, "Bird Lives!" was scrawled on posters and fences around New York and a few other hip cities. But the black young now have to be told who Charlie Parker was. Nor is Bird even a remote figure of legend to the new generation of white teen-agers. His jazz is no more where they are than Beethoven. As for the disciples of Bird, the hangers-on have scattered into limbo; and the bop musicians work, when they can, with borrowed rhythm sections.

Even on their intermittent gigs, I seldom hear them now. When I go out to listen, it's much more likely to be for Janis Joplin or Albert Ayler. And there have been fewer and fewer nights left for music since jazz stopped being my primary preoccupation a couple of years after Bird died. Not because he died, but because out there—beyond the jazz tribal grounds—a movement was starting. The Movement, some called it, and I came along.

Late one night, in the spring of 1960, in Montgomery, Alabama, I walked toward a house, made harshly distinct by the spotlight trained on it. Ralph Abernathy's home had been bombed a few nights before, and the light was there to scare away jackals. "Go ahead and get shot," the white cab driver had said cheerily, and there I was, becoming an advocacy journalist. "Fuck you," I said, not so he would hear. Burly, slow-moving, Abernathy *was* the line, "We shall not be moved." His father, he told me that night, had had his own farm. "I never worked a day for a white man," Abernathy said with satisfaction. He still hasn't been moved, but now that he's succeeded Martin Luther King as head of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, I have no idea where he can move to.

The illusions of that time were contagiously energizing. Moral force, soul force, would cause the walls to come tumbling down. Black and white together, eating hot dogs at Woolworth's, were the vanguard of the peaceful, revolutionary army. But a crisp, cutting voice was mocking the singing singers of "We Shall Overcome." I heard him on the radio before he became the beige Robespierre of black nationalism on television. I don't know what he looked like when I arranged through a Muslim lattice-work of connections to be at a luncheonette on Lenox Avenue in Harlem. At a table on the side, an intimidatingly calm man had been assessing me for several minutes while everybody else acted as if I didn't exist and the jukebox played "A White Man's Heaven Is a Black Man's Hell." Finally, he asked why I was there. "To meet Malcolm X." "Sit down," he said. I continued to see him through the years, first because he was a challenge—to get through the reflexive irony that was part of his style in talking with whites. Except for once, I wasn't sure I ever did, but after he was killed, Alex Haley, who worked with Malcolm on his autobiography, told me Malcolm had said I was one of the few whites he felt like talking to. Call it an ego trophy, which it is, but it was also important to me because if a writer can't get through, he's just a mirror. And Malcolm was the hardest man to know I've ever interviewed. The last time I saw him was the next contact during which no testing was going on. It was a week before he was assassinated. We met by accident in a radio station. He was afraid. The only time I'd seen fear in the man. The dry humor still flickered. He wouldn't let himself give away wholly to fear, and he told me a story about the hidden, quasi-revolutionary past of a now prominent Negro commentator. But he was tight, nervous. "It's more than threats," he said when I left. "They're out to kill me. And it's not Muhammad." That's all he said, that's all I know.

I had also continued to see him because he was a corrective balance during the "We Shall Overcome" phase of The Movement. In a hotel lobby on the eve of the August 1963 March on Washington, I watched Malcolm surrounded by reporters as he sardonically skewered the fesses fantasies of the marchers. He waved, and his smile included me in the ranks of the ingenues. I was annoyed. He's just playing his role as Lucifer, I thought, but the next day, after the March, I was very depressed. What effect would all the speeches have? All the moral force? The huge, peaceful, integrated army that was so respectable and responsible that it cleared up its own debris? Malcolm was right. The day had been a beginning but rather the end of that phase of The Movement. During one of his trips abroad in the last years of his life, I got a postcard from him, glancingly presaging what he was to say in his speeches toward the end. A speech like one in May 1964: "In my recent travels into the African countries and others, I was impressed by the importance of having a working unity among

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Nat Hentoff had four books published in 1968, including "A Doctor Among the Addicts" (Rand McNally) and a novel, "Onwards!" (Simon and Schuster). He is now completing a book on Mayor John Lindsay and is on the staff of "The New Yorker." He says he learns a lot by talking and listening at colleges and universities.

oples, black as well as white. But the only way is is going to be brought about is that the black es have to be in unity first."

And that's where The Movement is now—black ople discovering the forms of unity. And they're ing it less through catalytic personalities—al-ough Eldridge Cleaver, if he can survive, may rn out to be Malcolm's heir—than by the more rable process of coming together on issues, like ntrol of their own schools. It's their putative ıite allies who are now looking for a home: try-g to transform or found a political party; using mpus rebellions as a way to propel them into rther movement. But as of the present, without hesiveness, without clear direction. Part of the etoric of the singing years of The Movement as that blacks would liberate the whole country. ıt it is now all too evident that the white man's ırden is himself.

Nonetheless there is, though confused and metimes desperately manic, at least a persistent aching out to possibility among many of the ɔung. They have not all been codified yet, nor ıve they all slid into settling for just their own mfort. And it's their work—as teachers, urban-ts, diverse advocates—that I'm doing much of y writing about these years as one of my own ays of advocacy. But since I am forty-three, I e them in the particular, elongated context of her radicals, actual and aspiring, whom I've nown in the past decade and a half. Lenny Bruce, ɔr instance. Lenny was not an ideologue; he had ɔ programmatic solutions for the plagues beset-ng the land. But he did help prepare the way ɔr the current therapeutic contempt for euphe-ism. He shook his audiences to the roots of their nbivalence, about blacks, the Church (any ıurch), sex, vocation ("I called the desk for a hore and they sent a bearded writer to my ɔom"). And about the resplendent cultural plu-alism in America which Max Lerner likes to rite about and which Spiro Agnew so uniquely elebrated in the 1968 campaign. ("Any spics, ops, niggers here tonight?" Lenny would begin. Any kikes?")

Lenny was a fundamentalist radical. I doubt if e ever read Bakunin or knew anything about the Wobblies, but radicalism—getting at the roots—vas his life style. In a nightclub or in his room t those hotels he chose which asked no questions f the hustlers and other marginal survivors pass-ng through, Lenny kept upsetting shell games, ncluding, so far as he could, his own. I thought f Lenny last spring when a reporter was inter-iewing a Columbia graduate student, a leader in ɔoth SDS and the local draft-resistance cadre. It vas the day after a massive, brutal police bust; he campus had been closed down by a retaliatory trike, led in large part by SDS. "Tell me," the eporter asked, "how do you manage tuition and living expenses with all the time you spend on changing the system?" "Oh," said the bearded young man in a red beret, with a RESIST button on his military-style jacket, "I'm on scholarship here. National Defense Education Act, Title Four."

Ain't nobody pure, but some people con themselves more than others, and what I particularly learned from Lenny was the importance of trying to remain as alert as possible to the artful dodger in us all. I see black militants who are as crudely manipulative as the paleolithic Mayor of Chicago. And when a young revolutionary tactician told me recently of how skillfully he had planted questioners in an audience to make sure a college president's address turned into a stuttering disaster, I saw in his glow of self-satisfaction what some of young Stalin's contemporaries might also have seen. "Civil liberties," another young tribune of the New Society instructs me, "are a bourgeois relic." And I know that my enemy can come in all kinds of guises. I remember talking with and being charmed by Che Guevara a few years ago. The radical brotherhood of man was his theme; but when I asked him about dissent, not subversion, in Cuba, I knew as he coolly measured me that while I would have been for Fidel against Batista, at some point later Che could have found the necessity for liberating me from bourgeois individualism in one of the people's jails. As Fidel, the celebrator of national self-determination, considered it necessary to support the Russian occupation of Czechoslovakia the summer last.

The temptation for an advocacy writer is to so yearn to be "relevant" as the winds change and the crises come more quickly that he finds himself stumbling to someone else's beat. "Which side are you on?" Pete Seeger and Woody Guthrie used to sing. But there are often more than two. When a young black commando in East Harlem told me last spring that the only thing whites could do to prove they were on the side of black liberation was to supply guns or money for guns, I kept my hands in my pockets and instead continued to write and organize for white support of black and Puerto Rican control of the schools in their communities. Gunrunning is not my calling, particularly when I don't know who the targets are. It may complete the circle of white guilt to be killed by a gun you've paid for, but I'm not playing victim either. On the other hand, a few years ago, under the influence of several pacifists whose spiritual development clearly surpassed mine, I tried to become totally nonviolent. But then a man I'd criticized in print called me in the middle of the night to assure me he would pull my beard out by the roots the next day, and I carried a knife for the next week. That cleared that up.

Trying to make sure I'm really where I say I am,

I've found some guidelines. Some years ago I read in Georges Bernanos: "The horrors which we have seen, the still greater horrors we shall presently see, are not signs that rebels, insubordinate, untamable men, are increasing in numbers throughout the world, but rather that there is a constant increase, a stupendously rapid increase in the number of obedient, docile men."

There are times, like the present, when even though the rebels are indeed increasing, they are so few, though clamorous by contrast with the masses of the obedient and docile, that a writer, looking at the odds, might well be wise to retreat into aesthetics—novels, poems, and other solitary charms against the still greater horrors we shall presently see. Art, if that's what it turns out to be, may last, but with few exceptions, topical writing only provides raw material for distant, tranquil historians. Yet, even if the odds continue to widen, I can't stop reading the papers and splitting my work accordingly. "When I visit New York," Canadian filmmaker Allan King told the *New York Times* last fall, "it always takes me two or three days to inure myself to the bitterness on the faces of all those people living in that enormous garbage can between Manhattan and Kennedy airport. It just eats people alive!"

I see John Lindsay trying to scrape up enough money just to keep the enormous garbage can from turning into a charnel house; and I'm writing a book on what he's learned about what it takes—and the resources he hasn't got—to make New York livable. Will it and similar books on the cities change the mind of one Congressman or sufficiently alarm some voters in their own garbage cans to move them to put different men in Congress and in municipal office? Who can know? There are very few advocacy writers—Ralph Nader is a notable exception—who can see direct change resulting from their articles and books. The rest are like Sisyphus and feel, I suppose, that at least the stone they're pushing up the hill is *there*, is palpable, and so is to be preferred to watching from the sidelines and incanting T. S. Eliot: "The land is foul, the water is foul, our beasts and ourselves defiled with blood."

Besides, being there has its satisfactions, quite apart from whether you ever get any stone to stay on top of any hill. It can suddenly give you an extraordinarily clear—if freezing—sense of the exact weak center of your time. That Bernanos line, about the chasm between the insubordinates and those who are obedient, will always be associated for me with Adlai Stevenson on a particular afternoon. In June 1965, three weeks before his death, I was part of a delegation—social critics, a novelist and poet, a former Congressman—who met with Stevenson in his office at the United States Mission to the United Nations. We were there to ask him to resign and to lead the movement against the war. I don't think any of
really expected him even to consider resigr
and yet for some, this visit was a last, howe
unrealistic, appeal to the apotheosis of hum
liberalism which Stevenson had represented in
1952 campaign for the Presidency. And it was
an appeal out of our own impotence. We did
know how to stop the war, and with Bobby K
nedy not yet in opposition and Eugene McCa
so docile then we never even thought of him,
venson seemed to be the one "respectable" polit
figure who might be able to rally all those de
middle-class liberals who were troubled but
did not know what to do. And for me, there
also the curiosity to see for myself why this m
who had meant a great deal to me during par
my twenties, was ending his public life as a
for his country at the United Nations.

I am wary of charm in government officials
cause it resembles the manners of exception
skillful morticians. (One of John Lindsay's r
suring qualities is the profane irreverence
many of his private comments.) But Stevens
charm was the most difficult to resist I've e
experienced. When a man is as genuinely graci
as unfeignedly courtly as Stevenson was, it is
ficult to indict him to his face for complicity
murder. Today's radical young are better at
don't imagine Mark Rudd would have had
hesitancy greeting Stevenson with "Up aga
the wall, motherfucker!" But what I saw and
acted to was an encapsulated man who wa
something of us. God knows what it was. Certa
not absolution. Understanding perhaps. We v
all mature, we must certainly understand what
rules of the game are. Surely now that we saw
talked to him, we would realize that his esse
humanity had not changed and we would recog
the reality of his situation. This was implicit,
explicit, in the conversation; but he was cle
trying to make us see that he still had acces
power, that he could perhaps yet get Lyndon J
son to bend. But if he did what we asked of
what would he be then? A silly, undignified fig
wholly removed from the sources of power, a b
ing Don Quixote with a raggedy collection of
perious individualists snapping at his heels.
were far too few, the feeling of the country
still far from sufficiently roiled. We were mak
absurd, almost insane demands of him. Mora
is one thing, but exile is another.

The talk was first about American interven
in the Dominican Republic the preceding A
Briefly, awkwardly, Stevenson tried to defen
but several of us were so primed with facts
finally he tacitly conceded the argument by
continuing it. My attention wandered as the
of the time was spent on Vietnam. I knew
questions and could predict the answers; at ti
instead of following the play, I watched his e

ery clear blue. As a politician and diplomat, l had much experience in keeping them clear of tever he was feeling. But there were moments pen vulnerability. There was hurt when the hfulness of a past statement by him was being edded. Alarm at another point. I don't know at it. He was being pressed hard and perhaps he afraid he might succumb to spontaneity and something in exculpation which could deeply barrass him later when he'd have to insist he'd n misquoted. As a gracious man, it would be nful for him to imply that we were liars. After ut an hour, he took firm hold of himself and a thoroughly professional player of the game the rest of the meeting. His eyes revealed only ntiveness.

At the door, he shook our hands. "You honor by coming," he said. "I do not have the chance en these days to have this kind of dialogue." He med to really mean it, but actually it had been re a duel than a dialogue. He had withstood our empts to change the rules by which he lived, but appeared to have experienced no pleasure or ef in proving his steadfastness. We left him as found him. When he died on a London street next month, I was saddened, but not so much I had been on leaving him that afternoon. The ddle-aged who still wonder why "liberal" is an thet to many of the young might think on lai Stevenson.

FIRST SNOW

by Harvey Shapiro

The first snow of winter
And in my early morning dream
You with one breast uncovered
Talk to me
Of the possibilities of life.

The cats don't know what to do.
They roam the house.
We're all trying
To perceive where
Our happiness lies.

Through the shutters and closed windows
I hear the crunch of tires.
Nothing in my life
Is as clear to me.

Silence
Like snow.
At forty-four
To be back
In the drifts!

uring that period, and for a couple of years ore, I'd been gathering material for a book on old man, A.J. Muste, a radical pacifist of rkably wide influence, though he was unknown most of the populace. Martin Luther King had d me that while he was a student at Crozer eological Seminary in Pennsylvania, he had ard A.J. lecture. "I wasn't a pacifist then," King alled, "but the power of A.J.'s sincerity and his rdheaded ability to defend his position stayed th me through the years." But A.J. wasn't a gle-issue pacifist. "We can't have peace," he'd , "if we're only concerned with peace. War is t an accident. It is the logical outcome of a cern way of life. If we want to attack war, we have attack that way of life." And in his long life—by s articles, his constant traveling to speak and tness, his extraordinary ability to hold the trust many otherwise disparate dissenters—he afcted the ways in which many men mounted that tack. They ranged from Kenneth Kaunda rough American labor activists, divinity stunts, teachers, and such of the young as David iller, one of the first of the draft-card burners.

When he died in February 1967, a friend of his id that knowing A.J. led "to the death of a libal and to the destruction of cherished liberal andards. It is simply not possible, after once ving been a part of A.J.'s life, to have an isolated, uninvolved life of one's own." I distrust that kind of generality, however generously intended. I can only tell of myself. A.J. influenced me more than any other man I've ever known. I remained an atheist, which he wasn't. I failed, as I've noted, to be a pacifist for very long. But A.J. did make clear to me the fundamental choice of this time: "Precisely in a day when the individual appears to be utterly helpless, to 'have no choice,' when the aim of the 'system' is to convince him that he is helpless as an individual and that the only way to meet regimentation is by regimentation, there is absolutely no hope save in going back to the beginning. The human being . . . must assert his humanity again. . . . He must understand that this naked human being is the one *real* thing in the face of the mechanics and the mechanical institutions of our age."

It's not much of a program, I admit, but it is a starting place. No one is naked. Even A.J. was rather distant personally. But there are always those who are immediately distinguishable by their stubborn assertion of their humanity. Some are gloriously stubborn, like Marie Nyswander, a psychiatrist and psychoanalyst specializing in drug addiction, about whom I wrote a book. One afternoon she was railing against the way her profession is usually practiced: "Many psychoanalysts reduce all of life to a jargon. A safe jargon. They

won't depart from middle-class customs and values. But analysis ought to *free* you. Free you to experience joy and tragedy on a higher level than the interpersonal family level of relating to mother, husband, wife, or children. Suppose a patient has finished his analysis. An analyst might say the man is now able to express his aggression. But for what? Has he been made into a little aggressive island only large enough to include his wife and children? I'd feel greatly disappointed if someone I considered I'd analyzed found such a sterile solution for his life. Is this what there is to life? We still know so little about man's capacity for creativity, for experiencing beauty, for freedom of a degree we can't even imagine. We have to keep going into the unknown."

She's right; I can't even imagine it either. But the sound moved me, like Coltrane's. And increasingly, in education, particularly in ghetto schools, I've found others like Marie, those whom Bernanos called the untamables. I wrote *Our Children Are Dying* about Elliott Shapiro, one of the last white principals in Harlem to whom an oncoming delegation of parents was not notice of a coup d'état; and I'm working now on a profile of Ronald Evans, the black principal of P.S. 201 in East Harlem. On the best of days, which almost always come when I'm doing leg work and rarely when I write, any real hope I have of changing the way of life that brings us into war, civil and foreign, is largely based on education.

There is a new movement now, among students and young teachers, to liberate education, to go back to the beginning, to the naked human being, and let him grow into the unknown. Yes, much will have to change outside the schools as well, but the schools *are* where petrifaction now begins, and if they remain the same, the rebels will continue to be too few.

Meanwhile, with some current rebels proclaiming "The streets belong to the people!" and intermittent pronunciamentos on guerrilla warfare circulating, it nonetheless remains evident that the only kind of violent American revolution possible is one ending in totalitarianism, no matter who starts it. Basic, though limited, institutional changes through political and other forms of organized pressure may happen in particular communities; and even nationally that route may sometime be a possibility again. However, barring what has come to be the customarily unexpected, Richard Nixon will be ending his second term of office in eight years, and I do not then expect to see Mark Rudd or Eldridge Cleaver in the wings.

What I do hope to see in the next eight years, in addition to the thrust toward liberation of the schools, is the continued growth of a new kind of radical humanist professional—advocacy lawyers, architects, clergymen, doctors, urbanists. People not content to spend their lives fortifying small aggressive islands. This is the direction being e plored by an unprecedented number of the youn the former awakeners of the countryside for Ge McCarthy, former SDS members, and those of t unaffiliated who also want a sense of communi It's still such a fragile concept—a sense of co munity. An intention only. And except for a re tively few, it may be no more than that eight yea from now, and beyond.

I am old enough not to be surprised each ti a "movement" becomes again a small nucleus true believers. The wholly nonviolent, once see ingly legion, have all but gone. Dorothy Day *The Catholic Worker* and a few others persist, b any Marches on Washington for a long time come will be accompanied by police helicopte and regiments of National Guardsmen at t ready. Racial integration is again an individu decision; there is no "movement" any longer b hind it. And the present focus on radical profe sionalism may become blurred until there a again only the isolated radical professionals.

But if it comes to that, there are far worse wa of staying alive. In April 1966, A.J. Muste, eight one, flew to Saigon. "You see," he explained, " we've made our voices heard at home, we must al speak to the people of Vietnam. We have sought speak truth to power at centers where war me sures were being planned, where men were bei drafted and engines of mass destruction we being made; we come now to the scene where t fighting and slaughter are actually taking place His meetings in Saigon were disrupted by ager of the South Vietnamese government, and so he and his companions were arrested. Barba Deming, who was with him, remembers th "when they had put us finally in a kind of dete tion room out at the airport—where we were wait for the departure of the next plane, on whi they would send us away—I looked across the roo at A.J. to see how he was doing. I might add th it was a broiling hot day and we had spent sor time just sitting in the paddy wagon out und the full sun, and that hadn't been easy for him. looked across at him and he looked back with smile, and with that sudden lighting up of his ey which many of his friends will remember, and said, 'It's a good life!' He had done what thought had to be done (that trip was above all h idea), and he had done it as well as he knew hov and then he was able to be happy. What more cou he do—until the next time?"

It may come down to only that. Nothing m change significantly, or things may get worse. B so long as there is a next time, you do what there to be done. For me, it's a better life than maki connections between James Fenimore Cooper a Indians. Years later, by the way, someone to me Cooper hadn't known any Indians. I nev checked that out.

Harper's Magazine, April 19

John Hollander

From Beyond the Cigarette: NOTES OF A REDEEMED SMOKER

Lady Bracknell: Do you smoke?
Jack: Well, yes, I must admit I smoke.
Lady Bracknell: I am glad to hear it. A man should always have an occupation of some kind. There are far too many idle men in London as it is.
—*The Importance of Being Earnest*

This has been the century of the cigarette. It was just about one hundred years ago that the so-called "double cigarette," using good tobacco (instead of the glorified floor sweepings called cut canister) and better paper than had previously been employed, came into being. A century is a well-rounded, symbolic time span. In actuality, the century of the cigarette starts when the real twentieth century does: in 1914. Our culture has about fifty years of really heavy cigarette smoking behind it, fifty years during which cigarettes became gradually civilized into a state of being actually prosaic.

Cigarettes were for a whole generation the very atom of the universe of lovers: the shared cigarette. This is the only equivalent in the American language for *tutoiement*. Or the other opening gesture: they are both in a car, he driving, and she lights a cigarette for him and passes it over. The sexually charged atmosphere of the car tends to mold the significance of this one. These are both times, though, when the unending *ordinariness* of the cigarette for the real smoker can become important, for that very ordinariness gives way significantly when the cigarette becomes something very special.

Wasn't there a whole historical moment during which not to smoke was eccentric, if not actually perverse? Certainly from about 1945 to 1962 everyone I knew who didn't smoke or had stopped in the distant past seemed to be making some kind of social and moral production out of it. In some cases it was obviously just a big camp. In others, a tolerable eccentricity. In still others, a self-indulgence. Thus, *"Oh yes, I forgot. You don't smoke,"* was always more like, *"I forgot. You're a vegetarian"* (or, in some cases, *"That's right. The only card game you play is cribbage"*) than it was ever like, *"I forgot. You don't take sugar."* But it was never really like, *"Oh, you don't drink,"* notwithstanding the minim of naughtiness that there always was about it. Abstention from nicotine couldn't help smacking of the self-righteous somehow. Also, even then, it was unquestionably better for one's health not to smoke, but only in the mildly problematic way that made the risk a moral virtue. But other questions were far more important. How could one understand not only the psyche but the physique and the daily life of a nonsmoker, especially a friend, someone who was otherwise a real person, and not just another human being?

And even now, one can't imagine what it would have been like not to smoke in 1952, for example. . . . Then, when all phenomena, all manners, all conventions and even language of the heart conspired to give cigarette smoke a *substance*, a moral and spiritual *density*, that it has now lost —not to smoke was to lack an organ, somehow. Was this quality like what Sartre calls viscosity?

The great exhaled lungful of smoke was for decades the only deep sigh to which a grown man could give vent without embarrassment. The cigarette permitted it, and that permission has now been withdrawn. What does this mean? May a man again learn to cry? For "Laughing and Grief" are, as the Mock Turtle in *Alice in Wonderland* implies, the classical languages. In our time, smoking was also taught, first to the men, then to the girls, the way undifferentiated infants are taught to laugh and cry. The inhalation of *something* (love? spiritual food? fresh air? energy? courage? anodyne? nothing?) against hurt or against fear was being counseled in the late

Thirties and thereafter. Counseled, of course, by visions, images, live gestures, myths; actual cigarette advertising was often at odds with the very nature of its product. Real smokers always knew that cigarette advertising was a kind of joke. Particular brands were always a matter of a private mystique far more elaborate than the kinds of patterns of consumption that any advertiser could anticipate. Smoking Camels was not like: rooting (say) for the Yankees, not liking broccoli, preferring to play second base . . . but it was certainly one of just such a group of preferences that can easily be changed, but that are clung to like one's name.

Why was it, incidentally, that the proliferation of so many brands of filtered crap in the late Fifties and after should have produced so much mentholation, and so many images of nautical relaxation. (Formerly, the mentholated brands, Kools and Spuds, were really *hors choix*, as far as *brands* were concerned.) Were these all just an excuse to have blue-green packages? The coincidental intersection of all this with the naval theme in British cigarettes may someday puzzle Martian sociologists.

On cigars: How fascinatingly irrelevant they are! It is very hard to remember that for most of the nineteenth century, the cigar and the pipe are Smoking, the Real Thing. All of the mythology of tobacco dependency before our own age is attached to these. Kipling: "And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a Smoke"—how innocent all that seems now. But again, all those cigars! The great and fabled ones, like Freud's, and the basic repertory in twentieth-century literature: the cigars in *The Magic Mountain;* Eliot's Bleistein with *his* cigar; the last, crucial memory that the singer of the Brecht-Weill *"Bills Ballhaus in Bilbao"* can muster up—even though she forgets, in the last chorus, the very words of the song itself, and must hum along, she does finally remember the line about her lover's cigar . . . *"Er war Brasil gewohnt."* These are all examples of the great German cigar, by far the most common numerically since the 1840s, and far more prominent phenomenally than they might be expected to be for the American imagination. The contrasting American cigar: the disgusting butt of Moon Mullins. . . .

Pipes are, again, another matter. They were, if possible, even more irrelevant than cigars. In one's adolescence, anyone who really became committed to pipes was bogus, while a cigar was merely a pardonable affectation. Pipe smoking in our time is really much more like inland fishing than it has ever been like *smoking;* there is far too much lore equipment and general ideology, t much prattle about breaking-in and caking, t much immaterial aesthetics about grain and t like, for pipes to be part of the smoking expe ence. All the more remarkable, then, to cor across a passage like the following:

> Some years ago I brought myself to the dec sion not to smoke anymore. The struggle w hard, and in truth, I did not care so much f the *taste* of the tobacco which I was going lose, as for the *meaning* of the act of smokin A complete crystallization had been formed. used to smoke at the theater, in the mornir while working, in the evening after dinner, seemed to me that in giving up smoking I w going to strip the theater of its interest, th evening meal of its savor, the morning work its fresh animation. Whatever unexpected ha pening was going to meet my eye; it seemed me that it was fundamentally impoverishe from the moment that I could not welcome while smoking. To-be-capable-of-being-met-b me-smoking: such was the concrete qualit which had been spread over everything. seemed to me that I was going to snatch away from everything and that in the midst its universal impoverishment, life was scarce worth the effort.

(Surely, so far, this is about as authentic an a count of a familiar condition as has been writte down. But let it continue now:)

> But to smoke is an appropriative, destructiv action. Tobacco is a symbol of "appropriated being, since it is destroyed in the rhythm my breathing in a mode of "continuous destru tion," since it passes into me and its change i myself is manifested symbolically by the trans formation of the consumed solid into smok The connection between the landscape see while I was smoking and this little cremator sacrifice was such that as we have just seen, th tobacco symbolized the landscape. This mean then that the act of destructively appropriatin the tobacco was the symbolic equivalent o destructively appropriating the entire worl Across the tobacco which I was smoking wa the world which was burning, which was goin up in smoke, which was being reabsorbed int vapor so as to enter into me. In order to main tain my decision not to smoke, I had to realiz a sort of decrystallization; that is, without ex actly accounting to myself for what I wa doing, I reduced the tobacco to being nothin but itself—an herb which burns. I cut its sym bolic ties with the world . . .

This is still fine. The reader cannot help respond ing with the thought that he has obviously bee talking prose all his life. But then the strang part:

> I persuaded myself that I was not taking any thing away from the play at the theater, fro the landscape, from the book which I was read

ing, if I considered them without my pipe; that is, I rebuilt my possession of these objects in modes other than that sacrificial ceremony. As soon as I was persuaded of this, my regret was reduced to a very small matter; I deplored the thought of not perceiving the odor of the smoke, the warmth of the bowl between my fingers and so forth. But suddenly my regret was disarmed and quite bearable.

—J. P. Sartre, *Being and Nothingness*, trans. Hazel E. Barnes (Philosophical Library, 1956).

How could this be about a pipe? Well, it is very sy to see, after all. A cigarette smoker would ve to expand the quality of to-be-capable-of-ing-met-by-me-smoking into something that ould cover *acts* like breathing, awakening, rest-g, pausing, deciding, avoiding, soothing, even, e is tempted to add, *being*, instead of mere *ac-vities* like going to the theater or reading or ving a meal. It is precisely the condition of the garette smoker that his "possession" of these ts cannot be rebuilt like the mere ownership of jects and activities, that he feels he must re-ild the self, the subject of the possession. This course is nonsense. But no one can ever believe until he has, indeed, stopped.

tarting to Stop . . . again the great fear that is will mean only and always Stopping Starting, constant series of switching-off movements oc-rring more frequently than any smoking itself. ie fear that the whole process will be this un-dingly. No. Absolutely impossible: how could manage this when I can't even stop starting ice or twice, let alone continually? The answer, course, is that this never has been known to ppen in actuality. It's one of those deceptive odels of what really happens, like Zeno's arrow hich, since at any point of time may be said to be a particular point, certainly can't ever be in otion. So with the discrete series of switch-offs—is is merely a way of describing what one does hen stopping, rather than what one actually es.

Some of the how-to-stop books may recommend ore sophisticated routines like this one: *Pretend at you don't smoke.* It sounds plausible, but you id I know that it isn't. For example, I say to an, "Why not start right now by pretending for e rest of the evening that you don't smoke and never have?" Jean: "But how can I do that? It's no easier than not smoking." I: "No, sweetie, you don't understand the dialectic. If you pretend that you don't smoke you'll never be reaching for cigarettes or thinking about having one or the like." But what looks like feminine logical crudity is merely a grasp of the whole picture. One can't pretend that he doesn't smoke without not smoking! It's easy for someone who has stopped to pretend that he never has—all he needs do is lie. It's easy to pretend for an evening that one can't talk—one simply says nothing, knowing that one really can. But this is not the same thing as walking around, not smoking, and really being a smoker, all the time. It's more like saying to an amputee, "Pretend you have both legs." The trouble is that if it were enough like it, people would have the good taste not to recommend it.

Remember this, if it's any consolation. The books about how to stop smoking are all odious and contemptible; they are Job's comforters, in whose sincerity lay their vileness. You are sitting on your dungheap probably quietly suffering, when the comforter tells you that there is indeed an order and a justice in the Universe and all you must do is listen to them—"Do X and Y and Z," whether that means taking deep breaths every time you want a cigarette or beating your breast and saying, "It must have been something naughty I did," every time a boil ruptures. Fine. We agree on this. The only trouble is that you then are driven into Job's corner. Your moral superiority over the Recommenders is unquestioned—they either don't know what it's really like, or they talk as if they don't. Which, as with Job's comforters, is much the same thing. But, just as Job is driven by their total lack of moral imagination to dismiss them with, "Go Away! I've done nothing. It's just that He's perverse," you fall back on, "It's too hard to stop. I can't. I really enjoy it too much," or the like.

Writers one may have used to start smoking with in the first place: Hemingway, John O'Hara (particularly his pillow-talk, always occurring between puffs), Raymond Chandler, Dashiell Hammett, Graham Greene (despite everything: for some Christians he may contribute to the texts for use in refusing to stop). This partially comprises, for a whole American generation, the literature of initiation, sexual, aesthetic, moral, and even political. There lurks about this list a common image—a man in a trench coat, leaning against a wall in the rain, relaxed yet with narrowed eyes, a hat brim shading all but those eyes, lighting up.

He is Humphrey Bogart, of course. What he

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ohn Hollander's most recent volume of poems is Types of Shape," brought out by Atheneum in ebruary. He is also a critic and an editor of po-ry and professor of English at Hunter College. e reports that he has stopped smoking twice, ce before it was fashionable and again finally, in 963, at the home of the novelist William Styron.

seems to have meant to a whole generation of imaginative boys was only gradually unveiled to that generation itself. One not only followed the shape of his career with one's own developing sensibility, but a revision of all the old images of him was constantly going on. Thus, the progression of identities from Duke Mantee in *The Petrified Forest* (callow, not really him yet) through various silly thug parts to *High Sierra* (the doomed man; Ida Lupino loves him because he's doomed), to Sam Spade and then the series of textbook allegories of engagement suspended until the possibility of bad faith is obviated (*Casablanca, To Have and Have Not*, etc.), to the crisis in *The Treasure of Sierra Madre*, where the old images were blasted to pieces, and to the final ripeness of *The African Queen*, for example. And thus, at the same time, the re-visions: seeing a film with five years' perspective, having learned something about history and about oneself in the meanwhile. Not only did *The Maltese Falcon* get funnier each time, but the reasons for the undiscriminating adulation of the Parisian intellectuals, in the Forties, of so many of the films became, in retrospect, almost predictable. But through all this there was the emblem of the cigarette, its smoke helping to diffuse light in a particular way, it seemed; its lending or giving or sharing becoming a tremendous act, moral and intimate beyond any conversation; the lighting of one signaling the moment of self-awareness; the putting-out of one signaling the moment of decision. The juvenile iconography of one generation—Bulldog Drummond, in the great moment of crisis, surrounded by evil types who will Stop at Nothing, calmly produces a gold case, flips it open, and, in answer to the menacing question (whatever it is) —"Turkish on the left, domestic on the right." This is replaced by the infinitely more complex Bogart-smoking, which, unlike the earlier crude version of Twenties "grace under pressure" seems to be taking place in history instead of merely in dream. Its badge is not the opening of a costly cigarette case, but the flicking away of the still burning butt in a low, flat arc, into the roaring, rain-filled gutter seven feet away. Whether one actually ever saw him do it or not, this was the Bogart gesture.

All that one knew of his private life, as one got older, made the series of movie images more precious. His marriage looked good, which was more hip than Hollywood serials, he never embarrassed when quoted. He contracted, as if to show us something, throat cancer. So died Humphrey Bogart, with whom we delighted to identify.

There was Bogart, then. What were the complementary images for girls? The trench coat an berets again: Dietrich,* Ingrid Bergman (thes were both refugee personas). Then Lauren Baca who became, in a way, a refugee too. All thes smoking women had been kicked around a l but had not lost their capacities for feeling. The smoking was of a different order from that previous generations of cigarette initiates–th long jade holder, for example, of the exotic, or th briskly lit, delicately held, frank, cross-legge smoking of the straightforward, mid-Thirti girl in comedies. No–Lauren Bacall's "Anybod got a match?" (her opening line in *To Have an Have Not*) is her confession, password, sel betrayal, and plea all at once. It shows tokens authenticity and, without completely droppin her guard, asks for love. The girls we were takin out while starting were thinking of some of thes things as they started to smoke.

Other women, of course, used cigarettes in th movies. Bette Davis' great gesture of puttin out a cigarette in *Dark Victory*, for example; bu I dare say that one must perhaps be homosexu to feel anything for Bette Davis in the way tha we and our girls, even that we through our girl loved the ladies in trench coats. These all reeke of men, and of the men we would like to hav imagined ourselves as being. And the men aroun them knew what style was, too: Paul Henried i *Now, Voyager* makes the culminating gesture i a whole tradition of movie-smoking by lightin two cigarettes at once, for himself and Bett Davis; the two white cylinders fork out from hi lips, not like the twin braying cones of some Dio nysian *aulos* on a Greek vase, but like two tin important bits of light which must be caressed lovingly and skillfully, into health.

Mythologies; folklore; routines . . . –The nine year-olds wait on line for noon recess; they shuffl and fuss, and toward the front of the line, one briefcase on the corridor floor between his legs stares out through leaded glass doors, half i dream. Then another nudges him: "Look there!" One looks around, startled, sees nothing, hear Other's laugh: "OK, you looked." And then start the staccato rapping of Other's knuckle, from ex actly a span away, on his upper arm, while th formula is delivered in a mumbled, barely enun ciated rapidity: "Name ten brands of cigarette and whistle, go on!" The only elegant response, th only good move is to name the most recherch brands conceivable, still hardly hesitating lest th pounding raise a black-and-blue mark. Once I trie

*As when, in *Morocco*, "There is a Foreign Legio of women, too."

elachrino and ended up near tears and beautiilly discolored when they were not believed and refused to revise ("Go on, say 'Old Gold' and ll stop"). That's what names were good for.

Other games: Hits and Cracks—a Camels packge lying empty in the gutter, opened at the stillosed end, revealed frequently either the block tter "H" or "C," followed by one or two digits. hen we found the packages, One would cry for its or Cracks, the package end would be opened, id One or the Other would claim the reward in ie universal coin of the rap in the triceps. That's hat Camels were good for. Raleighs had coupons id, one day we discovered, were preferred by lefth parental friends because Union Made. That's hat Raleighs were good for. Herbert Tareyon: the parents smoked those. They had premium ards in their packages—wild fowl, then Kings of ngland, then *Henry*. Filial query: "Why don't ou smoke Lucky Strike or Chesterfield?" (there as something deviant about these: they didn't dvertise heavily). Parental answer: "These taste ice enough and besides, the people who make iem are decent about their advertising. Have ou ever noticed, dear, what it says on the packge? Only, 'There's something about them you'll ke.' They don't make any extravagant claims. . ." That's what Tareytons were good for.

Other visions: Green Lucky Strike packages. lat tins of fifty and round tins of more. The hilip Morris midget. I'd walk a mile for a. First all Mall ads with long and short cigarettes, Kingize and Regular, being compared against the ackdrop of soon-to-be-antiquated artillery. All ie other visions and sounds. All the other mytholgies and games. This is not superflux.

More folklore: To strike a match away from ou was considered effeminate; masculinity could trut about by brandishing cigarettes! What bout the unlit, white stick, waggling about in a losed mouth, say, behind the wheel of a car halted t a light? What a gesture of justified, barely ontained impatience? And how bogus . . . The inredible poignancy of the whole cigarette swagger was caught so beautifully at the end of *Breathless* when Belmondo, still inextricably involved with his image of Humphrey Bogart, blows ut his dying lungful of smoke in an exaggerated mitation of his favorite movie star. And then, too, here was the crumbled swagger stick as a badge of a shattered ego. James Gleason, in *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*: we know that he is maudlin drunk before we hear him talk because of his crumpled, unlit cigarette.

All of these mythologies, then, were teaching us how to use cigarettes in the process of becoming ourselves. Some expanse of shadows on a screen in the shape of a man, blowing even more shadowy smoke across the fictive scene before us, was showing us how to decide: one stared at something, moved awkwardly as if on camera, then lit a cigarette. With the first exhaled lungful of smoke, one had decided it, whatever it was. This was always so much a part of the language of introspection that a good director had only to show his man in this sequence for the audience to know that, indeed, some decision had been made. And indeed, they knew . . .

More and more of our time had been taken up, since smoking happened, in institutionalized waiting, whether nominally part of work, play, devotion, giving and receiving of benefits, or even love: "Mr. Quangle will see you in a moment," "I'm sovvy but they'll be a short wait fa vawl seats," "Visiting hours are from—" "My God! It's bumper to bumper like this for three miles!" "PLEASE ARRIVE A FULL HOUR BEFORE FLIGHT TIME." The only traditional training for waiting was orthodox Christianity in its more medieval aspects, teaching that even the most energetic and concentrated activities, the highest leaps of human enterprise, the most blinding flashes of practical dream were all merely waiting for Something in any case. But if one cannot despise, or at least neglect, human time, then one must fall back on manners, as always. The only secular teaching about how to wait that we had was the use of the cigarette. It covered all the dreadfully ordinary intervals, and the great gulfs of silence before the Showdowns as well. Thus: Beau Geste and his narrator brother John, *ein reiner Narr*, taking one of the most splendid coffee breaks in the history of Western trash—on the roof of the fort at Zinderneuf, the entire remainder of the garrison save for themselves and the dirty dog, Lejaune, dead and propped up with their rifles in the embrasures of the wall, the great Michael Geste, soon to be killed, looks around and says, "Last lap. Last swig of coffee, last cigarette . . ." The rest is unimportant. This last cigarette contributes to the same great cloud of cigarette smoke with which our past has been filled. It is no less real than the smoke of the yet another one we light in the peculiarly sick illumination in waiting rooms at three in the morning. Or of the one we light at the window, waiting for morning to declare itself, looking out at a rare bus proceeding rapidly up the avenue far below us . . .

How can I stop smoking? How will I know whether I'm breathing or not?—You will, Oscar. You will.

Harper's Magazine, April 1969

George Thayer

ARMS DEALER SAM

How surplus weapons, international suppliers, and an eager clientel turned an ambitious American boy into a full-grown millionaire.

Sometime in the early 1950s, a sales brochure published by a little-known company called Interarms offered to the American public a handsome and fascinating variety of its wares: armaments. As if aware that such offerings might be of odd interest to the average outdoorsman or homeowner, the brochure-writer permitted himself a certain degree of high spirits. "Why Be Undergunned?" asks one advertisement, and announces the availability of a number of Finnish Lahti 20 mm anti-tank cannon. A Soviet mortar is described as "the ultimate attraction for you smooth bore fanatics," and a bazooka, as the perfect weapon to "get those charging woodchucks."

Interarms, whose proper name is the International Armament Corporation, at present maintains in Alexandria, Virginia, ten large warehouses which may at any one time hold from 500,000 to 600,000 surplus small-caliber weapons, usually up to 20 mm in size—enough, according to Samuel Cummings, Interarms' president, "for about forty infantry divisions." An additional 150,000 to 200,000 weapons of similar type comprise the stock of another large warehouse maintained by the company in Acton, a suburb of London. Indeed, Cummings claims to have more surplus weapons in stock than the military forces of either the United States or Britain currently have in active service.

Interarms of course is not exclusively or even primarily involved in supplying intrepid private individuals with recreational equipment. Since the end of World War II there have in fact been very few independent arms deals in the world in which Samuel Cummings has not been involved. He has managed in the last two decades, for instance, to buy up approximately 90 per cent of all the British surplus small arms for sale.

He once paid one million dollars for Spain's entire surplus small arms, and on another occasion sold Austria all the ordnance it needed to equ its border police. He bought 300,000 surplus arr and seventy million rounds of ammunition fr Finland; this purchase was so large that it to three years to ship to the United States. He almo bought from Chile the last surviving warship fr the Battle of Jutland, but a Japanese group outb him at the last moment. He helped rearm We Germany by selling it MG-42 machine guns th the Dutch had captured from the Wehrmacht. one transaction, he bought 600,000 Lee-Enfie rifles, some of them for as little as 28 cents apie and subsequently sold many of them in the Unit States for as much as $24.95.

In 1955 he supplied arms to the Costa Ric government of José Figueres. He also sold arr to Nicaragua, which was at the time supporti a group of Costa Rican rebels opposed to t Figueres regime. The following year he boug 2,000 small arms that had been captured by t Israelis from the Egyptians in the Suez campaig The weapons were predominantly Russian origin, purchased by the Egyptians from t Czechs, who previously had acquired them fro the Soviets. Most of these arms, Cummings to me, "now hang over the fireplaces in Americ homes."

He sold Trujillo twenty-six Vampire jets th had seen service in the Swedish Air Force, and few years later he sold Venezuela seventy-fo F-86 Sabrejets that were Luftwaffe castoffs. F many years he was a major supplier of arms t Batista. Later, he sold Castro a batch of AR-1 rifles as he did 75,000 Sten guns to Finlan 500,000 FN rifles to Argentina, 2,000 Springfie rifles with extra-long chrome-plated bayonets t Liberia, 50,000 Lee-Enfields to Pakistan's borde patrol, and a quantity of the same make of rif to Kenya to fight the Mau Mau. He has even su plied 144 cavalry lances, complete with pennant

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WE HAVE A POLICY BOUT CIGARETTES.



licy is simple.
you haven't smoked cigarettes for at least a
ou could be eligible for lower rates on new
urance.
disability income insurance.
ny the rate reduction?
State Mutual, we think it's obvious that
who don't smoke cigarettes make better
an people who do.
d better risks deserve better rates. Right?

This is the kind of policy we had way back in 1964. (Long before any other insurance company.)

Since that time, our non-cigarette smoker plans have been selling like gangbusters.

Last year, these plans accounted for about forty percent of our new individual life insurance sales.

Maybe you're eligible for this kind of policy right now. Or maybe you would be if you quit smoking cigarettes.

And that could save you more than money.

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to the Sudan, which maintains one of the few remaining mounted camel cavalry units anywhere in the world.

Walking through the warehouses in Alexandria can be a formidable experience: In crates sometimes piled twenty feet high are rows of Lee-Enfields, German Mausers, Italian Mannlicher-Carcanos, Russian Tokarevs, Finnish Lahtis, and American M-1 carbines. Besides these, there are thousands upon thousands of automatic pistols and revolvers: Lugers, Webley & Scotts, Glisentis, Nagants, Colts, Nambus, Walthers, and Smith & Wessons; and, of course, millions of rounds of ammunition, some of which cannot be obtained anywhere else on the American and British markets. Prior to the passage of the Gun Control Act of 1968, one could at the right time also find grenades, artillery shells, and bazooka rounds; Interarms also stocked a selection of mortars, submachine guns, bazookas, swords, sabers, and bayonets. Occasionally there might also be a lot of used military uniforms. These add something special to the atmosphere, for it was, and is, Cummings' custom to dress his employees in whatever he has in stock: one week they may impersonate the Afrika Korps, the next the British Royal Navy or the Royal Tank Corps.

From Relics to Riches

Cummings' interest in guns, as might be expected, began at the age of five when he became the proud owner of a German Maxim machine gun, a World War I relic discarded by an American Legion Post in Philadelphia. The small boy's natural delight with such a treasure grew first into a hobby and then a passion. By the time Cummings reached draft age, he knew so much about guns that the Army promoted him to sergeant and made him a weapons instructor.

Right after World War II, large amounts of military scrap from Europe began being shipped into the United States. Some of it ended up in a junkyard in Richmond, Virginia. Cummings was on a tour of duty at Fort Lee, Virginia, and quickly realized that there was gold to be found in those heaps of surplus. Among the items dumped into Richmond there were thousands of German helmets going for 50 cents apiece. Several times he loaded up his car to the roof with helmets and drove north to Aberdeen, Maryland, where he sold them for four dollars apiece to a collector at the Proving Grounds Museum, who in turn sold them for a slightly higher price to movie studios and costume shops. The car would be so loaded down with helmets that Cummings coul count on blowing at least one tire per trip, whic beside gas and oil, was the only overhead encoun tered in these transactions.

In 1949, after his graduation from Georg Washington University, he set out to become full-time arms dealer. But before he could get him self placed, the Korean war broke out and he wa hired by the Central Intelligence Agency to identi fy weapons captured from the enemy. Eightee months later he left the CIA and took a job a salesman for a firm called Western Arms.

The history of Western Arms was as interestin as it was brief. Nor is all of it known, except t Cummings, and he is generally reluctant to tal about it. In September 1945 the United States dis banded the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), it wartime intelligence agency. The Research an Analysis Branch of the OSS was assigned to th State Department, where to this day it carries ou intelligence duties; the rest of the OSS was ab sorbed first into the War Department and late into the CIA.

The Central Intelligence Agency was not to b created until May 1947, and in the intervenin twenty months the bulk of America's intelligenc needs were met by the R and A Branch in State Certain jobs, the officials realized, had to be don that could not be done overtly, one of these bein to keep an eye on the large amount of militar surplus on distant battlefields that was still un spoken for and to make sure that it did not fa into the wrong hands. A possible way of handlin this particular problem was to dispose of suc surplus in the United States.

Another related problem was the need for th government to have at its disposal certain quan tities of untraceable weapons to dispense to hard pressed friendly governments. Untraceable weap ons, known in the trade as "clean" or "sterile" weapons, are usually foreign-made guns that can not be traced by their serial numbers to Unite States or allied sources. They are for obvious rea sons vital to any clandestine operation.

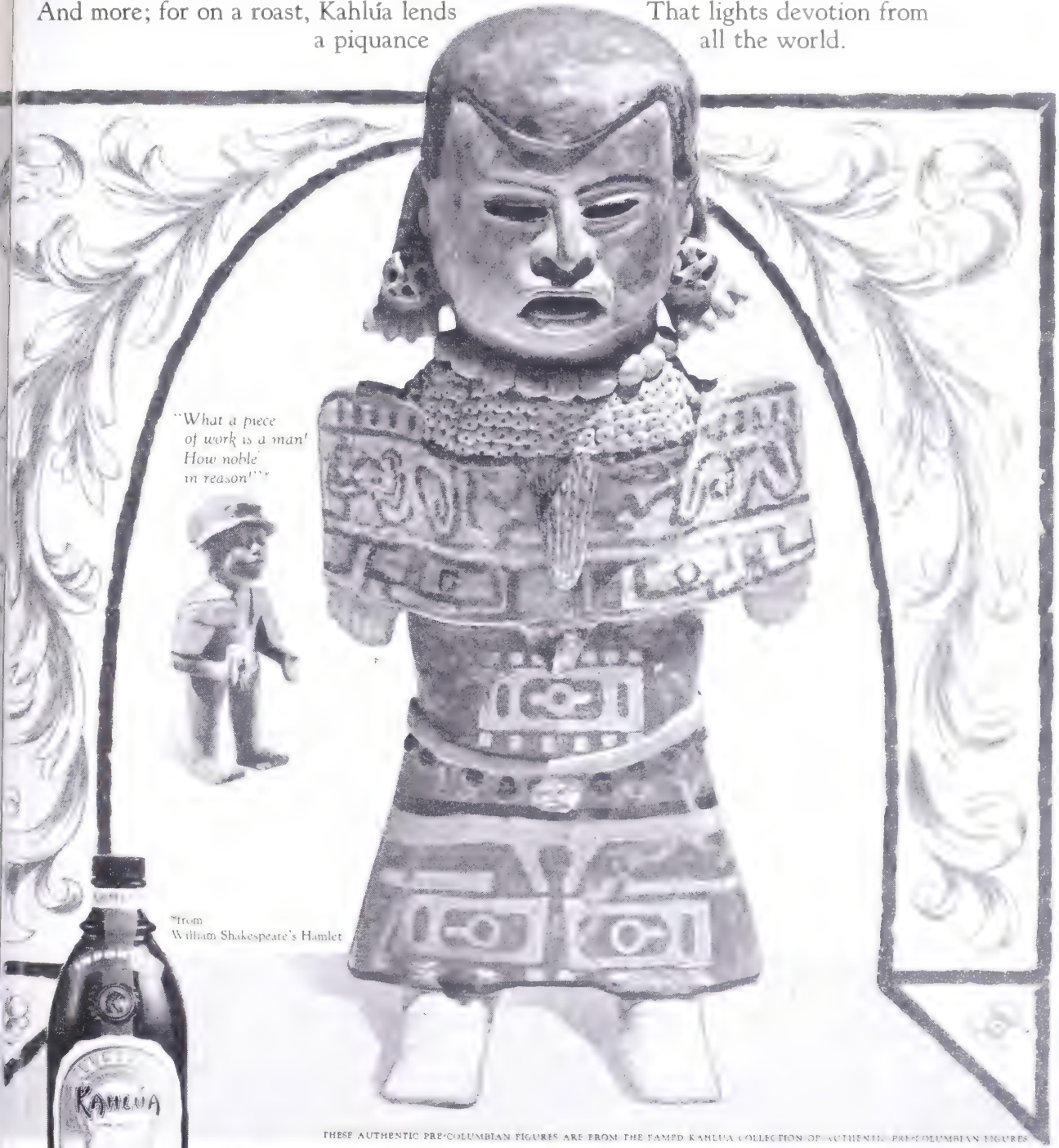
In any event, into the breach stepped a Holly wood promoter named Leo Lippe. Lippe knew ver little about guns but was successful in convincin the State Department that it should set him up i business. In return, Lippe would make an inven tory of all the world's small arms, bring as man of the surplus weapons as he could into the Unite States, supplying the government with all th clean weapons it needed and selling those left ove to the public. To this end, he created the Weste Arms Corporation.

By the time Cummings came to work for West

o mix or not to mix;

that is the question:

Whether 'tis better to drink Kahlúa neat
And exult in exotic coffee nectar, pure
Or to join it in luscious marriages
And, by blending, create. A pie, a crepe
And more; for on a roast, Kahlúa lends
a piquance
To enchant all who weaken to the tastes
That flesh is heir to--'tis a combination
Devoutly to be wish'd!—To glaze, to whip.
To whip? perchance in cream! Aye, there's
a luv!
For from that amber froth what desserts come!
Mix or not to mix? Either way Kahlúa
Captivates. There's the aspect
That lights devotion from
all the world.



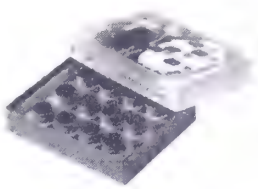
*from
William Shakespeare's Hamlet

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KAHLÚA

Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico

To write or not to write? No question!
'Tis better to write for the free, new
Kahlúa party recipe book. Aye, there's a luv!



**Devoutly to be wish'd—
Kahlúa Kups!**

Made of the finest chocolate. FILL WITH KAHLÚA. DRINK IT. EAT THE CUP! (You can fill your cup and eat it, too.) Box of 12 cups with foil servers—$1.50; 3 boxes—$4.00. Shipped postpaid. Sorry, no C.O.D.

Jules Berman & Assoc., Inc., 116 N. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, California.

OOP

ern Arms, Lippe seems to have faded from the scene. The effective control of the organization now lay in the hands of Arthur Cecil Jackson, an Englishman. Nor, it seems clear, was the U. S. government still subsidizing the company (which may be one reason why Lippe dropped out); it was being run along ordinary commercial lines, the CIA having by this time (1952) apparently developed its own covert purchasing channels.

These were prosperous years for Western Arms. Minimum profits in the arms business were then running to 300-400 per cent over investment. By the end of 1952 Cummings decided to go out on his own. With the help of a Chicago banker named Sidney Lerwin, who is reported to have invested $50,000, he set up Interarms. The shares of the new enterprise were divided equally between the two men; Lerwin was very much the silent partner and Cummings, the chief operating officer and resident weapons expert. In 1958 Cummings bought out Lerwin, paying him a sum of cash plus a quantity of left-over small arms.

Although Cummings is very tight-lipped about his finances, by now his annual volume of business runs into eight figures—some say as high as $40 million. His personal fortune has been estimated to be in excess of $10 million. A cursory comparison between turnover and profit would put it at something probably far higher. In any case, no other private arms dealer in the world comes close to matching him.

Of Arms and the Man

It is Samuel Cummings himself, of course, who is the key to Interarms' success. He is an exceedingly clever businessman; no doubt he would have done extremely well in any enterprise he might have put his hand to. Perhaps foremost among his many talents is his sales ability. Unlike some of his pomaded and flamboyant competitors, he dresses conservatively. His manner is that of a direct and intelligent and well-bred country boy. The importance of his being a man of some education and taste must not be underestimated. Many of the people who control the sale and purchase of arms in foreign countries came up from the meaner and more lowly stations in life—as, for example, Batista and Trujillo did. Once i power they are eager to consider themselve "gentlemen" and prefer to associate with thos bearing the gentility of the upper classes. Cun mings, particularly among arms dealers, exude respectability, and is therefore a most welcom visitor and friend. He is an extraordinary ba gainer, never wasting his time fighting throug the inevitable bureaucracy but going straight t the top. In Winston Churchill's words, he "cuts o the heads of the tall poppies." The first thing Cum mings says when he goes shopping for arms is "I'd like to talk to the man who can make the deci sion." In many countries the people in charge ar colonels and admirals, in others, civilian bureau crats. Whoever they are, Cummings gets to know them. Once with them he will close the rulebook promise to cut red tape, give them a beneficia offer, assure them that the weapons will not end u in the hands of their enemies, and agree to im mediate payment in full. Usually this is sufficien to close a deal.

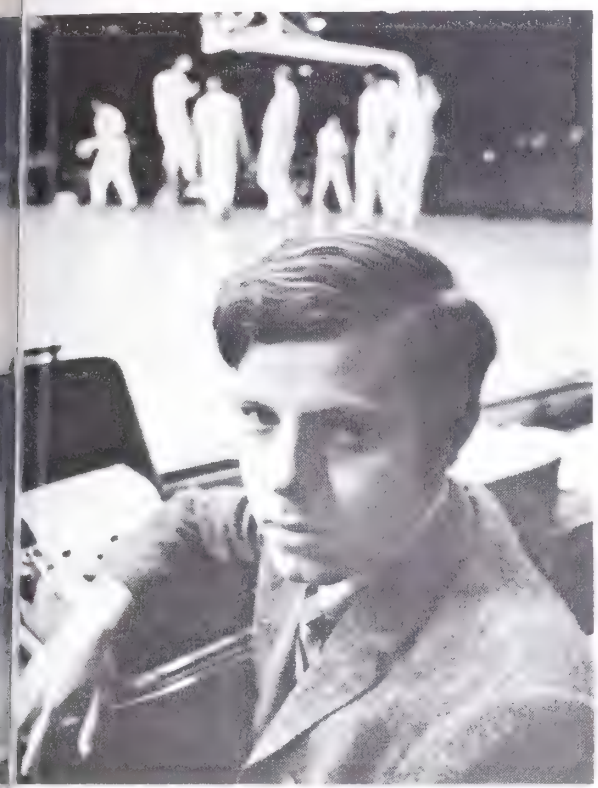
Although Cummings tries to avoid taking side in a country's politics, he does believe in befriend ing the most important people whether or not the are directly concerned with negotiating arm sales. He could claim among his acquaintance such figures as Nehru and Anastasio Somoza; h knows Franco, the Shah of Iran, and the powerfu Latin-American family of Ballister-Molina. He also maintains contact with numerous member of the "jet set," who have secured for Cummings some highly valuable introductions. As one forme arms dealer said, "To them, it's just a parlo game." Another aspect of his keen salesmanship is the ability to judge what a given customer will pay for something. Once, for instance, he sold some American 60 mm mortars—available elsewhere in America for $50 apiece—to the British government for $1,125 apiece.

Cummings, still an American citizen, now lives in Monaco. "I'm an economic exile," he once said. "I don't prefer life abroad, but in America nobody starting from scratch can accumulate capital anymore. It's an immoral situation." His life on the Riviera, however, does not follow the style brought to mind either by the place or by his wealth. He does not smoke, seldom drinks, has only a mild taste for fine food, he almost never frequents nightclubs or gambling casinos, he does not even swear. He travels seven or eight months a year. The only tool of his trade that he carries with him, besides blank contracts, is a magnet to ascertain the composition of the component parts of cartridges. Though he collects weapons in addition to buying and selling them, he seldom—beyond

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George Thayer is a writer and researcher whose book, "The Farther Shores of Politics" (Simon and Schuster), came out in 1967. This essay is adapted from a section of his forthcoming book, "The War Business," to be brought out by the [illegible] Map.

Communicator!



l Howard Tanick. Senior, University of Minnesota
of Journalism and Mass Communication.

Meet Marshall Tanick, sports editor, University of Minnesota Daily.

He's earned one of the highest grade records ever seen at the University of Minnesota School of Journalism and Mass Communication. Marsh, in his fourth year on the Daily staff, has also served as news director of the student radio station.

Marsh Tanick received a $400 journalism scholarship from The Minneapolis Star. He's representative of 54 other journalism students picked by their schools to receive scholarships from The Star or from The Minneapolis Tribune. These scholarships are part of the newspapers' five-year $100,000 scholarship program, now in its third year.

Whether these students continue on to graduate school or go directly into journalism work, the knowledge they have gained will be of benefit in the years ahead to their communities and the nation. Continued support of journalism education helps to ensure a free and responsible press and an informed public.

Such support of journalism education is one reason why The Tribune and The Star are the most influential medium in our nation's 15th market.

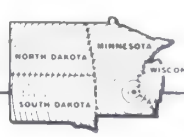
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hael Brourman, Columbia University
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n P. Finkelstein, Rutgers University
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ta Henderson, University of Maryland
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rlene Lima, San Fernando Valley State College
da Jo Mangum, University of South Carolina
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8. Joseph Dorcas Fuller III, Texas Christian University
9. Charles W. Green, University of Colorado
10. Gordon Larry Hunnicutt, University of Georgia
11. Howard J. Kohn, University of Michigan
12. Sue Lockett, University of Washington
13. Stephen Joseph Logue, Oklahoma State University
14. Kathy Mikol, Ohio State University
15. Gary B. Pergl, San Jose State College
16. Roy Austin Petty, University of Iowa
17. Judith M. Raddant, Marquette University
18. Darrell Ray Rice, University of Kentucky
19. Diane Mary Richardson, University of Oregon
20. Kara Lynn Rogge, University of New Mexico
21. Charles H. Rowton, Texas A & M University
22. Elizabeth Virginia Scott, University of Southern California
23. Marshall Howard Tanick, University of Minnesota
24. Cheryl Tarver, Texas Technological College
25. David Tracy, Southern Illinois University
26. Cheryl Tritt, University of Nebraska
27. Abraham H. Wischnia, University of Missouri

THE MINNEAPOLIS STAR EVENING
670,000 SUNDAY



The Minneapolis Tribune MORNING SUNDAY
520,000 COMBINED DAILY

occasional target practice—does fire any of them.

As does befit the style brought to mind by his business activities, he surrounds them with considerable secrecy. He will seldom discuss a purchase or sale in detail, nor does he use a Telex to communicate with his many subsidiaries and agents; interoffice telephone calls are discouraged lest they be intercepted; an intricate system of code references is used in his correspondence.

Not that his secrecy implies illegality. Cummings is quick to point out that Interarms is a legitimate business operating within the laws of each of the countries in which it does business. Certainly it seems reasonable to suppose that in today's world an arms company can make far more money following the rules than evading them. Anyway, at the level on which Interarms operates, it is far removed from the ways of old-fashioned gunrunning. Cummings has no bodyguards and has never carried a gun. "Too heavy," he says.

The Intelligence Quotient

Another factor contributing to the success of Interarms has been the quality of Cummings' staff and associates. His closest confidant is R. Stuart Murray, an English businessman with long experience in the arms trade, and between them these two men usually determine what is bought, what is sold, and what the bids shall be. The man in charge of the Alexandria complex is Richard Winter, a former bombardier who came to work for Interarms in 1960 as an expert on retail sales. Another assistant, who has proven to be an astute financial manager, is Peter Christian Beer, an Austrian by birth who fled to the United States after the Nazi *Anschluss* and later served with distinction as a combat intelligence officer with a U. S. paratroop division in Europe during World War II. Interarms' technical expert is Tom Nelson, one of the world's foremost authorities on submachine guns. Then there was Richard Breed, Jr., a direct descendant of General George Gordon Meade, who was in charge of relations with the U. S. government but had a falling out with other members of the staff and resigned.

Behind this group is the world arms business's largest and most efficient private intelligence system. Cummings has agents in virtually every free nation in the world. He has no agents in Eastern bloc countries, but he has contacts in Omnipol, the Czech overseas trading agency, as well as other Eastern European firms.

The reputation of this intelligence system was first made in 1954 at the time of the Guatemalan revolution. In May 1954, it was learned thro "arms-dealing circles" that Czechoslovakia wa the process of shipping 2,000 tons of small a to the pro-Communist regime of President Ja Arbenz Guzmán. This gave the CIA a valid pre to ship arms to a group of anti-Communist Gu malans in exile, led by Carlos Castillo Armas; t rebels, equipped with U. S. arms, eventu ousted Arbenz. It is, of course, supposed that "arms-dealing circles" who supplied this int gence was Cummings or one of his agents.

Cummings' agents are famous for their valu contacts. His Finnish agent, for example, Major Kurt Touri, a hero of the Finno-Rus Winter War, who knows all the "right people Helsinki. His man in Thailand is David Cum land, an American once employed by the U Military Assistance Advisory Group there now enjoying the acquaintance of everyone portant up to the Prime Minister and King. W Sukarno was in power, Interarms' Indones agent was the Prime Minister's cousin. Today Indonesian agent is an old school chum of harto's. The Interarms agent in Iran is Ali D shaw, who has the ear of the Shah. And so on.

Cummings is constantly being fed informat by these agents, with the result that very li of what goes on in the arms business escapes attention. The discovery of the Czech arms sh ment to the Arbenz regime is an example of h efficient it can be, and it must be remembered t back in 1954 Cummings' intelligence network w just getting organized. Today it is ubiquitous the arms trade.

Not that Cummings has had no share of defe Take the story of his attempt to import high plosives, or "HE" as it is known in the trade. tween 1959 and 1961 he was importing into United States so much HE that his wareho complex—a scant thirty feet from Alexandri old residential section—began to look more like ammunition dump than an arms depot. He w storing thousands of rounds for heavy artille recoiless rifles, and Swedish bazookas; and hu dreds of cases of ammunition for 37 mm an aircraft guns and British 2 inch mortars.

One of the items he imported in those yea was 50,000 hand grenades from Denmark. He h the idea of going into the commercial explosiv business in the United States by repacking the fo eign-made gunpowder into quarter-pound block Unfortunately, the plan ran into a certain amou of resistance from local, state, and federal autho ities and he was forced to remove the grenad from his warehouses. They had been packed loo in boxes and some of them had spilled out into t

The shutterbug's guide to Paris.

Voyage par France

ot only permit photographers, scourage them. Bring your ra aboard any one of our day-flights to Paris. Take a seat e window for some fabulous shots from one side of the tic to the other. Get some iful still lifes of an elegant framed by Limoges china and

of 10 rolls or 12 plates of film (20 rolls of color film) for each still camera, a total of 10 rolls of film for each movie camera.

Paradis pour les photographes

Paris is the photographer's paradise, the city that made picture post cards famous. And, Paris has everything you need to make your pictures perfect every time. To

forever. Panoramic shots are best done an hour before sunset. Try your hand at different angles of the tower itself.

Sacré Coeur. If you climb to the top of the dome you can get some wonderful pictures of 30 miles of surrounding countryside.

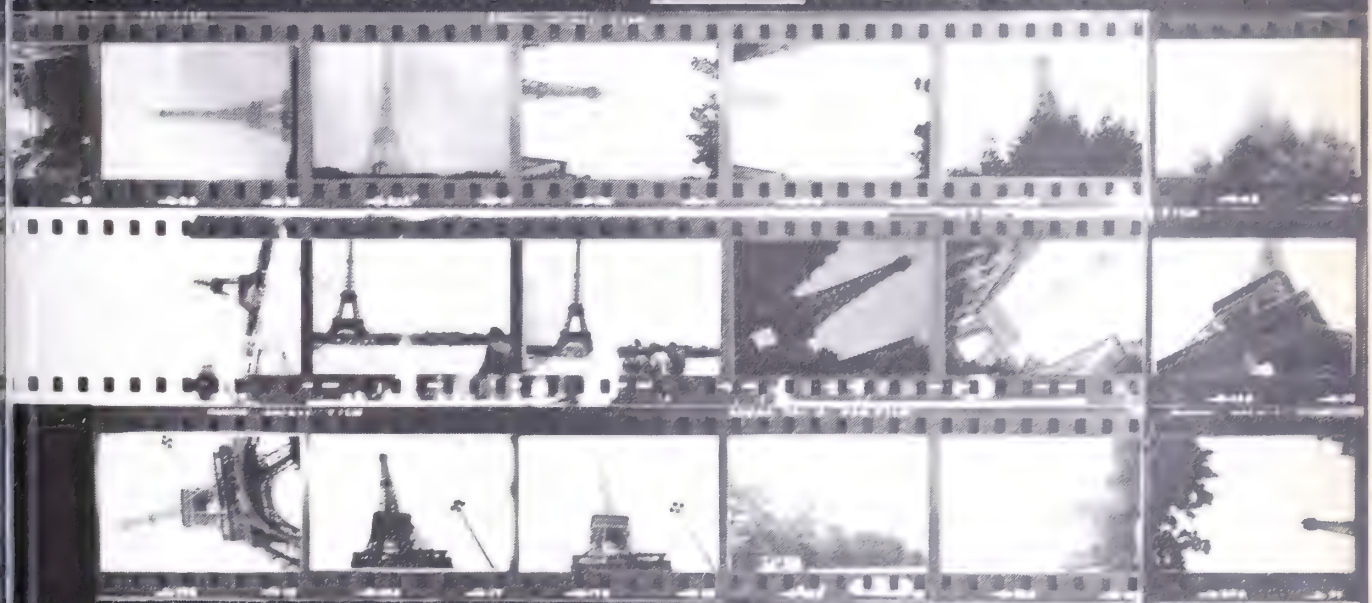
Musée Rodin. The statues of Balzac and the Thinker inspired Edward Steichen's photographs.

Arc de Triomphe. You can get some

where can I buy film for my camera?
où puis-je acheter des films pour mon appareil?
just take three steps backwards:
faites trois pas en arrière.
would you like to be on the cover of every major magazine?
voudriez-vous être sur toutes les couvertures des grands magazines?

Numéros de téléphone

Got the picture? Just load your



toile silver. Focus on a brim-glass of fine French wine. Try hand at a human interest shot. ne of our charming steward-to pose for you. She specializes man interest. Or, have her a picture of you. Title it: "I had it so good." Air France s where you're going.

U. S. Customs

u're taking a camera that was abroad, be sure to register it the nearest U.S. Customs or at the airport before you . If you don't, you may have y 15 to 20 per cent import when you try to bring it back.

Douanes françaises

he custom of French customs particularly lenient with ors. Especially visiting camera-The following photographic essions are allowed: two still ras, one movie camera, a total

have film developed, drop it off at Central Color 10, rue Pergolèse. Arphot 3-bis, rue des Beaux Arts. Inter-Phot 20, rue de Maubeuge. If you have movie film you can have it developed and see it free in the projection rooms of Kodak-Pathé, S.A. 37-39, ave. Montaigne. Need a model? Beautiful mannequins can be obtained from Agence Servane Régine 129, rue de la Pompe. Want some celebrity shots? Just contact Celebrity Service 12, rue de Port Mahon. For any kind of help, information, or inspiration drop by the Société Française de la Photographie 9, rue Montalembert.

les Grands clichés

Paris has more beautiful photographic subjects than you can shake a light meter at. Try your own unique treatment of some of these famous landmarks: Eiffel Tower. On a clear day you can shoot

nighttime shots of the 12 avenues that radiate from the Etoile to form the star.

"J'ai cassé mon Brownie"

Don't despair if something goes wrong with your camera, Brownie or otherwise. You can have it repaired at any one of these: Bisch 41, rue Pierre-Nicole. Chambeaux 16, rue J.-J. Rousseau. Bronard 7, rue Flatters. Or get a new one from Vendôme Flash Studio 12, Place Vendôme.

Vocabulaire

lens: un objectif
exposure meter: le posemètre
black and white film: la pellicule blanche et noire
color film: la pellicule en couleurs
of course I put film in the camera
bien sûr j'ai mis la pellicule dans l'appareil

camera, pack your bags and call your travel agent or Air France:

New York, 759-9000
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San Francisco, 982-7150
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San Juan, 724-0500

AIR FRANCE
We know where you're going.

hold of the freighter transporting them to the United States. An arms dealer visiting Alexandria at the time said he took one look in the warehouses and became frightened. "I went out of there and I walked three blocks and finally I said, *'To hell with this!'* and I took a plane out of there. I was even afraid to stay in Alexandria!" The grenades were loaded onto two railroad cars and shuffled from one obscure siding to another while Cummings tried to figure out what to do with them. Eventually, at Interarms' expense, the lot was dumped into the sea off the coast of Georgia by the Coast Guard.

Perhaps his most painful loss was one that happened in 1963. He had just sold his 55 per cent controlling interest in the British firm of Cogswell & Harrison; shortly after, Moise Tshombe charged into the retail store on Piccadilly and, not aware that the firm had changed hands, ordered a million dollars' worth of weapons. The new owner happily obliged.

Shadow and Substance

It is bound to be imagined about any enterprise like Interarms that it is either controlled by, dominated by, or otherwise in the pay of the CIA. Careful research has turned up no evidence of any direct formal connection between the two organizations. There is no doubt, however, that they have often worked closely together; Interarms is much too convenient a potential instrument for the CIA and other government agencies to have overlooked. For one thing, no government bureaucracy could maintain an arms intelligence system in such a high state of alertness as Cummings'; nor as cheaply. For another, a business like Interarms provides the U.S. government a perfect opportunity to buy weapons from unofficial sources. And third, Interarms serves as an ideal buffer between the government and critics of the arms trade.

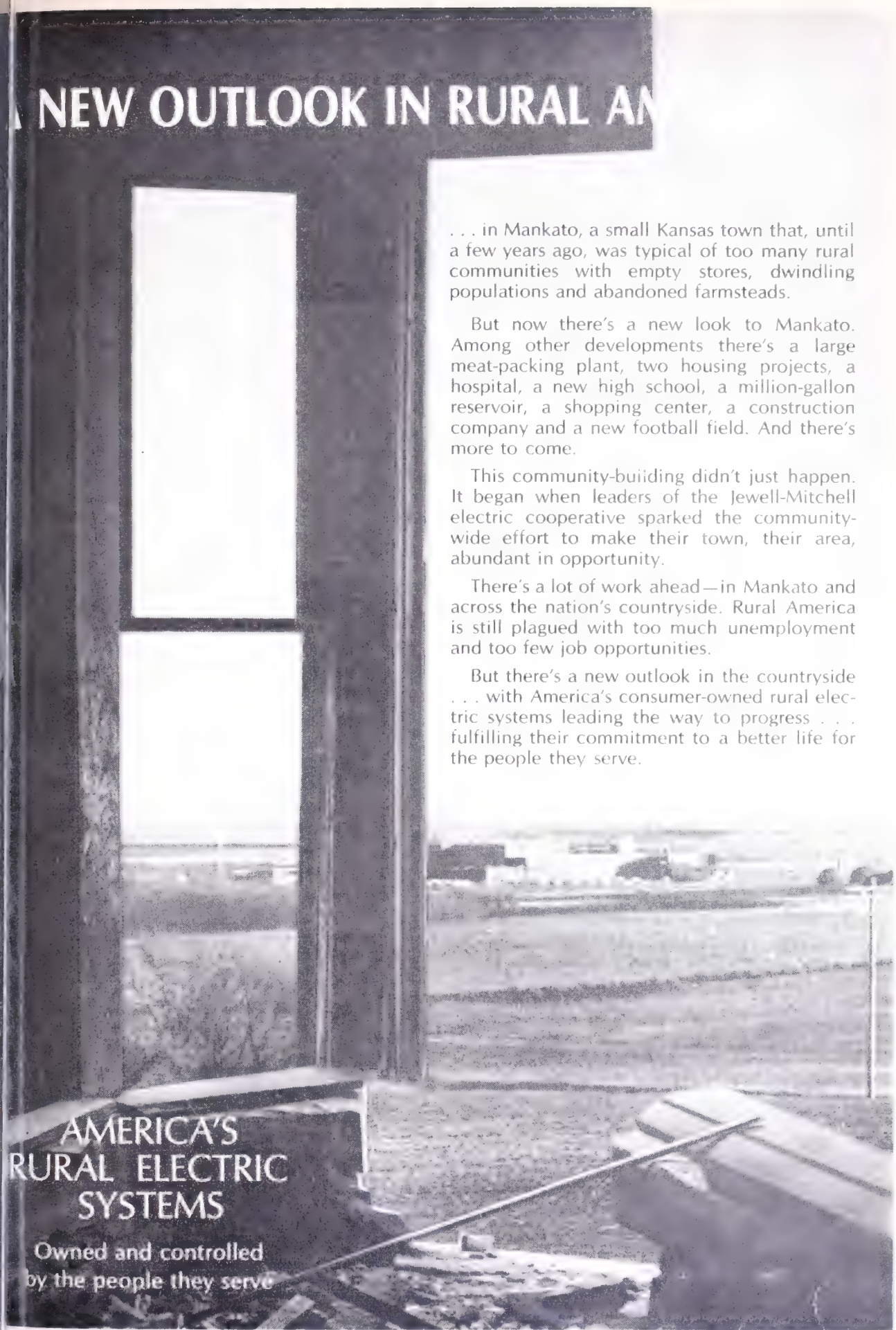
Although naturally no one in the government would be inclined to talk about it, arms dealers are generally quite certain that the CIA and other agencies of our government maintain stockpiles of foreign weapons in various restricted locations around the country. Such foreign ordnance is tested by our experts, and any technological advances deemed essential to our defense presumably are eventually incorporated into our own weapons system. Despite the fact that it has lately become so fashionable to charge all activities of the CIA and the military to some form of heinous conspiracy, the stocking of foreign weapons is an activity routinely practiced by and taken fo granted by all major and many minor powers. I addition to the technological data they yield, thes foreign weapons are used in training Speci Forces troops, whose job it is to operate behin enemy lines. And, finally, they are used to ar groups friendly to the United States operatin clandestinely.

In the case of two particularly friendly power the weapons desired by one may be sold (or given outright by the other; even between friends, hov ever, a direct transaction of this kind rarely take place: their mutual respect and affection does n necessarily presuppose that either or both woul prefer for the other to know exactly what it wa up to. Here is where, for the U. S. government, company like Interarms comes in. If for som reason the government wanted, say, 10,000 Ge man 98K Mauser rifles being offered for sale b Czechoslovakia or Bulgaria, it would find a con pany domiciled in a neutral country to buy then The company concerned might be a U. S. goverr ment front or it might be a legitimate enterpris The arms, legally purchased, would then b shipped around Europe until the origin of th weapons was obscured by the paperwork involve Eventually they would end up in the possessio of one of Interarms' foreign subsidiaries. A important license, for the record, would then b issued to Interarms, and the rifles would b shipped to Alexandria.

Soon after their arrival a "customer" would a proach Interarms and offer a price for the rifle Cummings, who would likely have a good ide about the identity of his "customer," could the do one of two things. He could sell the rifles ou right. But he would only do this if 98Ks were i demand on the commercial U.S. market, becaus he would be reasonably sure that his "customers only wanted to pick out 2,500 or so of the be or least traceable 98Ks from the lot of 10,000 an then return the remaining ones as "unsuitable" these Cummings would then be free to sell on th open market. Or if Cummings believed that ther was no commercial market for 98Ks (as it hap pens, not true) instead of selling he could hav swapped 98Ks with his "customer" for surplu American arms, like Springfield .30-06s, whic are highly marketable.

Often the government will be less roundabou and simply make a direct purchase from Inter arms, thus eliminating the need for approval u the long bureaucratic ladder, cutting down o paperwork, and saving time. Once in the earl 1960s the Agency for International Developmen (AID) bought from Interarms a substantia

NEW OUTLOOK IN RURAL AM



. . . in Mankato, a small Kansas town that, until a few years ago, was typical of too many rural communities with empty stores, dwindling populations and abandoned farmsteads.

But now there's a new look to Mankato. Among other developments there's a large meat-packing plant, two housing projects, a hospital, a new high school, a million-gallon reservoir, a shopping center, a construction company and a new football field. And there's more to come.

This community-building didn't just happen. It began when leaders of the Jewell-Mitchell electric cooperative sparked the community-wide effort to make their town, their area, abundant in opportunity.

There's a lot of work ahead—in Mankato and across the nation's countryside. Rural America is still plagued with too much unemployment and too few job opportunities.

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quantity of 9 mm Danish Madsen machine guns (which, interestingly enough, had no serial numbers) for use by the Venezuelan police force. In fact, AID is a large buyer of odd lots from Interarms, particularly 9 mm ammunition and riot-control equipment.

During the early days of the Vietnam war, when the military began arming its helicopters, the government found it necessary to buy from Cummings a substantial number of secondhand AN/M-2s, which are American-made air-cooled .50 caliber wing guns.

According to several sources, in 1960 and early 1961 the CIA bought a large quantity of .30 caliber semi-automatic rifles from Interarms in order to arm the anti-Castro forces for the Bay of Pigs. Interarms has also imported from the Belgian firm of Fabrique Nationale large quantities of 9 mm pistols which do not appear to have been absorbed in the commercial American market; it is said in arms-dealing circles that the CIA bought all of them. Cummings claims he re-exported them to a Latin-American country in return for a batch of old rifles.

From the other side of this close working relationship, Cummings has been selling ammunition that could only come from government sources. For instance, he has sold .30-06 caliber ammunition with a headstamp designation of C N 40 9. Now, all cartridges, even Communist-made ones, have a code stamped on the base end of their cases indicating the producer and year of manufacture. Queries to the FBI Lab, the National Rifle Association, H. P. White Laboratories in Bel Air, Maryland, the Centre of Forensic Sciences in Ontario, and the Firearms Information Service in Winchester, New Hampshire, asking what arsenal or producer carried the designation C N produced a variety of answers. Some said the cartridges were made "overseas" or in Canada or in the United States. All except H. P. White Labs hinted that they were used by the U. S. government at the Bay of Pigs. The FBI refused to comment. Several weapons experts told me privately that the C/N headstamp mark was simply a phony. Moreover, this ammunition was packed in standard government boxes and crates that carried no markings whatsoever on the sides, a highly unusual procedure in a business where everyone normally wants to know exactly what he is getting. Thus it appears that this particular batch was made specifically for the U. S. government and for a specific purpose. At some time, then, it was deemed no longer useful and was sold or traded to Interarms.

Finally there is the matter of Interarms' relationship with a firm called American Firea and Ammunition Corporation of Long Island C New York. Little information is available ab AFAC, but what there is seems to point to being a front for government interests: the c pany has been a very large buyer of equipm from Interarms, particularly in the years fr 1960 to 1963; yet nowhere has there been an vertisement by AFAC offering its wares to public, nor are there any AFAC retail outlets foreign subsidiaries.

In 1968 three attempts by a credit-rating f to contact officers at the company's headquart across the river from Manhattan were unsucce ful, and requests for interviews went unanswer Two nearby banks could supply no information the company. Moreover, a telephone call to AF at noon one day brought the information via answering service that all the officers were out lunch; another at 2:00 P.M., that none had turned, and at 4:00 P.M., that all had gone ho At 10:00 A.M. the next day none had yet arri for work. And an actual visit to the office—a din single room on the top floor with a desk, a te phone, and an empty filing cabinet—was nearly fruitless. The door was unlocked, no one prese and an accumulation of several days' mail on t floor. (By letter count, over half the corresp dence came from the State Department and t Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, two orga zations that would not ordinarily conduct bu ness with a firm in such apparent disrepai Nevertheless, at one point American Firearms a Ammunition Corporation was such a large buy of weapons that special prices were quoted to known around Interarms as "AFAC units."

In 1962 Interarms and AFAC were mixed together in a strange episode involving the retu to Finland of 32 million rounds of Soviet 7.62 m and 7.92 mm ammunition—finally reported on only two local Texas newspapers. It seems that December 1961, Interarms imported the ammun tion through the port of Baltimore and had shipped to the "American Firearms Corp." San Antonio for (as one newspaper reported it "possible sale to sportsmen." No company tha meant to sell 32 million rounds of ammunition t sportsmen would be likely to hide its light under bushel, but as it happens the San Antonio tel phone directory carried no listing for such a com pany in its editions from 1961 through 196 Moreover, it was stated that the ammunition wa also meant to be used for the U. S. Army M-1 an M-14 rifles—an impossible fit, as anyone in the gu business would instantly recognize. Most of th crates had been stamped "Made in Russia 5-4-46,"

which would indicate that the material was of postwar origin and thus technically ineligible for importation for commercial purposes. U. S. Customs agents were reported to have tested the ammunition and found it in good condition; yet the reason given for returning the material was that it was "defective." Since military standards for ammunition are higher than commercial standards, and since Customs would not ordinarily pass judgment on ammunition imported for military use, it is reasonable to assume that "defective" meant it did not meet U. S. military standards. The material, in other words, had almost certainly been intended for use in Soviet weapons owned by the U. S. government.

In any event, all 32 million rounds—22 boxcar loads—were shipped to Brownsville, Texas, in December 1962 and unloaded there at Pier 3. The ship commissioned to return the ammunition to Finland was several weeks late in arriving, and the cargo in its interestingly stamped crates stood there portside, accessible to the enterprising reporter who snapped its picture and wrote it up for his paper. Senator John Tower, after conferring with the State Department, explained away the shipment by saying, "It was a speculation on the part of the International Armament Corporation of Alexandria, Virginia. They found out, however, that the bullets could not be sold to U. S. customers."

Sam Cummings would have been the first to know such a thing when he imported the goods.

Facing the Future

After so much of vast success and occasional small embarrassment, Cummings faces new difficulties, foremost among them the Gun Control Act of 1968. This law, one of whose provisions bans the importation into the United States of foreign military surplus rifles and pistols, may succeed in cutting Cummings off from his most lucrative market. Then, it would seem that all the years of arduous effort on the part of advocates of gun control have at long last borne fruit. This notion, however, does not quite reckon on Cummings. Because having anticipated the passage of such a law by several years, he and his men worked overtime to import as many small arms as they could before the gates would be closed to them. Some estimate that his stock of small arms has risen to one million. Cummings claims one-quarter this figure. These weapons can still be sold legally on the American market and they represent several years' worth of stock. The Gun Control Act of 1968 also prohibits dealers from selling guns by mail order, but the lucrative chain-store market, which now comprises virtually 90 per cent of Interarms' business in the United States, is still open.

Passing as it did in 1968, the Gun Control Act was too late to prevent Interarms from buying up virtually all of the desirable surplus small arms suitable for sporting weapons in the world. The only markets Cummings was unable to tap are those in the Near and Far East—markets that will someday open up, but in no great volume. Thus it can be said that, thanks in some significant part to Cummings, virtually all the most coveted small arms not yet in the hands of American gun buffs have already been imported into the United States, waiting to be sold in the years ahead.

One way in which Interarms may return to importing foreign military surplus arms is if the U. S. government finds itself unable to set up an acceptable alternative channel for the importation of clean weapons—a channel that will attract as little attention as Interarms, among others, did in the past. The U. S. government will certainly need quantities of foreign arms in the future, and it will certainly want to protect itself behind the shield of nongovernmental organizations. Washington may find that a total ban on foreign military surplus imports, such as is now in effect, will only help to underline the government's own involvement in the arms trade. If and when the government finds it necessary to have the law adjusted, Cummings will almost certainly be on hand to benefit.

Cummings bridles at the idea that he is considered a "merchant of death." "I would call your attention to the fact," he said to commentator David Brinkley in 1962, "that two-thirds of the taxes you and every other American pay go into exactly the same hardware as we deal in. So in a sense we are all in the same business." He feels himself no more responsible for what his customers do with his weapons than distillers for drunks or automobile manufacturers for highway deaths. Nor does he believe that selling to two countries that later go to war with each other is immoral; all large American firms—from Coca-Cola to Standard Oil—he says, sell to both sides, and anyway in actual wartime, the government prohibits him from selling arms to either antagonist.

He is deeply skeptical of the possibility of achieving disarmament and an end to war. Arms, he has said, are the symbol of man's folly throughout the ages. "That's why this is the only business that should last forever." He may be right.

Harper's Magazine, April 1969

Waxing Wroth

by Kingsley Amis

Portnoy's Complaint, by Philip Roth. Random House, $6.95.

Jewish jokes are not funny. They are not even jokes, but potted observations about Jewishness given anecdotal form and a punch line. The response is laughter, though not the sort of laughter that greets the regular (usually obscene) male-company story; it is ambiguous, it conceals, or fails to conceal, a ruefulness, a reflectiveness, a sense of resignation. How true that is, we are meant to feel, how wry, how inescapable, how Jewish. Cohen at the travel agency rejects ex-pro-Nazi Italy and Spain, not to speak of Germany and Austria, for his vacation trip; the busy clerk leaves him thoughtfully spinning a globe; when the clerk returns, Cohen says, "Maybe you got another globe?" That is the basic Jewish joke; hardly a joke at all.

Some of this may go to explain why I did not find Mr. Roth's book funny. Fluent, lively, articulate, vivid, energetic—all that and more; but as the stream of Jewish-joke-type incidents and epigrams and soliloquies thickened, I found myself hankering for some variation, something less ambiguously multi-edged, a bit of farce or a comic line at which one was not invited to laugh once and cry twice and gag three times and rage four times —especially that. The book is in essence a heavily orchestrated yell of rage, rage that is nonetheless rage for being presented as often excessive and ridiculous, and rage wears one down.

The hero-narrator, Alex Portnoy, suffers from a psychological complaint described in a fake dictionary-of-neuroses extract included between title page and text—I was always told at school not to manufacture quotes in this sort of way, and my spirits fell a little when I got this far with the present work. However: this complaint is a disorder in which "strongly-felt ethical and altruistic impulses [I could not find many of these when I came to read about Portnoy] are perpetually warring with extreme sexual longings [I found those all right], often of a perverse natur
a very uncommon complaint, p
but, of course, the title is a pun,
book is a complaint against this a
much more than an account of
plaint in the psyche or anywher

The this-and-that referred to i
rally, being Jewish and what it
people, or rather to the hero, wh
stage all the time, usually alone
sibly talking to the shadowy d
charge of his case. We open (hov
with Momma, in a section calle
Most Unforgettable Characte
Met." This is ironical, of course
soon turns out that the hero n
just the same. At this point in th
ing, my spirits fell a little furthe
in England, where there are still
few Gentile authors about, it is
to feel that one has had nearly en
this sort of thing. This Momm
ever, is not the usual blend of th
perating and the wonderful; sh
exasperating, or rather enragin

The enraging things are v
lected and observed: Mrs. P
candid and serious view that her
fault is that she is too good, her
a knife on the six-year-old Ale
him to eat, her sportsmanship w
loses at Mah-Jongg, all her en
pressuring and blackmail, even
point (I found this believable an
fying) of half-representing a h
tomy as a cancer operation to dri
into line. But these things are
presented, well written about; t
instant springboards for Alex's
for another rash of exclamation
italics, and block letters. Mr. R
Poes Poe in his recourse to typo

Before we leave Momma, wh
up at intervals through most of t



'Well, I can see that he's short. What does he do?"

*Mr. Amis, London critic, poet, a
ist, is the author of "Lucky Ji
other books. His latest is a n
Want It Now" (Harcourt, B
World). An Oxford graduate, he
tured at Cambridge, Princeton, a
derbilt Universities.*



A CONTEST FOR THE CRITICAL GENERATION

The art of critical writing is far from dead. It is alive and thriving in large measure because of a younger college generation that sees our society—its politics, institutions, and arts—in a new and often unsettling way. College publications and their editors in particular are contributing to this awakening.

To encourage still better writing on our campuses, HARPER'S MAGAZINE announces a criticism contest for college students. There are three first prizes: $500 for political criticism, $500 for social criticism, and $500 for film, music, art, theatre or literary criticism with matching prizes of $500 each to the college publication carrying the winning critiques.

The rules are simple:

1 The author must be a college or university student.

2 The article or critique must have been published by a campus publication between September 1, 1968 and April 30, 1969.

3 The submissions must concern some event, issue, personality, subject or artistic work that has had national exposure.

4 All entries (clippings or copies of clippings) must be marked with the author's name, address, and college or university, along with the name of the publication and the date on which the submission appeared. Entries should be sent to Harper's Magazine Criticism Contest, HARPER'S MAGAZINE, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, and be postmarked no later than April 30, 1969. All entries become the property of Harper's Magazine, Inc.

5 The winners will be announced in June.

The contest is retroactive to last fall. If you are a member of the "critical generation" and have published a critique of which you are particularly proud, clip it out and send it to HARPER'S MAGAZINE. If you stand in age anywhere nearer to the other edge of the generation gap, and know some college student who has had something to say on politics, on the quality of our society, or on any of the arts, by all means encourage him to enter the competition.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
America's First Monthly
2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

I might just suggest an answer to a question Portnoy never seriously asks—no reason why he should, though we might see her, and her and his environment, more clearly if Mr. Roth had implied an answer: if Jewish mothers are so unbearable, what makes them like that? Well: perhaps something to do with the position of women in Jewish society, in particular with how their men behave toward them. And if Portnoy senior in earlier years was anything like Alex in rather later ones (and I suspect he was), then we can forgive Mrs. Portnoy a lot. I am not asking for charity, only a little curiosity before the block letters start. Informed rage is deadlier than its blinkered counterpart, and more entertaining too.

As regards Portnoy senior, this character is the best thing in the book: all writers, all men writers anyway, see and portray father better than mother. Poor Mr. Portnoy, a constipated insurance salesman, staggers off day after day on his exhausting round, is under his wife's thumb a lot of the time, works for family harmony, pleads for his son's confidence, seems to command our pity; and undoes the whole thing by coming out from under his wife's thumb whenever a chance presents itself to join her in oppressing Alex, by trying to extract gratitude for his admittedly fearsome labors, by emotionalizing all over him. I, the child of Protestant parents who had had a puritanical upbringing, recognize that picture.

Which brings me to the point that all of us, at least most of us over the age of about ten, have had to go through something like this. In Western society, and probably in a lot of other societies, past and present, people constantly try to straitjacket their children to be as they want, use guilt feelings on them, insist on being told everything they do and think, do all they can to make them feel like "geniuses and brilliant like nobody has ever been brilliant and beautiful before . . . sheer perfection on the one hand, and such bumbling, incompetent, thoughtless, helpless, selfish, evil little shits, little *ingrates*, on the other!" Portnoy, or Mr. Roth, falls into racial/cultural provincialism by wondering what it is about specifically Jewish parents that makes them go on like this; they are just parents, or, in Portnoy-Roth language, WHAT'S SO DIFFERENT WITH THE GOYIM? WE ALL KNEW ALL OF THAT ALREADY ALREADY!

Another subject of the book is sex, or Jewish sex, or, along the lines of the argument put forward above, just sex after all. This starts off, naturally, with juvenile masturbation, which is gone into at greater length, in more profuse detail, and more honestly t... any book I remember. Portno... grown-up Portnoy, talking to his ... —thinks that his tremendous acti... this sphere stemmed partly from ... ment at continuous parental pres... every other. "My wang was all I ... had that I could call my own"—I ... nize that too. I only wish Mr. Ro... shown us Portnoy senior lecturi... son on the dangers of this d... habit; was it insanity or softening ... bones, I wonder, that led the field

Then Portnoy has girls. What ... with and to them is likewise go... in depth, as he might say. Some ... is all right, and far from unbeli... But, since reading is a sort of soc... perience, in the sense that it is lik... ing somebody talk to you, some ... embarrassing, and Portnoy's st... to-audience, tape-recording, per... person style of address intensifi... embarrassment. I do not want to ... what I would not myself tell a ... person without feeling I was sl... off—not about my sexual, but my ... uninhibitedness, my "frankness ... feeling of "what the hell, fellas, ... things go on, so let's talk about ... huh?" I particularly do not want ... told it when the speaker's mouth ... it were, ten inches from my ear. B... is a large subject.

Portnoy's chief girl is called Th... key, a *shikse*, of course, beautif... depraved. We hear comparatively ... of what they do outside the bedro... off the well-worn path to the be... or when not talking about one ... other. Once, for a page or so, s... sumes some sort of identity, wh... gives him an eloquent denunciati... treating her like a hopeless ninco... but at the foot of the next page ... obliging him on a bench in a public ... and on the next, though we do not ... it at the time, she is being ... dropped from the story. There hav... hints earlier that the key to her ... tion for Portnoy is that she is so ... the wrong kind of girl—sexy, unc... ticated, above all non-Jewish—f... parents and for the rabbi (a cha... we hear all too little of), but, ... these lead nowhere. The Monkey, ... never confronts Momma, and in r... spect this bit looks like nothing ... more than a perfunctory attempt ... pose a little unity on diverse mat...

The last sixty pages of the boo... sist virtually of appendices, thoug... are not called so—odd scraps that ... not go in earlier: accounts of a cou... other *shikses* (both well describe... the moments in Portnoy's chil... when he positively looked forward ... coming an adult Jew, of a trip to ...



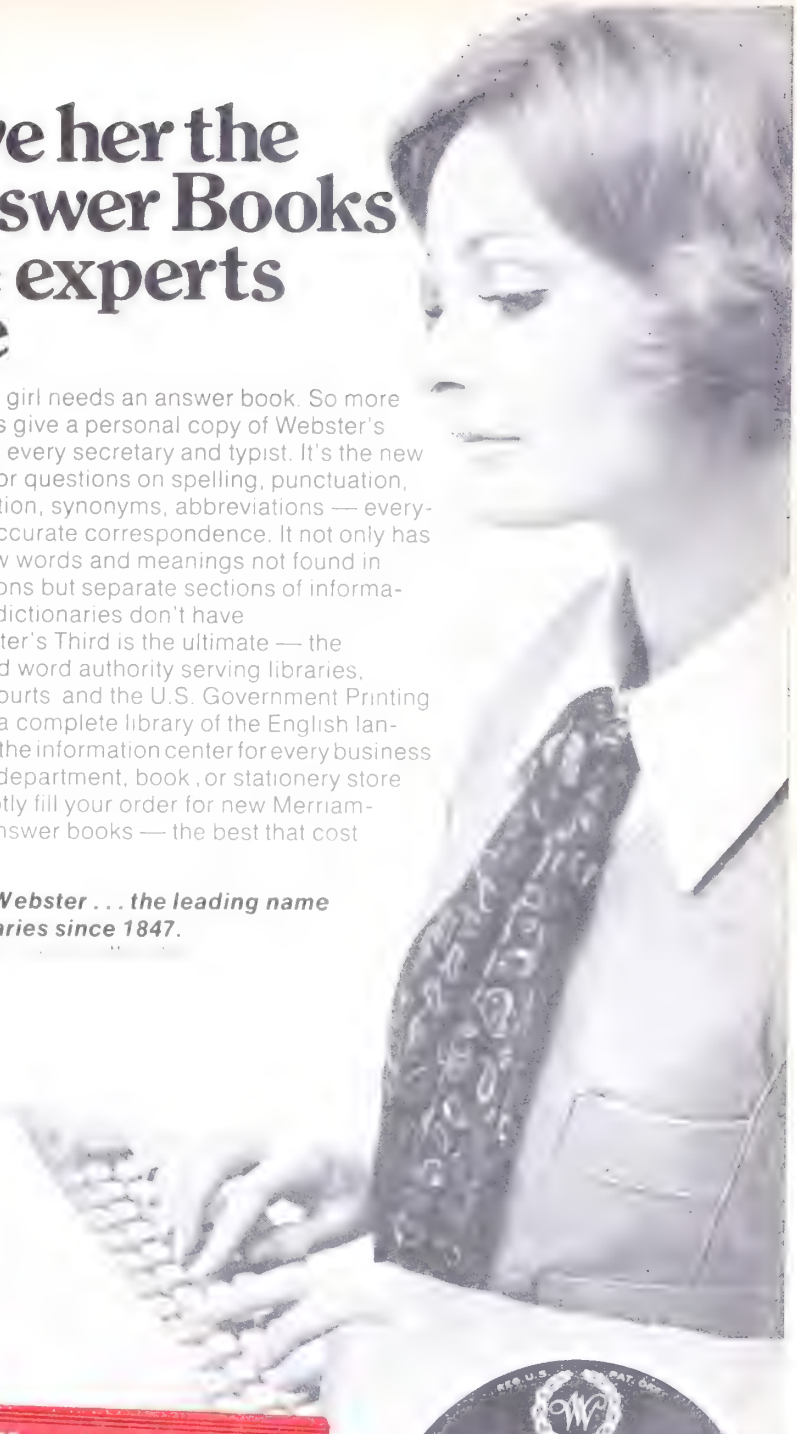
"It isn't exactly saucer-shaped!"

xual fiasco with a female lieu-
n the Jewish army. By this
Roth has abandoned his at-
persuade us that we are read-
hing but a series of sketches
ly real congruity is the fact
vents and people in them could
fallen within the experience of
person, or alternately that they
, without much implausibility,
orated into the Portnoy mono-
ither of which requirement ex-
ry much.

ost of the book, Mr. Roth works
rd to paper over the cracks be-
e sketch and another, splitting
against the run of the chapter
, holding over material that
belongs to one sketch and
it down in the middle of an-
nd the distinctiveness of Port-
ne of voice is a help. But the
sign is there right at the be-
on the back of the title page:
s of this book have appeared
ly different form in . . ." several
ls. The magazine, especially the
prestigious magazine, as these
he enemy of the novel. I think
in England are lucky to have no
arts of our own, no temptations,
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ing on as soon as it gets to thir-
rty pages. This must be one of
ons why the short story, or the
d short story, has tended to
the basic fictional form in the
States.

ever the relevance of all that,
's Complaint is not a narrative,
ly in that it is incoherent, but in
e commentary swamps, erodes,
wns out character and incident.
as being written in the first per-
is written to and for the first
by, with, and from the first per-
perennial trap in autobiograph-
ion, as the classic *Way of All*
hows.) Mr. Roth's unconcern to
is connected with his unconcern
t—I may be wrong about this;
everything here has been made
of his own head; but I do not
. A writer of fiction is doing well
ften as once in his career, some-
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ibed in the form of a short story,
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o supplement the deficiencies of
ersonal life as source material,
rearranging it, editing it, ex-
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with style and tone of voice. Could
e a modest return, or advance, to
as fiction? [ ]

Give her the Answer Books the experts use

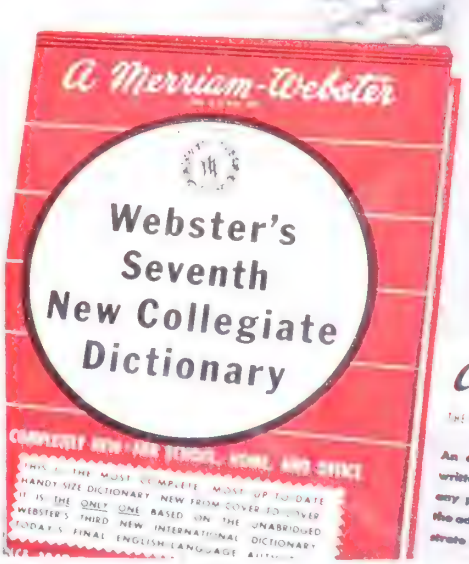


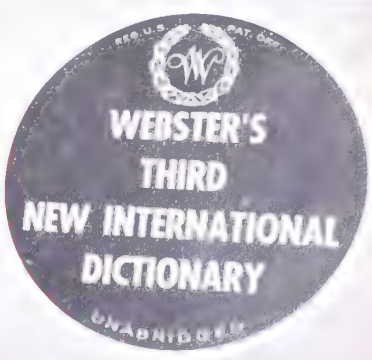
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Books in Brief

by Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

A Compass Error, by Sybille Bedford.

In reading a book I almost always mark passages that seem to me significant—either in general terms or because they underline the meaning of the book. When I finished this unusual novel about an eighteen-year-old English girl's summer alone in a seaside villa in Provence (her widowed mother had gone off with a man, leaving her supposedly well taken care of), I found I'd marked just five passages and wondered if, put together, they would add up to the sense of the book. In a way they do. In a prologue that is actually a postlude, Flavia, the heroine, now fifty, says: "You see, when one's young one doesn't feel part of it yet, the human condition; one does things because they are not for good; everything is a rehearsal. To be repeated ad lib, to be put right when the curtain goes up in earnest. One day you know that the curtain was up all the time. That *was* the performance." The relentlessness of the lost moment is suggested at once. In the second marked quote the young girl is recalling night-long conversations with her remarkable mother (they were an erudite pair; the daughter most precocious). "The future of human society. Had it made an irrevocably false start? The compass error that gets harder to correct with every mile you go?" So far, very much what the book is about—the impossibility of return, of changing course. In terms of the heroine's life it all started that lonely summer with Flavia's slipping into a Lesbian relationship with the brilliant, all-embracing, earth-mother wife of a rich and successful artist who owned a neighboring villa. During that same summer, her mother, summoned to the bedside of a dying relative in Rome, where she grew up, writes to her that she would have been more content never to have seen Rome again: "What one has loved, one possesses. Return won't do. It is unnecessary." Once more the obbligato, the insistence on the irreversibility of what has been. In the next-to-last quote Flavia questions again: "Is there never an escape—from the minute you are born?" This she asks of the really dreadful adventuress who appears mysteriously at the summer resort and tries to capitalize on the young girl's new sexual awareness for purposes of her own. And as Flavia, fresh from the deep affection, the world-embracing *caritas* of her first Lesbian experience, tries to ward off the other woman, the seductress says: "Yes—you hate me. One can. Physical passion is not as delicious *dix-huitième* as you like to think it is, it has little to do with friendship, moral worth, choice or will; it is not cozy, easy, reassuring, debonair. It is—but need I go on?" And the compass error is by now quite fixed. It is not a pretty story but in spite of its characters' seeming to follow a predictable—an almost predestined—line, without benefit of redemption or even free will, it is full of constantly surprising turns, and until the last chapter one is not sure how it will turn out. And one cares. A most original and brilliant tour de force by the author of *A Legacy*.

Knopf, $5.95

Supper with the Borgias, by Richard Jones.

Mr. Jones is so witty, so sharp, and has such a way with the language that after my delight in *The Three Su*... a feast of character set in W...s—found myself sorely disappointe... his new novel should be on one ... least favorite subjects—the dis... English in Crusader country in ... Africa. I can see the temptation ... in ushering out the old school ... even the ushering out must in... good deal about the way it was, n... a familiar refrain, and the new ... civil servants as pictured here a... despicable types that one can s... bear to read about them. Not a ... character -Arab or English—... wide horizon. The setting is be... Baida in Libya, below Mt. Atth... Mr. Jones is at his evocative bes... he is describing the mountains a... dens and terraces against whi... depraved characters strike thei... attitudes. Echoes of Lawrence ... Rose Macaulay, Freya Stark! It ... been lampooned before, but usual... pity. This cartoon of a truly con... ible English brother and sister ... British consul set is brilliant an... funny but completely (and int... ally) ruthless satire, too ruthl... deed to be credible, too long to s... the amusement. One waits eager ... with assurance for Mr. Jones' nex... about people that he likes.

Little, Brown ...

Foxes on the Hill, by Serena Su... singer.

As the title would suggest (from ... lace Stevens' touching poem ...

> Children picking up our bones
> Will never know that these wer...
> As quick as foxes on the hill)

this novel of a crowded end-of-su... weekend is a vivid moment in the ... of life. Though the characters (a... dozen) are wonderfully alive, mo...

Mrs. Jackson's responsibilities as a "Harper's" editor for many years included both the choice of fiction and of books for review. She is also coeditor of "The Papers of Christian Gauss" and a board member of Freedom House.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

are brought together through
nip for a woman recently dead
de. As for the rest, one is hard
it to see why they are there at
hat they add except a too-delib-
ncompassing of all of today's
es—the racial problem, problems
aging and lonely, even drugs.
y, there they are; the talk is
the situations engrossing and
g of time past. But then they all
, and in a final chapter we learn
comes of them in the next year.
s out to be quite irrelevant and
ot because of anything that hap-
over the weekend or because of
d woman. As the jacket copy
e gets to know these people from
ness to love, from love to break-
om morning coffee to midnight
l" against a very real back-
of summer house and sea and sky
is indeed a lively experience. Yet
s of a novel, it seemed to me to
nore questions than it answers.
novel which is also a first for a
ublisher. Both something to

Gambit, $5.95

Two Murders

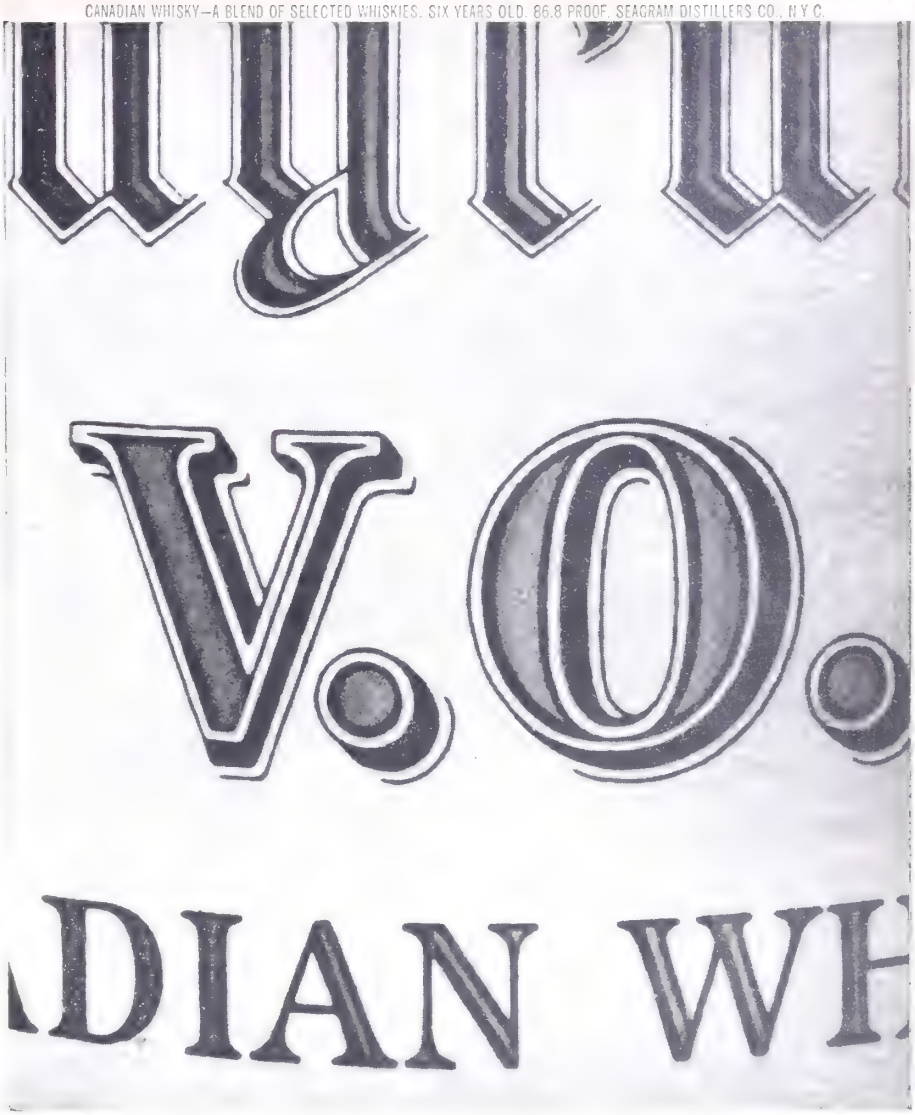
alentine Victim, by Dougal Mc-

ally this book is about everybody
the Valentine victim. She (Ail-
ets killed in the second chapter
is about to leave with her sister,
or a Valentine party in the little
of Farnam, Ontario. We meet her
(did she just miss being killed
. . . ?), her beautiful stepmother,
prepossessing fiancé and Ann's,
e young man who loved Ann be-
e went off to the wars, the local
and, of course, the members of
al police force and the Provincial
from nearby London (Ontario).
end there is the splendid con-
tion scene in the parlor with all
spects present while the Inspector
s the evidence: Who stands to
Aileen's not inconsequential for-
Who made the mysterious tele-
call just before the murder
ed? Who was the tall "stranger"
d been following the sisters home
days before the murder? It is all
satisfactorily and credibly re-
with enough side plots and love
s to keep the mind pleasantly
ed from the corpse who started

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et in Vichy, by Georges Simenon.
ween every routine detective story
e next, one should always go back

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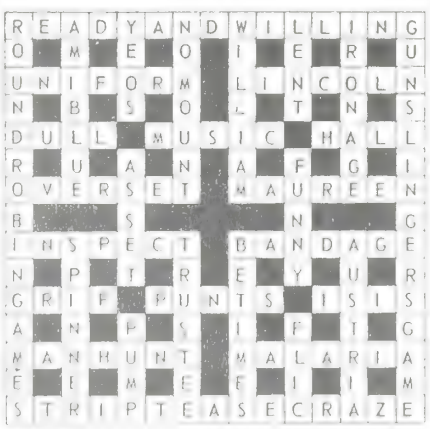
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Solution to

Harper's

Puzzle No. 8

(March issue, page 114)



Acrostician—

MAURICE CHEVALIER

BOOKS IN BRIEF

to Rex Stout and his Nero Wo
Simenon and his Inspector Maig
tunately there are plenty of b
new ones all the time. In th
there is a great deal about th
Indeed, after Maigret and his c
wife, the corpse is the chief c
in the book, revealed in tantali
to whet the appetite as Maigre
well-known way, worms into t
of the victim and the murde
Inspector has been in Vichy
wife to take the cure and has
three or four well-earned days o
when the murder happens. Obvi
can't keep away; the chase is
Who was the mysterious victim,
in lavender? Who the unknov
derer? On whose side are on
pathies to be engaged? A liter
able, and sophisticated (in all
meanings) performance.

Harcourt, Brace & Wor

Nov

Torregreca, by Ann Carnelisen.

The story of a very determine
land-born, Bryn-Mawr-educate
woman's experience establishin
sery in a primitive, poverty-
village in the hills south of Nap
tales of her friend, the doctor
landlady, of nuns, of shopkeeper
local Communists and other pol
of the children and their pare
told with a compassionate harc
ness that helps to keep a narra
and takes the edge off the sentim
that tends to creep into such a
She calls her mountain town Tor
but as she explains:

> Torregreca dei Normanni
> be found on any map, but th
> dozens of Torregrecas, thous
> people like the Torresi. They
> a right to their anonymity.
> many years with them and
> them too much to violate tha
> my only wish has been to giv
> picture of their lives. Isolate
> bleak beauty, Lucania is real
> are the Lucanians, who stru
> day, as they have for three th
> years, to wrest an existence f
> rocks and clay that make u
> world

Her book is the vivid persona
of the struggle to ease a comfortl
of life at least for the next gen

Atlantic-Little, Brow

The Supper of the Lamb, by Rob
rar Capon.

This book might be called
through the human condition, c
in the heart of it, the table, by
who loves and respects food only
less than he loves God, whom he

OOKS IN BRIEF

scopal minister in Port Jeffer- York. Flavor is, of course, a keeps coming to mind in de- ll parts of the contents. The e tempting and fun whether u believe in his perfectionist times elaborate methods of nd serving. He makes a joyous is—shall we say?—lordly posi- one laughs and proceeds. If lly this "culinary reflection," urse on food larded with com- nores, manners, and attitudes fe seems a little too hearty— food or philosophy—one car- from the table the lighter por- is satisfied.

ling a final pat of butter to provide a patina:

should come to the table , robed. *Don Giovanni* is mar- any way you can get to hear given a choice between seeing ormed full dress, or on a bare with the cast in T shirts and ers, no rational man would hesi- A great sauce deserves a great Whatever you do, therefore, mit the final grace—the loving butter.

nutritional value of what teen- and drink

the soda? I rest my case on a transcription of the govern inspired small print: IMITATION S FLAVORED DIETARY ARTIFICIAL- EETENED CARBONATED BEVERAGE. I submit, is not a label; it is cantation. Someday, it should be a suitable plainsong tune or can chant. (For an antiphon astertide, the additional words, V TASTE SENSATION, could easily led. . . .)

it down to breakfast, only to be onted with cereal boxes plas- with tables of vitamin and min- values. My attention is riveted, m what is in the bowl (more than not, that tastes like old ng board covers soaked in milk), on Niacin, Thiamine and Ribo- —on wheat gluten, lysine hy- loride, defatted wheat germ, oxine, and several items re- d to, with what I am sure is ttable familiarity, as BHA and .

f you read nothing else of these ns I suggest sampling his chap- he formal dinner which is part ligion. It provides unexpected ad- only on the menu but on whom what they should wear, where uld sit, yea, verily, almost what ould say. "People who wear swiss dresses think dotted swiss ss; tweedy women make tweedy ation." Soundly enough, the din cussion ends with a paean in of bicarbonate of soda. The re- llow that.

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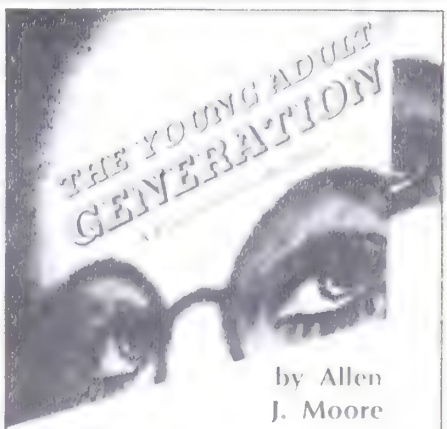


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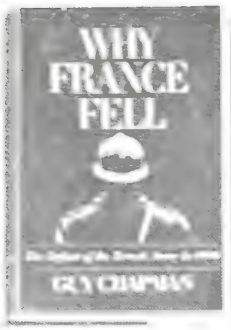
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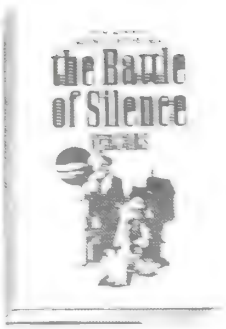
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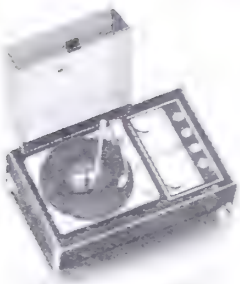
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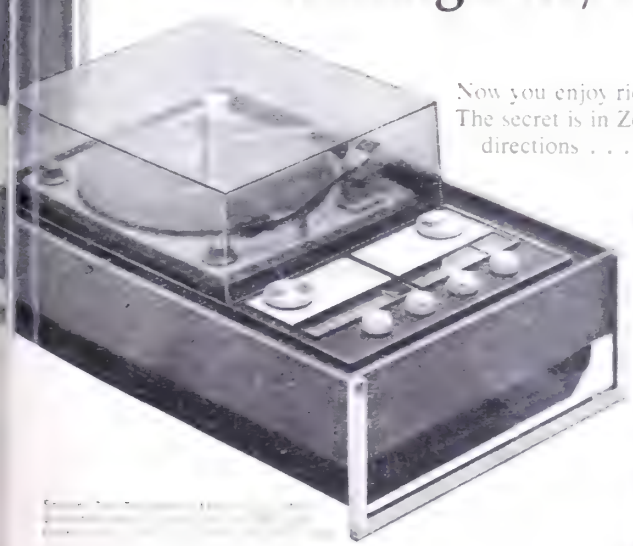
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same Boulez-Babbitt attempt at a kind of total organization that means everything on paper and very little in actual sound. In *Vocalism Ai*, Takemitsu goes into an electronic manipulation of the Japanese word for "love." A man and a woman, aided by the tape recorder, keep on repeating the word "ai" with varying shades of expression. By now this is old hat; Luciano Berio and John Cage, to mention but two, have been doing this kind of stuff for a decade. As Takemitsu does it, the results are an example of the new pornography, though one that Tristan and Isolde never dreamed of. But by the time the two participants finish gasping their last "ai," the work is unconsciously funny. Such seriousness used for such material!

One of the founding fathers of the school was the French composer Olivier Messiaen, an eccentric who was to the French composers after World War II what César Franck was to French com- [illegible] new theories. He was influenced by Webern and may have been the first to attempt a piece in which all elements were serially organized. That included pitch, duration, and dynamics as well as the actual notes. Like Franck, he is something of a mystic, and has been greatly influenced by bird calls. Many of his pieces actually use bird calls, and three of those pieces have been assembled on a single disc. They are **Oiseaux exotiques**, **La Bouscarle**, and **Reveil des oiseaux**. Yvonne Loriod is the pianist, and the Czech Philharmonic is conducted by Vaclav Neumann (Candide 31002). What Messiaen does is take the bird calls and subject them to serial-sounding patterns that are constantly repeated. It is a highly dissonant kind of music in which the pianist gobbles [illegible] was a great influence on Stockhausen) and in which a certain kind of figuration is repeated. And repeated. And repeated.

Feeling Out of It

One of these days a history of the period is going to explain why it was that composers from 1948 to 1965, some of them men of great talent, were so dominated by a theory that they all hewed to the party line. The trouble with this kind of music, from Messiaen to Takemitsu, is that it all tends to sound alike. There has been a sort of mass hypnosis in which composers all over the world felt they were out of it if they did not write a certain way. It is this conformity that is disturbing. The new textures, the total dissonance, the new ideas of form- -these are secondary. Indeed, they are beside the point. New [illegible] are always [illegible] But the big men of the past m[illegible] thing very personal of the n[illegible] and textures they invented. To [illegible] be nothing but system

As a matter of fact, some [illegible] of a much older generation so[illegible] more modern, because they wer[illegible] tic modernists in their day, an[illegible] they wrote out of blazing beli[illegible] they were doing. Charles Ives [illegible] as a recent disc can illustrat[illegible] tains Ives' **Holidays Sympho**[illegible] Leonard Bernstein and the N[illegible] Philharmonic (Columbia M[illegible] This work consists of four i[illegible] [illegible] *of July* (1912-13), and *That* [illegible] (1904). In 1913, Ives put th[illegible] works together as a symphony-[illegible] lection of a boy's holidays in a [illegible] cut country town." Of course, [illegible] a symphony in the classic se[illegible] music illustrates the remarka[illegible] conformist approach of Ive[illegible] piercing dissonances, those sol[illegible] positions of seemingly unrela[illegible] monies, those incessant, dartir[illegible] tions from American folkwa[illegible] music was impossibly modern [illegible] was composed, and it remains a[illegible] as anything being composed to[illegible] hardly necessary to add that Be[illegible] interpretation is knowledge[illegible] sympathetic. He, more than [illegible] man, has been responsible for [illegible] renaissance.

In recent years there has be[illegible] estimate of Ferrucio Busoni a[illegible] ernist, and there are those wh[illegible] his music the seeds of the ne[illegible] school. Busoni was an Ital[illegible] pianist (some say the greates[illegible] of his time) who was Germa[illegible] and wrote a good deal of music t[illegible] recently was all but forgotten. [illegible] his works have been brought [illegible] on a record: the **Konzertstuck** f[illegible] and orchestra (with Frank Gla[illegible] **Divertimento** for flute and o[illegible] (Herman Klemeyer), the **Rond**[illegible] **chinesco** for tenor and orchestra[illegible] Moser), and the **Concertino** for [illegible] (Walter Triebskorn). In all of t[illegible] Berlin Symphony is conducted [illegible] C. A. Bünte (Candide 31003). Th[illegible] were composed in 1890, 1920, 19[illegible] 1919 respectively, and they im[illegible] eclectic rather than as origina[illegible] basically oriented to the ni[illegible] rather than the twentieth centu[illegible] does not mean they are anyth[illegible] agreeable. Busoni used the ch[illegible] post-romanticism in a very skillf[illegible] ner. But those who try to claim[illegible] an authentic force of modern m[illegible] barking up a weak tree indeed.

'orming Arts *by Robert Kotlowitz*

MS: Aspects of Love

n Kisses If.... The Guru

Truffaut's *Stolen Kisses* is a lyrical shreds and patches, a wandering minstrel who to sing a pretty tune. At its new film is a lightly hokey im- that is somewhat askew for g sixty minutes or so, as ruffaut couldn't make up his ly where he wanted to take it. ers along, its narrative not cus, following its young hero e slightest urgency as life does unimportant and not-too-pain- (He is an apprentice in a pri- tive agency, having arrived r failing as a soldier and a ., and it's clear that he's never e exactly a sensation as a pri- either.) But *Stolen Kisses* is thing more, an unembarrassed the good, disturbing emotions e aroused by love. All of this— of the movie—is in the final and every minute of it is sweet ffaut's feeling for people and ness of the kind of happiness sometimes bring each other.

erre Léaud is the hero—An- el, the young boy of *400 Blows*. ("Antoine Doinel," he repeats in front of the bathroom mir- g the reality of his existence. Doinel, Antoine Doinel, over again. Then he starts on his girl ame and ends with the name of sy-mistress, who happens to be cted wife of one of his clients.) enthusiastic, intelligent, Léaud e of the most resourceful actors reen today, one of the few in talent for comedy and other coexist, so that he is able to ole scenes on varying levels. lly changing emotional direc- no loss of balance. It is he— hine Seyrig as the wife—who *len Kisses* its most attractive a kind of offhand, humane eability about love.

film's climactic scene, one of the most affecting and comic Truffaut has ever done, Miss Seyrig lectures the hero in his garret apartment on the reasons why he should permit her to seduce him into an affair that will last perhaps an hour-and-a-half. (It will be over, she promises him, right after breakfast.) She is not really completely confident of herself, a little shy of being rejected by the cowering figure in bed, who actually idolizes her and cannot believe his luck. As she talks to him, a flickering smile of hope lights up her face. No absolutes, she tells the young man; they will deal with love and love alone, just for the moment. It is a speech every young man dreams of hearing once—and deserves to—from a woman who looks like Delphine Seyrig.

A little later, the young man and his girl friend—the girl he wants to marry—are approached in a public park by a portentous figure who has been trailing the girl friend all over Paris. He makes a declaration of love, of absolute, definitive, final love. The hero and his girl friend think the man is a little crazy and so, I think, does Truffaut, who in *Stolen Kisses* makes another one of his practically irresistible gestures on behalf of grace and shared tenderness, in defiance of all absolutes.

T[illegible] British public school that is the setting of Lindsay Anderson's new movie, *If . . . .*, goes back to the Crusades. It is a period in time for which the school's toothy officials feel an uncontrollable nostalgia. For them, all good things stem from those barbaric journeys eastward, made in the name of God: honor, dignity, purpose, courage, moral energy, and the sense of serving the nation that assures a man that he is an Englishman and not a member of some lesser breed.

When the school seems to lose its idea of itself and the students have forgotten what it means to cheer its athletic teams on to victory, the administration holds a kind of founders' day celebration. The theme is Crusaders' Spirit. Stouthearted generals from the second world war—old boys from College—speak to the young generation with toothpaste-ad cheer and the kind of blind composure that once could plan and carry out, for example, the slaughter on the Somme, then justify it—true sons indeed of those stalwart Crusaders of 1914, Kitchener and Haig. Meanwhile, the ushers who serve on Founders' day wear knights' armor and the insignia of the saviors of Jerusalem. The school chaplain, on the other hand, whose chief pleasures are leading army maneuvers in which College takes part and listening to confessions of sexual guilt from his suffering students, is clothed in the red-gold robes of a bishop eager to take hold of his Saracen dominions. It is all shadow play, a false and inflated Halloween indulgence for adults, and as it is acted out it is clear that for Anderson the school means far more than the sum of its eccentric particularities—which all of us have seen in other manifestations at other times. College is England itself—perfidious Albion in the smothering embrace of bourgeois smugness—and perhaps the world as well.

Of course, no contemporary adolescent should be able to maintain his self-respect in such a place in 1969; but many do, even as their souls are being cauterized by the hot malice of their

[illegible]

At College, the Whips all happen to be homosexuals and their [illegible]

[illegible] and the entire fake-hearty apparatus

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Arthur Miller

that is set up to replenish itself, are three young musketeers, senior students who will never make it at College—or elsewhere—not only because they cannot conform (it is almost a physical disability with them) but because their instincts are too liberal. They are already in a mold, absolutely fixed, too strong to be victimized, but still without the weapons to win. They are bullies. Their victims are pimpled anti-Semites, flatulent clergymen, cynical teachers. The walls of their rooms are covered with any symbol of liberation they can find, including the mythical figures of the New Left and heavy-breasted nudes. Their leader, Mick Travis, wants desperately to be a hero. The other two are his followers, one without a character of his own, living almost entirely off Travis' energy, the second a charming, unfocused athlete, who worries that his body is decaying and his breath going bad and who becomes the protector (and possibly lover, too, but the film is ambiguous about this and I'm not sure how these things are counted any longer, in any case) of a younger student. In the end, they come to see themselves as Crusaders; the most horrible death they can conceive is the Crusader torture of skinning infidels alive (followed by the ceremonial presentation of the peeled flesh to the victim's wife); and their battle against College becomes a Holy War, with the stakes as high as you can go and themselves as godlike figures with godlike power. In short, they assume all the prerogatives of adults, except responsibility.

Lindsay Anderson has designed his film as a series of compressed, fragmented episodes containing a huge cast of highly individualized characters. It is, in fact, almost too rich in personalities (although Anderson is not successful with women, seeing them almost entirely as primitive creatures who can barely put together two consecutive sentences and whose only vitality is sexual). Nearly every child and adult in the movie gives off the kind of emotional resonance usually found only in novels; when the camera comes close to them it discovers sharp, surprising edges to their characters and picks up refractions of the lives they led before they arrived at College. Partly, this is because the cast is almost entirely unknown. The three young Crusaders—Malcolm McDowell, David Wood, and Richard Warwick—have never been seen before, in any recognizable sense, on the screen and neither their faces nor their own personal idiosyncratic styles raise echoes of previous performances. It is also because David Sherwin's clean and elliptic screenplay and Anderson's direction are both extrao
alive to unexpected nuances of
ter and personality. When t
young friends await their tu
whipped, they are all whistlin
dark half-smiles and vulneral
iness on the very edge of tears.
eager and aging history don, i
scene, realizes that his pupils
most no idea of what he is talki
all the enthusiasm slowly leak
him. Both scenes—among a d
ers—are filled with shrewd, com
ate observation and details of
alive to the scene's emotional

Nothing in the film goes on t
nothing gets less than its share.
movie is beautiful to look at,
the arbitrary switching back-a
between color and sepia shots.
glish countryside has never l
soft in the spring, nor has an
public school seemed so con
from a distance. Miroslav O
camera (he's a Czech, newly at
England) lovingly pursues ever
English feature in the story, th
Hotspur faces singing hymns a
the flowered hats, like English
on middle-class matrons, the
forth from the strictures of
prayer inside into the sunlight
while the organ plays exhi
Buxtehude music. It is all br
made and brilliantly perform
film's only fault is that it wi
cannot carry the weight of
that Anderson wants for it. (N
This Sporting Life, Anderson's
film.) All the Crusader ironies
hold, nor will the self-conscious,
flexing revolutionary fervor w
most capsizes the movie at t
If . . . is really about the psyc
revenge while it romantically
to be about considerably more
mind; for nine-tenths of its leng
a sardonic and powerful movie,
detail, filled with anger and h
any authoritarian attempt to
late or diminish humanity.

Although *The Guru* treads w
same delicate step on territory
up decades ago by E. M. Forster
has its own flavor, which is pe
witty, and lightly mocking. Th
not the right ingredients for a
but at the box office, but mixed
telligence and taste by R. Prawe

*Mr. Kotlowitz, "Harper's" m
editor, organizes this column
ranges across the boards, the scre
the TV tube. From time to tim
participant in
dealing with various aspects of
forming arts.*

FORMING ARTS

ames Ivory, who together screenplay, and directed by they make a captivating the River Ganges, it starts slowly but the diffident pace o be a kind of trap for the Ir. Ivory set the trap once his last film, *Shakespeare* kes make their own quiet acter is respected; little is nothing emphasized or un-

is about a young English pop ied Tom Pickle who visits tudy the sitar with Ustad n. Khan is the Guru, Pickle e. There are also other En- e clamoring at the gates of nlightenment. One, Jenny, elf upon the Khan household, gh she is practically devoid talent. Both Jenny and Tom, ry tells it, learn a certain out playing the sitar; they a certain amount about them- about the lives of Indian

he whole story. But while the may seem thin, a great deal Khan, for example, has not o wives and his disciples have stay with both. An old-fash- action and murder scene is at a music festival set in a s palace. It is entirely the f Jenny's fevered English n, and it is very beautiful. le's manager arrives from ockets stuffed with unsigned to haul his questing young k to the fleshpots. The Guru, ut, has his own Guru, whom for guidance. Gurus are like n-law; half their influence on ples comes from nagging; the ru takes one look at him and he's getting fat.

York plays the likable and oo reticent Westerner. Tom ta Tushingham is Jenny. The these two is not quite right. irly inscrutable and carries a iverpudlian cool with him, like lla. She, on the other hand, e face of comic British welt- ready to dissolve into tears at ent. But they are surrounded of gifted Indians. Utpal Dutt uru, Nana Palsikar his Guru, spirited Aparna Sen, languish- he waters of Benares, plays 's second wife. Convent-edu- ngry for companionship, and t petulant, she is unforgettable ag woman who wants to waltz ps and taste a little of the life as about in her remote unhappy

[ ]



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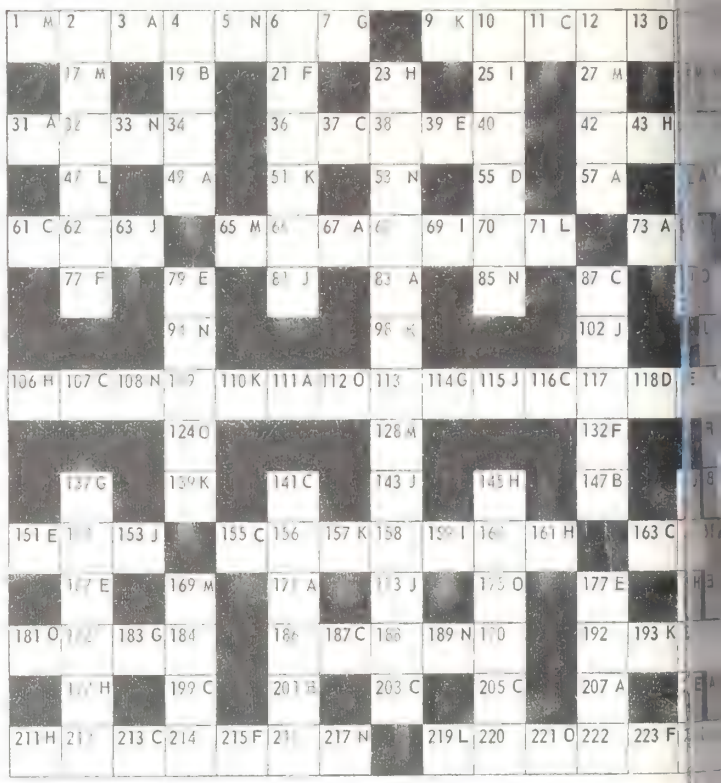
Acrostickler® No. 9

by Henry Allen

(Solution to Harper's Puzzle No. 9 will appear in the May issue. For solution to last month's Puzzle No. 8, consult Table of Contents.)

DIRECTIONS

(1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
(2) When an answer consists of two or more words, numbers in parentheses following the clue indicate each word's length.
(3) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
(4) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person in the Acrostician.



A

67 171 3 225 83 73 31 111 207 57 49 "When you see a _____ poised to strike, you do not wait until he has struck before you crush him." Franklin D. Roosevelt, Fireside Chat, September 1941.

B

19 29 147 201 Drive out; expel.

C

141 11 116 163 203 61 213 205 87 37 155 107 199 187 Somewhat derogatory term used to refer to a small South American nation (6,8).

D

118 13 55 Member of one of the prominent men's clubs.

E

119 167 79 39 177 165 151 209 "You know, we French stormed _____." Robert Browning, "Incident of the French Camp."

F

132 195 21 215 223 77 A follower of the religion of Lao-tse.

G

114 183 137 7 A barrel-shaped wooden vessel.

H

43 106 211 23 161 145 179 197 Horrify you and me (6,2).

I

15 25 69 159 89 Know-how (slang).

J

149 120 153 102 173 63 115 143 81 A small community in Greece, perhaps (5,4).

K

157 193 9 139 45 110 98 51 What the housewife may find on her furniture before housecleaning (4,4).

L

47 71 75 59 219 Cereal grain fungus.

M

128 27 1 65 169 17 Something added to a word.

N

33 189 217 5 53 108 94 85 Causing annoyance.

O

124 175 221 112 181 Famous football coach.

ACROSS

1. Part of a horse's leg is in the flock and French.
9. Fastens regulars in the kitchen.
31. Butt or bust.
36. Area of activity of the Acrostician.
42. An animal used in radical farm methods.
61. Insect at the end of 186 across.
65. Eternally with the first lady inside.
73. Urge on in the leg game.
106. A specific activity of the Acrostician (7,1,7).
151. Choose the broken pot.
155. Tease and be satanic.
163. Clerical equipment of practical benefit.
181. Brag about the seizure.
186. Not very ample and cans with tea.
192. This animal gets Ma up!
211. Keep going on those stripes.
219. Crossing the sighting instrument.

DOWN

2. Width of a former circ… ture?
4. Part of the ear that'… an elbow.
6. It certainly isn't a r…
10. Nailed in a way, a… about in a boat.
12. The elf finds his pl… hockey game.
14. The kind of tribute th… you heavy and dull, I h…
23. A comparative on our … It's our best effort! (2,4…
79. A meeting that may try… saint.
87. Invaders that sound … chosen people?
137. Minimal spears.
141. Animals that go ea… degree.
145. Don't call the dog's … a mess!
149. Old Grads at the maul-i…
169. This kind of bird found … in France.
177. In this kind of bridge c… about.

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May 1969 75 cents

Harper's

Magazine

GOING HOME IN America

Beginning a new series by noted writers.
In this issue: John Thompson & James Dickey

Schrag WHAT THE NEW BLACK MYTHS MEAN

Larner INSIDE THE McCARTHY CAMPAIGN PART II

Howe ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Lewis ONE CAN SUFFER ANYWHERE

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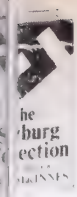
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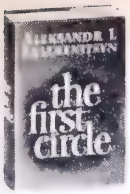
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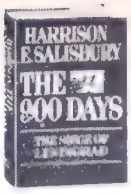
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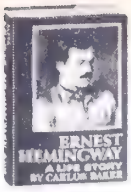
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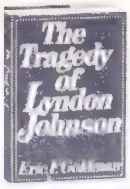
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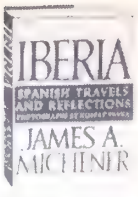
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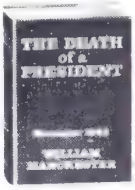
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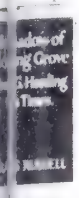
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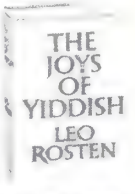
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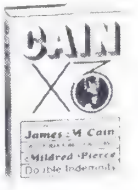
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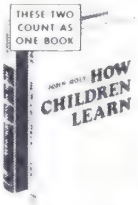
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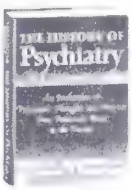
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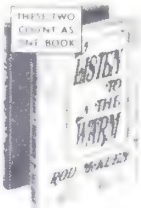
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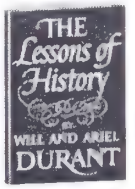
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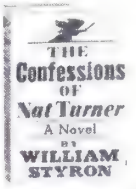
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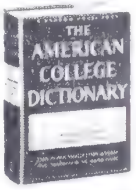
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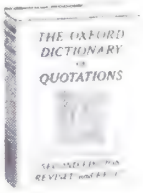
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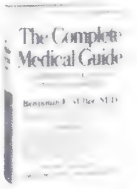
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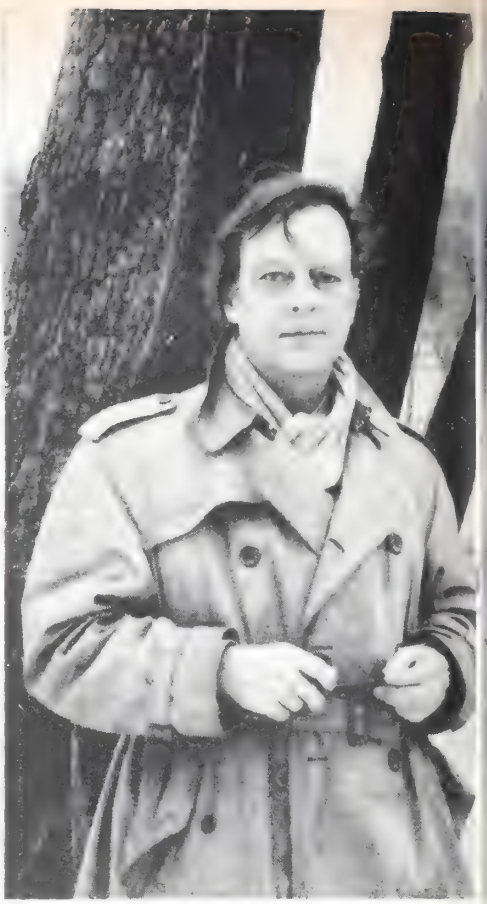
THE EQUITABLE

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about this issue—

"It used to be coming home, not going home," **John Thompson**—poet, critic, novelist—writes in "Yesterdays in Grand Rapids" (page 43), thus launching an unusual series of articles by a group of noted American writers. Their locales will include Lexington, Kentucky; St. Paul, Minnesota; Harlem; Southern California; Raleigh, North Carolina, and other places. Leaving home in America, and returning to it in one's dreams and emotions, are essential to what we are as a transient, displaced people; these have been main themes in much of our literature, and the very words themselves, *going home*, have a special American resonance. **James Dickey**, in his poem "Living There" (page 52), writes:

> Home?
> Which way is that?
> Is it this vacant lot? These woven fences?
> Or is it hundreds
>
> Of miles away, where I am the Keeper
> Of rooms turning night and day
> Into memory?



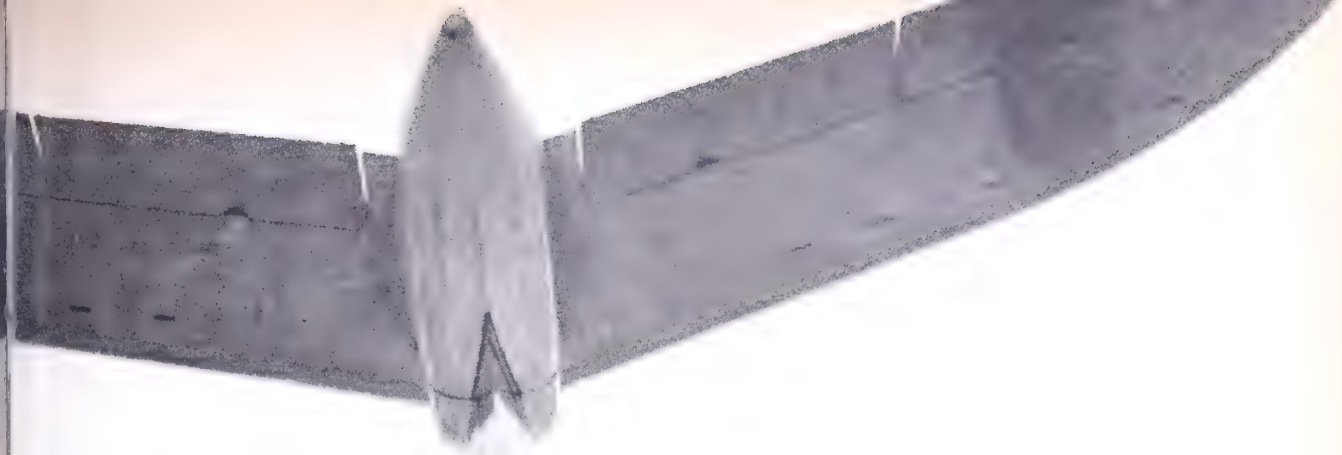
Thompson: Far from Grand Rapids

Last year this magazine commissioned **Norman Mailer** to write two articles, which appeared as "The Steps of the Pentagon" (March 1968) and "Miami and Chicago" (November 1968). The first, which to our knowledge was the longest article ever published by a magazine in this country, prompted more letters, and perhaps more controversy, than any single piece in our 119-year history. Of these articles Murray Kempton recently observed, "Norman Mailer has done for journalism what Henry James did for the novel."

Mailer Takes Two



Earlier this year Mailer won the George Polk Memorial Award for the "Outstanding Achievement in Magazine Journalism in 1968" for "The Steps of the Pentagon" and "Miami and Chicago." The citation described his articles as "brilliantly structured, boldly luminous commentaries, that brought to traditional journalism the probing comprehension, judgment, integrity, and often direct involvement of an exciting intellect and inspiring talent." The two books which emerged from the articles (*Armies of the Night* and *Miami and the Siege of Chicago*) were both nominated for National Book Awards, the first time a writer had received two nominations in the same year. The judges who chose *Armies of the Night* for the National Book Award cited its "originality of form and its radical energy" and called it "a work of literature that is brilliantly personal, sustained in perception, and that constitutes something of an American epic." We hope to have Mailer's work in these pages again soon.



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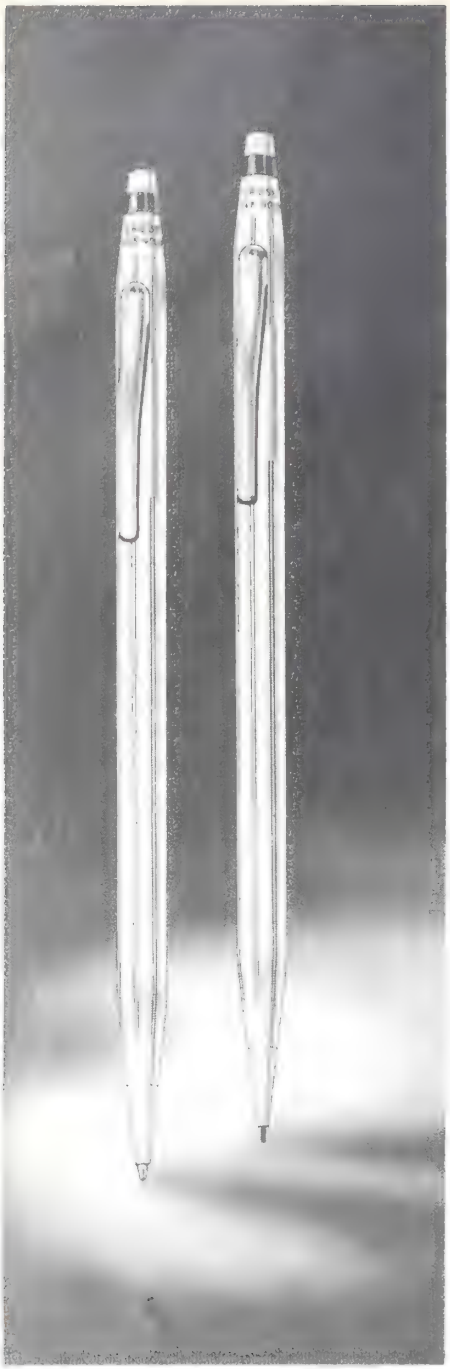
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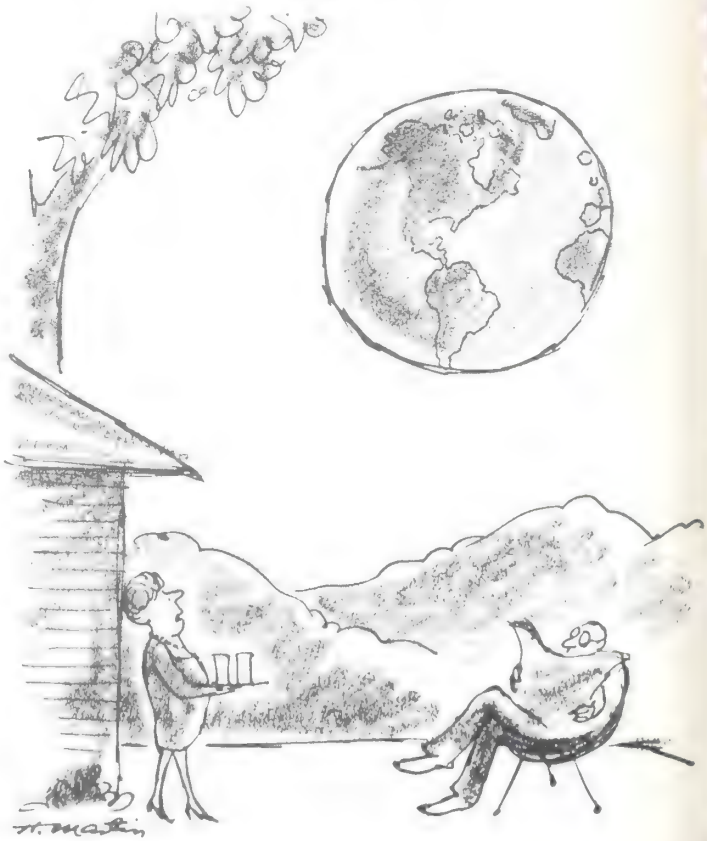
Outmoded Ideology

Arthur Schlesinger, jr.'s article in the March issue ["Vietnam and the End of the Age of Superpowers"] embodies what seems to have become the central theology of the old New Frontiersmen who fled the sinking ship of U. S. policy in Vietnam: a repudiation of the war itself, balanced by a total refusal to acknowledge their own responsibility for the ideology, beliefs, and policies which made the war inevitable. . . . Yet as Professor Schlesinger's own *A Thousand Days* makes clear, it was not the old-line generals who laid the foundations for the war during the Kennedy Administration. It was the McNamaras, Bundys, Rostows, Lansdales, Hilsmans, and the Kennedys themselves who were responsible for the reorganization and expansion of the Defense Department for a limited-war capability, for the turn from NATO military concerns to putting down popular revolution in the developing nations, for the birth of the Green Berets and Counter-Insurgency schools, and for the sending of thousands of military "advisers" to Vietnam. . . .

If the U. S. is not only to get out of the war in Vietnam (which Professor Schlesinger and other "liberal" anti-Communists" turned against not only because it became clear that we were losing), but to insure that we will never again engage in crusades to destroy popular revolutions and the people themselves, we must repudiate and repudiate the liberal ideology and policies which have made us the leading counter-revolutionary power in the world today. . . .

MICHAEL [illegible]
Harvard [illegible]
Cambridge, Mass.

Arthur Schlesinger, jr. never fails to display his arrogance when given a public opportunity. I refer to the footnote in which he gratuitously characterizes I. F. Stone's Weekly as "highly erratic but sometimes useful." I have been a Schlesinger



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LETTERS

watcher for many years—in
television, at cocktail partie
ventions—and I don't ever
see the day when he will ha
the right to make snide rem
Mr. Stone.

Mr. Stone has occasiona
but not over the years wit
quency and on the grand sc
Schlesinger. Mr. Stone is, a
has been, an honest, har
reporter, respectful of fact
cated to the public interes
own. I can't say the same
Schlesinger in his role of
savant and political courtie

PROF. JA
Dep't. of J
U

Professor Schlesinger is
ïve than I think he is if he
lieves the military of th
States ever exercises one bi
power than is permitted
civilian authority. In his
makes it clear Secretary
Rusk was selecting target
units to strike in North Vie
personal experience while
staff of CINCPAC (whe
contact with the JCS duty
the Pentagon), made it quit
no targets were struck unti
by higher civilian authorit
the river." . . .

As a career officer, I [rese
writers who constantly take
tary to task for problems w
after a political decision is
As is appropriate, our mi
ways strives to achieve
within limits specified by th
authority; however, it is u
unrealistic to charge the
ultimately for a course
which is impracticable at t
To infer the military is re
for the present state of
Vietnam is much too si
answer and one that is pat
true.

PETER
Colon
Myrtle Beach A

Fashionable Exp

I could not resist the temp
congratulate you for the
article by Robert Kotlowit
Joffrey Ballet ["Performin
Ballet: Saran Wrap Paradi

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knows how. Most Holland-America
s will be aboard the s.s. Nieuw
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at believes so much in the grand
of crossing, she gives you two extra
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ruary]. It is extremely refresh
find a journalist who does not
trends and fashionable experi
in ballet with automatic praise
instead, uses his own judgme
their artistic evaluation. I only
the majority of ballet critics
doing the same. . . .

Mr. Kotlowitz's wish for "th
open gesture that releases wor
feeling" is a wish of many un
ballet audiences. Unfortunately
the blessing of Mr. Balanchine
ing has become an unmenti
word. I have the impression th
let experimenters believe that
effect is a feeling in itself, anc
sequently, succeed mostly in pr
ing what, in painting, is ca
"*nature morte*."

IGOR YOUSKE
New York

The Cold War Wa

I have just finished reading "
ington Report," by Arthur Bla
["536 Characters in Search of
islative Program," March]. I
difficult to accept anything pre
in the article when Mr. Blaust
unable to get his facts straight.

If Mr. Blaustein chooses to
sent himself as a critic of Con
he should be accurate in writing
the members of that body. I
sentative John Anderson is fro
16th District in Illinois, not
Wisconsin as reported.

WILLIAM R
WLS
Chica

On page 38, Mr. Blaustein c
rizes Dr. Henry Kissinger and
foreign policy advisers in the
Administration as "Cold War
riors' and hardware people."

As regards Dr. Kissinger, nc
could be farther from the truth
Kissinger is a recognized exp
international affairs who instin
ly avoids pat military answers t
plex problems. If Mr. Blaustei
read Dr. Kissinger's authori
book on the Atlantic Alliance
Troubled Partnership, he would
found that Dr. Kissinger has
fastly opposed attempts to sol
many European problems by me
such "hardware" solutions as th
defunct Multilateral Force. Dr
singer recognizes the para



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importance of finding political solutions to the problems of the Atlantic Alliance and elsewhere. . . .

MICHAEL E. WITHEY
San Francisco, Cal.

Stone Age Republican?

Larry L. King's article in your March issue ["Harold E. Hughes: Evangelist from the Prairies"] places Iowa's Senator Jack Miller in the category of "Stone Age Republicans."

Mr. King's ignorance of Jack Miller's progressive record is, fortunately, not shared by the people of Iowa, who, in 1966, reelected him by the second largest margin ever recorded in Iowa Senatorial elections.

A partial list of measures sponsored, co-sponsored, or voted for by Senator Miller includes: the air and water pollution control acts, wholesome meat act, truth in lending and truth in packaging acts, the housing act of 1968, rental supplements, arms control and disarmament agency, limited nuclear test ban treaty, elementary and secondary education act, higher education facilities act, library sciences act, civil rights acts of 1964 and 1965, conservation and recreation fund act, Older Americans Act, Educational and Cultural Exchange Act, Congressional Reorganization Act, and Food for Peace Acts.

I suggest that Mr. King get out of the Stone Age himself before he undertakes to mislead your readers with future irresponsible writings.

ROSA E. CUNNINGHAM
Des Moines, Iowa

First with "Central Place"

It is not necessary to go to Germany to find the origins of the geographical theory of "central place," as Peter Gould indicates in his article ["The New Geography," March]. In 1931 Professor Mark Jefferson published in the *Geographical Review* an article which includes these words: "Cities do not grow up of themselves, countrysides set them up to do tasks that must be performed in central places."

Professor Jefferson was head of the geography department at Michigan State Normal College (now Eastern Michigan University) and his work is acclaimed as one of the most significant efforts in relating man to geography. As I read Dr. Gould's article, I thought he must be [illegible] of Professor Jefferson, rather [illegible] Walter Christaller. . . .

CURTIS K. STA[illegible]
Acting [illegible]
Eastern Michi[illegible]

Kennedy and Ste[illegible]

Midge Decter's statement [[illegible] —The Stevenson We Lost," Feb[illegible] that "Kennedy subjected Ste[illegible] to a humiliation the dimensi[illegible] which had not been witnessed [illegible] time, permitting him to lie in [illegible] ance . . ." is not in consonanc[illegible] the facts. According to [illegible] Schlesinger, jr. (*A Thousand* [illegible] pp. 271-272), Stevenson's in[illegible] tion about the Bay of Pigs can[illegible] the State Department which [illegible] received false information fr[illegible] CIA. President Kennedy pla[illegible] part in this; indeed, he had pre[illegible] insisted that Stevenson be fu[illegible] truthfully informed.

DANIEL E. C[illegible]
La Mesa [illegible]

MIDGE DECTER REPLIES:

I am aware of the objection [illegible] formulation about the relatic[illegible] tween Stevenson and Kennedy [illegible] in Mr. Connell's letter and mu[illegible] fess to being somewhat bewilde[illegible] it. Perhaps it is that in a mys[illegible] kingdom called Washington [illegible] conduct is not amenable to t[illegible] dinary standards of ordinary [illegible] perhaps there is some subtle[illegible] yond my powers to compreh[illegible] have indeed read Arthur [illegible] inger's account, and then rer[illegible] and could wish that Mr. Con[illegible] Mr. Schlesinger could tell me[illegible] it says, beyond indicating tha[illegible] Schlesinger himself had a con[illegible] tion with Stevenson which Ste[illegible] for some totally unexplained re[illegible] it *could not* be Mr. Schlesinger'[illegible] culty in articulating his thou[illegible] failed to understand. The qu[illegible] that occurs to duller minds tha[illegible] Schlesinger's and Mr. Conne[illegible] *why* Stevenson received inforr[illegible] from the State Department, [illegible] turn hornswoggled by the CIA, [illegible] than, as might befit the man [illegible] credibility, in Kennedy's own [illegible] was our greatest asset, from Ke[illegible] himself? Has not Mr. Connell [illegible] of that most time-honored of a[illegible] —the sin of omission?

The student's guide to Paris.

e par
ce

oks. There'll be a short
t number one: who will
t any one of five major
; and jet you nonstop
who will provide a
c atmosphere so you
udy, or flake out for a
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when you arrive in
I show you how to live
udent prince for next
you answered all ques-
France, you score 100.
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combien de séchages sont permis?
can I borrow your notes for French Lit? puis-je emprunter vos notes sur la littérature française?
I know the answer, it's the question I don't understand: je connais la réponse, c'est la question que je ne comprends pas.

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The Easy Chair *by John Fischer*

SEATTLE'S MODERN-DAY VIGILANTES

One of the most influential men in the state of Washington has never held public office and never expects to. He is not rich. He does not move in the local high society, such as it is; in fact, his social life is pretty close to nil. He does not command any political machine, ethnic group, corporation, newspaper, or broadcasting station. In sum, he is a walking contradiction of everything that C. Wright Mills has told us about the Power Elite.

Nevertheless James R. Ellis is largely responsible for much that has happened in the state's public life during its last decade, and his hopes for the future are even more ambitious. A Seattle politician described him to me, only half jokingly, as "our homegrown Pericles"—and he is, indeed, reshaping Seattle almost as drastically as Pericles reshaped fifth-century Athens. He is noteworthy as an example of what one man—armed only with an idea and lots of persistence—can do to change the quality of life in his community. Even more interesting, to me at least, is the way he is doing it. After much painful trial and error, Ellis discovered that in the odd political climate of Washington he can best get things done by working outside the regular channels of government. Accordingly he has become the unofficial leader of a kind of modern-day vigilante movement, taking on the rough jobs which elected politicians are unable (or unwilling) to tackle.

Ellis is a lawyer who specializes in the unglamorous business of municipal finance—a middle-aged man of middling build with nothing colorful about his dress or personality. He is not in the best of health; his friends tell me he suffers from chronic fatigue and incipient ulcers. If he possesses charisma—supposedly an indispensable item of equipment for today's public leaders—I was unable to detect it. Only when he began to talk, in a quiet, unemphatic voice, did I notice anything unusual about him. It was quickly apparent that he has a remarkably well-organized mind, with ready control over immense amounts of information; and he has a knack for setting forth his ideas with both clarity and a curious sort of understated conviction. After listening for a couple of hours, I began to understand why his word carries so much weight with people who matter in Washington.

This was not always so. For a good many years Ellis not only was a prophet without honor in his own country, but one without an audience.

He went into the prophet business in 1951, when he was a hungry young attorney only two years out of law school. He and his family lived in a log cabin up in the mountains east of Seattle—both because it was cheap, and because they all loved the casual out-of-door life which always has been one of the legendary enchantments of the Pacific Northwest. In that year he began to suspect that this way of life was in dire jeopardy, not only for the Ellis family but for everybody living within fifty miles or so of Puget Sound. Sooner than almost anybody else, he realized that the whole area was about to be swamped by an invasion of i dustries and new people.

Like Jeremiah, he started to edi the woes to come. Seattle wasn' ear to cope with this tidal wave. It d plans for the rational location t new factories, or for housin he workers, moving their traffic, ev taking care of their sewage. or yet, nobody had any respon di for worrying about such matt government—neither city, cour, n state—had authority to make pla for the future of Greater Seatt T likely result was that the nti countryside between the Sou a the mountains—one of the sp ac larly lovely sites of this cont en would become a shapeless, 'm choked urban nightmare lik Angeles.

Hardly anybody listened. at was then an easygoing lumb a fishing port where nothing ve dr matic had happened for the la m dred years. It was hard to ie that a boom—touched off by t K rean war and the explosive exp su of the local aircraft industry- ou soon make it the fastest-growin m ropolitan area in America. Only f genteel ladies in the League of o en Voters and the good-gover e buffs of the Municipal Leagu g erally regarded as a bunch of m less eccentrics—paid much att to Ellis's predictions. (Some estate speculators listened, to orderly, controlled growth w last thing in the world they wa

Nevertheless, Ellis was you brash enough to think that he stood not only the problem, bu

ing to England without
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bout as big a goof as...



ing sport clothes to opening day at Ascot.
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the embarrassment and frustration of trying to
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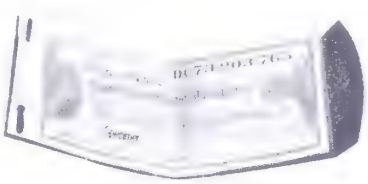
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to do about it. He took a lea
sence from his law firm to h
a new charter for King Coun
scheme of government whi
give the county at least pa
authority it needed to direc
ture growth of Seattle and th
communities within its bo
had the enthusiastic backin
two Leagues, but that wasn't
The proposal was put to a
1952; it was overwhelmingly

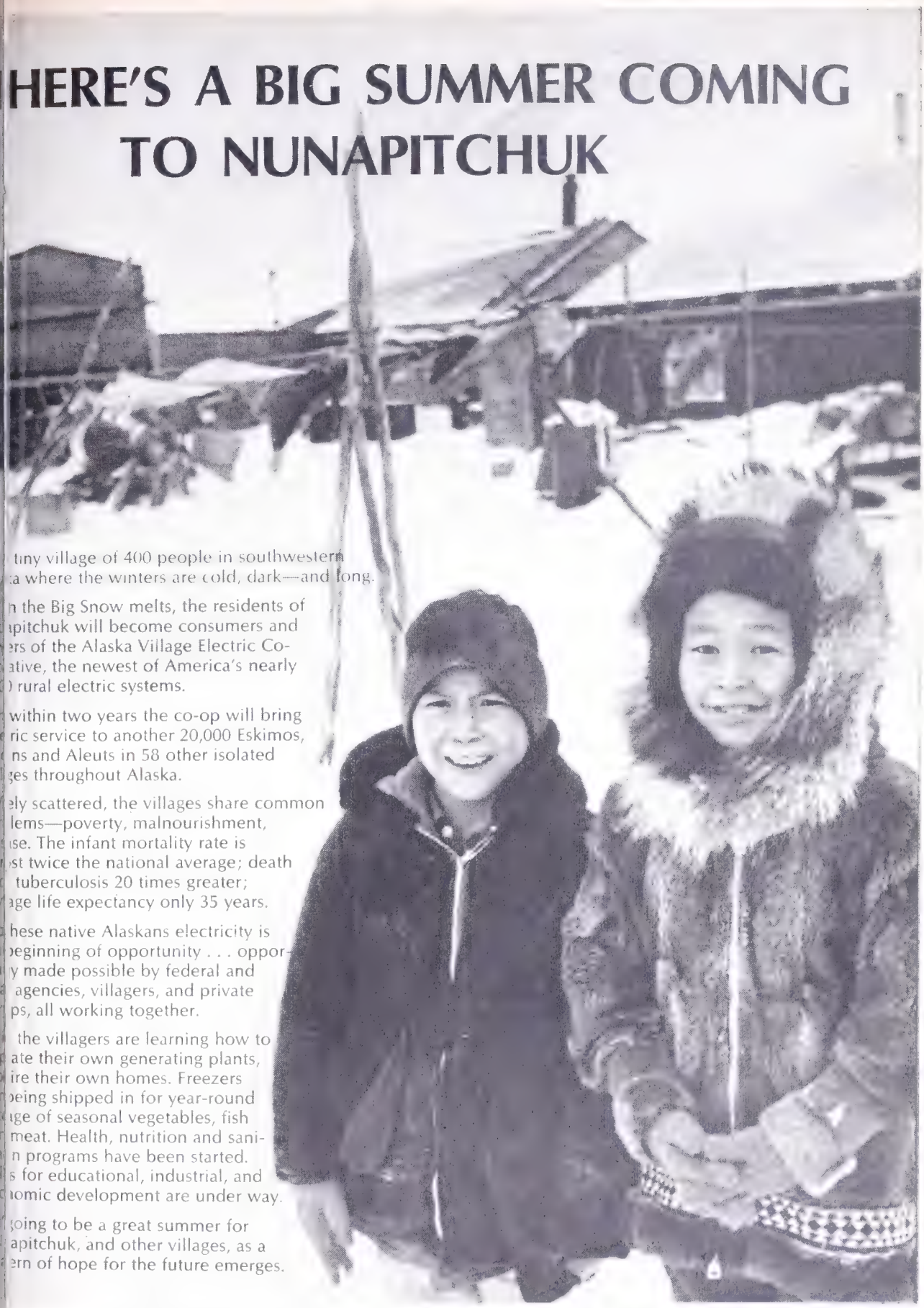
By this time Ellis was brok
point when he was working
unteer on the charter-refor
ect, his bank balance was
$22. So he went back to
practice to recoup—and to try
out a new scheme of metr
government which might
wider public support. He kept
ing too, wherever he could ge
ful of people to listen. One b
enlisted a little corps of disc
cluding not only the good-gov
amateurs but also for the firs
few idealistic young politi
both parties. (One of them
Evans, then a freshman le
now Governor of Washingto
the most effective of the new
liberal Republicans.)

In a long and brilliant cam
persuasion, this band of
guerrillas sold the legislatu
new design for a limited metr
government, empowered to d
such matters as sewage
public transportation, and a
planning. Again it went be
voters—and again, in a 1958
dum, it was defeated.

Nobody could have blame
after seven years of apparentl
less labor, if he had decided t
Cause was hopeless, and that
better turn his energies to
money and playing golf. Ins
decided that maybe he had
the wrong track all along. Ob
the people of Seattle weren't
to buy a supergovernment, no
how it was packaged. They we
—and still are today—besotte

Mr. Fischer has crisscross
U.S.A. in recent months ga
material for a book about
innovations in American gove
His book, "The Stupidity P
and Other Harassments," c
many of his Easy Chair essay

HERE'S A BIG SUMMER COMING TO NUNAPITCHUK



tiny village of 400 people in southwestern
:a where the winters are cold, dark—and long.

n the Big Snow melts, the residents of
ıpitchuk will become consumers and
ers of the Alaska Village Electric Co-
ative, the newest of America's nearly
) rural electric systems.

within two years the co-op will bring
ric service to another 20,000 Eskimos,
ns and Aleuts in 58 other isolated
ges throughout Alaska.

ely scattered, the villages share common
lems—poverty, malnourishment,
ıse. The infant mortality rate is
st twice the national average; death
tuberculosis 20 times greater;
ıge life expectancy only 35 years.

hese native Alaskans electricity is
)eginning of opportunity . . . oppor-
y made possible by federal and
agencies, villagers, and private
ps, all working together.

the villagers are learning how to
ate their own generating plants,
ire their own homes. Freezers
)eing shipped in for year-round
ıge of seasonal vegetables, fish
meat. Health, nutrition and sani-
n programs have been started.
s for educational, industrial, and
ıomic development are under way.

going to be a great summer for
apitchuk, and other villages, as a
ern of hope for the future emerges.

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more information write National Rural Electric Cooperative Association / 2000 Florida Avenue N.W., Washington, D. C. 20009

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Solution to

Harper's

Puzzle No. 9

(April issue, page 118)

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Acrostician—

ROBERT CASADESUS

THE EASY CHA

anachronistic frontier t ditio
Many of them distrust all p ticia
bureaucrats, and forms o gove
ment; and the bigger the gov nme
the more their suspicion bris
Their innate political p osop
often seems to be (so far as an te
an improbable blend of Jef son
democracy, Birchism, and a rely

But they are nevertheles villi
now and then, to tackle a si le d
matic project with the col erat
enthusiasm which once w t i
frontier barn-raisings. Co eiva
that kind of spirit might
lized, Ellis figured, to at k
region's problems one at a ti e. Se
age clearly was the most ur ara
problem. Both Puget Soun to
west of Seattle and Lake Wa ing
to the east were becoming ink
cesspools, as scores of grow g co
munities used them as a co en
(and cheap) dumping place th
untreated sewage.

So Ellis & Cohorts came up ith
another proposal: a $135-mil n s
erage system to serve th ent
metropolitan area, 231 squa mi
containing some 800,000 peo . T
time, for a change, they won. nd
Earl Clark reported in the Ju d
issue of *Harper's*) the ventur ur
out to be a spectacular succes In
nick of time, it saved Lake W sha
ton from becoming a "dead" dy
water like Lake Erie. Puget Sound
now cleaner than it has bee t a
time in the last 150 years. C e-
luted beaches have been reo ied
swimmers. Moreover, Seattle's Me
sanitation scheme has become mo
for city planners throughe
nation.

The moral seemed plain enou
barn-raising technique is th
sometimes the only—way to ge
done in that part of the coun

With that lesson in mind, ot
group of citizens—led this tim
Carlson, Seattle's leading hot
and a lawyer named Joe Gar —
gan to dream of a gaudier
barn: a World's Fair, no l
seemed to fit the specification
successful civic undertaking.
onstrated by Ellis's laborious
of trial and error. It would be a
short-term project. It could
dled outside of the humdrun
suspect channels of governm
would arouse no partisan anim

You have nothing to fear about driving in Europe but fear itself.

ı can speak English and read
u can drive in Europe as easily as
e in Cleveland.

e way, driving in Europe
ier than driving in America.

ce the traffic signs one finds in the
raffic signs in Europe were
for people who can't read the
e of the country they're driving in.
ne signs in Europe, the British
d Scandinavia are the same. And
of them relies on words to make
and that is in English: STOP.

all drive on the wrong
f the road."
other misconceptions.

y man has his own misconceptions
iving in Europe, but many
ıare at least one of these:
Europeans drive on the wrong
ıe road, (b) European roads are
ıt narrow and impossible to
od time on and (c) renting a car
xpensive, especially if you want
distance.



e are misconceptions, not false-
irst, in the British Isles they do
the left.
everywhere else they drive on the
e we do.
nd, many back roads in Europe are
and winding, and so beautiful
ldn't want to take them to get
ce fast.
thousands of miles of roads
ng major cities are not only wide
paved; they're frequently
ıe divided highways.
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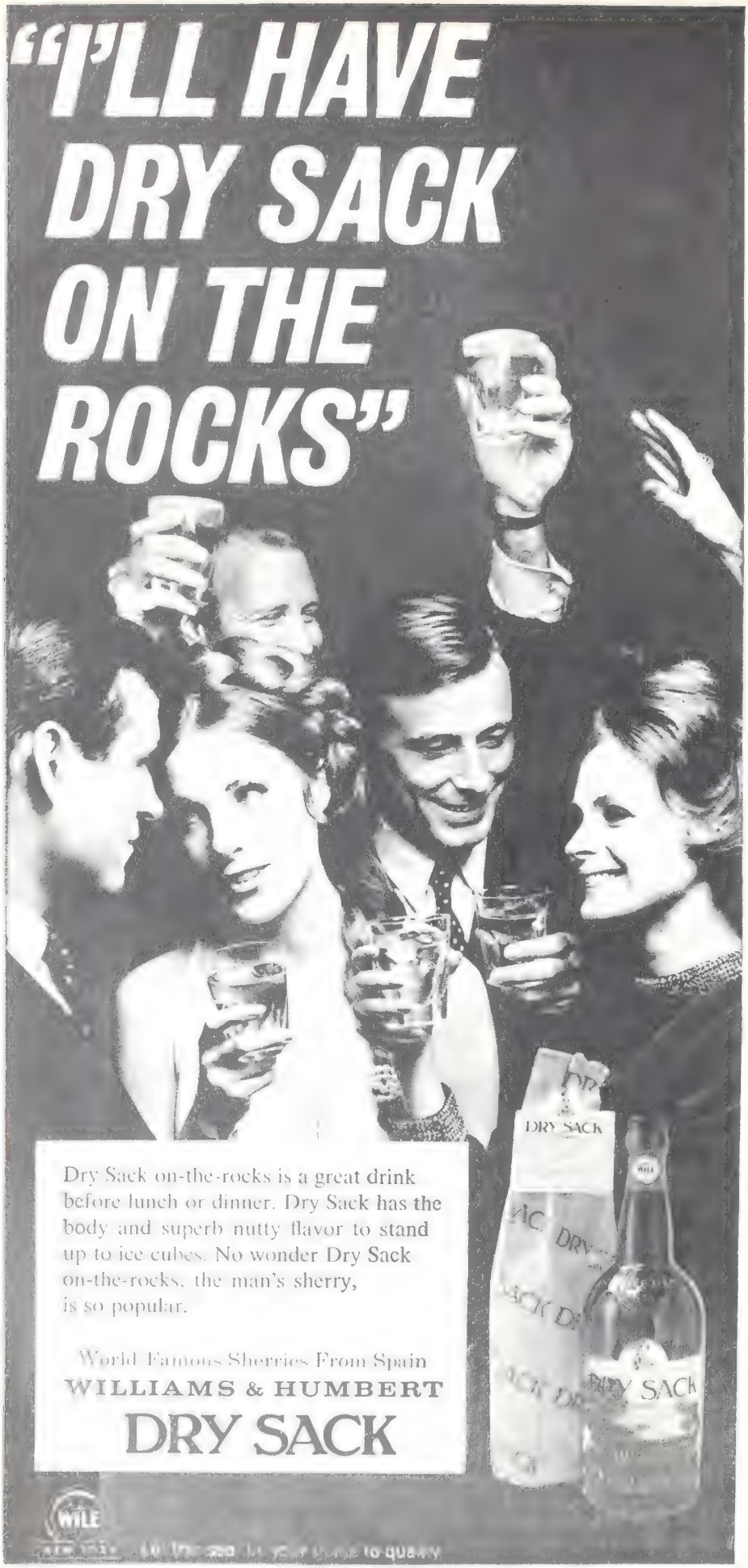
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"I'LL HAVE DRY SACK ON THE ROCKS"



Dry Sack on-the-rocks is a great drink before lunch or dinner. Dry Sack has the body and superb nutty flavor to stand up to ice cubes. No wonder Dry Sack on-the-rocks, the man's sherry, is so popular.

World Famous Sherries From Spain
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
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THE EASY CHA

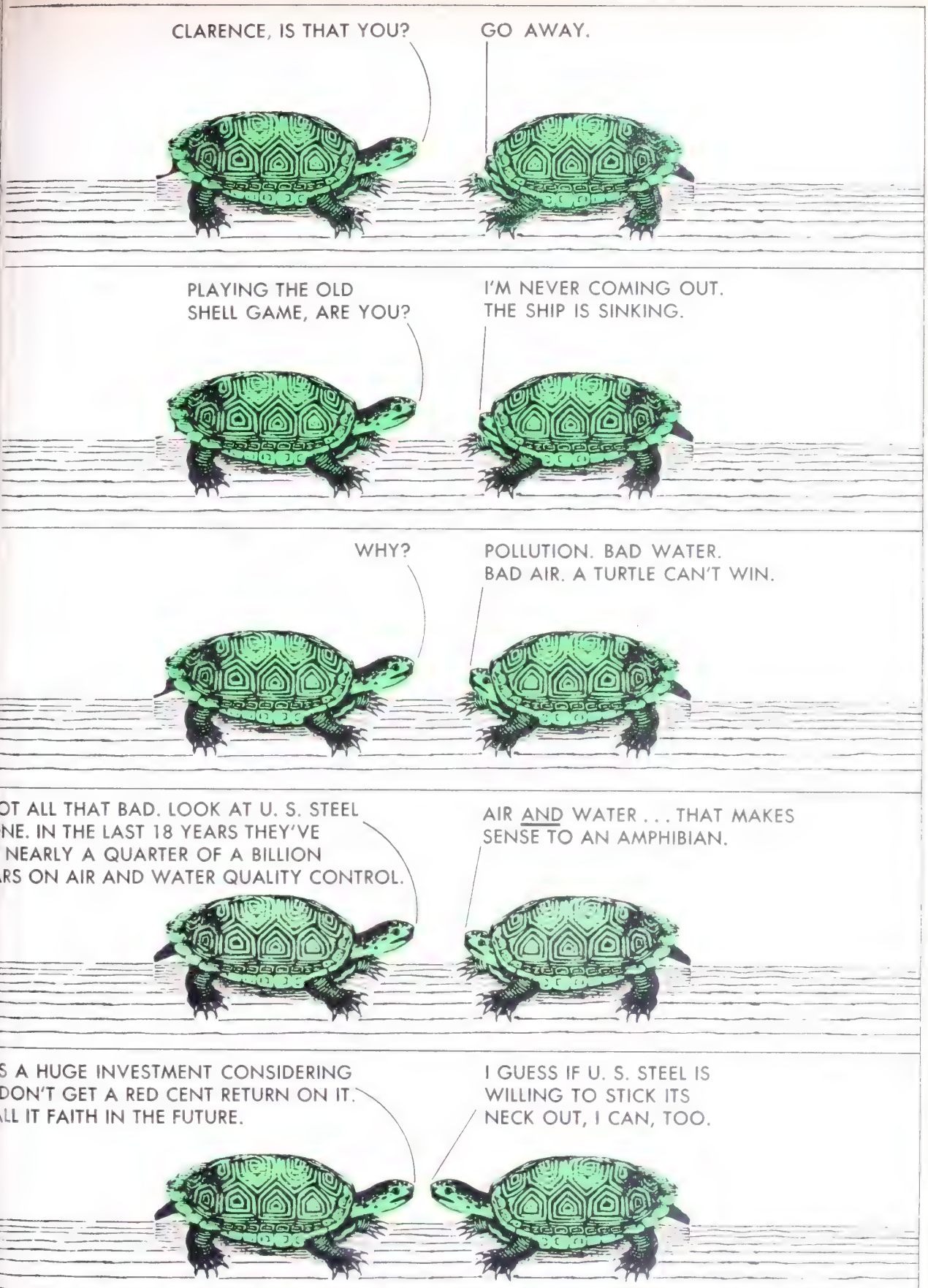
And it might be dramatic ou enlist the volunteer effort of dreds of talented people.

One of the most energeti of volunteers was Dewayne K management consultant. "[illegible] had no business trying to [illegible] World's Fair," he told me. 'Se wasn't supposed to be [illegible] enough for that kind of oper ion sides, everybody knew it w ld financial disaster, as such ent nearly always are. But we re cocky and ignorant enough gi a try."

The result astonished e ryb including such metabolic tin as Kreager. The 1962 Fair ot proved a critical success a l nanza for Seattle's busines e hotelkeepers; it also ende n believably—with a cash surp s because its main buildings d cunningly designed to serve d purpose, it left Seattle wit a million cultural center whi d cost the taxpayer a nickel.

Another, and more impor t acy was intangible. When e closed, the whole civic lead h the community was exhau d umphant—and convinced th could accomplish almost yt they set their minds to. Scor o men and women—many of the y ously strangers to each ot r enjoyed the heady experi e working together in a comm c Nobody planned it that way b retrospect it seems plain that e prepared the ground for Jin most daring foray to date.

He waited until the sweat h on the community's collectiv b and then on November 3, 19 now-famous speech before th Rotary Club, he summoned l lantes to another breath-takin bitious undertaking. Its purp to accomplish most of the which he had once hoped through a metropolitan gover but without setting up such a ment. Instead he proposed group of unofficial volunteers get together to draw up a plan future of Greater Seattle- which would anticipate a doub the population by 1986. To pu effect, he suggested a massive investment in a rapid-transit parks and open spaces, highw



USS United States Steel



She Needs You...

She needs you to love her. Little Lin Tai has just been abandoned at our Pine Hill Babies Home in Hong Kong. Police doubt her parents or relatives will ever be found. So we must find an American sponsor for her.

How can you sponsor a child like Lin Tai? Your questions answered:

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only $12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.

Q. How long has CCF been helping children? A. Since 1938.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. Are all the children in orphanages? A. No, some live with widowed mothers, and through CCF Family Helper Projects they are enabled to stay at home, rather than enter an orphanage.

Q. What type of projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who owns and operates CCF? A. Christian Children's Fund is an independent, non-profit organization, regulated by a national Board of Directors. CCF cooperates with both church and government agencies, but is completely independent.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. How do you keep track of all the children and sponsors? A. Through our IBM data processing equipment, we maintain complete information on every child receiving assistance and the sponsor who provides the gifts.

Children on our emergency list this month live in Brazil, Hong Kong, Taiwan (Formosa), India and Korea.

Write today: Verbon E. Kemp

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 511, Richmond, Va. 23204

I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country)_____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____

Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____

☐ Please send me more information.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

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HP 59

sewer improvements, and e
key facilities which the f
tropolis would have to have

The investment would
through the existing city,
county governments in t
Sound area. But the volunt
would see to it that all
fitted together into a coher
The resulting framework w
willing, direct the future
the area into an orderly, sh
livable community for tw
people. And the framework
be laid right now; for, if
grisly specter of "Los Ang
was just over the horizon.

This notion, which Ellis
the Forward Thrust progra
on immediately. One reason
it followed the pattern—a
convulsive effort by a
unofficial organization—w
worked so well with the Me
age project and the World's
equally important was the
the power structure of the
learned to trust Ellis. By
virtually everybody was
that his sole motivation wa
lic welfare. If he had ever
trace of personal political
his influence would have e
overnight; but since he nev
politician in either party f
as a potential rival, and ever
conservative industrialists
suspected him of being son
socialist nut.

Consequently he was abl
for his Forward Thrust c
or posse, an extraordinary
talent. The original two
members included many o
gion's leading businessmen
professors from the Univ
Washington, public servant
men, conservationists, and
do-gooders. (Labor and Neg
izations, as it turned out, w
ably under-represented—not
ately, but because some of th
leaders were too busy, or
to take on the assignment.)
mittee raised money for an
small staff, much of it from
ber's own pockets. But the
tribution was hard work—
of man-hours devoted to s
study of the region's needs,
and priorities.

The end product, after tw
labor and argument, was a

The pre-columbian figures are from the famed Kahlúa collection of authentic pre-columbian figures



Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he!
He called for his glass, and he called
for crushed ice, to show his ingenuity.
"Nothing so dandy, as Kahlúa and brandy"
Said he as he did his thing.
"I lose my patience with pale imitations-
Kahlúa is intended for Kings."







KAHLÚA 53 Proof Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico

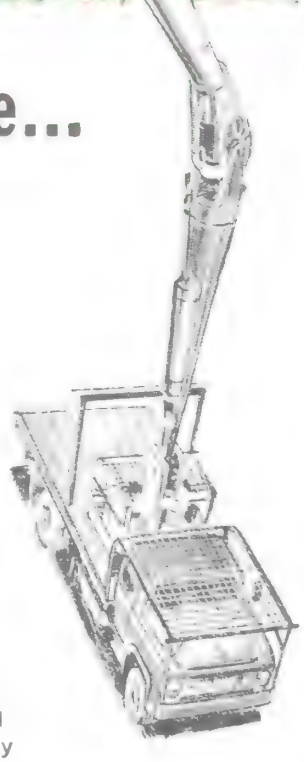


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interlocking proposals for
vestment. The price tag a
$819 million—the biggest
provement program, so fa
discover, ever attempted a
by any American metropo
it could be laid before the
legislature had to pass ei
abling acts; under the p
Governor Evans, political
both parties, and the Seat
community, it finally did
good deal of nervous de
rural legislators, especiall
palled by the thought
spending that kind of mo

Meanwhile the Forwar
were carrying on a ma
paign of voter education—
opponents preferred to ca
ganda. These critics appa
few and not very effectiv
until the final weeks bef
tion, public-opinion poll
that the whole packag
would be approved by a
majority.

The package consisted
separate bond issues—six
be obligations of King C
them to be obligations o
Seattle, and one to be a
of the Metro district w
was responsible for the
erage system. This last
in Ellis's eyes, by all od
important. It called for
—to be matched by twice
federal funds—to build a
system, which would be
and managed by the san
ganization which had co
sanitation problem so
Under the state constitu
the twelve proposals h
proved by at least 60 pe
votes cast.

When the ballots
counted, on the evening
13, 1968, the transit
beaten—although it did
a trifle more than 50 pe
votes. Four other bond
defeated along with it,
(for a storm-water-con
losing by only a fracti
cent.

"It was a heart-break
Ellis told me. "So ma
had worked so hard, a
high hopes. But after w
first disappointment, w

Meet Ivan the Terrible.

ll him lovable. His mother calls him terrible. Especially
ne. Sound familiar? Certainly. Except that Ivan lives in
And he's one of many happy surprises you may just
Pan Am® Holiday tour to Russia. Surprises like side-
pet shows, subways like art galleries, grand ballet and
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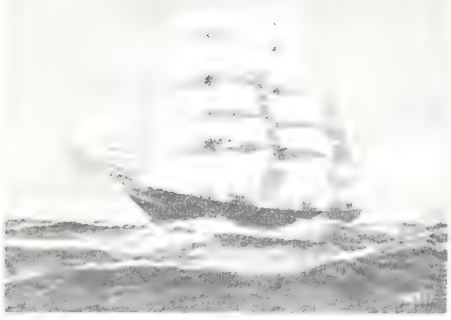
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"Cutty Sark first...the rest nowhere"



CUTTY'S Log records victory after victory. Of all the magnificent ships of the clipper fleet, she alone earned the right to be called Number One. The best.

That proud tradition is carried on by the Scotch that took her name. Cutty Sark is America's best selling Scotch. The reason: Cutty's consistently distinguished taste. The taste to be savored. The taste of exceptional Scotch.

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America's No. 1 selling Scotch

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

THE EASY CHAIR

that we actually had won a considerable victory. After all, the voters did approve $118 million for parks and recreation—a program that will give Seattle the most magnificent park system in the world. And we got some other key items, too. For example, a stadium that can accommodate big-league sports clubs, and a youth service center, and some big improvements in highways and fire protection and blighted neighborhoods.

"Besides, the ball game isn't over. We are organizing now for the second phase of Forward Thrust, and I'm reasonably confident that sooner or later the people are going to vote for a modern transit system. We just have to have it, eventually, to keep auto traffic from choking us to death. And the sooner the cheaper, since construction and interest costs are going up every year."

With his prophetic vision still working at 20-20, Ellis is looking in other directions too. Why not, for instance, a Forward Thrust program for the whole state? Governor Evans seems interested, and he recently persuaded the legislature to give him a planning staff. Maybe he could take the lead in working out a basic program of capital investment, which would structure the future of Washington much the way Forward Thrust was meant to structure the future of Seattle. If so, Ellis's band of white-hatted vigilantes could be counted on to ride again in its support.

Well, it might work. But it does seem to be an odd way to run a state, or a metropolis. Granted that Ellis has passed some pretty good miracles—but he can't last forever. The techniques he has developed will continue to serve only if he is succeeded by other civic leaders equally dedicated, untainted by political ambition, and adroit at mobilizing volunteers. That is a lot to ask of any community. One Ellis in a generation is about all any city can reasonably hope to produce.

Moreover, even with such leadership, I suspect that the neo-vigilante system is incapable of handling the really controversial problems of government. For it depends on a broad and fragile consensus, the kind which can be put together only to support uplift and civic-improvement projects which nobody but a Scrooge would publicly oppose. But when faced with a sharply divisive issue, su as reform or consolidation of al g ernmental units, it is bounc o br down.

That, in fact, is what ha ened the Forward Thrust prog m. though the entire bundle of opos appeared in the beginning o h almost unanimous public su ort, transit scheme actually aro d p erful covert opposition. The ighs lobby didn't like it. It threa ned pocketbooks of the road cor ruct companies, the truckers, th oure crats in the state highway omm sion, and the gas and aut leal During the last weeks befor e e tion they banded together . mo a sudden, well-financed pr agai campaign against the rap. tra bond issue. This swung eno h vo to keep it from getting the ess, 60 per cent majority.

So eventually, it seems o Washington is going to hav to another way to cope with t fest ing problems of urbaniza n. people will have to recogniz he that, alas, they no longer a liv in a frontier community whi ca managed by frontier metho. M than half the population of e st already are residents of Pug po one great city embracing t o Seattle but a score of oth tr spreading inland from the ores Puget Sound. Sooner or lat it have to have a metropolitar ove ment of its own: perhaps s eth like the Metropolitan Cou il, scribed here last month, wh is ing developed to manage th rde growth of the Twin Cities r ion Minnesota. So far as I can se th the only kind of governme wh can deal with the painful, div ive litical issues, and at the sa ti provide the steady, consist sighted direction which a g needs.

That kind of solution ap re requires a degree of politic ma rity and sophistication wh Pacific Northwest does not y h Meanwhile, Jim Ellis and hi o teers have bought a litt Thanks to their unorthodox the Puget Sound landscape n —just possibly—be saved f n heedless, unplanned urb which has blighted New Je Angeles, Chicago, and so ma American communities.

NEVER MIND OUR OPINION after all, we're prejudiced BUT read these new quotes from two road tests of the Rover 2000 TC

On why we don't need a yearly model change:

design of the TC is such that even day's fast changing automotive , the appearance of the Rover will grow old."[1] "Few excuses need to ade for its performance, roadabil- r accommodation when compar- to other sedans in the same class more recent design."[2]

On Rover engineering:

is a car which does everything ight and to say that the Rover TC is a perfect piece of automo- ngineering is certainly not exag- ng."[3]

On the Rover "ride":

nging is soft, and the result is a plush ride with less harshness than car short of a large American ı."[4] "Radial tires have been stand- n 2000's from the outset"[5] "and uspension has been tuned to these l ply tires in such a manner that"[6] r usual effects on ride harshness been completely tuned out."[7]

n manoeuverability and spunk:

TC also has very high cornering r for a sedan."[8] "We had occasion me up against a few sports cars in , and no doubt their drivers were what amazed when this sedan ıged to leave them during corner- nanoeuvres. It is a very satisfying ıg to have a luxurious sedan which give you adequate acceleration and perform like a true GT when it es to roaring through corners, g super highways or over ıtry roads."[9]

he engine:

e engine run flex- and with- tempera- t, starting quickly on its manual choke and having no carburetion flat spots or low-speed bucking to spoil everyday city-suburban driving."[10] "The car's highway performance is superb and cruising at 90 mph is an effortless job for the engine."[11]

On shifting and braking:

"The all synchromesh gear box makes shifting a delightful experience and the throws are quick and accurate."[12] "The gearbox itself is quiet and infallibly synchronized and its ratios are appropriate for the car and engine. The shift lever, which has a trigger release for getting into reverse, is in just the right place."[13] "The brakes are familiar Girling solid discs all around with plenty of swept area and *two* vacuum boosters."[14]

On getting into the Rover for the first time:

"When you first sit in the TC it brings out a certain excitement."[15] "In the 2000's interior, the car's individuality is as clear as in the handling and ride. There's a definite English feeling about the surroundings, with proper leather ...used as you would expect."[16]

On instrumentation:

"Control switches are easy to reach and there is no mystery as to what they are as each one is clearly marked."[17] "The steering wheel is adjustable up-and-down about 1½ in. but not fore-and-aft; a widely adjustable backrest, however, takes care of all adjustable needs."[18] "Standard equipment for our market is an intriguing gadget known as Icelert."[19] "This flashes on and off when the temperature goes below the 36 degree mark and stays on when the temperature reaches the freezing point."[20]

On fresh air and heating:

"Most notable is the heating and ventilation system, which in spite of much catching-up by other manufacturers over the past five years is still the best we've experienced in a British car. Especially notable are the dash vents smack in front of the driver and passenger."[21]

On creature comforts:

"Another touch, one we'd applaud in *any* car, is the pair of drop-down bins under each side of the dash that serve as storage space and as the best knee protection in a crash that we've seen."[22] "The seats themselves, both front and back, fit like a glove providing maximum comfort."[23]

On visibility:

"The view out over the sloping hood is outstanding, little fender-cap lights defining the front corners, and to the sides and rear vision is also more than acceptable."[24]

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After Hours *by Russell Lynes*



Part painting, part plastic,
of Mike Spafford at the Academy

THE ACADEMY THAT OVERLOOKS ROME

ROME, FEBRUARY, 1969

"When I won the *Prix de Rome* about fifteen years ago," a sculptor at the American Academy in Rome told me, "an old Bauhaus artist named Xanti Schawinski said to me, 'The Rome Prize? It stinks a little.'"

It still stinks a little to some artists, especially young ones, and for understandable reasons, though the odor that attaches to it is somewhat more imaginary than actual. It is partly a case of a rose that by any other name would smell sweeter. The American Academy, to which winners of the Rome Prizes* are sent for a year or two, bears the onus, so far as artists are concerned, of the kind of deadening conservatism that associates itself with anything called an "academy." In an age when "academic" means stultified, square, yesterday, and Establishment, who wants to go all the way to Rome to further his career? Or, as some think, tarnish it?

A good many, it seems, do, though from the Academy's point of view, not enough first-rate ones.

The Academy is an anachronism in many respects, but it buzzes with a vitality that an anachronism has no business to. It ought to be hopelessly out of date, even in the Eternal City where nothing is ever supposed to go out of date, but it isn't. Physically it is like a ducal palace of tawny stucco and marble behind tall iron gates whose stone posts are topped with marble urns. On either side are elegant pavilions, and beyond an open court a wide flight of shallow steps leads to a loggia that lets into a tall cloister which surrounds a formal courtyard stiffly ornamented with hedges and trees and a bronze fountain. In a sense the Academy building was more of an anachronism when it was erected in 1914 than it is now. Then it was an intentional "period piece"; now it is just a stylish building that fits comfortably into its surroundings and into which roughly three dozen (the number varies) scholars and artists fit reasonably comfortably into theirs.

It was somewhat by accident that the Academy came into being at the whim of a lady from Boston named Mrs. Hyland who was married to a retired English army officer. She lived in a famous house called the Villa Aurelia which has a most remarkable view of Rome from the heights of the Janiculum. Mrs. Hyland out[lived] her husband by many years, a[nd] she died she left her splendi[d] the American Academy in R[ome]. odd things about this were t[hat] there was no such thing as th[e] can Academy in Rome, and se[ve]ral people in those institutions t[hey] closest to the name (The A[me]rican School of Classical Studies [and] American Academy of Archi[tec]ture) had never heard of Mrs. Hyla[nd] was in 1907. The School and t[he] emy decided to merge, acc[ept] building, and become the A[me]rican Academy in Rome. This wa[s] was assured by Professor F[rank] Brown, a most eminent class[ical] chaeologist and the present [head] of the Academy, a simple mat[ter] classicists wanted nothing to [do] the architects and only ha[d] pedience (or was it greed?) [to] ever have got them together. T[he] institution moved into the Aurelia (now the director's dence), acquired land, and in 1 firm of McKim, Mead, and built the present building. In tervening years a number o[f] villas have been acquired in resident artists, composers guests are pleasantly housed a[nd] vided with studies or studio

*Rome Prizes are awarded in architecture, landscape architecture, design, musical composition, painting, sculpture, history of art, classical and post-classical studies.

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Academy is now much like a small campus. Its library is excellent in the European fine arts (especially in Italian art) and it is, I am told, one of the great classical libraries in Europe.

On the one hand, the Academy is a company of scholars busy at their books and excavations, their examination of documents and churches and museums, and on the other, a heterogeneous bunch of artists varying in age from their early twenties to sixty-odd who have their hands full of materials and their heads full of purpose. The advantages of the Academy for both groups are so obvious that they scarcely need to be mentioned. Scholars and artists are given absolute freedom to do as they please, places to work which are isolated from interruption, spacious where space is needed (painters paint big these days), and all of Rome is just down the hill. They are fed, if they want to be, at a long table in a common dining room on food that everyone complains about (as everyone always complains about institutional food everywhere) but which they eat heartily. The "fellows" as the Rome Prize winners are called, are paid $4,500 a year for being at the Academy (this includes money for transportation) and if they have children, they get an additional $1,200 to rent an apartment nearby. Perhaps the stipend is small, but what more could artists and scholars want than this freedom to work and the place to do so under nearly ideal conditions?

The answer is, "Plenty."

"Rome is a dead city," a composer said to me. "Musically, Berlin is more interesting."

"It's like there's no reason anymore for a painter to come here," one of the fellows said. "I guess it was different fifty years ago. It's like being lost for two years like when you ought to be making it at home."

"I go sight-seeing over weekends," a young architect said, "but there's nothing new in architecture here. There's Nervi, but he's old and he's really an engineer. Rome is beautiful, but I don't learn anything from it that's going to teach me how to house people in the ghettos back in the States."

And a sculptor who thoroughly enjoys being in Rome said, "From my point of view it's great here. I get my stuff cast [in bronze] at half or less than what it costs at home. But that doesn't mean anything to the kids. Bronze to them is archaic; they work in plastics, and junk, and . . . you name it."

"The fellows are supposed to get to know Roman artists," a painter in residence said. "But do you think the Roman artists want to get to know them? They gave a party here at the Villa Aurelia last week and asked thirty-five Roman artists to come and just two showed up. They don't give a damn about the Academy; in fact they consider it a place not to be caught dead in. For one thing they think it's like the other Academies—the French, the German, there are a couple of dozen of them—supported by their governments. They don't know that our government has nothing to do with the Academy; they think it does, and they hate us mostly because of Vietnam."

Most of the fellows I talked with, except those working in classical studies and the history of art, contended that they would just as soon be anywhere that they could work as be in Rome. It's a free ride to Europe, though, and "what the hell."

It is not, of course, as simple as that. There are excellent reasons for artists to be in Rome. Food is expensive but rents are far cheaper than in America and studios are possible to find. In spite of the traffic, the most headlong and preposterous in the world, the pace of life is relaxed. Sculptors know why they're here; it is the foundries. They are not so sure, the ones I talked with, why the painters are here when there is so much more vitality in painting in America than there is in Europe. Not many American artists exhibit in the galleries in Rome, at least not with any regularity, and they all want New York dealers. One painter I talked with who is temporarily (or at least he hopes it is temporarily) without a dealer in New York has lived in Rome for years on a series of grants—a fellowship at the Academy, a Fulbright, and a Guggenheim Foundation fellowship. His work has sold well over the years, but now he's worried. It is the speed with which fads in art come and go that worries him. But there are advantages all the same in being removed from the "art scene." As one of them said, "We're out race."

There are better reasons for the young composers at emy to be in Rome, even "dead city" musically. Elli who recently was given a his work in New York to ce sixtieth birthday and who composer in residence at emy, told me that the R regularly gives orchestral ances of music composed b fellows, and has for a years. It not only performs but gives them ample rehe makes tapes of them which sent to the composers. ' good performances," Ca "The musicians are prepar any kind of music. One co a Pulitzer Prize on the basi of a piece of his played by radio. It's almost impossi this in America. Rehearsal one thing, is very expensiv until musicians have play many times that they kn ought to sound."

The slightly blasé attitu of the fellows is partly pos suspect, the shock of being so many layers of cultural e so many astonishing accom by artists as Rome (anci Christian, medieval, Re baroque, and modern) se them. It is a challenge tha them find easier to shrug face at the risk of being ove Most of the fellows are he years, and it must be a skin through which Rome penetrate and become pe lodged in that length of ti the Academy was founded, t of Rome were not only ob practical for the artists and who came here. They worke on set projects—an architec tor, and a painter in the B tradition concocting imagin ings with imaginary statue rals to ornament them an mentor looking over their to see that they stuck to t traditions. It is some of the those days that still cling Rome Prize.

It does not cling to the the architects. In one of the in the entrance court, a scul California in his twentie

AFTER HOURS

arns has a studio, a room
ty feet square and nearly as
is wide. It is flooded with
two very tall windows and
. It was built in the days
ssal sculpture was fashion-
here were times, I am sure,
ntic figures of Justice and
Columbia were constructed
lay by sculptors on ladders
lds. Now it is more like a
han an old studio. Kearns is
ng three large objects of
, sheet steel, and extruded
.

studio nearest Kearns' a
oman from Minneapolis,
ies, who is also a sculptor,
experimenting with making
s of very irregular, some-
stinal (she calls them "or-
apes, filling them with sand
r and draping them over
furniture. She also spends
making vigorous small
clay which will be cast in
she can afford it.

third floor of the Acad-
very lively young archi-
n Schumacher and Michael
ng, are sweating out an in-
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major competition for a con-
enter in Vienna. They both
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y are not working, an occu-
eartily encouraged by the
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floor below them I spent
e with two painters in their
One, Michael Spafford, who
ve from a teaching position
niversity of Washington in
s, if he can be classified, an
nist. He is working on pic-
le up of several canvasses set
to each other. He is old for a
e is thirty-three, and he has
ition scheduled for a New
lery next winter. Just down
dor John Civitello, who has
m abstract expressionism to
e abstractions in the last few
id to me, "In France I got
d by the landscape." Now
perimenting with hard-edge
e on a large scale in very
esigns.

six young artists could be
anywhere and no differently,
ey are caught in any Acad-
ditions except those of pro-

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fessionalism, it is hard to detect them. If you ask one of them how he happened to get a Rome Prize, you get a modest answer. One applied three or four times and was turned down ("And it was a wound to my ego each time," he said); another heard about the prize in an art-history class and thought he would give it a try. In any case the Rome Prize winners are selected by juries appointed by the board of the Academy (there is always a board member on each jury), and each year they pick two, or at the most three, fellows from the four hundred and fifty to five hundred applicants. Fellowships are renewable by invitation for one year.

Neither the selection system nor the candidates are, from the point of view of the director or of some members of the board with whom I have talked, ideal. The juries are more or less self-perpetuating and their selections inevitably reflect their own ways of working and their traditions, though I was told by a sculptor who was on one of the juries, "We bend over backwards not to let our prejudices get in the way." But there is no ideal jury system for the arts. The limp hand of yesterday's correct taste does not lie lightly on the Academy. The question is how the pattern can be broken, how the best talents can be brought to Rome, the liveliest and at the same time the most serious and gifted young artists.

There seems to be no trouble about the selection of the classicists and historians; the academic professions have their own weeding and selecting procedures which seem to assure a flow of the most promising young scholars to the Academy. (There are no longer writing fellows, as there were until a few years ago when there was a blowup over a fellow who announced that he was going to tear the place apart when he got there. It was the custom for the Institute of Arts and Letters to recommend a fellow to the Academy and pay his way; after the fracas the Institute backed off, unfortunately, in a mess of indignation and hurt feelings on all sides.) The architects have a different problem from the artists and scholars. How do you get a really talented young architect who is offered a choice of lucrative jobs the minute he gets out of school to give up two years of practice for two years of contemplation in Rome? Or a landscape architect?

The director of the French Academy in Rome, the painter Balthus, has said that it is futile to seek a solution to the problem of bringing the ablest young artists from France to Rome. He believes that the present scheme should be abandoned and a French Academy established in New York where the vitality in the plastic arts now is. There is at once a clarity and subtlety to his attitude in this matter which is also characteristic of his paintings, but it is obviously not the solution to the problem of the American Academy.

One encounters various solutions. There should be someone beating the bushes for talent, it is suggested, finding the ablest young men and women and then not just inviting them to compete but inviting them to accept. To this, I believe, should be added certain guarantees: the assurance that their work will be prominently exhibited in one-man shows in Rome and in New York or some other art center of their choice in America, and they should be given a stipend that is not a grudging favor but a genuine enticement. (It should be remembered that it is they who ornament the Academy and not the Academy which honors them. Attitudes of the young toward institutions are no longer the subservient ones they once were.) I would also like to suggest that the Academy should become a center for American cultural studies in Europe, a magnet to attract able European scholars who increasingly in Europe are concerned with the arts and letters of the United States. This would necessitate vastly expanded library collections and facilities at the Academy and eventually more accommodations for scholars as well.

The changes in the cultural climate have been mighty since the Academy came into being some sixty-odd years ago. Understandably, but unfortunately, the changes at the Academy have not. That is not to say that it has been static or that the scholars and artists who live and work here are not talented and dedicated. But the tendency has been to emphasize the academic at the expense of the lively arts, and the problem is to restore the Rome Prizes for artists to the stature they so long delighted in. [ ]

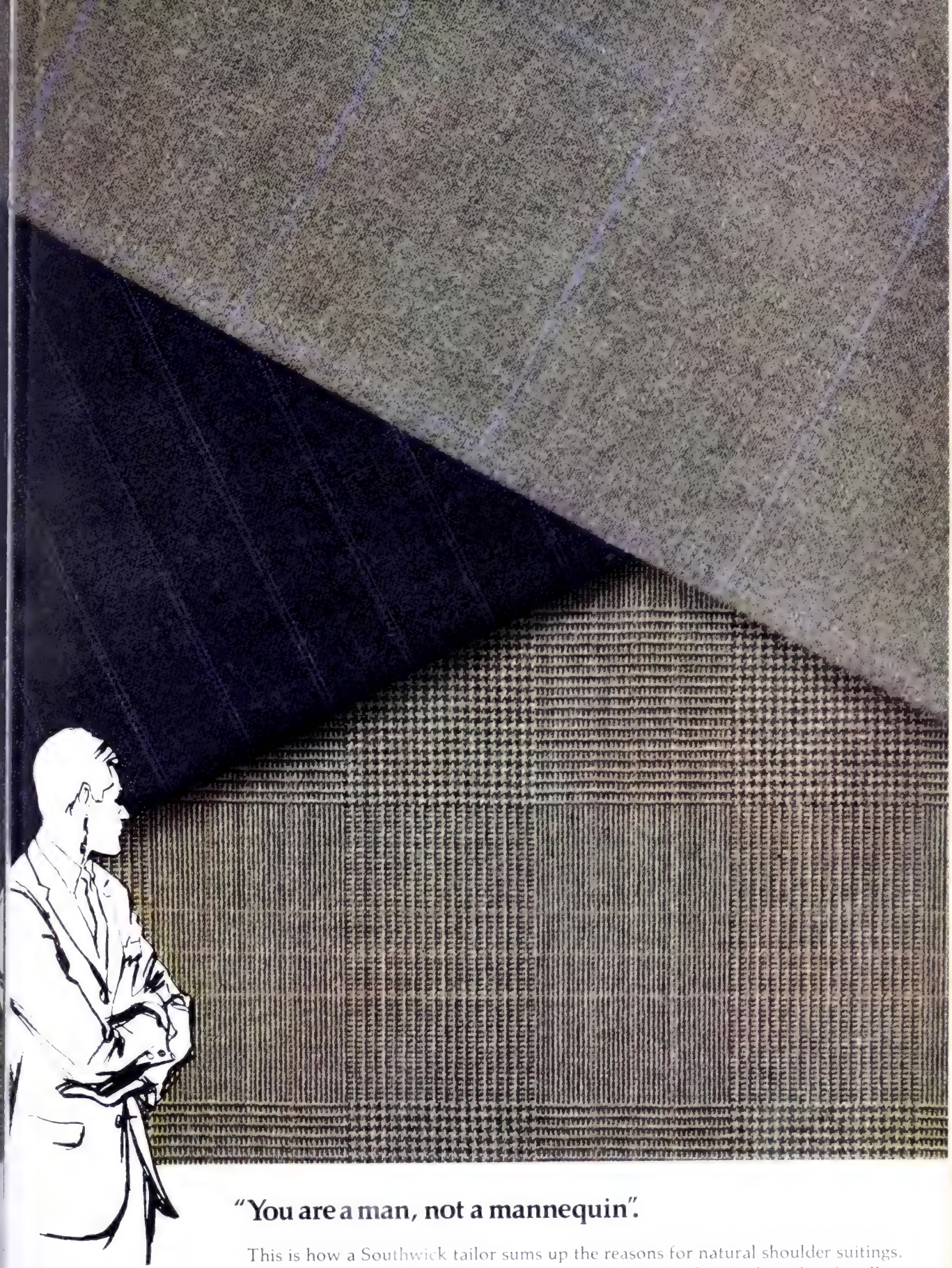
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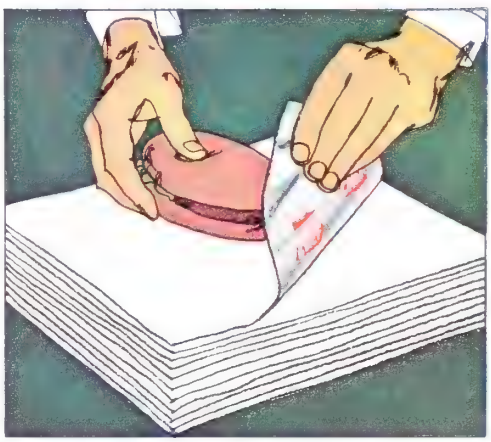
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Harper's
magazine

Peter Schrag

THE NEW BLACK MYTHS

s the Negro an American or an African, heir of a separate culture, or the ıost indigenous of citizens? Is his experience significant for its uniqueness r its universality? Is he anything but a white man, incomplete? The answers re crucial; in finding them we had better stay away from the old clichés.

The rush is on. Come and get it: Afro-Amerinism, black studies, the Negro heritage. From arvard to Ocean Hill, from Duke to Madison venue, they are trying, as they say, to restore the egro to his rightful place in American history ıd culture; black (and white) intellectuals, holars, teachers, politicians, hustlers busy with ack restoration. The spirit is upon them, the riters and publishers, the polemicists and ıshers, and the implications are enormous. But e richest soil is education, the schools and colges, and the processes of growing up in which ey're involved.

The academy is an obvious mark because it is an cessible purveyor of culture, because it tends be guilt-ridden anyway, and because it has aprently failed black children not only in its prace but in its mythology. The school was supposed offer—had claimed it could offer—equality, deocracy, and opportunity. Instead what it proded was selectivity; it selected people in, and lected them out. By and large, black people were lected out, not because the school was indepenntly discriminatory, but because it offered and ve what the society asked. When finally we oked inside the little black box—the mystique of ucation and advancement, the mystique of acamic standards and professionalism—it turned out to be empty. If teachers and schools knew anything about teaching anybody (which is an open question) they plainly knew little about teaching people who did not already belong to the middle class or who refused to conform to its culture.

Black restoration was not invented inside the schools, but the intellectuals have taken it up, the students are promoting it, and the academics are debating it. Moreover, it is—for better or worse—accessible to every amateur. The line between history and mythology is indefinite, but where the first is at least theoretically subject to disciplinary standards, the latter is not. Any number can play.

Black studies can have just as much legitimacy as anything else; if Harvard has a program on East Asia or Latin America, why not Africa? If American Negro experience has been left out of American history courses—as it has—then surely it should be restored. But the significance of black restoration—even aside from its separatist extremities (the establishment of an independent black state in America, for example)—has greater and more ambiguous implications. Is the American Negro, by whatever name, an American or an African, the heir of a separate culture, or the most indigenous of citizens? Is fiction or music produced by American Negroes uniquely a product of black experience or of an "African heritage,"

or is it, like all art, dependent on styles and materials from every conceivable source and tradition? Is there white art and black art in America, or just art? Is the Negro experience on this continent more significant for its uniqueness or for its human universality? "I am proud to be black," writes the sixth-grade kid in Harlem. "Say it loud: 'I am proud.'" Here it is, a response to a pile of clichés and labels, a response that may mean something, or that may be just another cliché, this one more vicious because it promised more.

For three hundred years one of the black man's problems in America has been growing up—to be a man but not a white man, to be a woman but not a chattel, to be black and visible as a complete human being. The hackneyed descriptions of self-hate and childishness may be partly the fantasy of intellectuals who are shocked that Negroes don't behave like college professors, yet clearly the price of admission to the white world has been self-denial and the willingness to play one of the stock parts by which the white world justified its own discrimination. Little Black Sambo, Uncle Tom, Uppity Nigger, House Nigger, Bourgeois Black, the urban poor. And in school, the culturally deprived, the disruptive child, "black but *bright*." Clearly all Americans have had similar problems—to grow up, to establish an adult identity on one's own terms. But it is, nonetheless, a special problem for anyone born black, and it has, in recent years, been magnified—even glorified—by the growing consciousness of the subtleties of polite discrimination.

"Each generation," wrote the Negro psychiatrists William H. Grier and Price M. Cobbs, "grows up alone." The past, it is said, exists, but it has been erased from memory, devalued, lost, and denied—denied often by the most well-meaning and liberal of Americans. Is a black man anything but a white man incomplete? Other ethnic groups seem to have the armament of a unique history and tradition—or simply the tradition of the "West"—to carry them into the mainstream. In a sense the Negro has always been in that mainstream—as a slave and servant who knew the master better than the master knew himself—but always as a Negro who could never quite aspire to full citizenship as a valid social protagonist. He was often the carrier of the culture, or even its creator: in music, in patterns of speech, in the cadences of a whole region that resented his blood but talked more of his language than it ever cared to admit. Here was the waiter who determined the appropriate status of the guests and placed them at tables according to *his* assessment of *their* merits; here was the maid who knew the secrets of the household, its triumphs and scandals; there the musician who gave his art and style to generations of white performers but never, until recently, shared in the recognition. Here was a whole race that had walked through all the rooms of the white cultur but had never been allowed through the front doo The problem for the Negro was that his cultur and his life became too much mainstream, tha it was hard to distinguish what he had done an what he had absorbed, but that it was alway easy to distinguish *him* by the color of his skin.

James Baldwin once referred to himself as "bastard of the West." There was no full citizen ship—and no recognized tradition—for the blac man in America, yet there was no other place t go either.

> When I followed the line of my past [Baldwi wrote] I did not find myself in Europe but i Africa. And this meant that in some subtle way in a really profound way, I brought to Shake speare, Bach, Rembrandt, to the stones of Pari to the cathedral of Chartres, and to the Empir State Building, a special attitude. These wer not really my creations, they did not contai my history; I might search in them in vain for ever for any reflection of myself. I was an in terloper; this was not my heritage. At the sam time I had no other heritage which I could pos sibly hope to use—I had certainly been unfitte for the jungle or the tribe. I would have to ap propriate these white centuries, I would hav to make them mine—I would have to accept m special attitude, my special place in this schem —otherwise I would have no place in an scheme. . . .

Baldwin's problem was, and still is, the proble of every black person in America—and certainly o every black child in school. Was there a way t succeed in America without denying one's ow blackness, to make it *regardless* of (not in spit of) one's negritude? Was there a black identit beyond the limited roles that the official worl allowed? One could always hustle the world, coul con it, or adopt some form of Tomism, but wa there a way of really making it without pretendin that one was white?

Almost every black writer in America has bee preoccupied with this question, yet until recentl it remained in the realm of literature. It was some thing that came from the imagination, and there fore wasn't quite real. Perhaps such a proble doesn't in fact exist until someone can invent language—an imaginative form—to describe it. I this sense, then, it always remains a literary prob lem and the response, whether it is a child's poem or a professional's novel, is a rhetorical response Nonetheless, the literature, and the vast amoun of derivative material coming from the mimeo graph machines, are expressing a new set of at titudes, giving shape to a new style of persona and political behavior, and shaping the conten and practices of education. There are reasons fo what that child in Harlem wrote, for the fact tha there are public schools teaching Swahili, and tha

alcolm X is an appropriate figure for public-
nool commemoration.

In the past decade, perception of the Negro
oblem has moved in two directions: on the one
nd, it has become pop sociology; on the other,
nas been incorporated into a new mythology. The
st is the rhetoric of the matriarchal family, the
k of father figures, the passion for a "relevant
riculum"; the second, the growth of a world
African culture, black pride, and black power.
eston Wilcox, who has been an intellectual
okesman for the black school movement (and is
w chairman of the Association of Afro-Ameri-
n Educators), recently declared:

> The surge to restore the Black community in intellectual, psychological, physical, social, economic, and political terms is taking place in the form of a cultural revolution at the doorstep of the traditional Little Red Schoolhouse from which Black Americans have been planfully excluded. This culturally radical effort forces one to view the Black Restoration Movement as a nation-building activity—a process designed to build into the instinct and habit systems of Black people a need to view the many pieces of the struggle as a single conceptual response to white America's design to turn Black people away from their African heritage—and their historic charge to *figuratively* return to Africa to join in the liberation struggle of Black people around the world.

Examine the language: Black Restoration,
tion-building activity, the figurative return to
rica. With the exception of Marcus Garvey and
African nationalists, no American has ever
ked this way before. Black Americans are not to
ent an identity, or to regard themselves as
nplete Americans and fight for a place within
prevailing culture, they are to restore, to re-
n, to reclaim the things that America has taken
ay.

The compelling central figure in this drama is
the bourgeois manager negotiating with the
tablishment for more jobs or for a civil-rights
, nor even a Christian martyr, but a street
hter, a hustler, a high-style liver who masters
adversities on his own terms, the man who
nthesizes new meaning from familiar experi-
e. Martin Luther King still wins the polls as
great Negro leader," but it is the gut fighters
o command the imagination. King was the ul-
nate Southern preacher, the man who used
ditional materials—the cadences of the prayer
eting, the imperatives of the Christian witness,
moral confrontation—and improvised a new
style. Suffering promised salvation even to the oppressor. His style was Baptist, Southern, and rural. The new figures are urban. They begin as compromised individuals, men who have not simply been victimized as Negroes, but who have, often joyously, participated in the underworld of the ghetto. Men like Eldridge Cleaver, Claude Brown, and Malcolm X may never become mythic heroes, but their experiences on the city streets, however untypical, are now closer to home than those of the Southern plantation. (For certain intellectuals, black and white, they may also be a way of identifying with—and romanticizing—the poor.)

The prophetic hero is Malcolm X, the man who solved the riddle of blackness, and—apparently—grew up. Other Americans had come from the depths of the common black experience, had been corrupted by the white culture, and had risen above it. Malcolm did not invent the new cosmology—black power, black is beautiful, think black—or the mystique of Africanism. As he tells it in the *Autobiography*, it was all revealed to him, first in prison, and later on a visit to Mecca. But it was Malcolm who delivered it to the world, who spread the gospel:

> "You don't even know who you are," Reginald [his brother] had said. "You don't even know, the white devil has hidden it from you, that you are of a race of people of ancient civilizations, and riches in gold and kings. You don't even know your true family name, you wouldn't recognize your true language if you heard it. You have been cut off by the devil white man from all true knowledge of your own kind. You have been a victim of the evil of the devil white man ever since he murdered and raped and stole from your native land in the seeds of your forefathers. . . ."

All these revelations amounted to a religious experience, a transformation that he likened to the experience of St. Paul hearing the voice of Christ on the road to Damascus. What Malcolm heard was a coherent legend—a myth of plunder and conspiracy—that matched any classic tale of creation. The story came from Elijah Muhammad, the patriarch of the Muslims, whose servant Malcolm later became. According to the story, which runs for three pages in Malcolm's *Autobiography*, the first humans were black, among them the tribe of Shabazz from "which America's Negroes, so-called, descend." Among them was born a mad scientist named Mr. Yacub who was exiled with his followers. In his hatred toward Allah, Mr. Yacub created a white devil race which enslaved black men and turned what "had been a peaceful heaven on earth into a hell by quarreling and fighting." The story prophesied that this race would rule the earth for six thousand years and would then destroy itself. At that time the non-

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e devoted to problems of higher education. He
the author of "Village School Downtown," and
ites frequently on education and other social
ues.*

white people would rise again. That time was now at hand.

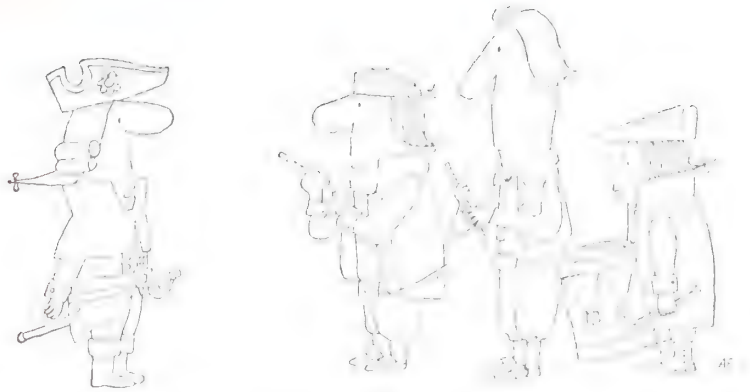
Malcolm eventually broke with Muhammad, and he repudiated the devil theory, but the story symbolizes the sense of racial theft that enrages the black teachers and intellectuals who are articulating the objectives of black schools and black culture. If Ben Franklin and Horatio Alger symbolized the mythology of the traditional American school—the school of hard work crowned by worldly success—Malcolm is coming to share with them a rhetorical and symbolic role in the ghetto school run by blacks. The significance of the mythology is not in its blackness, and certainly not in its disdain for hard work. Malcolm was as much of a Puritan as any Yankee schoolmarm—but in its apparent capacity to organize ghetto experience against the bankrupt claims of the official system. As a symbolic representation—a fantasy and a projection—it provides a rationale for the pursuit of African history and culture, for African dress and hair styles, and for the passionate search for history and tradition. If much of that history has to be created or magnified, if petty chiefs are being elevated into great kings, if obscure tinkerers are growing into great scientists, that does not fully obviate the validity of the myth or the needs it fulfills. Rather it enhances them. Every travesty of scholarship conducted in the name of African culture reflects a corresponding travesty in the name of American history and civilization.

At the heart of that mythology, however, lies a naïve faith in some sort of collective identity, and in the magical transformation that will produce it. That faith grows partly out of intimidation—intimidation, that is, by the self-congratulatory declarations of groups which have made it—and partly out of the bewilderment of a misunderstood and largely illusory failure. It assumes, for example, that the Negro is not an American, is, indeed, not much of anything, a sort of cultural savage who was stripped of his inheritance and given little in return. In its most primitive form—in its blackest versions—the myth depicts the white man as a thief who stole everything he has, whose economic and political power was achieved at the expense of the Negro. The Negro, in other words, was not merely a slave in America, he was the prime source of the white man's wealth. But in seeking to emulate other ethnic groups, even the sophisticated black nationalist who knows economic history better than to ascribe all American wealth to slavery—even he remains the victim of the white man's sociology. The Jews made it—according to the current notion—because they came to America with cultural traditions and an ethnic cohesiveness that provided identity and a basis for collective action. The Negro in this vision is still an immigrant; he, too, will make it by reclaiming his immigrant's baggage and starting the process of acculturation all over again. By going back, ba back into some sort of primordial past, into African kingdoms, to ancient Egypt, even to beginnings of human life (which, we are now t can be placed in Africa), the Negro will find hi self and achieve the power to be personally a socially effective.

This is confusion confounded. Malcolm ne shed his innocent's belief that in some Eastern African state, in some distant land, men h achieved the ability to live together in harm without friction or exploitation. His narrative the royal treatment he received from Arab sheiks and African politicians is the story o hustler pushing the golden elixir, a hipste version of the promised land. In his exotic d criptions of his pilgrimage to the East, there never a suggestion that Arabia is still a feu state which exploits its underclass as ruthles as any society on earth and whose record of slave is unmatched in human history. For Malcolm, t Middle East was a blessed society of mutual spect, racial brotherhood, and personal digni and American civilization was feudal and corru

The American myth has, in effect, been turn inside out, but it is still the American myth. M colm, in his last years, shed his Muslim pre cupations and his mystical racism. But he nev resolved his ambiguities about American valu Nor did he fully come to understand either his o Americanism or what it means to be an Americ Negro. Every black Peace Corps volunteer Senegal or Tanzania has discovered that in eve respect that matters he is not an African co home, but an American abroad. The national still imagines that he can will himself into African, and that by so doing, he can become wh in nineteenth-century romantic thought w described as the American Adam, the new ma free from the corruptions of the old world (th Europe, now America), who, in a new Eden (th America, now a country still to be imagine could build a world untainted by sin. The Afric mythology, rather than affirming the Negr American identity, rather than glorifying wants to strip him of it.

The black drive for recognition and the pressu for the institution of black forms—African a American—is riven with inconsistencies and a biguities. It wants to send the American Negro two symbolic transatlantic voyages when he pro ably has no need to make even one. At the sa time it is divided between the urge to foster indigenous Afro-American culture and its passi to give Negroes the power and possibilities to co trol Western institutions, technology, and cultu To deny anyone the opportunity to learn Swah may well be parochial or even racist; but to d mand in the name of black power that Swah



". . . or should it be two drummers and one fifer?"

taught is to ask a luxury that few people—white black—can afford. This is not to say that the rch for the black past and for the legitimate ognition of the black present is worthless. It ans only that it is misdirected and still too much ject to the implications of white supremacy. What the nationalists want to do with the ools is simply to replace white boredom with ck. They have, of course, every right to ask for It is no more damaging to fall asleep over Benin Banneker, Crispus Attucks, and the kings of the Nile than it is over Thomas Edison, m Adams, and the tariff of 1820. But in doing he nationalists are confusing symbol and substance and aping those forms and styles that stitute the weakest elements of the existing tem. In one breath they have declared the preling American myth a sham; in the next they ve adopted it, colored it black, and labeled it od. Scratch African nationalism just a little bit, d it comes out American: puritanical, messianic, l bourgeois. Deep inside him, Malcolm was a oss between the Ben Franklin of hard work and rift, the George F. Babbitt who knew that it paid advertise, and the Calvinistic moralist decrying decline in values. Without knowing it, Malm, too, was a bastard of the West. A school run gely on his ultimate premises—and there are likely to be many—would make any Yankee oolmaster proud.

Which is not to denigrate the idea of black wer, only to redefine and liberate it from the rsuit of a false ethnic model. A disproportionate mber of Negro intellectuals—and black militants—are bemused by Jews. Because the entire thology of urban education and ethnic cohesiveness is saturated with Jewish examples, and because in New York the schools are predominantly wish, that bemusement is understandable. The ws used the schools, why shouldn't the Negro? e Jews have Israel, why shouldn't the Negroes ve Africa? If the Jews relied on their old-world ture to propel them into the mainstream of nerica, why not the Negroes? The American Negro, in other words, is supposed to turn himself into an African so that he can become a Jew and thereby transform himself into a WASP.

It may well be true that the Jews were more successful than most ethnic groups in using the schools to gain advancement. Yet clearly that success—of whatever degree—was based on the character of the cultural content of Jewish tradition and not simply the existence of a culture. To the extent that they succeeded in the public schools, the Jews—and especially the European Jews—were superbly matched to the demands and style of their teachers and curriculum. The tradition of education, and the respect for teachers and learning was, in most instances, reinforced by the sense of mercantile values. Both coincided with the values and aspirations of the schools. The Jews were qualified bourgeois clients for bourgeois education. That those schools also happened to be Protestant—with "nondenominational" prayers and hymns and Protestant teachers—merely reinforced ethnic and religious cohesiveness and provided enough discrimination to motivate the recruits.

Most other immigrant groups did not use the schools for advancement into the mainstream. Irish or Italian power was exercised through the Church, the political ward, and a vast array of semi- or non-skilled political or commercial occupations, some of them of doubtful legality. Neither the Italians nor the Irish brought any great passion for intellectual attainment. Most of the Italians were southern villagers among whom there was no ideology of change. "Intellectual curiosity and originality were ridiculed or suppressed," wrote Nathan Glazer in *Beyond the Melting Pot*. " 'Do not make your child better than you are,' runs a south Italian proverb." And while the Irish dutifully sent their children to school (often to parochial school), they rarely expected the school to do much more than enforce standards of discipline, order, and morality.

The historical precedents for black power are, therefore, not educational but political; ethnic pride and cohesiveness manifested themselves in

political activity or in social and commercial associations, but they were antithetical to the educational practices and mythology of the schools. Even when the schools recognized ethnic distinctions, they usually did so in terms of condescending clichés: Italian grocers, Chinese laundries, Jewish tailors, and all the rest. In many instances, the best the schools ever did for any real display of cultural individuality was to treat it as quaint, and the frequent result was that children of immigrant parents were embarrassed by the customs and manners of their elders.

Black power, despite its mythological overtones, is more like Irish or Italian power than Jewish power. Though its prime objective in the cities includes the schools, the most immediate results are likely to be political and not educational. What it contains in educational or cultural theory—leaving aside its African mystique—is not very far from the mainstream. At the same time, restoration of some form of political ward system (which, after all, is what local control resembles) may be the most effective route of entry into the mainstream. The schools and social services generally (welfare, social work, poverty programs) are the major growth areas in the social economy today.

The claims of black or community power for school control are, needless to say, perfectly legitimate, not because they necessarily promise educational superiority, but because in the American political tradition public institutions are presumably controlled by the people they serve. When a black community leader declares that a particular public school is "our school," he is speaking as an American, not as an educational theorist. To oppose colonialism, after all, is not necessarily to be an African. "We are," said a Negro who was demonstrating for local control, "like Boston Tea Party Indians."

What the black experience can bring to the classroom and to the educational process (in black schools as well as white) is its own passion, its own humanity, its own techniques for survival in a society that threatens increasingly to make every individual invisible. There is no necessity to make a virtue of suffering, or to romanticize the glories of Negro survival under brutalizing conditions. The image of the ubiquitous plantation revolutionary—every man a Nat Turner—is as sentimental as the mythology of the happy slave. Stereotypes, it seems, always tend to breed countertypes. Nonetheless, there is hardly any argument against the assertion—the fact—that the Negro's life in America and his accumulated experience and passions represent something that demands recognition, something that this society and especially its schools desperately needs.

The trouble with the conventional school is not its failure to credit the achievements of "great Negroes"—one sees their pictures pinned to every wallboard of every black school in America: Kir Thurgood Marshall, Dr. Charles Drew, Willi H. Hastie, Baldwin—but its failure to recogni the cultural and social importance of the Neg experience. The pictures on the wall (or the nam in the book) affirm that a bunch of black gu given a chance, can do as well as whites in t white man's game. And surely this is importa But perhaps it is equally important—more i portant—to indicate that some whites, if they wo hard at it, are almost as good as blacks as ja musicians, dancers, athletes, and human being that, indeed, there are whites who believe fervently in justice as blacks. Which is to say th the schools might begin to consider the questi of whether the many things to which they now p only lip service may not be of greater value tha the things they actually practice and rewar Where is the school that regards the arts, musi literature on a par with formalized and routinize operations of the three R's, and that upholds t graces of civilized life—good food, good storie personal and moral courage, and political and leg justice—with the rhetoric of petty bourgeois life thrift, punctuality, conformity? In this respec it is not the bourgeois character of the schools tha can and should be altered, but their pettines What they lack is the sense of high purpose. The suffer, in short, from an historic innocence. Ye they are out of place, but they are also out of tim and out of mind. They exist in a middle world lik prisons, police stations, and penal colonies—are, i a sense, part of a world that is neither black no white, neither modern and technological, no traditional and humane. If they are irrelevant t the Negro, it is not simply because they are miss ing the peculiar idiom of the ghetto, because the deal in white picket fences and green lawns whil their pupils know only tenements and asphalt. I is because they don't deal in the fundamentals o life at all: birth, death, love, violence, passion because they don't recognize the morality or the brevity of human existence; because, in thei passion for fundamentals they miss the elemental: the tragic, the heroic, the beautiful, the ugly. And it is in these things that the Negro and his experience may have far more to ask, far more to contribute.

> That man [wrote Baldwin] who is forced each day to snatch his manhood, his dignity, out of the fire of human cruelty that rages to destroy it, knows if he survives his effort, and even if he does not survive it, something about himself and human life that no school on earth—and indeed, no church—can teach.

And indeed, these cannot be taught, they can only be learned, yet clearly they can be part of the ethos in which schools and teachers operate. The schools can recognize that singing the blues is not an aberration, but a universal condition.

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ohn Thompson

ESTERDAYS IN GRAND RAPIDS

Reckoning from a tablet placed by engineers of the United States Government in the center of the Public Square, or Fulton Street Park, Grand Rapids is in latitude 42° 57′ 49.02″ north; and in longitude 85° 40′ 1.65″ west from Greenwich, England, and 8° 37′ 13.65″ west of Washington, D.C. Our time is therefore 34 minutes and 28.91 seconds slower than that of Washington. In latitude we are very nearly upon a line with Portsmouth on the Atlantic coast, with the interior cities of Buffalo, Milwaukee and Madison, and midway between San Francisco and Portland on the Pacific coast side. We are but very little north of the European cities of Madrid, Rome, and Constantinople.

Albert Baxter, A History of the City of Grand Rapids, *1891*.

I

used to be coming home, not going home. I ld sneak in like a thief in the night. I came on train then, up from college in Ohio through the ands and into Southern Michigan, a real milk n. It stopped often and they loaded the domed y-gallon milk cans from the racks where the ners left them by the roadbed. There was an ine and sometimes a mail car and the milk car a passenger car that was like a caboose, with al stove in the middle. I remember once the neer or the fireman saying something to a man . buffalo-check mackinaw by one of the milk forms and the man said, Oh, he had forgotten th the engine throttled down you could hear n easily. Their voices were like lettering in air. It was a clear cool day, probably Thanksng vacation. After a while the man came back two boxes of eggs and handed them up to the The Iron Horse snorted and we rattled on to next place. Retired railroaders used to deadl on that train just for something to do, and were about the only passengers. They wore s and looked at their chained watches a lot, rainmen used to. It was thirty years ago.

Coming in to Grand Rapids we went through Cutlerville and past the new General Motors plant and Plaster Creek and past the sidings of the gaunt old brick furniture plants, then dead or dying, soon to be as otherworldly as Roman aqueducts, to the marshaling yards, past blown smoke and those junk-fenced backyards with dead hollyhocks and sunflowers that line all American railway tracks, and two-and-three-story wooden tenements with washings on the back railings where the outside stairs go up, and past the asphalted truckline parks where the herds of trailers rested, twice as big as boxcars and already carrying more goods than the rails did, and into Union Station.

It would not really be night and I would not really be sneaking in like a thief, because my father and my two sisters and my brother-in-law would be there to meet me. I was more like some uncaught criminal who had to go back again and again by daylight to the scene of the crime. I didn't know what the crime was. All I knew was that there was something I had to hide and that it was shameful to be that way. Now I think that what I had to hide, what I had to hide so hard it almost killed me, was that I loved them.

Union Station had a big humpbacked shed that could take six or eight trains under it. It was cold and full of the sweet smell of coke. They met me there. For that milk train, there would be no crowd, but years later after the War when I used to come in on the Pullman off the Wolverine with Dilly and maybe Robie Macauley and Joe Brewer, also going home from New York for Christmas, and the train full of college kids, all of them somebody's friends or relatives, there might be big crowds with many people one knew. There were suitcases, and eyes darting everywhere, hands waving, glad cries, hugs, jostlings, steam hissing from the airbrake couplings and everybody's breath white in the cold air of the shed, everybody talking at once, laughter, and my older sister Kathryn and my father standing there at the edge of a bottomless pit where I would fall. I could

never get used to discovering again that I was taller than she, to say nothing of him. She would smile with that look on her round face that I believe now was, for that moment, simply an expression of the kind of love and pride that anyone, any woman at all, is entitled to feel for her brother who has grown up and gone away and who comes home. My father fidgeted beside her, eager but shy, grinning, ready to be told he was doing something wrong. There were, at that moment, no tears in my sister's eyes. Someplace deeper than Hell yawned at my feet and I walked straight across it on nothing but the rickety scaffold of my own loud laughter and blabber, looking around, sideways and back, counting them all, bumping suitcases, collecting and being collected, herding and being herded through the crowd. I was a steer in the slaughterhouse chute. The façade of the station was two or three blocks long, brick with tall sort of Italian Renaissance arched windows and for the main entrance a pediment with four enormous sooted Ionic pillars, and then up behind the pediment a dome with clocks in it. Union Station has been torn down now for the Expressway, which is no wonder because like so many American towns Grand Rapids by the middle 1950s had already become impossible to get to on the train.

II

All hometowns are like Troy, of course, and we all believe with the accurate faith of Heinrich Schliemann that the true Ilion, "seventh of nine settlements on the same spot," still lies there under the mere huge windy tumulus of the present. The Ilion of our childhood has little but its geographical location in common with what stands there now; and that great place established as if by the gods expressly for us to grow up in had little to do with what may have stood there before. Before? Except for Southerners and for some New Englanders, there is no Before for American children. Past, present, and future are all there in that seventh city of Ilion and not only can we excavate it easily and completely but, when we do, it all switches on like some toy city, the lights, trolleys, automobiles, people, all begin to jerk about, there are sounds, whistles, horns, songs; and all those poor little persons, switched back to life, loom once more into their Homeric order, lifting stones such as twenty men couldn't budge today. They rule our lives, rising before us shining or baleful with an intensity far beyond the weak abilities of any other time; they are as irreplaceable, they are as inimitable and yet as potent in stamping with their typed identities all mere mortals who follow them as were the ranked deities of Olympus.

In the early days game of many kinds, and fish, were abundant; but of the native meats, except fish, the near-by supply is exhau ed. Fish are yet taken from the river and adj waters in considerable quantities; but the ar the deer and the wild geese, ducks and tur ys, partridges and quails, are no longer the r du victims of the huntsman for the morning wal. By the pioneers, wolves, bears, and wil its were often encountered, and even so lat as 1856 wild bear were sometimes seen pera u- lating the streets of the city. Deer and t rs once had a "runway" crossing the river a he still water just above the rapids. But thei ay is long since passed.

Baxter, Grand Rapids, 1 1

III

—When I grew up here the Negro commu was—

—Black. Let's say Black.

—I know. I'm old-fashioned I guess. Even y students have to remind me sometimes to Black.

—Yeah. You know, as long ago as when I w kid I never liked that word Negro. It sounded—v I guess even then it sounded like a euphemism

—For Nigger. Or as they say down South, Ni

—Nigra. You can't mispronounce Black.

—With my friends, you know, in New Y you're a Spade.

—Yeah, that's a little in-group word. It's gett kind of old now. You were to say that to the these days, it's bad news.

We talked about Small's Paradise and the Rooster in Harlem where, as I explained, I d feel much at home anymore. Reggie Gatling, ex utive director of the Kentfields Group Reha itation Center in Grand Rapids, combed splendid bush of his moustache and laughed, t ing back behind his desk. Clearly he was a v busy man and yet one so secure, even so co fortable in his total occupation—in charge only of his Rehabilition Center for youths, wi he says, the lowest recidivist rate in the count but obviously involved far beyond that, a ve busy executive and organizer—so comfortable th like good generals in books he knows how to li at ease in constant crisis. He can turn off telephone and send his assistants away, if he fe like it, to chat for most of a morning with an i quiring stranger.

Reggie Gatling was amused by what I sa

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it the old self-contained community with its
to and its churches and its own regulation of
mplex social life under its own Captain Coe
ie Grand Rapids Police Force, and amused by
t I posited as the disruption of that system
he waves of immigration.

That's not it at all. That's not what it's all
it. You're all wrong. What's changed is just
k Power. We are not going to have our chil-
destroyed anymore by white racism. We are
Black Power by any and all means whatsoever.
all and any means whatsoever. . . . Vietnam?
, I hope that war goes on forever. When our
come back from there, they're trained. And
understand. They're for the Cong, all of
n. . . . Sure, sure, I know. These liberals come
nd with their Planned Parenthood. And we
'em out. It's genocide. We want Black babies.
told them to go to hell. You say we're ten per
. I say we're more like forty-nine per
and it won't be so long before we take over.
Elect? Sure, we can elect a few niggers here
there. Can't elect a Black man, yet. . . . They
t find Black teachers! Of course they can't.
wouldn't know a teacher if he bit 'em. I can
Black teachers with all the qualifications you
name, right down the line. . . . Look, I know
phone's tapped. I know what happened to Ed
e and Malcolm and LeRoi. . . .

e admires the young people today. He hadn't
that kind of nerve, to stand up to a cop and
Pig.

music class at Sigsbee School we sang "Old
k Joe" and, *Down in the cornfield, hear that
ental sound, all the darkies are asleepin
so's in de cold cold ground.* Charles Molson,
Black—not "black" of course any more than
n "white," I can see his face now, round
ing, the color of polished slate; he grins
ng us as we all tag along up Fuller Avenue one
noon after school, walking Dorotha Rieksе
e, the belle of the sixth grade. We walk not
tly with her but in our eleven-year-old loutish-
we skulk a few paces behind her where she
ls with two or three attendant maidens of
Court of Venus. Dorotha had come to us in
ifth grade from some unknown elsewhere, tall,
nitiated in a fascinating way somewhere
bearing under her cashmere sweater the first
of breasts we had ever seen on a contempo-
of ours. We all fell head over heels in love
her. We sat behind her every Friday night at
movies and had a soda with her afterwards at
ner's, and sometimes, as we are doing on this
noon, we walk her home: Ben Litscher.
en Frost, Guy Dygert, a couple of other fel-
. Charles Molson is with us.

meplace along the way, Charles drops off, and
at this moment I look into his eyes. I too will
off at my corner, so will each of the other
boys, wishing probably each of us that we might be asked to continue on along but not expecting it. I was never in my life inside the door of Dorotha Rieksе's house, never was invited to her birthday parties.

Yet when Charles dropped off there, attired in a hideous mustard and raspberry diamond patterned sweater just like the rest of us, corduroy or blue-serge knickers, sagging knee stockings and high tennis shoes, just like the rest of us when he dropped off it made a picture to remember always.

He is not saying anything. His round face, color of polished slate, bulge in a slight and terribly complicated grin. There must have been a moment we looked at one another, a look that petrified the air along the line of sight between our two faces into an eternal rod like an iron crowbar. Dorotha and her entourage prattled on along the sidewalk under the maple leaves, and then he was gone, in this one moment that I recorded to last as long as I live. He drifted [illegible] where the houses are smaller and less adorned with front porches and bay windows, over there where in the section of some forty or fifty city blocks the Dutchmen live and then past that the niggers.

[illegible] He wrote for our mimeographed Annual the account of the great Henry School game. *Bob Palmer got the ball and made a [illegible] brought the ball to within five yards from their goal and Charles Cadey carried it over. Sigsbee 6—Henry 0.* Chuck Molson made the second, and, as it proved, the winning touchdown. He wore the same clothes we did and talked just like the rest of us, the way people in Michigan talk, a standard enough [illegible] the peculiar [illegible] to the "Jokes" section of our Annual he is immortalized thus.

Molson: "I'm [illegible] a great singer."
Boy: "Wheah you all learn to sing?"
Molson: "I graduate from [illegible] school."
Boy: "[illegible]"

In high [illegible] "Old Black Joe" and "Down in the Cornfield" [illegible] where my [illegible] Bones" [illegible] ting in blackface with enormous painted red lips and a gold-headed walking stick, to our applause [illegible] impossible for him to make any movement that [illegible] will [illegible] about basketball as a game

but she just liked to see him move. I remember that very clearly, where, and when, and what it smelled like in the crowded balcony of the gym. He was our black panther.

And I remember as perfectly as we remember all those trivial things that somehow stir up our ignorance, that transfix and dismay the circuits of our memory like some unwelcome surge of voltage beyond their capacities, I remember that at one of those games some friend in judicious approval told me to note how carefully Bernard, when the water boy brought the one towel to the five gasping and sweating players at a time-out, how carefully but casually Bernard would flip the towel on along around the ring, and managed always to use it last. He went to college and flew a P-47 against the Germans and survived that and became a lawyer. I don't know where he is now, nor where you may be, Charles Molson, Chuck, who won the game against Henry School and whose eyes I met one afternoon on the east side of Fuller Avenue just south of Bemis Street when we were eleven years old.

Reggie Gatling recommends for the Hong Kong flu, which has me halfway down today and all the way down some other days, plenty of Scotch. We talk about this and that, and then, Well, maybe, he says, maybe he'll just go to Africa and die.

GRAND RAPIDS.
Its Many Charms and Superior Advantages.

Busy, beautiful and prosperous—this describes Grand Rapids. Covering the hills and spreading over the valley of the river Grand, the metropolis of Western Michigan is a modern city. It has business houses of which any city might be proud. It has stately mansions, improved streets and twentieth century conveniences. Its public buildings are ample, its parks are spacious, its schools are up-to-date. The city is an industrial center containing many factories and is surrounded by rich farming country. . . . No city in the land offers greater advantages to the business man . . . or more attractions for the home seeker. No city in the land gives a more cordial welcome to the new comer.

Grand Rapids Illustrated, *1902.*

The only thing comparable to going home were those days of "depression" that used to dog me wherever I might be. How apt that term, for mental states and for the economic and political era in which I grew up. "A sunken place; dullness or inactivity, as of trade; dejection; sadness greater and more prolonged than that warranted by any objective reason. . . ." The simplest normal activities of everyday life slump to a halt. The wheels rust and all the pleasures of active getting and spending corrode in crusts of lethargy, introspection, memory, and the soul is left sunken as if at the bottom of a mine shaft. Even the rages that burn underneath are smothered and dam so nothing comes of them but coiling fumes heavy to rise, too thick to disperse, great slov writhing hawsers of darkness, and you lie bo in them. There were days here in New Y (well, now and then there still are) whe could see the flowers I love in the bowls windowboxes withering, their leaves drying paper, the basil pot in the kitchen visibly shri ing and turning gray, and I would not bring th water. —Now suddenly I think why it sho be this particular and insignificant inability recall. It is because when I was a boy I spent l hours spraying the lawn and watering the flo beds my father cultivated all around our lot: i hours of daydreaming, below the level of drea mooning unaware over my losses and my hopel wishes, holding in my hands the end of the l stiffly pliant hose and its unfailingly pot knurled brass nozzle.

On those days of depression, my dreams—and depression I sleep long, long, and can be cured dreaming enough—my dreams take me back Grand Rapids, to the short street of small hou of wood or brick or stucco which are the allegori mansions of my life, to the modest backyards a leafy curbsides which are its enchanted landsca

Entire families I may never have seen since t age of ten appear charged with the grandeur the ranked and anointed get of some belted du or earl, and with all their patents of capability f being remarkable in each feature or gesture. Po little Mrs. Wennemer shines so for me now, st muddling about in the Wennemer house they le so many decades ago, next to the vacant lot whe Jack O'Neill led us against the Norwood gang snowball fights—Mrs. Wennemer's benign bla eyeglasses shine softly at me now over some pla of cookies or maybe toast spread with butter a brown sugar, in her shielded eyes some progen tive strain of the curse on the eyes of her so Willy Wennemer, my playmate, some invisib guilt for the uptilted sidelong glare of his wrenchingly crossed gaze.

Willy Wennemer moved away from my neigh borhood before he was ten and I never thought him again! Back, with the other drifting and voic less shades. . . . Fluttering, twittering shade leave me now. But look, I see them, the others, tha host of nymphs and maidens, they unveil their din transparent faces, unravished brides hovering fo the blood: there is one who truly died, that tin figure there, and is more surely buried than i the tomb of my memory alone, Geraldine Chaffee sweet butter-cheeked girl, I used to walk past he house down on Carlton Avenue in hopes of seein her on the porch swing, and we all went to he funeral when we were in the eighth grade. I wil not speak; an old man like me might frighten suc a child. Caroline Lachniet, I see you there. Eleano

vman and the McIntyre girls. I see Dorothy
e Moshier, so petite, I see Jeanne Baribeau and
a Jean Paul, Nefertete, the beautiful Sara
n whom I did not treat well, and Barbara Dor-
ı, Hod's girl from Central High who was such
ood dancer, and Marcia Kirkhoff, and there,
matic even here among the shadows, Jeanne
ich, we thought she looked like Eustacia Vye.
re is Dorotha, and Mary O'Brien, and Betty
bbe, lovely and fresh as a pink peony, and
ma whose last name I can't remember and
kissed me when I was thirteen—she was a
holic—and Jean Fales! Think of it, Jean Fales!
ckle-faced, long-stemmed, dashing, Faulkner
ht have written about her. She lived on my
et for a few years, her father was an Army
er and had a Franklin touring car. She kissed
when I was fourteen. And Barbara East! We
in one another's arms, unhappy, each of us
ove with somebody else. Opulently beautiful
en Evans, to you I would speak, but you raise
veil and turn aside, refusing to remember.
l always and forever my Bernice, who was and
ı was not mine, who here in the deep shadows
lways seventeen. I see you now, Bernice, your
ways laughing glance, just as when you were
he bright air. So many losses cannot be good
a man. But how could I blame you? I was by no
ns any kind of Odysseus, and who at that age
d be Penelope? Especially with no Odysseus. A
ı has to grow old and tough and wily to be
, or even to know much about women.

few weeks ago, I went up Glenwood Avenue
in for the first time in years (I don't know
going south was going up, on that flat street,
north was down, but it was)—when I went up
past our house, that whole world, all of it,
ı those two blocks, had shrunk to a fraction
ts former scale, as anyone would expect. For a
years, of course, that street was not only
nd Rapids but the world. Any trip away from
e carried me over distances as weird and
ty as Space to land me somewhere as strange
he moon. . . .

he street itself had shrunk, the houses had
inished themselves, the yards where I used to
n as in vast pastures had all but disappeared,
had become nothing really. The little houses
d shoulder to shoulder, with space between
n only for a narrow driveway to the garage
he rear of a backyard you can scarcely turn
nd in: big enough once for a baseball game.

I want to know anything about these houses,
ı about our house, my house, my father's house,
nnot simply look at them from the window of
rented car and recall who lived here. Nobody
lived in these dingy dollhouses! No, I have to
back from its buried depths that seventh
l of Troy, and look at that lost city in my
d's eye, where it is restored to its full size and
color and mystery and terror, and then how clear and simple it is. That is the O'Neills', on that side there the empty lot with the big apple tree that was Jack O'Neill's to climb in by right of seniority and to let others climb by his whim and favor (they built a double house there, goodbye apple tree, and Myron Kozman moved in upstairs), then there are the Bowmans', the Geisslers', McIntyres', Kendricks', Wolffs', and on the corner of Sherman Street the Schwanks' later to be the Logies'. So much for that side of the street.

Let me mention only one house on our side of the street. In some summer before I was old enough to go to school they built two houses in the vacant lot next door to us. The second of these houses had a hipped roof and blue shutters. Don Webber moved in and he was my age. But one day I was walking past the house, when it was brand new, with my mother. She walked slowly and there was a nurse with us. We walked up to the corner where there flourished a magnificent fountain-top elm; an old forest giant some farmer had spared. On the way back from the corner, my mother said as we passed the new house, "That's a storybook house." I remember that because I didn't understand it, which is why we remember so many things. My mother was smiling and holding the nurse's elbow. I don't have many memories of my mother. She said, "That's a storybook house." It was a sunny day, maybe early in autumn, and I would just as soon I had died that day as any other.

In almost every house on the street there were children, nearly of an age. When Chuck and Don Webber and I invited Jack O'Neill to come along while we played Doctor with—I suppose even now it is not fair to give her name—with a little friend of ours, he declined because his was too big and might hurt her. It was Donald who instructed us in these things. He had come to the neighborhood from someplace else, into that new house the other side of Hake's, and he was full of strange lore, much of it about girls. He even claimed that Muriel across the street, who was as old as my older sister, had hair growing between her legs, but this I found unbelievable, and I still to this day think of him as some kind of crook. There is a certain sort of swindler, a glib, plausible, sexual, handsome variety of fellow you run into here and there, likely to be redolent of foreign places and of the couches of more than a few famous ladies: he is always Donald.

In a recent visit to Grand Rapids I took Susan for a drive up that street which was my world for five years, and then down around Wilcox Park where Ben Litscher lived before the Depression, and around the block at Sigsbee School, my world for seven more years. Then we drove around and looked at the houses where my friends had lived, past Johnny Nind's on Woodward Lane (another and later casualty of the Depression), and Ot-

tawa Hills High School, up where Dave Evans lived, and we drove along all the streets I had walked all those years in high school, and back over to Sigsbee Street where my girl lived (in front of her house a Black man was shoveling his walk). I had set off with some idea that I was taking Susan on a great expedition. What happened was that even though I did a lot of doubling back it was all over before I knew it. If I hadn't managed to get the Hertz car stuck in the snow as I tried to show her the circle by Reeds Lake in Hodenpyl Woods where in the back seat of a Buick I first got layed, if I hadn't done that the whole trip would have been over in fifteen minutes. We saw everything there was to see in fifteen minutes. Such has it come to, the vast and monumented city of my youth.

IV

The real Grand Rapids is not mine. The real city is there, it actually exists, with 177,000 people in its central limits, the seventy-first city in the United States, just above Springfield, Massachusetts, and Nashville, and just below St. Petersburg and Gary. This real city has the problems of all American cities, people have moved out to the metropolitan areas, downtown is blighted, shoppers go to the great interplanetary shopping centers out on the Belt Line. It costs a fortune to get enough water, to get rid of the sewage, to build enough schools for the kids. The Black citizens want this and that. (The words "Grand Rapids" leap right out of any page of print for me, often enough in error when my glance has caught some other collocation of words with a capital G and a capital R. But now and then this flick of recognition is accurate. How strange to read, in the New York papers, about riots in Grand Rapids.)

It is often said that Grand Rapids has taken care of many of these things better than a lot of other cities. Of course there are stories about the money made off the first Lake Michigan pipeline, but the pipeline was built; and they built us a Civic Auditorium in the very depths of the Depression. There have always been capable people willing to pitch in and get these things done, and we must not take them for granted. These things get done in some parts of the world and do not get done in others. There are plenty of places on earth where they can't figure out how to bring clean water in or how to get rid of their own shit.

Rich people in Grand Rapids, unless they have some really enormous pile of inherited loot, so big it takes them two quarts of gin a day to stay on top of it, unless they are in these extremities they tend to go in for some sort of civic enterprise. And the factories are booming, printing, metals, furniture, and there is a big transport business, and the city does the banking for a large part of Michigan, and buys and sells. There are lots of jobs. You can spin along north, south, east, or west on the new ex pressways. Lower Monroe has been cleaned ou the old nineteenth-century buildings are gon those odd old Germanic brick structures so pila tered and corniced and silled, replaced by parkin lots and various city buildings, miniatures of th bronze Seagram Building or of some other clear cut cube on stylish stilts. . . . When I was a chil the Hearst papers on Sundays often had full-pag pictures of the world of the future, with big high ways zipping around through the sky like spille ribbons and shiny buildings all over. And jus such a vision our renewals all over America hav confirmed. Only we never guessed how scruffy could get down there under the expressways, ho easily concrete gets shabby, how monstrous th long long ramps can be. They are nothing like thos marvelous structures, real bridges over water, a we might have supposed they would be. Hearst artists drew those aerial ribbons without unde pinnings, and they didn't have to worry abou litter. We never guessed that those big open space would have to be filled up with autos. And most o all, we never guessed at the disorientation thes settings can induce. They're all just like going t New Haven. Whisk, you're off the New Englan expressway, and though your car slows down, you head is still going seventy miles an hour. The sig says "New Haven" all right, but what the hell this? Is it supposed to be finished? Is this the cit or an airport, or what? What are those strang buildings standing isolated and at such peculia angles to one another? Are there people in there What is all this space, space, space? How do I g out of here? The urb has been Renewed by an E: pert. But in Grand Rapids, maybe it will look nic You can't say they didn't try.

D.A.R.

Each year Mrs. William Gay of the Daugh ters of the American Revolution, donates a su of money to be used to cover the expense of trip to Lansing, by one representative fro each Republic Club in our local schools.

This year, I was chosen to represent Sigsbe School, and on May 14th, we met at the Rou Hotel at nine o'clock. We were all given ar bands of Red, White, and Blue ribbon. . . .

In Lansing, we went first to the State Scho for the Blind. There we saw blind boys and gir learning to read and write, and do variou things by which they earn their living, such a typewriting, broom-making, wood-workin shoe-repairing etc. I had not known that ou state did so much for blind people.

Then we went to the State Armory, where w saw guns of all kinds. Among them was a larg gun attached to an automobile. It shot bulle that weighed thirty-five pounds, and was d signed to hit Airplanes.

On our way to dinner we drove through Bla Gardens, which were lovely. We had our dinn

e main dining room of Michigan State Col- We had more than we could eat, so we d our cookies to eat on the way home.

e spent most of the afternoon in the Capitol ding, where we saw a great many interest- ınd historical things. . . .

t three o'clock, we all had the honor of shak- ıands with our governor, Mr. Green. . . . We for home about four-thirty, having had a wonderful day. —Margaret Thwaites

adolescence, each one's homeland," said e Schwartz. Any of us could carry on for- out our high-school years, and yet those ıave almost no literature worth mentioning. *tcher in the Rye* never seemed very real to or, I must admit, does what I observe of high schools seem very real. How impossible eve that these kids we see now, fifteen or years old, our own children perhaps, are as we lived then in a turmoil of pain and dis- and elation, living in a world of heroes and es, gods and goddesses really, and learning guage and customs of that country, acquir- e ways of feeling and acting which will ɔe lost no matter what passports we acquire hat other lands we may come to inhabit. is never another girl like the first real girl, such friends, never such necessary teachers. a time like that period of our infancy when, are told, we acquire suddenly the capability guage, and toddling at our mother's apron s we master the unbelievable intricacies of speech, so complex in their structures and ormations that no grammarian has ever ble really to describe them. It is the greatest ctual feat of our lives no matter who we are. ıild should miss that, if he should somehow it away from people when he is three and ears old, then that mysterious quickening lobes of his brain would be all for nothing: our one chance and it cannot come again.

t may be for us in our adolescence. Yes, some get through these years without goddesses ithout gods, without much love or much . And I believe I recognize them, too. *Who g others, are themselves as stone, Un- d, could, and to temptation slow. . . .* Yes, re the ones, *they are the Lords and owners ir faces.* And, I believe, it really is they who t heaven's graces. The rest of us, those who adolescence to be an entire world, well, many were lost there and it can take years and to get out.

ere was my girl. There was my teacher, "the ," Mary Baloyan, fierce, generous, dark-eyed, her profile that of her ancestors who wielded tars in Asia Minor. She taught me to read y and made me write things, and made me tor in our school plays; she was so good to savior of the order which can only be called that of absolute necessity. There is Dave Evans, who taught me to be a Socialist and to drink like a gentleman. I did once believe in both those noble attainments, and again it was necessary that this should have been. But I have no friends left from that age. They are still boys and girls in my archaeologist's Troy. I do not go back home to them and while I have not forgotten our clubs and our dances and our huddling in frozen automobiles it would not amuse me to recall it now. The scars of my accent still show where I came from, but that country no longer exists and I have denied it.

There was another Grand Rapids, too, this time almost the real one. Out of high school, I was still around for a while. The town was poor then. And like so many who grew up in the Depression, we never expected we would ever have real jobs. There was no place for us in the world. It was depressing. . . . Then the war came, and then after that Grand Rapids, like all of America, was flooded by the great overflowing and unreceding Nile of prosperity. My hometown was gone forever, gone for good.

The city I knew later, with Dilly and our children, when we came for so many years to wonderful homely old Gun Lake, this was no longer my hometown. It was someplace else. Oh, I could talk about it, but it was someplace else and not my hometown.

LONG-SMOLDERING FEUD IGNITES GVSC FRACAS

By Robert Alt

Grand Valley State College may be growing up.

Last week, a feud that had been brewing for months between Ottawa County officials and GVSC students erupted with the closing of the student newspaper, Lanthorn, and the arrest of its editor by the Ottawa County prosecutor's office. The prosecutor charged that the paper was obscene.

Friction between students in social organizations such as fraternities and those students who traditionally reject fraternity-sorority life increased.

While the Ottawa County police action may be unprecedented in Michigan, the feud between town and gown is traditional as is the friction between students associated with fraternities and those students highly critical of the fraternity life. The Interpreter, *December 11, 1968.*

Shall I now explain myself, shall I make clear what all my maundering in memories has been about, with scarcely so much as one real incident anywhere? It is very simple and it will not take long. There are three cities. First is the city of infancy, so tiny to everyone except to ourselves as infants; and to us then the whole world. There we learn to live among gods and goddesses, goblins

and princesses, hairy giants and broad-shouldered heroes. How can we ever ourselves expect to grow so large, to learn such strange ways, to command such nourishment, such obeisances, such freedom, and such power? Sometimes it almost seems better that we should remain forever small, roly-poly, appealing, helpless, prized by them in their foolishness because, although they must never know this, we have cast a spell over them with those secret and evil energies that burn like a hidden blast furnace within our childish souls.

And also, and to the contrary, because in that world contraries don't exist, we want things to be just, to be honest and balanced and out in the open and fair! Helpless except for our secret black magic, we know as infants that we could not survive if our giants had no sense of justice. And how bitterly we know its lack. Blind goddess indeed, goddess of threats and punishments, your scales in balance were our only hope! Let justice be done though the heavens fall. Thus children will say of a table arrangement that is not symmetrical, of a picture not in balance, of a view of scenery even, "It's not fair!" (When Louise was three she said this.) When we are so very little we believe in that Ideal Justice, and then we seek it again and where do we find it, how do we make it?

And how are we ever to gain entrance into that magic land that they inhabit, that great castle where utterly transformed at nightfall they dance in their marvelous plumed masks after we have been packed off to bed. What will they do to us when we claim entrance, what will we do to them? On both sides we are murderously armed.

In our adolescence we live in another city, big, pristine, all stretched out for us. Here we search for Man, Woman, Table, Chair, and so on. How often we think we have found them, only to see that this one we have fastened on is not really Man, is not really immemorial Woman. That is not true chair nor this true table. But perhaps we do find them. . . . Perhaps we find the gods and goddesses and the wise one, the Sybil, as I found Dave Evans and my Bernice and found Mary Baloyan; and then, the next thing we know, from that city we are exiled, no sooner do we learn our way round in it than we are pushed out. Joe McGee! It took me two or three minutes to remember his name. He was a senior in high school when I was a sophomore. I think he hadn't much money, but he was desperately handsome, belonged to a classy club, and danced with all the most beautiful girls. One day, later on, by what chance I don't know, I was eavesdropping around the fringes of some talk he was having with his peers, in the drugstore or someplace. How well I knew what he meant when he said, "What am I doing? I'm savin' up my money to go back to high school." You see what had happened to Joe McGee.

Others, as I said earlier, do not conduct this search for avatars, or do not find them, or [illegible] remember the images of infancy so as t[illegible] how to look for them—and these, as I ha[illegible] are the lords and owners of their faces. Th[illegible] duct the governments of our cities, they s[illegible] very real and unquestionably fascinating p[illegible] of water supply, sewage disposal, fire pro[illegible] law enforcement: never doubt that these aff[illegible] mand anything less than a very alert intel[illegible] and a determination to finish a job, neve[illegible] that it is worth a man's time to do them [illegible] loftily, they meet payrolls, they buy and se[illegible] gamble in the great game of American capi[illegible] they propose and they dispose. This is t[illegible] city; gods do not haunt it and no one wou[illegible] there for Man, for Woman, for Chair or T[illegible]

V

I have described three cities, three levels [illegible] Troy. But what have I said about the thir[illegible] the real city, the actual Grand Rapids, Mic[illegible] where every living man has to get up the re[illegible] bring home the bacon, where there are p[illegible] to be met and children to be fed and house[illegible] hauled in station wagons to the ski slopes, [illegible] fortunes and careers are to be made—whe[illegible] the citizens to contemplate if ever they go [illegible] town, and for convention visitors to buy pi[illegible] of on colored postcards in the Pantlind [illegible] there will be mounted an assemblage of shee[illegible] costing $100,000.

Neil Munro told me about this city. Of [illegible] I knew it was there but I didn't really know it [illegible] he told me. Neil is around thirty years old[illegible] modern, editor and publisher of the new w[illegible] *The Interpreter*, and his Grand Rapids is n[illegible] Grand Rapids of the Depression, when there [illegible] no jobs, no money, no girls—when there w[illegible] Neil Munro either with whom to have a very[illegible] and very wet lunch. But then what? Neither [illegible] can remember who it was that said Ameri[illegible] the only country that went directly from [illegible] barism to decadence without ever passing thr[illegible] the stage of civilization.

John O'Hara, Neil says, is the only writer [illegible] city makes him think of. Nobody else says [illegible] thing about this kind of town. Neil is right. [illegible] O'Hara's people live all of them haunte[illegible] nothing more than the ghost of their first [illegible] affair. After that there is no place to go, an[illegible] work and the banks offer them nothing but a [illegible] success and, rolling in money, they don't k[illegible] what is wrong. And yet we still think of the A[illegible] ican Midwest as though it were Winesburg, [illegible] In my day, or perhaps it was really only in my [illegible] sunken place, my dullness or inactivity, my [illegible] jection, my depression—in my own city, yes, I [illegible] were the lovelorn, the mute, the unequipped, [illegible] unsponsored, and the uninstructed, the frighte[illegible] a young man could hardly get layed, the girls [illegible]

rried or crazy virgins who went to church.
's like everyplace else.
interrupt ourselves, Neil and I, and we re-
now the Grand River is about the size of the
that the wealth of Florence under Lorenzo
dici and of Grand Rapids under—but we no
have our old city boss, Frank McKay—
whatever constellation rules it now, are not
ilar. This is not a happy thought and we
round the dark restaurant, packed with
eaters and bourbon drinkers and gin
rs and think for a moment of Florence, of
es and bell towers and bronzes. Well, why
Why not indeed. It is enough to make you
another martini. . . . But at least it is no
Winesburg, Ohio.

en you go to a cocktail party now you would
t to one of those mansions I called bulgy
ng crates, but to something designed by Al-
ow, elegant long tiers of brick and glass,
Rivers over the fireplace, both fireplace
ivers big enough to walk into. And if not
ely there, then surely at the consecutive cock-
rty you can't help it that there will be three
r girls each wanting to take you home to get
ed. And everyone is off to Paris or St.
z. To have your new suits made you go to
York. . . . Still, what is it for? Money flows
the troughs like swill to hogs, we can get
we say the old dirty words that used to be
nly on the way to Baldwin on Opening Day
ut loud in the presence of ladies, and the
say them back. . . .

s third of my cities, the real Grand Rapids,
its pavements and payrolls and sewers and
l bills, its money and its jobs, its money, this
vill never be real to anyone who has even
estigial ghost of a memory of having once
ited that first city of childhood. A city begins
ams, or, in order that I should not sound too
like those brochures on the charms of Grand
ls, it begins in nightmares, which are the
thing. Dreams, nightmares, they are built
e past but they are about the future. If the
ity denies these, then it is not real.

s it a good hometown? Was it? I would not
thought to say so before I began writing this,
es, it was. I think it is a better town for
ie Gatling's boys than it ever was for me,
h. They will succeed, no doubt in ways they
expect, but I never really tried. I thought it
d be some kind of Florence, some kind of
ns, some kind of city connected with my
er's face and with Dave Evans's bitter sense
stice and with Mary Baloyan's passionate
ction that expression must be true, but I
n't think of anything to do about it.

don't care now, and I am surprised, really,
I can remember so much. Most of your people,
d Rapids, are less frightened, from day to day, than most people in most places or most times have been. They are not threatened by starvation nor by whips nor by enemy swords, as most of mankind has always been threatened. If they have the supreme threat of hydrogen dissolution hanging over their heads day and night, hanging by a hair plucked from the head of Richard M. Nixon, well, we all live with this (how do we?) and who is to say that this is your fault, or who is to say that anyone knows better than you what to do about it. You are not deliberately cruel, except to yourself, as you say over and over again, "I must be ignorant, I must not aspire, I must not cast doubt, I must bring home the bacon." And yet you know as well as I do what was said in that little volume which has been one of my favorite books for as long as I have been able to read, the one from which I cribbed the title for this procession of dim reveries. In its narrow green cover it stood between the bookends under the tasseled lamp of our "library table" on Glenwood Avenue, *The Yesterdays of Grand Rapids*. Its author, Captain Charles E. Belknap, still poses in his bronze Boy Scout uniform with his bronze moustaches in the little park named for him at the fork of Fulton and Lake Drive. He was a wonderful writer gifted in natural comedy and thus he was unafraid to know tragedy when he saw it:

"Although Grand Rapids was a good-sized town when I came here, the islands were still in the river. . . . I was somewhat older before I really appreciated the great sycamores at the water's edge, the island plateau of giant water elms, the almost tropical mass of grape vine that festooned the trees, and in every depression the wild plum and crabapple that crowded the elder bushes and sumac. . . . But even then the three islands were almost without a blemish. Indians never built a fire at the foot of a tree and the high water that flooded the islands each year washed them free of all refuse of their camps. The heavy covering of grass and plants prevented washing of the soil. The prevailing west winds wafted the odors of trees and flowers over the village.

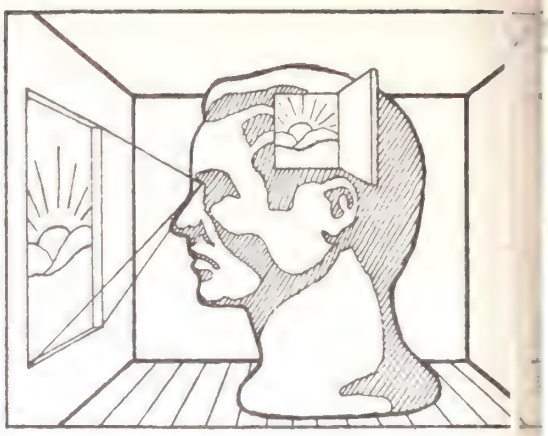
"May not an old man of today be forgiven for a longing that this beautiful playground of his boyhood might have been spared for his great-grand-children? Only men of deep thinking can tell you how long nature was in creating these islands, but any schoolboy with a piece of chalk can figure how long man was in obliterating the last trace of them."

Those islands in his dream city had actually existed, rooted in earth and watered by our river and flowering magnificently in the bright real air as well as in his dreams, but we know what he was talking about. He was talking about the city we have all destroyed, cowards, dirty cowards, our hometown of justice and truth where I was born in Grand Rapids.

Harper's Magazine, May 1969

LIVING THERE

by James Dickey

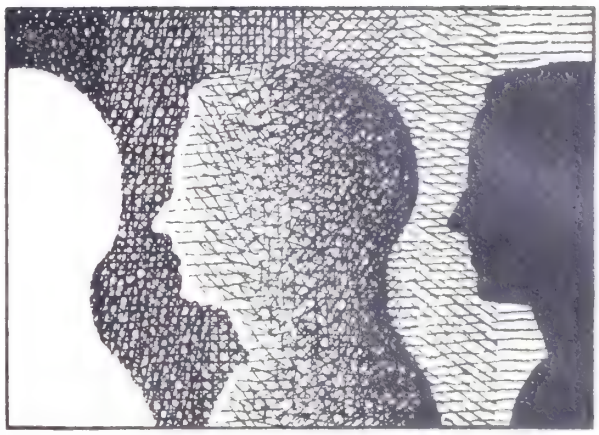


The Keeper
Is silent is living in the air not
Breathable, of time. It is gray
Winter in the woods where he lives.
They've been cut down; you can see through
What he is keeping what used to be a room
In a house with one side turned
To trees. There are no woods now, only other
Houses. Old Self like a younger brother, like a son, we'd come rambling
Out of the house in wagons, turn off the back
Driveway and bump at full bump-speed down
Through the woods, the branches flickering
With us, with the whole thing of home
A blur, gone rolling in leaves. But people are always coming

To know woods to know rooms in houses
That've been torn down. Where we live, you and I,
My youth and my middle
Age where we live with our family, miles away
From home, from my old home,
I have rooms
I keep, but these old ones, the ones where I grew
Up, are in the air
Of winter they are over
Other houses like ghosts. The house lives only
In my head while I look and the sun sinks
Through the floors that were here: the floors
Of time. Brother, it is a long way to the real

House I keep. Those rooms are growing
Intolerable in minds I made
Up, though all seems calm when I walk
Into them as though I belonged there. Sleepers are stirring an arm lies
Over a face, and the lights are burning
In the fish tank. It is not like this,
But it will be. One day those forms will rise
And leave and age
And come back and that house will flame like this
In the Keeper's head
With the last sun; it will be gone,
And someone will not be able
To believe there is only nothing





Where his room was, next to his father's,
Blue-eyed blue-eyed the fixer the wagon-master
Blazing in death
With life: will not be able to look
Into windows of the room where he saw,
For the first time, his own blood.
That room fills only with dying
Solar flame with only the backyard wind
Only the lack
Of trees, of the screech-owl my mother always thought
Was a hurt dog. And tell me for the Lord God
's sake, where are all our old
Dogs?
Home?
Which way is that?
Is it this vacant lot? These woven fences?
Or is it hundreds

Of miles away, where I am the Keeper
Of rooms turning night and day
Into memory? Is it the place I now live
And die in the place I manage
In? Is it with those people who never knew
These people, except for me? Those people sleeping
Eating my food loading
Their minds with love their rooms with what they love
And must lose, and cannot forget? Those fish
Tanks those James Bond posters those telescopes
And microscopes and the hidden pictures
Of naked girls? Who are they? And will they come foolishly
Back to stare at nothing
But sunset, where the blood flowed and the wagon wheel grew whole in the hands
Of the bald-headed father? Will they look into those rooms where now
They sleep, and see nothing but moonlight nothing but everything
Far and long
Gone, long gone? Why does the Keeper go blind
With sunset? The mad, weeping Keeper who can't keep
A God-damned thing who knows he can't keep everything
Or anything alive: none of his rooms, his people
His past, his youth, himself,
But cannot let them die? Yes, I keep
Some of those people, not in wagons but in the all-night glimmer
Of fish in the secret glimmer
Of unfolding girls. I think I know—
I know them well. I call them, for a little while, sons.

Harper's Magazine, May 1969

Oscar Lewis

ONE CAN SUFFER ANYWHERE

INTRODUCTION

In June 1963, when I began my study of her family, Dolores was thirty-six years old. She lived in the San Juan slum I have called La Esmeralda, in a flimsy two-room shack at the edge of the sea where there was an ever-present danger of being swept away by high waves. Dolores had bought the little house for $450 with money she won in the lottery. She used the rest of her winnings to install electricity, running water, a tiny toilet, a refrigerator, and a few pieces of shabby secondhand furniture. Dolores lived with her fourth husband, Arturo, her nine-year-old son Millo, of a previous marriage, her mother *doña* Carmen, and a young man who was a boarder.

Dolores had formerly been the economic mainstay of her mother and son but she was now too ill to work. The family income was very meager and sporadic. Arturo, who often disappeared for days, would give Dolores a few pesos now and then. Millo's earnings as a shoeshine boy at that time rarely exceeded a dollar or two a day. *Doña* Carmen had a steady but small income of $7.50 a month from relief, and Araceli, who contributed only when he was working, gave just enough to pay for his food and for Dolores' daily supply of cigarettes and beer.

From the tender age of six or seven, Dolores had worked as a coffee picker, a charcoal burner, and a domestic servant in the hill country of Jayuya. She never attended school and was still illiterate. At age fifteen she left the country for San Juan where she worked as a housemaid and a kitchen helper until age twenty-one, when she became pregnant and was married. Abandoned by her husband after the birth of her second child, Dolores went back to work, but was unable to hold a job because of severe asthma attacks. When she and her mother and children were on the verge of starvation, she took up prostitution.

Dolores was pretty and spirited but the harsh experience of her profession, the death of her son, and her own explosive, violently self-destructive personality undermined her health. When I met her she was pale, emaciated, almost bedridden, and obviously very ill. She was an erratic informant but when she felt well she told her story with enjoyment and with lively humor. Dolores died of tuberculosis five months after my last interview with her. The following excerpt is from my forthcoming book, "Six Women: A Study of Three Generations in a Puerto Rican Family."—*Oscar Lewis*

I

I was terribly ill and when I went to the clinic, I was told the X-rays showed a little shadow on my lungs. That's when the illness really got me. I suffered and cried and couldn't even eat. I couldn't get a doctor to come here because they think La Esmeralda is too dangerous a place. Anyway, nobody bothers about poor people. Not one doctor would come to my house, not even for money.

But finally a doctor came and he told me li
was precious and I should go to the sanatoriu
He cheered me up a bit and said not to think
much about myself and to think a little more abo
my son and how he would be an orphan if I di
I had to stay alive for Millo's sake. It would on
be for a couple of months, the doctor said. H
promised to visit me but he didn't show

He deceived me. He just promised in order the trap for me. But I got quite a lot better my stay at the hospital. At least I'm still nd giving trouble.

first I was afraid of hospitals and didn't o go. But seeing I was more dead than alive, led I might as well be there as in the grave- I was very sad when I packed my things. It to leave one's home and I already felt deso- ithout my son.

t together a little over forty dollars that day ed some of it to play the daily double at the I pooled my money with someone else's and We'll be sure to hit it today because you're shares with a corpse. If we win, send my to the sanatorium." I made over one hundred s, and *mamá* and *comai* Sofía deposited the in the bank in my name. I told them, "Take y-five dollars because my son is staying with That left me seventy-five dollars.

ing my first day at the sanatorium I was d very well but there was a nurse in the shift who treated us brutally as if we were with no family or anything. The only people ame to see me were my *mamá*, my son, *comai* and her husband Antonio. As the amount ney I had diminished, so did the number of I received. Finally Antonio and *comai* Sofía ed coming altogether and even *mamá* came wice a month.

und out they wanted to sell my house because took it for granted that I was going to die. although it's a lovely place with a view of a and I hated to lose it, I gave my consent. *mamá* "I know I'll never get out of this tal so sell it." That goes to show how much I had of getting better. Why, at that time I ed only sixty pounds. Before that I had ed one hundred and fifty.

e day *mami* withdrew the last twenty-five s from my account she brought me some l tubers and codfish, still in hot water to keep warm. I said "*Mami*, you bring me this, yet orgot the one thing I asked you for, a dress to church in. You know that when a person re dead than alive he must go settle his ac- with God."

a later visit she brought me a green dress a lot of shiny ornaments, something to dress , not to wear in church. I wasn't allowed to t anyway. The only thing they permitted was t of uniform the women patients used, a light- blouse with a dark-blue skirt.

the end I didn't get to Mass at all because the olic priests didn't come except to bring the aments to give to a dying person. They paid tention to the others. So it was the Evangel- who came to see me. They go to the sana- im every day. From early in the morning until or seven in the evening you could see them going up and down. I got to believe more in the Evangelical than in the Catholic religion because the priests wouldn't see you until you were at your last gasp. By that time what did you need them for? You were too far gone to tell them your sins. Arturo visited me while I was sick. He wasn't bad then, it was later he got that way, and I know it was something they did to him through spells and witchcraft. But he didn't abandon me in my time of trouble. On the contrary, it made him very sad. He came to see me every single day because at Christmas time they allowed visitors daily. And he always brought me something to eat, knowing I wouldn't touch the hospital food. He brought apples, malt beer, all kinds of juices, and three or four dollars for spending money besides. It's true that he was often drunk and quarrelsome, but that's forgivable.

II

Our life in the sanatorium was like that of hogs, nothing but eating and sleeping. At seven a bell rang for breakfast. We had to bathe at eight and at nine we had to go back to sleep until eleven, which was lunchtime. From twelve to three we had to sleep again. From three until four, which was dinner time, we were allowed to be awake, and after eating we had to sleep once more. They didn't allow us to walk around much, and an asthmatic like me needs to walk.

A person with TB is always trembling with cold. I asked for a blanket and they sent me word that if I wasn't satisfied with the way the hospital was run I was free to leave whenever I wanted to.

But Miss Marcos was different. I'm very grateful to her because she was so nice to me and acted as if she was really fond of me. Sometimes she would put as many as five pillows under my head and pile blankets on top of me. She and a colored nurse were the only ones who were kind to me. They bathed me too. The rest, when it was their turn to bathe me, would say, "Whether you like it or not, you have to get up and take a bath. What are you, a pig? Doesn't dirt bother you?"

Finally, they moved me to a building called *El Monte* where they sent everyone who suffered from four or five illnesses at the same time.

As they say, people in jail or in the hospital know everything that goes on outside. Every day there are new arrivals who tell you what your relatives are up to, and the patients who go out on an eighteen-day pass find out what's going on. It was while I was at *El Monte* that I learned how my child was suffering at *comai* Sofía's. They felt he was a lot of bother and they mistreated him. I was told how my son had been cruelly beaten with an electric-light cord and I also learned how Arturo had been beaten up in La Esmeralda on Christmas Eve. Those things made me suf-

fer so much that I knew I couldn't get well there.

Besides I didn't eat the food because everything was served up cold, even the oatmeal. They had an electric cart to keep things hot but I don't know for how long. The boiled eggs they gave us were hard with the yolks blue on the outside and when they served chicken it was always boiled. What's the point of eating something with all the nourishment boiled out of it?

To top everything off, one day I found two rat turds on my tray. I smelled them so there was no doubt they were just that. I called the nurse on duty and told her off in strong language, really bad. The man who brought the food wasn't to blame for that; it was the cook. So I called Orlando the cook and told him, "Will you stop being a filthy pig and be more careful about the food?"

"It isn't my fault," he protested. "They don't rinse the trays and the kitchen is full of rats. But if you think I'm to blame, I'll resign." And he went and did just that.

Well, that day the nurse came and said I couldn't return the food untouched like that. I had to eat it. I didn't want to spoil the other patients' appetites so I said, "I have a high fever and it takes away my appetite." Then they came and took my temperature. By that time my anger had made it rise so much they had to give me pills to lower it.

III

My chief amusement was looking out of the window. Some had dominoes or a bingo game to pass the time, but I had nothing like that. My life was what it would have been in jail, chatting with my friends. The woman in the bed next to mine was even more fed up with life than I was, having been in the sanatorium twenty-two years with no hope of ever getting out. A fallen broomstick was what she looked like.

In the bed on the other side of mine was *doña* Primavera, a little old woman who liked to joke with me. I was very fond of her and called her Grandmother. She had twenty-three children and forty-eight grandchildren. They all came to visit her and brought her many gifts. They were well-off people with good careers. One was a secretary, another an engineer. And imagine, every one of them had a car! They kept coming and going all day long, and all of us in the ward would be practically dying of heat and stuffiness with so many people there. There were no electric fans.

The little old woman died in my arms, so to speak. I always helped the nurse to bathe her and that day when it was time for her bath she said, "Oh, I don't feel like getting up and going to the bathroom."

"Well, you have to whether you want to or not," the nurse told her.

The heater was out of order so she was bathed in cold water, and then the nurse wheeled [illegible] and left her sitting in the wheelchair [illegible] dressing her or combing her hair. I helped [illegible] on her pajamas and then I picked her up and [illegible] her on the bed. That poor skeleton didn't [illegible] more than thirty pounds. After I settled [illegible] said, "Lower the bed."

I lowered the head until the bed was [illegible] thought, "*Ay,* now I'll lie down myself a [illegible] some rest."

But she said, "Put on my stockings, powd[illegible] and comb my hair."

When I had done that the little old lady [illegible] "Now give me my medicines." So I gave h[illegible] medicines, two little pills and a heart pill.

Suddenly she let out a howl, "Hooo–" [illegible] gasped, "Raise it, raise it!"

I raised the head of the bed until she was s[illegible] up. She kept moaning, "*Ay, ay, ay,*" so I wen[illegible] called the nurse.

"Ah, let her die," she said. "She's always s[illegible] ing around, the biggest pest in the whole w[illegible]

"That's not true," I said. "And *doña* Prim[illegible] is really on her deathbed. I know because her [illegible] have straightened out." She was crosseyed [illegible] you never knew where the hell she was loo[illegible] She "looked against the government" as they [illegible] Well, then they came right away and gave [illegible] oxygen. She kept saying, "Oh, when will my [illegible] dren get here?"

When they came I told them about the scar[illegible] had given me and they begged the nurse to le[illegible] of them stay until seven. So one of the girls st[illegible] at her mother's bedside while thirty-three [illegible] relatives waited downstairs.

I saw a spasm pass over *doña* Primavera's [illegible] so I went and held her hand. She held on tight[illegible] shook it hard, and then suddenly she went lim[illegible] over. Her daughter said, "What's Mother doi[illegible]"

"Nothing," I answered. "She's just fa[illegible] asleep."

I lowered the bed and straightened the old la[illegible]'s body out. After that I ran to the office and told [illegible] nurse, "Miss Cintrón, I think the little old [illegible] has left this world."

"She has? Did you disconnect the oxygen?"

"No, I'm not supposed to. That's a nurse's j[illegible]"

"Did you lower her bed so she won't stiffen [illegible] bent position?"

"Hell, do you expect me to do that too? Well [illegible] a matter of fact, I did."

Oscar Lewis' book "La Vida"—about three gen[illegible] tions of a Puerto Rican family in the slums of [illegible] Juan and New York—won the 1967 National B[illegible] Award. He has been professor of anthropolog[illegible] the University of Illinois since 1948 and is [illegible] author of several other landmark studies in [illegible] culture of poverty, including "Five Famili[illegible] "The Children of Sánchez," and "Pedro Martín[illegible]

le I was at the sanatorium seven patients
: my side and I helped to prepare every one
corpses. It's easy. All they do is wrap them
a sheet and wind a lot of sticking plaster
l and around the body. People ask me if that
scare me. Well, it didn't. Being all alone on
street is the kind of thing that frightens
hen someone died I pushed the screen in
of the empty bed so I could pretend the per-
is still there. But no bed stayed empty long.
a patient died, no more than an hour passed
a new patient was settled in her bed.
t along well with all the patients in the ward
three. One of them was a woman of the gay
he was worse off than I because on top of
TB she was a whore. She was always quar-
with me. One time I was sitting on the toilet
I had to vomit. I couldn't get off the toilet so
ted on the floor, which was against the rules.
ln't help it, the vomit just came out, green
all the drugs I was taking. Then the girl
nd told the nurse although I begged her not
ause I was going to clean up the mess right
The nurse came and reproved me, but she
olite about it because she called me aside
d of speaking in front of the others.
ie of the other nurses scolded us as if we
children. There was nothing they wouldn't
, from "poor dope" on down. One time my
r came to visit me and a nurse told her, "*Ay*,
ly, you screw around so you're more bother
baby. I'm fed up with you." *Mami* went out
ng and after that I only saw her from a
ce. She refused to go visiting in the ward

day my *mamá* came as far as the outside
I was standing inside talking with her when
se, a young kid of eighteen or so, came up
dirty words to me and *mamá*. I answered
back and said, "Don't go shooting off your
outh at me, you lump! No matter how wide
)en your jaws you can't swallow me. I'm TB
)u're not, so if you want to stay healthy don't
ke me to spit on you." Those were my very
. No one can be disrespectful to my *mamá*
nt of me because a mother is a mother no
r how bad she is.
ela, one of the patients, slapped a nurse
d Miss Acosta the day before she died. Adela
alled for Miss Acosta, but it took four order-
) lift her and set her on the bedpan because
as so terribly swollen that she weighed 275
ls. The men were called but they took their
coming, and Adela said to Miss Acosta,
e here. Stand by my bed, Miss Acosta. Do
now that I'm going to die?"
ss Acosta came nearer and said, "What do
ant, Adela?"
ist this!" Adela said, and hauled off and hit
Acosta right smack on her freckled face so hard that she stumbled back and knocked down the screen as she fell. I don't know how a woman so monstrously fat managed to lift herself up in bed and put so much force into the blow.

That event was a great joy to all of us and we talked and talked about it. As for Miss Acosta, she took a two-week vacation. By the time she came back, Adela was dead and buried. And Miss Acosta was glad.

IV

One day I asked for a three-day pass to leave the hospital to sell my house. I didn't mean I wanted to leave for good. I had every intention of coming back. I spoke politely to the doctor about it. "Rodriguez, I want to go see if I can sell my house and find a secure home for my little boy because my mother has vaginal cancer and can't take care of him any longer."

He said I couldn't go for any reason whatsoever because I wasn't strong enough to walk around.

I said that I could do it. "I'll make a heart from my guts to do what has to be done." I spoke calmly and politely but he refused my request again. "Do it for your mother's sake," I pleaded. "For the sake of whomever you love most, Rodriguez. If I'm not back in three days you can send for me. You can have me brought back under arrest or any way you like. I'll leave my address with you."

"You can't go," was his answer.

When he said that I broke down. I couldn't help it. Then I told him all my reasons again.

"Do you want to see the social worker and tell her all this?"

"Yes, send for her. I want to see her face to face as I'm seeing you."

"Are you defying me?"

"No, I'm not defying you, am I?"

"Don't you believe in God?"

"No, nor in your whoring mother either." I was pretty mad at him by then.

The nurse, Miss Cintrón, was there and she was good, terribly good. She understood my reasons for wanting to go. She said, "Dr. Rodriguez, let's give her a chance to go, and if she doesn't come back we can send for her."

I said to the doctor, "Listen, I don't believe in anything, not even in God. You let me go whether you want to or not, or I'll swing myself down from the porch and sneak away. What do you say to that?"

"You wouldn't dare."

"I can tie sheets together and slide down. It's only three floors. I'm willing to risk it."

"What if you fall and get killed?"

"Then I'll be screwed, but sick or well I have to see that my son is properly taken care of."

Then he said to me, "You're crazy. I'm going to

call the social worker so she'll bring a psychiatrist for you."

The social worker came and tried to talk me out of it, so I explained everything all over again.

"What do you want, your release from the hospital?"

"All right, my release then."

"Well, if you go, it's under your own responsibility. Do you have any clothes?"

"No, but I'll buy or borrow some."

I had eight dollars so I bought a dress from a girl there for two dollars and she also made me a gift of a brassiere and a small purse. Then I offered her a quarter to iron the dress for me and she did.

At lunchtime, Cintrón came to me and said, "Figueroa, there isn't any lunch for you. They've already notified everybody about your release so you'll have to go now."

When my dress was ready I put it on. I could hardly walk, especially in the high-heeled shoes I had worn the day I went in but they were all I had. I had to stop and rest every few steps. I had a big bundle of food, ripe bananas, oranges, apples, everything that might spoil. The rest I left behind for Arturo to pick up the next day.

On the way out I met one of the prisoners who did the cleaning and he said to me, "If I were a free man I'd carry your bundle out there for you."

"Thanks a lot," I answered, "but when anyone gets out of here it's because they're strong enough to carry a bundle for themselves."

When I got to the lower part of the grounds I felt dizzy so I stopped and rested for about half an hour before I took the bus to San Juan. When I got off I looked for a taxi but didn't see one so I walked the rest of the way home. It was after four when I got to La Esmeralda and I had left the hospital at eleven. My knees were so weak I could hardly stand up and carry my bundle. I was half dead.

Arturo was at home. I found the house swept and tidy, as neat and pretty as a doll's house. It was a lovely place to come home to. I certainly can't complain of Arturo on that score. But I felt lonely without my child and I said to Arturo, "If I don't see my boy tonight I think I'll die."

"One night goes quickly," Arturo said. He slept on the couch and I on the bed. In the morning he said, "Go to the Public Health Unit to see if they'll accept you as a patient there. After that you can go to your sister's and get Millo."

I went for Millo with *comai* Magda and her son Robert. When Millo saw me he rushed into my arms and we embraced so closely we almost fell into the lagoon. He was so happy to see me, madly happy! For me it was the greatest joy, as if I had won first prize in the lottery.

Comai Sofía was about to take him to the sanatorium for a chest X-ray but when *mamá* saw me she said to him, "Oh, forget about the trip a go home with your *mamá*," as if the child w e a burden to her and she wanted to get rid o im quickly. No sooner had I come in and sat dowr an they packed his clothes and set his suitcase t the door.

Early in the afternoon we left, Millo and R ert carrying between them the shopping bag in ich they'd stuffed a few of Millo's extra things. ter ón that evening Antonio came with the rest c he clothes in the suitcase.

So here I am. Since that day I've been s ıg-gling to do my best for Millo until I win o ie. I couldn't go back to the sanatorium so the ır-ranged for me to get medicines and treatmer, at the Public Health Unit. They gave me some : all pills and once when I'd been spitting up a l of blood they washed out my bronchial tubes. T do this they put a saucerful of salt water in ur mouth and start up an electric motor. As soc as my mouth is full of water I make a sign witl ıy hand and they stop the machine. After that I it out the water into a basin and all the phlegm c, es out with it. It's easy.

Later I got a hemoptysis. I never had one be re and it's a bad thing. A lot of blood comes out id one has a choking fit and that's bad for me bec se I'm asthmatic. I didn't have any clots, just blood. The doctor said to me, "It's called he o-tysis, but it might be a result of the blows yo re suffered in your life."

When the blood comes in clots you can chok n them. There was a doctor in the sanatorium didn't feel disgusted by those things. He'd put s hand into a patient's mouth and take out the b d clots. I myself pulled out a big clot from anot r patient's throat while waiting for the nurse o come.

I suffer less at home than at the sanatorium - cause I was so alone there. But in the sanatori one stays in bed most of the time, and here I h to get up to prepare something for my son to wash his few clothes and tidy the house. Mone scarcer at home, but I feel easier in my mind a calmer because if it's God's will to take me, w my son beside me at least I can die in peace. I w him beside me until my last gasp. I would hate die in a hospital where he couldn't ever see again. To take a corpse out of a hospital you h to pay twenty-five dollars.

V

For the first three months after I left the sar torium I lived a happy life with Arturo. He haved very well. He was really good to me. An know he didn't walk out on me of his own free w He was forced out by witchcraft, by the spells th worked on him. I'm a nonbeliever but I do belie in witchcraft. How else can it be explained that

:n walk out of his house one day, happy and
ı spirits, and stay away three or four days,
en return still happy, grinning from ear to
ometimes I quarreled with him when that
ıed. Sometimes I didn't because I knew it
s destiny to act like that.
still keeps coming back but only as an out-
night come to help. He isn't a husband to
:ept that he helps me out and eats here. He
t bring me any money but he takes the
and sweeps the place. And he washes the
s and dishes so he pays his way like that and
the little food he eats.
t my trust in God and hope Arturo will get
his because life can't be all bitterness. I'm
all I can, pleading with God to make Arturo
o his senses. The trouble with Arturo is that
as neglected him. He tells me that when he
here he feels as if he were going into a jail.
:hat too. If I had my wish I'd fly off far away,
know God doesn't give wings to venomous
ls.

I feel calmer now that I'm with my son.
now my son is my only support. I live on
he earns shining shoes, one dollar or one
:y-five every day. Some days he brings me
ch as three dollars.
)ody told him to shine shoes. He saw other
loing it and he begged me to get him a shoe-
kit. He said he wasn't earning enough as a
nger boy or carrying groceries for a quarter
f a dollar. I asked him where he'd learned to
shoes and he said, "Uncle Antonio taught
I thought he was lying but I got the stuff to-
r for him, knowing that I ran the risk of his
ng his customers' pants while shining their
. But so far my son has done very well. He's
ng his own potatoes and mine too.
my little boy is the man of the house. Because
n I don't need a man to support me. If I should
hat child I'd die off in a minute or let myself
til I was eaten up by my disease. What would
vithout him? He's completely necessary to me.
at child means more to me than my mother
ather and all my relatives rolled into one. I'm
ng to get something from Public Welfare but
that time comes he's my only support. When
'e a bowel movement he's the one that takes
he chamber pot and throws the stuff away. If
loor has to be scrubbed he won't let me do it
loes it himself. He doesn't rest a minute, not
ninute.
ncourage Millo to study. I want my son to go
hool. I feel so proud when I see all these chil-
here going to school and know how happy
mothers are that their children are learn-
It doesn't do *us* any good but it does them
and I enjoy seeing their happiness. I envy
ı too, that life made them so fortunate.
l like Millo to be a lawyer because lawyers de-
fend those who are in trouble. Or maybe a teacher, or at least an engineer. Or a doctor, to save the weak and the ill from death. I'd never want him to be a judge. It's true that judges sometimes free the innocent but they often condemn others equally innocent.

Those are my hopes and dreams for my son. He's in the third grade but so far he hasn't learned to read although he knows how to write. I scold him. I say, "Don't be a dumb animal, don't be stupid, don't be a four-footed beast." I use the strap on him to teach him to study but even that does no good. He won't open a book. He says the books they give him at school are only meant to be carried back and forth. I think that boy has cockroaches in the brain. Everything I tell him goes in one ear and out the other.

VI

As for suffering, one can suffer anywhere. And when one's time comes one dies of anything. I'm not afraid of death nor of anything else. I never was afraid of catching TB, and now that I have it, I'm still not afraid of it. When *compai* Pardo had TB, I gave him coffee in the same cups we used. I never kept anything separate for him. Blanca has gone around saying that when she drank out of one of my glasses I'd throw it away, but that's a lie. I've never done that to anybody with TB. Four of *comai* Eva's children have TB and when they come here I serve them food and drink in the same plates and cups we use.

My relatives don't feel disgusted by my illness either. They don't keep any dishes separate for me or anything like that. When I go to *comai* Sofía's house she lets me eat and drink from anything. I'm the one who takes precautions because I don't want to infect her little boy. Her older girl already had TB once. One day I drank water from a glass and her youngest girl took the glass and drank the water I had left in it. Since then I always drink from my cupped hands. My neighbors haven't avoided me either in spite of my illness. If I need anything they are the first to come to help me.

When I swallowed insecticide the other day, it was the neighbors who tried to get the poison out of my system. They made me drink oil and a lot of other things while waiting for me to go to the hospital. At the hospital they pumped my stomach and gave me stuff to make me vomit. I haven't been at all well since then. My mind wanders and I feel I'm not quite all there. I've spoiled the rice by putting in sugar instead of salt. No, I didn't come out at all well from that suicide attempt.

I did it because my son had been falsely accused of stealing a shoe brush. Millo swore that he didn't take the brush. I asked the boys in the plaza and they said he hadn't stolen it. I looked everywhere and I couldn't find it. But Magda's Robert, my

son's own cousin, went around saying that Millo stole it and the story stuck. Now everybody takes my boy for a thief.

Yes, *comai* Magda's and Robert's lies about my son hurt me so much I decided to put myself out of the way even if it meant that he had to go to an orphanage or a reform school. I told Robert that if I died it would be his fault. I might even have killed Millo before I killed myself because I didn't like the situation at all. I don't regret having thought of that either. Better he should be killed by me than by a detective.

VII

God has never yet made anyone in order to abandon him completely. "God chokes but he doesn't strangle" is a very true saying. When they took me to the hospital after I drank that cockroach poison, my sister Alicia went along. She said to the nurse who came with the cops, "My sister isn't going alone with the police. My work can wait. I'm going along." And she walked out on her work, her husband, and her daughters to go to the hospital with me.

But I feel resentful because I know that right now my family would be mistreating my son if I didn't stand in the way. I made a mistake trying to kill myself. I repent it with all my heart because now I know if I die my son would be alone. He wouldn't have a single person who'd stand up for him and they'd really swallow him up.

One of the nurses at the Puerta de Tierra hospital said to me, "Let's live, shall we, and bring up our little boy? If you can live until he's twenty or twenty-one, at least he'd be strong enough to defend himself when you leave him. Think better of it, Figueroa."

And another nurse said, "Try to live your life even if you have to creep under a stone with your child for shelter. Only remember, as long as he's with his mother, he isn't defenseless."

I'm really grateful to those nurses for their good advice and to the many friends who've pointed out to me that I'm needed to help my child. Now if anyone should try to take my son away from me, they'd find I'm like a lioness defending her cub.

But if my family mistreats him I keep my mouth shut because they're relatives. Relatives can say anything they want to. Last night, *comai* Magda yelled at him, "Horse's ass! Beast!" Well, if he's any part of a horse he must be the son of a mare and a mare's sister must be a mare too. That's what I thought, but I kept it to myself because Magda and I are sisters and *comadres*. If anybody else said that to me I wouldn't be afraid to make a knife-blade dance in his guts.

I get terribly angry too when I know my son has done something bad. Then I have no peace and can do nothing but brood over it. And the day it actually happens I get a crying spell and am so ri... I want to kill myself or get even somehow. I'd ... capable of killing Millo if he happened to be ...

The other day *doña* Olivia, a Negro w... came to complain. "See here, neighbor, your lit... boy fired a water pistol straight into my ey..."

I said to her, "Just wait until he com... watch me take the hide off him. He should ... ashamed of himself!"

"Oh no!" she said, "I didn't mean th... should bite the kid's head off."

"Look here," I said, "if it's a matter of ... heads off, I'm willing to bite yours off. Co... and fight!"

"No, no," she said, "I don't want to hit ... you either."

"Don't go thinking I'm scared of you b... you're bigger," I yelled. "Just you wait—" ... went after her with the stick I use to bar the ...

When she saw me rush to the top of the ... with that stick, she turned tail and ran be... could get down the steps. I screamed afte... "You old fool of a bitch, why do you run a... Are you afraid of a woman like me, with her ... all rotted away? Go on, hit me, you can beat ... any time. Just try, that's all! I don't give a ... what happens to me and I'm going to kic... right out of the room and into your coffin, ... I don't!" Yes sir, those were the very words ... on old *doña* Olivia.

Comadre Magda and I wouldn't speak to ... other for a long time but then we made up. ... all, she's the only one who can lend me a ha... case of need. So quarrel or no quarrel, wheth... not she says nasty things about my son, I ha... bow my head and take it because she's the ... person who will do me a favor.

Magda's home was the only place I ever we... and not very often at that. That's where I wat... TV. Now I watch the programs on her set ... my window. But I go there if I see her loo... tired. The other day, she had fourteen school s... to iron for her boys, and I did them all for her, ... three dresses to boot. That day I ironed from e... in the morning until four in the afternoon ... that husband of hers isn't grateful at all!

I'm not going to let jealous people who want ... out of the way get me down. I won't be a fool ... more and I'll wait to die whenever God wills. I ... to the Public Health Unit to get my pills. T... used to take X-rays of my chest each time I w... but I don't need one for another six months ... cause the doctor says my health is better.

My appetite is much better, too. If a piece ... meat is set before me I eat it. When I went to ... sanatorium I was dying, a mere heap of bone ... was at the very border of the country of the b... ones, but God thought I wasn't good enough ... get in and He turned me back. I had my strug... with death but now it has forgotten all about ...



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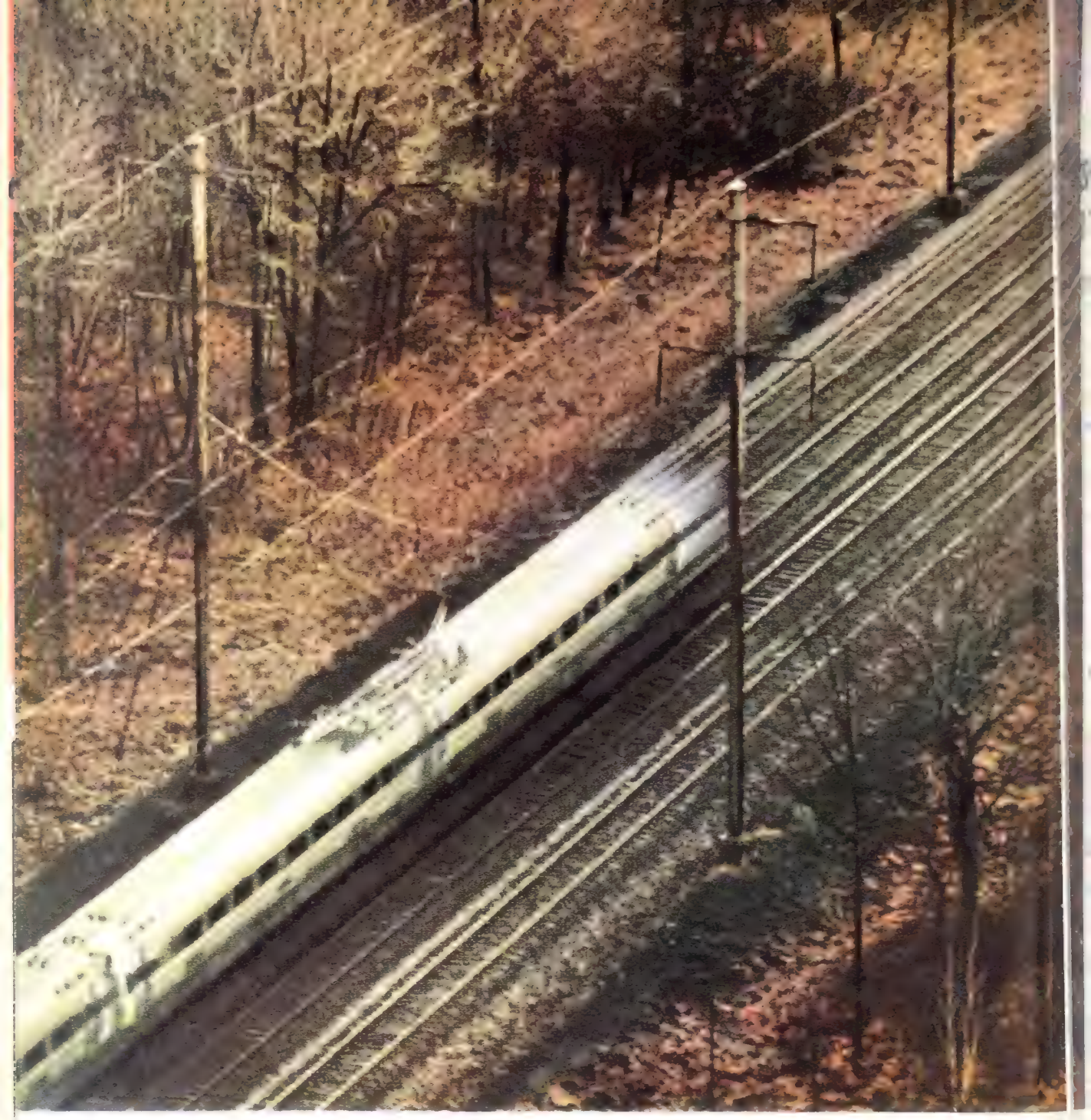
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An increasing amount of confidential information is being stored in data processing systems. Computer users recognize the need to protect this information. Bob Courtney works on better ways to help them do it.

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NCE WHEN
) THEY CHARGE ADMISSION

tory by Wright Morris



n the morning they left Kansas. May had tuned in for the weather and heard of the earth-ke in San Francisco, where her daughter, Janice, was seven months pregnant. So she had ed her. Her husband, Vernon Dickey, answered the phone. He was a native Californian so accus-ed to earthquakes he thought nothing of them. It was the wind he feared.

"When I read about those twisters," he said to May, "I don't know how you people stand it." He ldn't believe that May had never seen a twister till she saw one on TV, and that one in Missouri.

"Ask him about the riots." Cliff had asked her.

"What riots, Mrs. Chalmers?"

It was no trouble for May to see that Janice could use someone around the house to talk to. She was like her father, Cliff, in that it took children to draw her out. Her sister, Charlene would talk the leg off a stranger but the girls had never talked much to each other. But now they would, once the men got out of the house. It had been Cliff's idea to bring Charlene along since she had never been out of Kansas. She had never seen an ocean. She had never been higher than Estes Park.

On their way to the beach, Charlene cried, "Look! Look!" She pointed into the sunlight; May could see the light shimmering on the water.

"That's the beach," said Janice.

"Just *look*," Charlene replied.

"You folks come over here often?" asked Cliff.

"On Vernon's days off," replied Janice.

"If it's a weekday," said May, "you wouldn't find ten people on a beach in Merrick County."

"You wouldn't because there's no beach for them to go to," said Janice.

Cliff liked the way Janice spoke up for California, since that was what she was stuck with. He didn't like it, himself. Nothing had its own place. Hardly any of the corners were square. All through the Sunday morning service he could hear the plastic propellers spinning at the corner gas station, and the loud bang when they checked the oil and slammed down the hood. Vernon Dickey took it all in his stride, the way he did the riots.

Janice said, "Vernon's mother can't understand anybody who lives where they have dust storms."

"I'd rather see it blow than feel it shake," said Cliff.

"Ho–ho!" said Vernon.

"I suppose it's one thing or another," said May. "When I read about India I'm always thankful."

Cliff honked his horn at the sharp turns in the road. The fog stood offshore just far enough to let the sun shine yellow on the beach sand. At the foot of the slope the beach road turned left through a grove of trees. Up ahead of them a chain, stretched between two posts, blocked the road. On the left side a portable contractor's toilet was brightly painted with green and yellow flowers. A cardboard sign attached to the chain read, *Admission 50¢*.

"Since when do they charge admission?" Janice asked. She looked at her husband, a policeman on his day off. As Cliff stopped the car a young man in the booth put out his head.

"In heaven's name," May said. She had never seen a man with such a head of hair outside of *The National Geographic*. He had a beard that seemed to grow from the hair on his chest. A brass padlock joined the ends of a chain around his neck.

"How come the fifty-cent fee?" said Vernon. "It's a public beach."

"It's a racket," said the youth. "You can pay it or not pay it." He didn't seem to care. A his back stood a girl with brown hair to her v st, framing a smiling, vacant, pimpled face. She as eating popcorn; the butter and salt greased er lips.

"I don't know why anyone should pay it," id May. "Cliff, drive ahead."

Cliff said, "You like to lower the chain?"

When the boy stepped from the booth he ad nothing on but a jockstrap. The way his p np buttocks were tanned it was plain that was a he was accustomed to wear. He stooped with his l k-side toward the car, but the hood was between m and the ladies. As the chain slacked Cliff d ve over it, slowly, into the parking lot.

"What in the world do you make of *that*?" a ed May.

"He's a hippie," said Janice. "They're hipp ."

"Now I've finally seen one," said May. ne twisted in the seat to take a look back.

"Maybe they're having a love-in down he ," said Vernon, and guffawed. Cliff had never n a man with a sense of humor that stayed wi in bounds.

"Park anywhere," said Janice.

"You come down here alone?" asked May.

Vernon said, "Mrs. Chalmers, you don't nee to worry. They're crazy but they're not violent

Cliff maneuvered between the trucks and s to where the front wheels thumped against a d it-wood log. The sand began there, some of it b v-ing in the offshore breeze. The tide had washe p a sandbar, just ahead, that concealed the beach d most of the people on it. Way over, maybe fiv n ten miles, was the coastline just west of the Go n Gate, with the tier on tier of houses that Cliff knew to be Daly City. From the bridge, on the y over, Vernon had pointed it out. Vernon and Ja e had a home there, but they wanted something n e out in the open, nearer the beach. As a matte f fact, Cliff had come up with the idea of build g them something. He was a builder. He and l y lived in a house that he had built. If Vernon w d come up with the piece of land, Cliff would m e or less promise to put a house on it. Vernon w d help him on the weekends, and his days off.

"What about a little place over there," s d Cliff, and wagged his finger at the slope near a beach. Right below it were the huge rocks bl k as the water, but light on their tops. That was p l

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Wright Morris spent his boyhood in Nebras went to Pomona College, and now lives across Gate from San Francisco. His novel, "The F of Vision," won the National Book Award (195 his most recent book is "God's Country and People," with photos and text.

One day some fellow smarter than the rest make roof tiles or fertilizer out of it.

›st of the year it's cold and foggy," said ›n, "too cold for the kids."

hat good is a cold, windy beach?" said May. ıd turned to take the whip of the wind on her No one answered her question. It didn't seem ght time to give it much thought. Cliff got cnic basket out of the rear and tossed the blanket to Vernon. There was enough sand when they shook it, to blow back in his face. st like at home," Cliff said to Vernon, who ved.

'non had been born and raised in California, e had got his Army training near Lubbock, , where the dust still blew. Now he led off d the beach, walking along the basin left the tide had receded. Charlene trailed along d him wearing the flowered pajama suit she orn since they left Colby, on the fourth of They had covered twenty-one hundred and eight miles in five days and half of one night, ıt the wheel. Charlene could drive, but May feel she could be trusted on the interstate ays, where they drove so fast. There was a every day, about an hour after lunch, when ng Cliff could think or do would keep him dozing off. He'd jerk up when he'd hear the of gravel or feel the pull of the wheel on the s shoulder. Then he'd be good for a few more till it happened again. The score of times ıappened Cliff might have killed them all but ıldn't bring himself to pull over and stop. It d him to think of the long drive back.

xcept where it was green, in Utah," said May, looked the same to me since we left home."

rs. Chalmers," said Vernon, "you should've ı the other side of the car."

vas enlightening to Cliff, after all he'd heard the population explosion, to see how wide and empty most of the country was. In the ing he might feel he was all alone in it. The time of day was the forty miles or so he got fore breakfast. They slipped by so easy he times felt he would just like to drive forever. 'omen in the car quiet until he stopped for Anything May saw before she had her coffee ost on her. After breakfast Cliff didn't know seemed longer: the day he put in waiting for ark, or the long night he put in waiting for ght. He had forgotten about trains until they o stop for the night.

rnon said, "I understand that when they take alt out of the water there'll be no more water ems. Is that right, Mr. Chalmers?"

e her mother, Charlene said, "There'll just be 's." Was there anything Cliff had given these besides a poor start? He turned to see how e, who was seven months pregnant, was mak- ut. The way her feet had sunk into the sand she was no taller than her mother. With their backsides to the wind both women looked broad as a barn. One day Janice was a girl—the next day you couldn't tell her from her mother. That part of her life that she looked old would prove to be the longest, but seem the shortest. Her mother hardly knew a thing, or cared, about what had happened since the war. The sight of anything aging, or anything just beginning, like that unborn child she was lugging, affected Cliff so strongly he could wet his lips and taste it. Where did people get the strength to do it all over again? He turned back to face the beach and the clumps of people who were sitting around, or lying. One played a guitar. A wood fire smoked in the shelter of a few smooth rocks. Vernon said, "It's like the coast of Spain." Cliff could believe it might well be true: it looked old and bleak enough. Where the sand was wet about half a dozen dogs ran up and down, yapping like kids.

"Dogs are fun! They just seem to know almost everything." This side of Charlene made her good with her kids, but Cliff sometimes wondered about her husband.

"How's this?" said Vernon, taking Cliff by the arm, and indicated where he thought they should spread the blanket. On one side were two boys, stretched out on their bellies, and nearer at hand was this blanket-covered figure, his back humped up. His problem seemed to be that he couldn't find a spot in the sand to his liking. He squirmed a good deal. Now and then his backside rose and fell. Cliff took one end of the blanket and Vernon the other, and they managed to hold it against the wind, flatten it to the sand. Charlene plopped down on it to keep it from blowing. It seemed only yesterday that Cliff and his father would put her in a blanket and toss her like a pillow, scaring her mother to death. Charlene was one of those girls who was more like a boy in the way nothing fazed her. Out of the water, toward Vernon, a girl came running so wet and glistening she looked naked.

"Look at that!" said Cliff, and then stood there, his mouth open, looking. She was actually naked. She ran right up and passed him, her feet kicking wet sand on him, then she dropped to lie for a moment on her face, then roll on her back. Only the gold-flecked sand clung to her white belly and breasts. Grains of the sand, cinnamon colored, clung to her prominent, erectile nipples. Her eyes were closed, her head tipped to the left to avoid the wind. For a long moment Cliff gazed at her body as if in thought. When he blinked his eyes the peculiar thing was that he was the one who felt in the fishbowl. Surrounded by them. What did they think of a man down at the beach with all his clothes on? He was distracted by a tug on the blanket and turned to see Vernon pointing at the women. They waddled along like turtles. All he could wonder was what had ever led them to

come to a beach. Buttoned at the collar, Janice's coat draped about her like a tent she was dragging. Cliff just stood there till they came along beside him, and May put out a hand to lean on him. Sand powdered her face.

"It's always so windy?" she asked Vernon.

"You folks call this windy?" May looked closely at him to see if he meant to be taken seriously. He surely knew, if he knew anything, that she knew more about wind than he did.

"Get Cliff to tell you how it blows around Chadron," she said. "It blows the words right out of your mouth if you'd let it." Cliff was silent, so she added, "Don't it Cliff?"

"Don't it what?" he answered. He allowed himself to turn so that his eyes went to the humped squirming figure, under the blanket. The humping had pulled it up so the feet were uncovered. Four of them. Two of them were toes down, with tar spots on the bottoms; two of them were toes up, the heels dipped into the sand. In a story Cliff had heard but never fully understood the point had hinged on the four-footed monster. Now he got the point.

"Blow the words right out of your mouth if you'd let it," said May. At a loss for words, Cliff moved to stand so he blocked her view. He took a grip on her hands and let her sag, puling sour air at him, down to the blanket. "It's hard enough work just to get here," she said, and raised her eyes to squint at the water. "Charlene, you wanted to see the ocean: well, there it is."

Cliff was thinking that Charlene looked no older than the summer she was married. It was hard to understand her. She had had three children without ever growing up.

"If I'd know the sand was going to blow," said May, "we'd have stayed home to eat, then come over later. I hate sand in my food. Charlene, you going to sit down?"

Charlene stood there staring at a girl up to her ankles in the shallow water. She stooped to hold a child pressed to her front, the knees buckled up as if she squeezed it. A stream of water arched from the slit between the child's legs. The way she held it, pressed to her front, it was like squeezing juice from a bladder. There was nothing Cliff could do but wait for it to stop. Charlene's handbag dangled to where it almost dragged in the sand.

"That's Farrallon Island," said Vernon, pointing. Without his glasses Cliff couldn't see it. Janice tipped forward, as far as she could, to cup handfuls of sand over her ankles: she couldn't reach her feet. "We hear and read so much about the California beaches, but nothing about their being so dirty," said May.

"It's the hippies," said Vernon. "They've taken it over."

Why was he such a fool as to say so? Even Cliff, who knew what he would see, twisted his h[ead] his neck and looked all around him. Th[e] naked girl had dried a lighter color: she [didn't] look so good. The sand sprinkled her like [rock] sugar, but the mole-colored nipples were flat [on her] breasts, like they'd been snipped off. At h[er] fe[et] using her legs as a backrest, a lank-hair[ed] bo[y] chewing blowgum, sunned his pimpled fa[ce]. [On] his hairless chest someone had painted his [nip]ples to look like staring eyes. Now that Cliff was at[e] it was plainer than ever what was going on [under] the blanket: the heels of two of the feet [were] deep into the sand, piling it up. Cliff felt th[e] eyes of Janice on the back of his head, but he [miss]ed those of her mother. Where were they?

"Cliff," she said.

He did not turn to look.

"Cliff," she repeated.

At the edge of the water a dappled horse gal[lo]ped with two long-haired naked riders. [One] was a boy, Cliff couldn't tell which was which.

"Who's ready for a beer?" asked Vernon and peeled the towel off the basket. When no one replied he said, "Mr. Dickey, have yourself a [beer]" and took one. He moved the basket of food to [where] both Cliff and the women could reach it. [Along] with the bowl of potato salad there were [two] broiled chickens from the supermarket. The chickens were still warm.

"All I've done since we left home is eat," Cliff said.

"We just ate," said Janice.

"We didn't drag all this stuff here," said Cliff, "just to turn around and drag it back." He took out the bowl of salad. He fished around in the basket for the paper cups and plates. He didn't look up at May until he knew for certain she had put her head and eyes around to the front. Then sun glinted on her glasses. Absent-mindedly she ran her fingers across her forehead for loose strands of hair. "We eat the salad first or along with the chicken?"

None of the women made any comment. One of the maverick beach dogs, his coat heavy with sand, stood off a few yards and sniffed at the chicken. "They shouldn't allow dogs on a beach," said Cliff. "They run around and get hot and can't drink the water. In the heat they go mad."

"There's salt in there somewhere," said Janice. "I don't put all the salt I could on the salad."

Cliff took out one of the chickens, and using his fingers pried the legs off the body. He then broke the drumsticks off the thighs, and placed the pieces on one of the plates.

"You still like the dark meat?" he said to Charlene. She nodded her head. He peeled the plastic cover off the potato salad and forked it out on the paper plates. "Eat it before the sand gets at it," he said, and passed a plate to May. Janice reached to take one, and placed it on the slope of her l[eg]

on took the body of one of the birds, tore off
ings, and tossed one to the dog.
can't stand to see a dog watch me eat," he

rnon was in Korea for a year," said Janice

f began to eat. After the first few swallows
ted all right. He hadn't been hungry at all
he started, but now he ate like he was famed. When he traveled all he seemed to do was sit
at. He glanced up to see that they were all
g except for May, who just sat there. She had
ead cocked sidewise as if straining to hear
thing. Not twenty yards away a boy plucked
ar but Cliff didn't hear a sound with the wind
st him. Two other boys, with shorts on, one
a top on, lay out on their bellies with their
on their hands. One used a small rock to
a short piece of wood into the sand. It was
lle sort of play Cliff would expect from a kid
six, not one about twenty. On the sand be-
them a shadow flashed and eight or ten feet
a bird landed, flapping its wings. Cliff had
set eyes on a bigger crow. He was shorter in
g but as big as the gulls that strutted on the
sand near the water. A little shabby at the
big glassy hatpin eyes. Cliff watched him dip
eak into the sand like one of these glass birds
go on drinking water, rocking on the perch.
of the boys said, "Hey, you, bird, come here!"
riggled a finger at him. When the bird did just
Cliff couldn't believe his eyes. He had a stiff
of strut, pumping his head, and favored one
nore than the other. No more than two feet
from the heads of those boys he stopped and
them a look. Either one of them might have
ed out and touched him. Cliff had never seen
, live bird as tame as that. The crows around
ron were smarter than most people and had
own meetings and cawed crow language.
had discussions. You could hear them decide
to do next. The boy with the rock held it out
rd him and damn if the crow didn't peck at it.
could hear the click of his beak tapping the
He turned to see if May had caught that, but
yes were on the plate in her lap.
Say, look—" he said.
r eyes down she said, "I've seen all I want to
ne rest of my life."
he crow—" said Cliff, and took another look
m. He had his head cocked to one side, like
rot, and his beak clamped down on one of the
s driven into the sand. He tried to wiggle it
as he tugged at it. He braced his legs and
ned back like a robin pulling a worm from a
So Vernon wouldn't miss it, Cliff put out his
to nudge him. "Well, I'll be damned," Vernon

vo little kids, one with a plastic pail, ran up
ithin about a yard of the bird, stopped and stared. He stared right back at them. Who was to say which of the two looked the strangest. The kids were naked as the day they were born. One was a boy. Whatever they had seen before they had never seen a crow that close up.

"Come on, bird," said the boy with the rock, and waved it. Nobody would ever believe it, but that bird took a tug at the stick, then rocked back and cawed. He made such a honk the kids were frightened. The little girl backed off and giggled. The crow clamped his beak on the stick again and had another try. A lanky-haired hippie girl, just out of the water, ran up and said, "Sam, are they teasing you Sam?" She had on no top at all but a pair of blue-jean shorts on her bottom. "Come on bird!" yelled the boy with the rock, and pounded his fists on the sand. That crow had figured out a way to loosen up the stick by clamping down on it, hard, then moving in a circle, like he was drilling a well. He did that twice, then he pulled it free, clamped one claw on it, and cawed. "Good bird!" said the boy, and tried to take it from him, but that crow wouldn't let him. He backed off, flapped his wings, and soared off with his legs dangling. Cliff could see what it took a big bird like that to fly.

"What does he do with it?" said the girl. She looked all around [illegible] flown. Somewhere up there he had a lot of sticks: no doubt about that.

"Buries it," said the boy, "He thinks it's a bone."

"The little girl—[illegible] don't you give him a real bone, then?" The boy and girl laughed. The hippie girl said, "Can I borrow a comb?" and the boy replied, "If you don't get sand in it." He moved so he could reach the comb in his pocket, and stroked it on his sleeve as he passed it to her. Combing her hair, her head tipped back, Cliff might have mistaken her for a boy. The little girl asked, "When will he do it again?"

"Soon as he's buried it," said the boy.

Cliff didn't believe that. He had watched crows all his life, but he had never seen a crow behave like that. He wanted to bring the point up, but how could he discuss it with a girl without her clothes on?

"Here he comes," said the boy, and there he was, his shadow flashing on the sand before them. He made a circle and came in for a landing on the firm sand. What if he did bury those sticks? His beak was shiny yellow as a banana. "Come here, bird!" said the boy, and held out the rock, but the girl leaned forward and grabbed it from him.

"You want to hurt him?" she cried. "Why don't you give him a real bone?" She looked around as if she might see one, raking the sand with her hands.

"Here's one, Miss!" said Cliff, and held the chicken leg out toward her. He could no more help himself than duck when someone took a swing at

him. On her hands and knees the girl crawled toward him to where she could reach it. Her lank hair framed her face.

"There's meat on it," she said.

"Don't you worry," said Cliff, "crows like meat. They're really good meat eaters."

She looked at him closely to see how he meant that. About her neck a fine gold-colored chain dangled an ornament. Cliff saw it plainly. Two brass nails were twisted to make some sort of puzzle. She looked at the bone Cliff had given her, the strip of meat on it, and turned to hold it out to the bird. He limped forward like he was trained and took it in his beak. Cliff caught his eye, and what worried him was that he might want to crow over it and drop it. He didn't want him to drop it and have to gulp down sandy meat. But that bird actually knew he had something unusual since he didn't put it down to clamp his claws on it. Instead he strutted. Up and down he went, like a sailor with a limp. Vernon laughed so hard he gave Cliff a slap on the knee. "Don't laugh *at* him," said the girl, and when she put out her hand he limped toward her to where she could touch him, stroking with her fingers the flat top of his head. The little boy suddenly yelled and ran around them in a circle, kicking up sand, and hooting. The crow took off. The heavy flap of his wings actually stirred the hair of the boy who was lying there, nearest to him; he raised one of his hands to wave as the bird soared away.

"I never seen anything like it!" said Vernon.

"Maybe you'd like to come oftener." Janice picked at the bread crumbs in her lap.

"Did you see him?" asked Cliff. "You get to see him?"

"We can go now if you men have eaten." May made a wad of the napkin and scraps in her lap, put them under the towel and plates in the basket.

Vernon said, "Honey, you see that crazy bird?"

Janice shaded her eyes with one hand, peered at the sky. Up there, high, a bird was wheeling. Cliff took it for a gull. The wind had caked the color she had put on her lips, and sand powdered the wrinkles around her eyes. Cliff remembered they were called crow's feet, which was how they looked. Now she lowered her hand and held it out to Vernon to pull her up. The sand caught up in the folds of her dress blew over May and the girl lying behind her, one arm across her face.

"People must be crazy to come and eat on a beach," said May.

Cliff pushed himself to his feet, sand clinging to his chicken-sticky fingers. He helped Vernon with the blanket, walking toward the water where they could shake it and not disturb people. A bearded youth without pants, but with a striped T-shirt, sat with crossed legs on the edge of the water. The horse that had galloped off to the south came galloping back with just one rider on it. Cliff could see it was a girl. Janice and her mother had begun the long walk back toward the car. Along the way they passed the naked girl, still sprawled on her back.

"She's going to get herself a sunburn," said Vernon.

To Charlene Cliff said, "You see that bird?" Charlene nodded. "Just remember you did when I ask you. Nobody back in Chadron is going to believe me if you don't."

"What bird was it?" asked May.

"A crow," said Cliff.

"I would think you'd seen enough of crows," said May.

At the car Cliff turned for a last look at the beach. The tide had washed up a sort of rim that he could no longer see the water. The gulls and the dogs that ran along it were like black paper cutouts. Nobody would know if she had her clothes on or off. He had forgotten to check on the two of them who had been squirming under the blanket. One still lay there. The other one crouched with lowered head, as if reading something. From the back Cliff wouldn't know which one was the girl.

May said, "I've never before really believed it when I said that I can't believe my eyes, but now I believe it."

"You wouldn't believe them if you'd seen that crow," said Cliff.

"I didn't come all this way to look at a crow," she replied.

They all got into the car, and Cliff put the picnic basket into the rear. He took a moment, squinting, to see if the crazy bird had come back for the bones. If he had just thought, he would have given the girl the other two legs to feed him.

"I'd like a cup of coffee," said May, "but I'm willing to wait till we get home for it."

Vernon said, "Mr. Chalmers, you like me to drive?" Cliff agreed that he would. They went out through the gate where they had entered but the boy and the girl had left the booth. The chain was already half-covered with drifting sand.

"It's typical of your father," said May, "to drive all the way out here and look at a crow."

Charlene said, "Wait until I tell Leonard!" They looked to see what she would tell him. On the slope below them a small herd of cattle were being fed from a hovering helicopter. Bundles of straw were dropped to spread on the slope.

"If I were you," said May, "I'd tell him about *that* and nothing else."

Cliff felt his head wagging. He stopped it and said, "Charlene, now you tell him about that crow. What's a few crazy people to one crow in a million?"

There was no comment.

"We're going up now," said Vernon. "You feel that poppin' in your ears?"

ny Larner

BODY KNOWS . . . Reflections the McCarthy Campaign: Part II

pts from a lengthy account of a young novelist's brush Presidential politics, 1968

my intentions were . . . I think I knew better of the people who are telling what they were. se they didn't know what they were. And if I'm what they were, why nobody knows.
n interview with Senator Eugene J. McCarthy, obe, *December 15, 1968.*

ere never was a McCarthy campaign in nd Nebraska. He went on giving his stump nd giving it well, but he did not campaign ency, and he did not react to the fact that o longer running against Lyndon Johnson var.

thy might have done well in Indiana and for the same reason he did well in the nd rural areas of Wisconsin. Without John- Vietnam, however, there was no ready-made to throw into relief his qualities of thought- caution, and responsibility. The time had identify himself with a positive vision of McCarthy had such a vision, but he was o go on expressing it in underdeveloped ations. "Details" remained anathema, and he stoop to exhort or persuade.

ews about McCarthy soon focused on the ts where he was specific: his sharply nega- nents about marginal figures and issues. It matter of honor for McCarthy to insist on ments even though they were peripheral to r issues of the campaign. Time and again call for the firing of J. Edgar Hoover with- ffort to enlighten his Midwestern listeners e abuses of the FBI or their relation to s problems. A comment by advisers would such references. Then one night a TV re- sked McCarthy about the *Pueblo,* and he ed to say he would ransom it—a statement that shocked Midwesterners and took up all the newspaper space devoted to McCarthy next morning.

McCarthy could have used good advice, if he could have taken it, but since the departure of Goodwin he had isolated himself from political people. His only companions were hangers-on and specially sympathetic journalists who toadied to McCarthy and took precious pleasure in the atmosphere of contempt toward politics and politicians. The Dump Johnson people were out of favor now that Johnson had been dumped; and indeed their canvassing operation had lost some of its better people and ran less effectively from Indiana on.

Among the loyal entourage were the Minnesota agency people, whose major concern was to ward off competitors from New York brought in by Goodwin (and later, in California, by Tom Finney). It was decided to divide TV time between spots made by both: the Minnesota were kind of homey, the New York spots had more content, and both were rather stiff. Nonetheless the array of spots would have presented McCarthy on a variety of issues—except that all but two of them mysteriously disappeared from the TV studios before they could be distributed. A New York spot of McCarthy on "reconciliation" ran again and again to the voters of Indiana. The New York people were fired—it was even whispered that Goodwin had masterminded the plot. But soon afterwards I learned what happened to four excellent radio spots beautifully recorded by Paul Newman. One went on the air; the tapes of the others sat in the hotel room of the Minnesota agency man. It was not the last time in the campaign that films and tapes made by Johnny-come-latelies simply disappeared.

Over the years McCarthy had gathered a Senate staff who had more interest in their personal sinecures than in political issues; for his Senate office was hardly a center of feverish activity. Before 1968,

these people had their very own Senator to care for; they tended the altar of his unappreciated brilliance and sensitivity. Now their man was threatened by a group of young know-it-alls, including all too many New York Jews (or "See-mites," as some of the real folk in McCarthy's office called them) who wanted to make him President.

Their clear duty, as they saw it, was to form ranks about the body and protect it from any disturbance not in accord with his own serene plan, which they believed in absolutely. McCarthy's personal secretary and his valet could be vicious to campaign staff who had business with him. Since sooner or later McCarthy put down everyone, these people held a certain political power: they could legitimately tell almost anyone that McCarthy had said he did not want to see him—or worse. Once John Gilligan, who was running for Senator from Ohio and who had influence among that state's delegation, tried to get to McCarthy in a Cleveland hotel. He was rebuffed both at the door and on the house phone; finally, he was permitted the honor of riding down in an elevator with the candidate who was supposedly seeking his support.

McCarthy's valet was a tough little baby-faced law student who had worked in the Senate office operating the Xerox machine. At first in New Hampshire McCarthy was escorted by young political types, who tried to push him against his nature into the kind of handshaking activity that might have looked silly if the crowds had retained their original sparseness. So the valet was quickly installed by his side, and clung there like a weasel throughout the campaign. On occasion he would pull McCarthy back into his car as a friendly crowd of black people or Mexican-Americans moved to greet him. It was easy enough for advance men and campaign staff to blame him, but we soon found that he was earnestly striving to make himself an extension of his master's mood.

Even more disturbing than his Senate staff was McCarthy's tendency to single out those campaign people who shared the propensity to grovel. Two of his favorites were a Harvard boy and his girl who came to believe they were a cut above the politically oriented canvassers. Soon they learned to hang on McCarthy's words and to guffaw loudly at his put-downs. Eventually he let them take charge of his press relations. They signaled their personal access by telling other people they were too excited, they should take it easy—the trademark of every dedicated McCarthy parasite.

The point is that none of McCarthy's flunkies was anywhere near him in intellect or talent. Their presence as well as his own attitude made it impermissible for anyone to engage him in open dialogue.

* * *

After less than a month in Indiana, a little McCarthy aide goes scampering down the corridor on election day. "The feeling hit me today!" he cries.

"It hit me yesterday!" yells the latest press secretary. They grasp one another's forearms [illegible] little dance grinning into each other's faces [illegible] is going to swing! McCarthy magic! Lost [illegible] and kiss cheeks in the corridor.

And who should come by but the man himself, [illegible] his entourage anxiously trailing.

The little aide grins up cutely right into [illegible] face.

"I've got vibrations, Senator!"

"You feel it, hunh?" The face is worn, [illegible] dened, no expression.

"Something hit the hotel this afternoon!"

The aide gets a pat on the back. All around [illegible] tries to follow the entourage into the car, [illegible] suite. But the valet turns just inside the door [illegible] the valet says.

20. That night McCarthy not only loses [illegible] nedy, but runs third behind Governor Branigin. [illegible] comes down the carpet to the elevator with [illegible] dead and gray, twenty people crowding in [illegible] behind him to go down in the same trip.

He is driven downtown to the old Claypool [illegible] longer a hotel because the upper floors are condemned. And a marvelous thing happens there. The students cheer him and they cheer him and they cheer him. They are radiant with pride in themselves and all they stand for. Standing shapeless on the platform under the piercing arc lights, McCarthy begins to take on color; you can see him change before your eyes. He tells them Indiana was like the pursuit race in Alice in Wonderland—everyone has won, [illegible] he doesn't know if everyone will get a prize. But the [illegible] will go on.

And they cheer him for that. Letting him know that they are with him win or lose, just as [illegible] just as right, just as good.

It really is moving. There is a purity to it that is [illegible] moving. There is something better and you want to think it has got to be.

Across at Kennedy's Sheraton-Lincoln it is still [illegible] Crowds of twitchy celebrity hunters in the lobby, manic, like *Day of the Locust*. Upstairs, middle-aged politicians wander the halls with dead cigars in their jaws, as in Lee J. Cobb movies. Blousy ladies' auxiliary ladies. Ethnic people looking ethnic, chosen as paid specimens of each variety. Hincty spades in sport shirts—McCarthy kids said they passed out whiskey in the dark part of town, beat up McCarthy canvassers. Into the elevator goes a clutch of society people, tanned heads held at elegant angles, laughing vacant laughters into one another's mouths. Downstairs again the masses are restless. Where is he? Where is he? Each rumor twitches off a stampede.

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tory here there is only winning. The soldiers ne to divide up the spoils; in the ballroom, d circuses. It was nobler across the street. be this ugliness is the center pit of America, is what you win when you win it. This is u have to deal with.

While McCarthy was in Nebraska, I spent a s in Los Angeles trying to straighten out dio and pamphlet material. Something un- had happened at the Los Angeles head- s. The California campaign had been opened usiastic amateurs, who collected enough es to get McCarthy on the top of the ballot twenty-four hours after the start of filing. Visconsin, these people represented a wide f talents. But key organizational posts were l by ambitious mediocrities who were guard- ir own stations—and before long they had away many of the brightest and most ideal- unteers.

situation was repeated on the national level. he surge of high-spirited improvisation in ampshire and Wisconsin, the grass-roots n did not work in Indiana or Nebraska. and experience were repelled by insecurity: ecurity was deepened by a refusal of the te himself to seek out talent or to delegate ty. With no clear lines of responsibility, inse- worked to bolster itself—as in many more y campaigns.

mber of the McCarthy family once bitterly ed the entire staff to me, from Campaign r Blair Clark on down. Why then did hy choose them, I asked. I was told that these e people who came; he had chosen no one. It o think of this: that after twenty years in l politics, Eugene McCarthy knew of no ex- ed organizers whom he could turn to, that ien he was running for President, he had no l friends who would come to him.

trength of the McCarthy campaign was on the where sometimes the anarchic idealists came using conflict with the clever young opera- nce a young urban expert prepared a leaflet pointing up the discrepancies in Kennedy's civil-rights positions. But the mimeograph the L.A. headquarters thought it was unfair used to run it off. Their decision stuck.

day in California, Sandy Frucher had the of dealing with squads of hecklers sent by nedy people to block McCarthy. Seeing them nks outside a hotel where McCarthy was to Frucher quickly put on his Kennedy button roached with authority. "McCarthy's coming side door!" he shouted. "We've got to head !" The hecklers rushed around the corner, hy came out and left for Watts.

her had to skip Watts to prepare a reception rds. He gave the button to his assistant and n he would have to pull the same stunt later.

That afternoon Frucher waited while the candidate was inexplicably delayed an extra hour in Watts. Finally the caravan arrived, and Frucher's assistant explained that the hecklers had caught up with McCarthy, surrounded him and prevented him from going on.

"But didn't you use the button!" Frucher screamed.

The assistant sadly shook his head.

"Sandy," he said, "that's not our kind of campaign."

22. Toward the end of our Midwestern fiasco, we prepared a document called "Notes toward a New Politics—an outline of some of Senator McCarthy's campaign themes." We were trying to single out public participation as the positive theme of his campaign—and to specify how the institutions which govern America could be brought under public control for the direct benefit of all the people. We wanted to suggest to McCarthy a positive program which would articulate the best intentions of his movement and dramatize what he would bring as President.

McCarthy was pleased with the outline—he seemed to assume he had already said everything in it. He asked that it be printed up, and from then on, whenever a reporter pressed him for his program, he would call on me to present that lucky man with a copy of our outline. The reporter would gaze in bafflement at what seemed like a college syllabus—and throw it away as soon as his audience was over. Meanwhile McCarthy went on just as before, saying practically nothing on the new politics.

23. After bad defeats in Indiana and Nebraska, McCarthy faced humiliation in California and elimination from the race if he could not pull out Oregon. Up against the wall, he demoted Curtis Gans and accepted a seasoned Democratic professional as campaign coordinator. The man was Tom Finney, a defense-contract lawyer, partner in Clark Clifford's firm, and a former employee of the CIA. Finney couldn't have cared less about New Politics, student canvassers, storefronts, or grass roots, but he was sincere in his opposition to the war (or so, at least, I am personally convinced) and in his belief that it must be repudiated by the Democratic party. Finney wanted to professionalize McCarthy's staff, streamline his schedule, and sharpen up his TV spots. He even insisted that the advance men were to guide McCarthy on tours, so that the valet could not pull him away.

The other speechwriter from Indiana through to the end was Paul Gorman, a twenty-seven-year-old who before the campaign had done writing and research for nine liberal Congressmen. Whether goaded by defeat or by Finney, McCarthy did indeed begin to give speeches that reporters could report, and relied on texts for major statements on the West Coast and on numerous occasions from then on. At Cor-

vallis on the first day in Oregon, he gave a talk on the military-industrial complex in which he detailed facts and figures and called for reconversion programs, cuts in the defense budget, limits on the military influence in universities, curtailment of arms sales, and removal of the military from foreign-aid programs. In San Francisco the next night he traced the history of the assumptions and decisions that led to disaster in Vietnam. In a speech that week at the University of California at Davis, he set forth a complete urban program, winding up with a proposal for "new towns" to "bring workers where the jobs are."

The authority of Finney and the limits imposed by texts may have given McCarthy a base from which he could release a new spontaneity. He was free somehow to play more powerfully with his audiences and began to take high pleasure in deriding Kennedy. Some of it was legitimate scorn of Kennedy's "old politics" techniques. But the mockery began to take on a disturbingly personal edge. He talked as though Bobby were a fake and nothing more. He developed a whole new bit ridiculing Bobby's dog. Audiences egged him on, either from hatred for Kennedy or from a guilty need to feel they were on the right side in a contest of good *vs.* evil.

It got out of hand the very first night in the question period at Corvallis, when McCarthy, after giving sharp strong answers to one question after another, casually remarked that the educated people were voting for him, and the less educated for Bobby. This was sure to be picked up by TV and by the Kennedy people.

I wanted to believe he did not mean it in the worst sense, and I brought it up afterwards as we rode to the airport.

"Was that unfair?" McCarthy said.

"I think it was," said Gorman quickly.

"But it's true," McCarthy said.

"What does that mean?"

"Nothing!" he laughed.

24. But it was worse the next night in the Cow Palace. The day before, as we flew from Klamath Falls to Coos Bay, a reporter from Metromedia had been inspired to ask McCarthy a hypothetical question about whom he might support if he himself had no chance for the nomination: were there any circumstances in which it might be Humphrey?

"I don't know," McCarthy said into the man's tape recorder. "I think I'll wait and see what his position is on the war." He went on to say it was "not impossible" that Humphrey might change his position.

It went right out over the wires, and by the end of the day telephone calls were coming in to campaign headquarters not only in Oregon and California, but in New York and all over the country. The McCarthy movement absolutely would not stand for the man who had not only waved every bloody flag he could reach, but who had intimated that those who didn't were lacking in courage and patriotism. To them, Humphrey was the enemy, and the [illegible] in asking if McCarthy had really said it. If [illegible] they could no longer work for him. Unless he [illegible] back, McCarthy's entire campaign was [illegible] collapse around him.

By the end of the day McCarthy was sayi[illegible] he had been misquoted. He was ready to [illegible] matter straight in the Cow Palace the next [illegible] "Will you attack Humphrey for his involve[illegible] the war?" I asked him. "Attack him as hard [illegible] attack Kennedy?" He said he would. If he h[illegible] no, I would have had to leave myself, and I [illegible] not have been the only one. We had not co[illegible] far for Hubert Humphrey.

When we got to Portland for the night, I [illegible] several advisers back East to see what they [illegible] say about Humphrey. Late that night I put t[illegible] some language on our Vice President. He h[illegible] only supported the war, he had become "it [illegible] ardent apologist." "And those who sought, [illegible] best American traditions, to question our p[illegible] were subject all too often to his ridicule and [illegible] And just to clinch it: there must be a disti[illegible] "between those who have objected to our p[illegible] policies in Vietnam and those responsible for [illegible]

Gorman in the early hours of the morning p[illegible] criticism into a context which was compatibl[illegible] the best that McCarthy stood for. "Vietnam [illegible] accident," it was the consequence of a series [illegible] conceptions about America's role in the worl[illegible] containment policies of the Fifties had becom[illegible] ticles of faith," built into institutions whic[illegible] assumed "unprecedented power," beyond any[illegible] of political accountability. The policies wer[illegible] plemented by leaders who had emerged from "[illegible] of University of the Cold War"—and who had[illegible] guiding American foreign policy ever since.

In the Sixties, containment assumed the fo[illegible] "counterinsurgency, a kind of containment [illegible] within." "... We took upon ourselves the du[illegible] judge the political systems of other nations a[illegible] alter those systems if we found them wanting." [illegible] rhetoric seemed new, but America was still acti[illegible] "world judge and world policeman." Thus [illegible] America began to move into Vietnam, "the fo[illegible] earlier years received its fullest expression—fro[illegible] advocates of the Cold War: Dean Rusk, Walt Ro[illegible] McGeorge Bundy, and William Bundy." (McC[illegible] scratched out here the one name Hubert Humph[illegible] perhaps fairly—up to 1965 there was little to cl[illegible] between Humphrey and McCarthy on fo[illegible] policy.)

It was legitimate, then, to criticize Kenne[illegible] this context as a man who, in the early Si[illegible] "played a prominent role in formulating pol[illegible] which resulted in disastrous adventures." McC[illegible] could then say he was not sure Kennedy had "ent[illegible] renounced" the "systematic misconception" [illegible] which those policies sprang. "I have not heard [illegible] criticize the military in this nation, or the De[illegible] ment of State, or the CIA. He has been silent a[illegible]

usk [and] Robert McNamara.... He con-
:o call upon America to assume... 'moral
ıip on this planet'—an echo of John Foster
(and the final phrase of Kennedy's announce-
candidacy).
ext went on to Humphrey, who had become
›ast three years "a new champion" of "the
ssumptions, institutions, and leaders," and
ed with the language I have already given.
clusion could then cover both Kennedy and
ey: leaders of the future must be free from
of the past, if the American people are to
hemselves that those errors will not be re-

were questions the Cow Palace speech did
e—important questions about the nature of
Communism and its role in the underde-
world. In retrospect, it was a little too easy,
too tuned to the times. But the speech de-
critical break with the mechanism of past
a standard by which Humphrey was hope-
Kennedy problematical.
ımmered out language most of the way to San
co, getting out a final text as the plane settled
runway. That night we went to the Cow
n trepidation. McCarthy had corrected the
refully—it had already been released and
o the job of retaining the faithful. But the
ion of the text would be in itself an act of
n unless McCarthy actually spoke the words
Humphrey. Without the attack on Hubert,
guage on Bobby would be out of proportion
'air.
k a while to get to the text. McCarthy re-
his decision to run, pointing out that he had
lling to take chances—unlike "the Senator
ew York" who was "concerned about his
' Then he swung into Kennedy in his favorite
ng his bit on Freckles and stretching out the
ıt the twenty-six varieties. Suddenly, a new
here was a story the other day that Senator
y was sore—they said he was trying to avoid
ge of his brother—but he didn't want to be
"

ırena was dark—I think it was mostly filled
y young people. As they laughed it up, I felt
ss in the pit of my stomach. Was this what
t to be "purely Greek"?
McCarthy was into the text, embellishing it
y that gave it depth and richness, impro-
relevant additions on the pressures of the
›bby. He gave the written criticisms of his
ıual space, adding some sharpening phrases:
is the Vice President prepared to say that
ess is wrong as well as what it produces." Yet
owed the word "his" when he said that those
›ught... to question policies have been sub-
to [his] ridicule and scorn"—so that the
lost its application to Humphrey. It was dis-
too that McCarthy delivered the sentences
ıphrey in a subdued, rapid tone. And when
it came to the distinction between candidates for the war and against it, McCarthy said it in a garbled way that could not have made sense to his audience.

The next morning McCarthy was in the clear. The text had been printed in the *New York Times* and circulated to all campaign headquarters. He had officially put down Humphrey on an equal basis with Kennedy—and since the speech was very late at night, and on the West Coast, the reporters had had to go by the advance text, so that in the papers the criticism was exactly equal.

Was it overscrupulous that we still worried about who McCarthy was and where he might eventually go? It was politically justifiable to invite a Humphrey vote against Kennedy in the primaries—still, it was now clear that McCarthy hated Bobby Kennedy, that on a personal level he preferred Humphrey. We hoped it was only personal. Even on that level, the tone of mockery was sometimes sickening—but wasn't it more important that the movement was going to continue, and that we were backing the only candidate who could deliver a full indictment of the State Department and the military? Our efforts were shadowed now by the chance that they might go in the end to make a peace plank for Hubert Humphrey: but standing in the way of that was the near-unanimous resistance of our whole constituency—and the personal pride of Eugene McCarthy and Lyndon B. Johnson.

25. There we were in beautiful early summer touring two of the country's most liberal states with two of the most intelligent and progressive candidates in a long time, perhaps ever, two men who were concerned with the issues and scornful of cornpone appeals to motherhood and God, each out supposedly to inspire a new sense of urgency and hope in America. It should have been the peak of the campaign, yet the issues were personal, and the tone was always wrong.

On the Sunday morning before election day in Oregon I went in a private car to join our tour in a mountain-side park above Portland. Driving in, I saw Kennedy's press bus sitting at the entrance to a little railway at the upper end of the park. Kennedy was choo-chooing high among the giant fir trees, and his caravan was waiting for him to descend. It occurred to me that here was a chance to produce the confrontation we had sought for weeks—to force Kennedy either to an exchange of views or a proof that he was ducking debate—one of the constant themes of our Oregon TV and radio spots.

I jumped out of the car and ran down to the lower end of the park, where McCarthy was strolling through the rose garden like the Queen of Hearts, followed by staff, press, and a crowd of eleven persons. "Kennedy's up there!" I shouted to McCarthy's custodians, pointing toward the railroad entrance a quarter-mile uphill and thinking they would grasp the point immediately. But the deuce and the trey of

hearts saw it as a chance to reinforce their role-playing and drawled just like their master that I should take it easy, don't get excited. Just the sight of him gets you all in a lather, hey? Heh heh.

It took me five minutes to turn the procession and get it moving grandly up the incline. By this time the photographers were dashing up and down and prodding the party onward. My only worry was that Kennedy would get off his train, size up the scene, and split before we got there. Just then I ran into three students with virgin beards and McCarthy buttons.

"Run on ahead," I told them, "and stand in front of Kennedy's car!"

I turned back again to the royal party, but within a minute Kennedy had disembarked and gone for his convertible. I ran up the hill with the *Life* photographer just behind me, yearning for a shot that would beat out his Kennedy counterpart. When I got to Kennedy's convertible it was moving slowly forward. My three demonstrators were backing in front of it holding it off with their outstretched hands. If I had told them to lie down, we might have tested the "ruthless" image once and for all.

My charge carried me right up to Kennedy, who was sitting on top of the back seat with his brown and white spaniel next to him, just like in the photographs. Kennedy shrank a little, as if I were going to grab him. He was smaller than I thought, and his eyes were a brilliant blue.

Every second I could hold him talking would bring McCarthy that much closer into camera range.

"Senator McCarthy is coming," I grinned. "Why don't you stick around and have a talk with him?"

I was standing over him and he was looking at me with a look of exquisite hurt. Did we think he was running from fear?

"Isn't that too baaad!" he said.

He turned to his driver and the driver floored it, the kids jumped for their lives.

So Kennedy rolled down the hill without looking back, and I stood with the *Life* photographer shouting "Coward! Chicken!"—for truly, he was running away.

It turned out that we had held him just long enough for the TV crews to get McCarthy coming and Kennedy speeding off. That night all Oregon saw our backs, and heard the shouts of Coward. Followed by McCarthy capturing the Kennedy press bus and shaking hands with Kennedy's abandoned press.

For five minutes I felt exhilarated. It was a lot of fun, like winning a game of touch football. I didn't think about it till I saw the film on TV back at the hotel and heard the parasites joking in the corridors. When I heard my own voice pipe Coward, I got that flash of nausea that had come before in the Cow Palace.

I thought about Kennedy. Of course he wasn't surprised by the act itself. That wasn't what hurt him. He would have done the same himself, had done the same or worse many times and without hesitation.

But what was *I* doing then, I who had joined for a cause and worked to state the issues? I had a [illegible] from instinct just like any other hack to embar[illegible] the opposition. I had become in my way pretty m[illegible] like everyone else on either side: a gangster in a [illegible] of two mobs in the same family.

The hurt look was no cry for pity: it was [illegible] registration that something had gone terribly wr[illegible] in our fight for the territory. I could grin and [illegible] the game and he knew the tough answer, but [illegible] family could only lose, and what did I know, v[illegible] did I really know, that made me so eager to beat h[illegible]

26. We won Oregon, Kennedy made a grac[illegible] concession speech, and we hopped through su[illegible] California, the airports, the campuses, the f[illegible] ways and shopping centers. Everywhere we [illegible] bands and crowds of students who kept McCa[illegible] happy. For one week he felt like a winner, smiled [illegible] saw America smile back at him. Those moments w[illegible] he got off the plane and we heard the blues gro[illegible] play "When the Saints Come Marching In" and [illegible] the homemade signs and the very serious good pe[illegible] our serious crowd-pullers had pulled rapturous n[illegible] theless: you could believe good things about [illegible] country and what was happening to it. The best s[illegible] of all said simply, "We Believe You."

It looked as if McCarthy might win Californ[illegible] and if he did, he would be the leading contender [illegible] the nomination.

Of course not everyone loved us—it was clear [illegible] Mexicans and Negroes were going to go heavily [illegible] Kennedy. But that was all the more reason, s[illegible] of us thought, for McCarthy to talk to them—as [illegible] leader of his movement and as a potential leade[illegible] this country. Norval Reece, our dedicated schedu[illegible] and the workers who made arrangements, v[illegible] constantly trying to get McCarthy to make as m[illegible] ghetto appearances as possible.

McCarthy was "willing," if not eager, and he [illegible] go, but the spirit was not with him. Once we v[illegible] flying into Los Angeles, where we would make a q[illegible] stop in Watts before moving on to a TV studio. [illegible] Carthy would not make a speech, but we thought [illegible] would be helpful to release a statement of his vi[illegible] on jobs, welfare, and other problems. On the p[illegible] I told the valet I had a statement to clear w[illegible] McCarthy right away, or else there would not [illegible] time to have it mimeographed and passed out in Watts. "Are you kidding?" the valet said. "Th[illegible] people can't read. They'll *eat* your press release!"

27. On June 1, we went up to San Francisco [illegible] the television debate that Kennedy had at last b[illegible] forced into. For the day-to-day surveys showed t[illegible] McCarthy was coming on strong among the C[illegible] fornia exurbanites. He was serious and confident [illegible] all the little radio and TV interviews that Kenne[illegible] struggling with much larger crowds, didn't have t[illegible] for. The McCarthy admirers didn't have to to[illegible] him or see him, but they were quietly impressed w[illegible] a man whose star was rising from Oregon. He [illegible]

been the first man to beat a Kennedy, and that Kennedy could no longer let it be said he was afraid to debate.

Despite efforts to prepare him, McCarthy went in cold—and maybe he was right. If he really had the power we wanted to believe he had, he might sit back under pressure and drop his shots with all the timing and accuracy that should have been building in him over the months. The debate then was a test of McCarthy's "secret": was he indeed an artist of politics, a genius who broods while others babble, slowly acquiring in his own person a form of thought and action which plumbs the deepest needs of the nation? And Kennedy: was he really brash and undeveloped, torn between passions of moral heroism and passions for personal power?

Better say right away the debate was inconclusive. Neither man had the imagination or the confidence to risk a total confrontation. Better say too that in the eyes of East Coast intellectuals, McCarthy had the better of it—because Kennedy was cheap and he was cool. Yet there was a way in which McCarthy lost that debate—lost as a man and as a leader.

The action opened with Kennedy accusing McCarthy "of forcing a coalition government on Saigon, a coalition with the Communists, even before we begin the negotiations." He himself would make it clear only that the Vietcong would "play some role" in the "future political process." In the meantime, he would start to replace American troops with South Vietnamese, demand an end to corruption and a beginning of land reform.

McCarthy said immediately, in his deeper, steadier voice: "I didn't say I was going to force a coalition government. . . . I said we should make it clear we are willing to accept that. Now, if the South Vietnamese want to continue to fight, work out their own negotiation, that is well and good, but I don't think there is much point in talking about reform in Saigon or land reform, because we have been asking for that for at least five years and it hasn't happened."

For a while Kennedy could not get himself together—it was as though he'd been fed a tape that had gotten garbled. Fifteen minutes into the hour it looked like Kennedy was flipping and McCarthy was strong. Then they had a tough little fight about an ad running in Northern California which implicated Kennedy not only in Vietnam, but in the Dominican intervention. "I wasn't in the government at the time!" objected Kennedy. McCarthy said he was talking about the "process" that led to Cuba and the Dominican Republic and Vietnam. He shifted the conversation to the ad on his voting record. "I don't know to what he is referring," said Kennedy.

Then Kennedy began to pull himself together, working hard to say what he had come to say. He got in two mentions of obligations to Israel, said that the U. S. could not be the world's policeman, and mentioned the "astronomically high" property taxes "here in the state of California." When it came to the ghetto, he talked about "getting people jobs, just by giving the private sector tax incentives and tax credits." McCarthy meanwhile was abstract, aloof, as if he'd forgotten he were in a debate. Maybe his thought was that Kennedy had exposed himself and gotten rattled; now he could hold that contrast sim-



"Today is the anniversary of the day the computer matched us!"

ply by keeping his dignity and lasting out the hour.

But Kennedy kept plugging. He wanted that private sector of his to rebuild both urban and rural areas: "so you keep people where they are at the present time."

McCarthy disagreed: "... We have to get to the suburbs, too, with this kind of housing ... because most of the employment is now in the belt line outside of the cities, and I don't think we ought to perpetuate the ghetto.... What we have got to do is to try to break that up. Otherwise, we are adopting a kind of apartheid in this country...."

Kennedy had been waiting for this and he jumped in hard: "We have forty million [*sic*] Negroes who are in the ghettos at the present time.... You say you are going to take ten thousand black people and move them into Orange County.... If you are talking about hitting this problem in a major way, to take those people out, put them in the suburbs where they can't afford the housing, where their children can't keep up with schools, and where they don't have the skills for the jobs, it is just going to be catastrophic."

Appalled at Kennedy's excesses, we gleefully anticipated that McCarthy would come right back as he had on Vietnam, to say that he had never talked about ten thousand blacks in Orange County—which, incidentally, is a wealthy, lily-white residential area south of L.A., probably the most conservative county in the state. We were ready for him to hit at Kennedy for repeating some basic racial clichés, to point out that black children in integrated schools do not necessarily fall behind, that most of the new industrial jobs in the belt line require no skilled training whatever, that he had called for public housing and new towns rather than simply throwing black people into areas they couldn't afford, and that merely gilding the ghetto cannot possibly provide jobs for all the unemployed there.

But McCarthy seemed baffled: "... I didn't want to raise—I thought that you really—when this position was first raised, that this was not your clear position of concentrating that much on the ghettos." Kennedy had hit him a hard shot on his basic program for the cities, yet he did not defend himself.

A few minutes later, one of the questioners remarked on their lack of differences, and asked where they disagreed.

"I think we probably disagree some on Dean Rusk," said Senator McCarthy, "and on Robert McNamara and on some of the persons in government."

Kennedy hit again: "I think with all the problems that are affecting the United States, with the internal problems that we have and the problems around the rest of the world, to talk about it in terms of personality.... I don't want to be playing games with people's reputations."

McCarthy answered simply to say that he thought "we gave Cabinet members too much protection." Once more Kennedy had caught him coasting and off-guard. "I think your brother was too kind to a number of people after the Bay of Pigs, myself," McCarthy said, but he did not make clear what he meant. He had slipped into a slur on John Kennedy without really defending his own position.

Robert Kennedy at that point took the role of an experienced and high-minded Cabinet officer, bravely ignoring a slight to his brother, and setting straight a reckless mudslinger. McCarthy might have gone into detail on the records of Rusk and McNamara and the way they had used their offices. Instead he talked about how Rusk had alienated the Foreign Relations Committee.

Thus as the debate drew to an end, the roles had been completely reversed: Kennedy had had the guts to get up off the floor and fight it through, while McCarthy, dazed, was taking every punch. A minute later Kennedy gave some sharp figures on the way rich people evade taxes; McCarthy staggered in economic jargon: "I recommended early that they use other taxes, that they use credit controls and some selective excises instead of the surtax...."

McCarthy was saved only by his sum-up. Thinking the debate was over, Kennedy was caught by surprise and inarticulate, while McCarthy reminded us that "in this year I sensed what this country needed... and I think there is something to be said for a President or a Presidential candidate who can somehow anticipate what the country wants, especially when what they want is on the side of good and justice...."

On the basis of his sum-up, McCarthy's entourage went out happily crying up a victory for their very own candidate. Finney and his people knew the truth: the campaign had changed in Oregon, and now it had changed again. It was clear that Kennedy could take McCarthy head-on, with no fear of his magic powers. If McCarthy had something new and different going for him in American politics, it did not show in open competition with Kennedy. A few days later I learned of a private Kennedy survey: polling previously undecided voters in suburban areas where McCarthy had been getting stronger day by day, the survey found that the debate had swung these undecideds overwhelmingly to Kennedy.

28. That night the plush lobby of the Fairmont Hotel was jammed with McCarthy and Kennedy hangers-on, with newsmen, and with politicians, all of them seeking, seeking one another. All I could think was that I had three more days to go. After that, one of these men would win the nomination in behalf of the people and the values we had worked to represent. But neither of them deserved it.

I went off to dinner with a couple of famous people from the New Left—Bob Scheer and Tom Hayden. Scheer was decent to talk to—he wanted to interview McCarthy for *Ramparts*. *Ramparts* had even been a little bit impressed by McCarthy's attacks on the military. But Kennedy had been more gracious personally—inviting, conversing, and so on—and that counts, even with "revolutionaries." Hayden in his little fatigue cap was coming on as a personal repre-

sentative of Uncle Ho. All of this McCarthy-Kennedy crap would be resolved by the emergence of the NLF in the United States. People like myself would be killed. Tough talk from a real revolutionary—or a beautiful put-on, just what "liberals" expect you to say: these were the two ways of admiring Tom Hayden.

"Why are you a whore for McCarthy?" was Hayden's greeting to me. Explain you are not a whore. I would have said I was acting in behalf of some good people in this country—but at that moment I was not nearly so sure of them as Hayden was of the American NLF.

I remember driving back to the hotel in someone's Volkswagen. Hayden was muttering, Scheer proposing, but my brain was dry from too many words and no music. After what I'd seen on that debate, I didn't much care for anyone's position. Despite myself, I swooned to catch the beat from the little Blaupunkt.

29. The day after the debate, we wrote up a statement calling attention to the candidates' differences on Vietnam and accusing Kennedy of "scare tactics" on his "Orange County" business. Kennedy immediately replied, from Orange County, that "if Senator McCarthy thought I was not being precise, he had ample opportunity to respond when we were face-to-face."

On Vietnam, Kennedy began to say to his crowds, "Don't ask me why Gene McCarthy voted for the Tonkin Gulf resolution!" Tonkin Gulf came in the summer of '64, before Kennedy was in the Senate. He did not mention that McCarthy was one of five Senators who on March 1, 1966, voted to repeal that resolution—while Kennedy voted with the majority.

On election day, ads appeared quoting Kennedy "On Law Enforcement and Crime" and "On the Cities." Under McCarthy's name there appeared the notation, "Blank. Except for some good comments in the past few weeks."

That last day in California I was approached to join Kennedy as a speechwriter, in fact, to have breakfast with him the next morning. Anticipating a big win—nine percentage points—which would all but eliminate McCarthy from contention, he was anxious to address himself to McCarthy's issue-oriented following. I replied that I felt I was wanted more as a defector than as a writer, that my main desire at the moment was to go home and leave these candidates to each other.

A few other young people near the top of the McCarthy organization were also invited to breakfast. Sam Brown, our "Youth Coordinator," accepted—from a sense of his own importance rather than from disloyalty—and Pierre Salinger got that impending breakfast into the newspapers while voters were still going to the polls on June 4.

I did agree that the only two peace candidates should talk to one another, and agreed to suggest to McCarthy that he be receptive to a phone call from Kennedy—though I doubted that he would be. McCarthy, when he lost, made another we-shall-go-on statement, without mentioning Kennedy, just as in Indiana and Nebraska. Of course an open agreement with Kennedy would have submerged his own candidacy.

Kennedy, meanwhile, wanted badly to join forces. He had an adviser phone Lowenstein in New York and Galbraith in Boston to ask whether he should travel across L.A. to see McCarthy. Then he went downstairs to make his best speech of the campaign, in which he talked modestly about how Americans had demonstrated their desire "for peace and for justice and for a government dedicated to giving the people mastery over their own affairs. . . ." He credited McCarthy and his supporters for "breaking the political logjam" and for making "citizen participation a new and powerful force in our political life." Commenting that Humphrey was leading in delegates without having debated the issues or submitted his candidacy to popular vote, he asked the McCarthy people to join with him "not for myself, but for the cause and the ideas which moved you to begin this great popular movement."

A few minutes later that great popular movement was ended for 1968, though we did not know it. The McCarthy kids had come to see their candidate at the Beverly Hilton. Now most of them were weeping; within a few minutes they were on the phones to their mothers back East. McCarthy himself paced up and down his suite while cops stood grimly at the door.

30. There was a moment then, at the beginning of the summer, when Gene McCarthy was the only viable national leader. We had had a lame-duck President for two months: it was as if we did not have a President. Hubert Humphrey was tied up in fatuous professions of happiness and loyalty. Richard Nixon was a dark eminence, betting on the sober handshake, the thoughtful expression, and the strategy of saying nothing whatever. Nelson Rockefeller had played too cagey: he had not stepped out when it counted, and his last-minute barrage of PR gimmicks was not sufficient to communicate any deep sense of commitment.

Only Gene McCarthy had openly and steadily addressed himself to the central issue which so deeply disturbed America. Whether he believed in rapid structural change or not, his campaign had become a symbol for the fundamental change for which Robert Kennedy had spoken on that last night in the Ambassador Hotel—and now McCarthy was the only candidate of change. He was the only man who was in a position to tell America what had happened, to tell us who we were and what we must now do.

Dean Rusk seemed to speak for all the inadequacies of Humphrey and Nixon in his defensive statement on the assassination. "We must not," he said, "indict an entire people because of the wanton acts of certain violent individuals. The American people are a decent, wholesome, generous, and dedicated people who

want to establish peace in the world and equality and social justice at home. But we have much unfinished business to which President Johnson has fully committed himself. . . . I know that John and Robert Kennedy would expect all of us to address ourselves to this unfinished business with all the wisdom and energy we can muster."

Unfinished business-as-usual, one might say. What had gone wrong with our decent, wholesome selves?

McCarthy began to tell us on the day after the assassination: "The nation, I think, bears too great a burden of guilt, really, for the kind of neglect which has allowed . . . violence to grow here in our land." He called this violence a "reflection of violence which we have visited upon the rest of the world, or at least on a part of the world." He said further that "We proceed as though we were still a pioneer country. We're not. We've become a rather complicated, sophisticated civilization"—implying that our neglect, our violence stemmed from a false and mythological self-image.

These few cryptic words seemed like the first efforts of a leader to fill the yearning for understanding and temperance which moved in our nation in the wake of three years of useless war and an assassin's bullet. Surely no politician had better credentials in restraint and dignity than Gene McCarthy had at that moment; or an evener tone with which to address the nation; or a clearer chance to press home the quiet advocacy of the values he believed in. If McCarthy had stepped forward at that moment with full presence and power, no one would have looked larger beside him.

But McCarthy could not, or would not, command his full power. The issues were not enough to maintain him, and the values which prevailed in him were not those which pertained to the state of America or the possibilities for leadership. He withdrew: and those few sentences on June 5 stood as tokens of the only time he glanced at the beast and told us what he saw.

31. McCarthy did not resign his candidacy; he left his lottery ticket in the big barrel to await the hand of God. But he never again addressed himself to the moment. He stood all summer passive and self-absorbed in the winding-down of his campaign. He had altered his style on the West Coast to suit the needs of scoring and winning. And what had it got him? Now in the heat of a lost, hot, vacant summer, while millions hoped for him and waited, Gene McCarthy regressed to his balanced presentation of self, to the sacred ceremony of his personality.

There was a political rationalization, which could be put on the spoons of a few favored journalists. McCarthy's only hope had been for a stalemate between Kennedy and Humphrey. With Kennedy gone, he simply could not match the machine connections. This ignored the fact that Humphrey was a loser, and that most of the party pros knew it—the very premise that Kennedy had been counting on. It ignored the availability of the Kennedy vote, which would hardly go to Humphrey as a matter of course. Finally, it did not acknowledge the possibility that the Democratic party would have to bend to public



"Well, here comes mister know-it-all."

demand—the assumption on which the McCarthy movement was built, its proclaimed objective, and the power with which it had knocked out Johnson.

Finney, at least, thought there was a chance of politics. He came to McCarthy before they flew back from L.A. We've got to integrate our organization, he said. But he did not reckon on the price he had already exacted. —Well, said McCarthy, you boys see if you can integrate yourselves. You ought to call the President, Finney said. You call the President, said McCarthy.

Some of the younger people could rejoice in that last. McCarthy had shoved off the insiders, they thought, to go back to the people. They went home to join with folks who'd been knocking on the doors of state and local party caucuses for months. Fanned out across the nation, they waited for instructions from the man upstairs, to coordinate their efforts with his. If they were lucky, the man passed their way during the summer; they could go and look at him and hold up their fingers and cheer. But the instructions never came.

32. It was June 12 before McCarthy spoke again. I went down to Washington with my head throbbing to a phrase which had been thrusting from radios all spring: "Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio, a nation turns its hungry eyes to you." My retirement plans had been premature. One could not let go of McCarthy now; he was—as we were to hear over and over and ever more sadly as the summer slipped by—our only hope.

On June 11, the mood was tight but the possibilities were still very real. McCarthy was to reopen his campaign in the Senate Building the next day. Was it possible Gorman and I could get to him with a statement? His Senate office insisted he was not to be reached, but we left word we would bring him something later.

Unsure of our commission, we worked with difficulty, hoping at best to touch all the bases. Our first assumption was that he would speak in the Senate caucus room—where he could invoke the memory of his first announcement and of Robert Kennedy's.

He could begin by recounting what had happened since then: Johnson dropping, the opening of negotiations, the two assassinations, further violence in our cities. The theme was that the crisis had intensified: anxiety deepening, people losing faith and hope. It was a time for still greater commitment to our original principles. "We call for change in America because without change we fear for our nation's future."

The talks in Paris were getting nowhere—and our position remained inflexible. The fighting continued, so did the dying. McCarthy would go on talking about Vietnam. Not merely because policies required changing, but because it was time to think about the lessons of Vietnam—to understand what it tells us about ourselves as a people, about our leaders and institutions.

Likewise he would talk about the crisis of our cities, the problems of black people and poor people. The loss of Kennedy and King made that discussion all the more essential.

Behind these lay deeper questions, involving our capacity for peaceful change or for shattering violence. For discontent was growing in America. Voices which cried for justice and liberation had been ignored. Citizens were excluded from the processes of government. "Discontent in America grows as much from a sense of powerlessness as from poverty. It is a discontent with the present state of our democracy."

It was this condition to which McCarthy had originally addressed his candidacy—and the American people had shown in the primaries that they were ready to renew democracy and to revitalize its processes. They had made their will known—the question now was whether our political parties could respond to that will.

McCarthy had faith that they would—at least he did in our statement. He had confidence in America. He believed that Democracy would prevail—"in the Democratic party and in the country which it serves."

It was after dark when we drove out to McCarthy's house. He was not at home—maybe he would be cut off now for good from his campaign. But we found him around the block at the home of Gil Harrison, publisher and editor of *The New Republic*, sitting in the den with Harrison and Harrison's teen-age son. A Secret Service man stood outside the door; two more waited at the curb.

McCarthy was shocking: deep hollows cut under his eyes, his face was ravaged and grim—as if he hadn't slept for a week. He told us about how he had been to see Johnson that day. They had sat just the two of them at a huge conference table. "He told me the Vietcong are getting desperate—making a last-ditch stand. We're going to negotiate from strength. The same old stuff." He shrugged his head, dug his hands into his eyes.

But he seemed glad we had found him, relieved [illegible] Heard it sincerely. I think this is about right," he said.

But immediately he cut out all the references to Kennedy. Harrison, the staunchest of McCarthy men, pressed him to say something positive about Kennedy, to appeal directly and honestly to Kennedy's followers who were waiting to see how McCarthy would react, and to Kennedy's delegates, who were already being approached by Humphrey. Or else the game might be over right away.

"I thought I just wouldn't mention Bobby," McCarthy said. "Well, I won't make him my lead."

Possibly he thought it was bad taste to be appealing to people in the name of his rival of just a week ago—the motive would seem personal. Finally I suggested he keep just the reference to Kennedy and King (two of our greatest men, lost voices who had spoken to us of poverty and the crises of our cities), and he did. Then he asked me to put in a sentence

about how the Administration had ignored the Foreign Relations Committee.

To my amazement, Harrison began asking McCarthy if he felt guilty about the assassination. "No," McCarthy said, "everything I said about him was completely fair."

He was reluctant to talk about it, dropping into depression again, but Harrison kept on, working against McCarthy's grain in a way we knew was dangerous.

"If I were you, Gene, I'd feel just a little guilty—it's irrational, but all the same—how could you help it?"

Of course he feels guilty, I thought. What else would do that to him? Maybe Harrison wanted to help him face it.

But McCarthy shook his heavy head. "He said he didn't enter New Hampshire because his personality would get in the way, then he came to Oregon with his dog and his astronaut. So it was perfectly fair."

He stared dully at the pages on his lap. Across the room Harrison's son was scoring LBJ, who had said that the violence must stop, but hadn't said how.

McCarthy lifted his head. "Who's that?" he said. "Bobby?"

Harrison tried a joke about how certain columnists were always speculating that something was wrong with McCarthy.

McCarthy seemed not to hear him.

"There's something wrong with McCarthy all right," he murmured to himself. "But they don't know what it is."

33. McCarthy had taken our top copy to look it over once more. In the morning he would have it run off and distributed.

It is a beautiful summer day that next morning. We come to the Hill in some anticipation. McCarthy is disturbed about the campaign up to now—but today he can make a new beginning.

We learn later that the statement was mimeoed and a few reporters were walking off with it when the secretary came after them and snatched it out of their hands. But all we know at the time is that no one has it. "What text?" people shrug, and someone tells us McCarthy has thrown it out. And he has canceled the caucus room as well.

We race down to the Agriculture Committee hearing room, one of the smallest in the building—and come upon a hundred reporters milling out in the hall, unable to get in. The fifty-foot room is jammed with press people, the ones in back crushing up because they can't hear or see, the ones in front leaning with mikes and cameras. I can just see McCarthy's head, which is down. He is sitting at a table. No, he waves off the microphone. He begins to mumble into the tabletop.

He says he will continue "a limited campaign." He doesn't feel that the assassination has changed anything. He mentions Kennedy to say that, "The response to my candidacy, and also to that of Senator Kennedy, rather clearly demonstrated, I think, the popular response."

When the reporters ask questions, he flattens each one as fast as it comes.

Would he "welcome a series of discussions or confrontations or debates on the issues" with the Vice President?

"If at some point," McCarthy says, "he feels that the positions I am taking ought to be challenged, why, we will then have to decide how best to present the differences, or to receive his challenge, to the public for their judgment."

Does he think Humphrey will lose ground if he doesn't speak on the issues?

"I don't really know. . . ."

Now and later, he will not challenge Humphrey.

"What argument can you make to these undecided delegates? Why should they vote for you rather than Humphrey?"

"I don't think I will make that argument to them. I will simply ask them to be responsible delegates and to make the judgment that has to be made in August, which is a question of what issues the Democratic party is going to support at that time; and then to ask the question as to which candidate is likely best to carry those issues to the country. I just ask them for a reserved judgment."

Does he perhaps have any plans to appeal to the Negro vote?

"I never looked upon that as an area in which I should really very seriously contest with Senator Kennedy, although people tried to raise that issue. We did try to get to them what my record was. And it is a good record; I have no problems about that. . . . And I have never had any problem about minority support in my own state."

I walk back to McCarthy's office with a sympathetic fund-raiser who is explaining to me that now is not the best time to mention things that bother people. McCarthy knows what he is doing.

"And besides," I say, "he is our only hope."

"That's right. And don't you forget it!"

Back in the office the secretary is pleased to inform us that McCarthy has left already. (What's that you say, Mrs. Robinson?) Knowing that he is scheduled to make his first speech to a conference of black and white social workers in New York the next day, he asked her to get out his blue-plate special from 1961, a history of poverty among the Greeks and Romans, with a description of welfare as practiced among medieval monasteries. An elderly office aide is engaged in writing up a press release on "the four new civil rights," which he is copying from a statement dated 1959. McCarthy has left behind some papers, which the secretary takes from his desk for me to bring to him.

On McCarthy's desk is a book by Camus, open to an essay on "The Responsibility of the Artist." In times of stress, Camus writes, the artist must be careful not to debase his language—because it is all

he's got. That passage is marked. But it makes no mention of politicians.

34. In the next week McCarthy made a series of cryptic proclamations which pushed him further into isolation. First he said he was going to Paris at some unspecified date. When reporters asked him if he would talk to American negotiators or whether he had contacts with the North Vietnamese, his answers were unclear.

Then on June 14, he found it necessary to say that Americans were ready to welcome "unilateral withdrawal"—and had to explain that he was not advocating it, just trying to say how unpopular the war had become. It was the kind of point that could be appreciated only by those who already agreed with him.

On June 16, when asked about the drive for gun control which had followed the assassination, McCarthy said, "It's been my experience in twenty years in the Congress that you really ought not to put through legislation under panic conditions." The Washington *Post* wondered what McCarthy had done about gun control during twenty years of non-panic. If he thought it over long and hard, he could not have chosen anything better calculated to alienate Kennedy people. The statement was more than just a political mistake. Twist and turn it as you would, there was a kind of meanness beyond excuse or explanation.

There was a particular pressure during those early days of the summer for McCarthy to make a personal appeal to Negro voters who felt lost without Kennedy. In the weeks that followed, Norval Reece scheduled frequent appearances in big city ghettos. But by this time McCarthy had been taken over by the Secret Service (whose code word for him was "snowstorm"). Usually when a ghetto appearance was scheduled, the Secret Service would point to a violent encounter between militants and police such as occurred in every ghetto every weekend all summer long. They would phone McCarthy's secretary in the Senate office, and she would cancel the appearance. In Pittsburgh, McCarthy overruled the Secret Service, but in Newark, Detroit, Los Angeles, and other places, he did not go.

* * *

35. On June 18, the New York primary gave McCarthy what he himself said later was the most meaningful victory of the campaign, a practical demonstration of the power of the new politics. For instead of voting for candidates, the voters had to select three delegates in each of 41 districts—which meant that the McCarthy movement in New York State (the Committee for a Democratic Alternative, led by Harold Ickes and Sarah Kovner) had to run 41 campaigns, identifying 123 delegates with McCarthy and explaining door-to-door what that meant in terms of the issues.

The CDA pulled a kind of grass-roots support that the Democratic machine simply could not match. Sixty-two McCarthy delegates were elected, 30 Kennedy delegates, 19 uncommitted, and only 12 delegates for Humphrey. In addition, Paul O'Dwyer, an anti-war McCarthy supporter, upset strong Kennedy and Humphrey men in the Senatorial primary, suggesting that McCarthy had coattails.

Yet all that week the man himself had said that the primaries were over. He would not even accept a phone call from Ickes and Kovner. Now the CDA in New York was used to going it alone: they had built an independent organization, defended it from the nepotistic manipulations of national organizers, and faithfully raised money to send down to Washington. Ickes and Kovner asked only one thing: that the candidate simply come to a New York rally to identify himself with his delegates and to ask people to vote for them.

But McCarthy would not do it.

In despair the New York people turned to Erich Fromm, who had written and lectured in behalf of McCarthy, organized social scientists to support him, and authored a speech which McCarthy delivered on the night of June 12 at the Fellowship of Reconciliation. On the night of June 16, Fromm began to telephone McCarthy. He was told by the secretary and again by the valet that McCarthy could not be disturbed. Then he was informed by a psychiatrist friend in McCarthy's entourage that he had no business meddling in politics.

Finally McCarthy was prevailed upon to take Fromm's call. He did not say no in person. He came to New York for an election eve rally in Lewisohn Stadium. He didn't say much about the primary, or the Poor Peoples' March in Washington that next week, but he did say it was time to take our steel from the land of thatched huts, our tanks from the land of the water buffalo, our napalm from a land which barely knew the use of matches.

The primary victory the next night might have given us a strong push toward renewing the campaign. It made a tremendous impression on press and politicians. But not on McCarthy, who continued depressed.

36. We spent much of the summer flying to state conventions—where McCarthy would repeat pretty much what he'd said all along—and ask political leaders, much to their astonishment and not without condescension, to keep an open mind. McCarthy would not criticize Humphrey, except to say he didn't have a position on Vietnam. He knew if he weakened Humphrey, and Humphrey got the nomination, he could be accused of making Nixon President. But Humphrey was now his direct and only opponent.

Usually Humphrey came to speak to the same convention, but there was never a debate, the two men would speak at different times and decorously ignore one another. Young people would pack the galleries for McCarthy, and middle-aged party regulars for HHH. Humphrey was the Dagwood Bumstead of politicians: anything good he heard from

anyone else, he would cram into his sandwich of a speech, spread it with a layer of schmaltz, and gulp the whole thing down. He talked, for instance, about a "participation politics" while his people were closing caucuses, stealing delegations, and ignoring primaries in Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Indiana, Missouri, Texas, Minnesota, etc. When McCarthy was prevailed upon to criticize the handling of hunger in America, the lack of U. S. pressure to stop the genocide in Biafra, or the jailing of Dzu in South Vietnam, the next day Humphrey would say the same thing, and twice as sincerely, just as if he were not part of the government whose inaction [illegible]plored.

"I'm dying to go after Humphrey," McCarthy said in July. "When I read those speeches I think if only he were a Republican . . ."

"Why not go after him as if he were?" I asked.

"I will."

But he couldn't. Unlike Bobby, who had vowed to "chase Humphrey's ass around the country," McCarthy must have recognized some kinship with Humphrey. He joked about how he himself had come close to being in Humphrey's shoes, and despite his contempt for Hubert's hawkery and his tears, he seemed to know that all the same, the man was trapped.

37. By the middle of the summer, McCarthy had severed his contact with his movement: they were reduced to faces at airports and rallies, and the man made cracks to reporters about the "ski-bums" who had joined his campaign. Supposedly he was now going to concentrate on the delegates and politicians, to approach them and bargain for power. In reality, however, the candidate could not do this and would not authorize anyone to do it for him.

Really it was the McCarthy movement that should have done the bargaining. It had something to offer the Democrats—organization, numbers, and a future. McCarthy could have served as the fulcrum of a bargain—to his advantage and to everyone's, if he could have shown it to them.

There were legitimate reasons, too, for going to the Governors and other politicians of the Democratic party. (a) The original objective of the McCarthy campaign was to bring pressure for change within the party. Therefore at some point someone had to demand recognition and power in that arena. In practice, this was left to brave and isolated state caucuses. (b) Assuming that McCarthy would have made a stronger candidate than Humphrey and politicians were not so dull that they could not imagine it—the question remained as to what role various Democratic officeholders and party men would play in the campaign and in a new Administration, all the way down to the local level. Certainly it was legitimate for professionals who had devoted their lives to politics to want to know, in the words of Dick Goodwin, "whether they would be playing shortstop or sitting on the bench." (c) Finally, they did legitimately represent some peopl even where they had not been chosen democratically. There is no doubt that the party regulars in man localities had close contact with the communitie they came from and more accurately represented th interests of the different groups that composed the than did the McCarthy insurgents.

For a moment last summer, McCarthy was in unique position to bring together the two halves what might be the Democratic party. In failing to d so, he deprived his "constituency of conscience" th opportunity to follow up on what they had begun i New Hampshire and Wisconsin—to make commo cause with the bread-and-butter America of sma farms, trade unions, and ethnic groups. There can b no doubt that bringing these two halves together wa the political objective of Robert Kennedy. Perhap without him, it could not have been done. Perhaps th war and the defensiveness of the Administratio would have driven an impassable wedge. Or perhap the benefits of turning from the war would have bee irresistible. But we never found out, becaus McCarthy confined the issues to his own personality "I am the cause now," he said.

38. After the assassination two strategies wer proposed to McCarthy. Tom Finney wanted to hur delegates in the conventional manner, stressin McCarthy's greater vote-getting abilities and hi willingness to play ball with standard leaders, u timately even with Lyndon B. Johnson. Stephen Mi chell—who had been party chairman in the Stevenso years—wanted to put pressure on the party throug popular challenges, public exposure, and demon strations of grass-roots strength. Mitchell was read to negotiate, but he felt McCarthy had to show firs he was ready to fight. Finney's strategy demande discretion rather than criticism, and the tacit elimi nation of the movement and its managers. Still, th strategies were not irreconcilable, if the candidat were willing, in his own way, to reconcile them, an to act on them.

Amazingly enough, all parties in the dispute lef their various meetings and conferences confiden that the nod of the McCarthy head had gone to then Evans and Novak were leaked a story that Finne had taken charge, after "McCarthy was dragged- kicking and screaming—into conventional politics." Finney, however, never did get started. He held ou for sole control of the delegate operation, and Mc Carthy would not give it to him.

Curtis Gans, for his part, felt the Mitchell strateg had been adopted, and on the strength of that asked McCarthy's permission to bring together a con vention of grass-roots supporters. Backed by Blai Clark, he spent thousands of dollars bringing loca leaders from all over the country to Chicago in the middle of June. Gans thought McCarthy would come but McCarthy stayed in Washington and ridiculed Gans and his convention—though he could have stopped it with a word.

THE VEALERS

by Maxine Kumin

They come forth with all four legs folded in
like a dime store card table.
Their hides are watered silk.
As in blind man's buff they rise, unable
to know except by touch, and begin
to root from side to side in search of milk.

The stanchions hang empty. Straw beds the planks
that day. On that day they are left at will
to nuzzle and malinger
under the umbrella of their mothers' flanks
sucking from those four fingers
they were called forth to fill.

Immediately thereafter each is penned
narrowly and well, like a Strasbourg goose.
Milk comes on schedule in a nippled pail.
It is never enough to set them loose
from that birthday dividend
of touch. Bleating racks the jail.

Across the barn the freshened cows
answered until they forget who is there.
Morning and night, machinery
empties their udders. Grazing allows
them to refill. The hungry
calves bawl and doze sucking air.

The sponges of their muzzles pucker
and grow wet with nursing dreams.
In ten weeks' time the knacker
—the local slaughterer—will back his truck
against the ramp, and prodded to extremes
they will kick and buck

and enter
and in our time they will come forth for good
dead center
wrapped and labeled in a plastic sheet,
their perfect flesh unstreaked with blood
or muscle, and we will eat.

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39. In California, McCarthy's entourage had been joined by a former advance man who wore his hair in a Pinocchio bowl-cut and who acted as a court jester. Pinocchio played a leading role on the campaign plane, which by the middle of the summer was an appalling experience for the serious young campaign workers who hitched a lift from one city to another. McCarthy had let his plane fill up with snobs, sycophants, stooges, and clowns. Much of the time there was not a single political adviser on the plane. It got so bad that from June only a handful of reporters stuck with us. Despite everything that McCarthy had accomplished in 1968, when newsmen traveled with him they simply could not believe he was seriously running for President.

It was an American Airlines charter, with beer and shrimp, lobster and champagne, hors d'oeuvres and California grapes. The atmosphere was that of a Sunday school picnic for snotty rich kids. The Harvard boy and his chum joked about the campaign with their favorite reporters as if it were a marvelous put-on. There were no press releases, no sense that the candidate would respond to current developments. McCarthy sat up front with the psychiatrist friend and one or two others who were clearly not friends in any sense of equality—and allowed his loyal retainers to mediate between himself and the outer world. Now and then a reporter would venture forward to pick up some nasty cracks about other politicians. McCarthy had a one-liner for everyone in Washington, and the reporters who found favor were those who learned to leer and feed straight lines.

Through all of this, Pinocchio would wander, dressed in pilot's goggles and remnants of rubber water clothes. Sometimes he made witty announcements on the P-A about the excretory habits of someone on board. He thought it was a gas to walk up the aisle slapping people with a towel. When he got McCarthy's bags to the hotel he would make a specialty of snapping out orders to the local volunteers who came to help and worship.

Contacts were suggested with people of political or intellectual reputation, but invariably these people had been soft on Bobby at one time or another and were tainted with "opportunism." Once Gorman came up with an idea for a "poverty tour." He proposed that McCarthy announce an itinerary of city ghettos, Indian reservations, Mexican farm camps, plantations, Appalachian mining districts, sharecrop rural areas. He would invite local and national leaders who spoke for the poor to travel with him for one stop or for all week. He would take a temporary staff of experts who had written most convincingly on aspects of poverty. Then after the trip he would make a major address, perhaps on national TV, summarizing his impressions and setting forth concrete proposals.

I suppose the trouble was that such a tour could be construed as a belated effort and to follow in Bobby's footsteps. McCarthy replied without interest that he was "willing" to go to "these places," but only in the way he went to other places. The "traveling circus" continued.

One day the plane sat in the airport at Des Moines, waiting for McCarthy to return from addressing the state convention and asking delegates brought to his suite to keep an open mind. Some of McCarthy's attendants were playing baseball on the grass between the runways. McCarthy arrived and immediately they relinquished the bat to him and retreated some 400 feet. There was no question of his actually playing —without even removing his coat he carefully took his position while two aides competed to throw him a

soft one. But soon there was trouble—McCarthy refused to swing at the pitches because they were not in the strike zone. Every once in a while he would swing but he did not connect solidly, and thereafter would wait even longer before swinging again. Meanwhile one suitor would wrench the ball from the next in anxiety to be the one who could groove it for Daddy.

At last McCarthy hit a long pop and strode into the plane. He saw me watching. "Regulation distance!" he said. And when his retinue caught up: "Next time the mound has to be regulation distance!"

40. From Des Moines we flew to Lansing and the Michigan state convention. The next night McCarthy had an important speech scheduled in Chicago, and Gorman had phoned me from Washington with a text on the political process, scoring Humphrey's undemocratic delegate raids and challenging the party to respond to the primaries. It might have been important: I spent my time in Lansing editing the text and going over it with McCarthy. Meanwhile the best of the McCarthy advance men, Tony Podesta, a grad student from MIT, had gone into Lansing a few days ahead of us, arranged for a tremendous crowd to fill two hangars at the airport, and learned all about the power structure in the state of Michigan. The next morning, Sunday, June 30, Podesta had arranged for McCarthy to meet a selected group of liberal labor leaders and other delegates who were interested and uncommitted.

Podesta rode to the meeting in the car with McCarthy and the valet, supposedly to brief the candidate on the people he would encounter. "I knew," said Podesta, "that he switches off right away. I'd decided that you can only tell him one thing. So all the way in the car I kept telling him that what these guys cared about most was whether he was a good Democrat. They had their doubts about the war and so on—but they wanted to know if he would lead the party."

Of course McCarthy had put in twenty years of being a loyal Democrat. But maybe he didn't like being briefed by a twenty-four-year-old, maybe he didn't believe the delegates were really open. Maybe it was just that he was a sucker for a hypothetical question—in this case an inquiry as to whether he might conceivably support Rockefeller. This is a question that would naturally occur in advance to any politician in McCarthy's position, and if you are seeking the Democratic nomination your answer is absolutely not. But to Podesta's horror, McCarthy took the question as an academic exercise, and started to comment on the circumstances in which he might find Rockefeller's programs "acceptable." From that moment he was through, as far as his listeners were concerned, and Podesta could see it in their faces.

And that night's speech was through, too, even though McCarthy threw in his first really positive remark on Kennedy. For the Chicago *Sun-Times* headlined MCCARTHY DROPS A HINT HE COULD SUPPORT ROCKY—and the criticism of Humphrey, the challenge to the party, were washed out in Monday morning papers all over the country.

McCarthy as usual said he was misquoted. He was mad at Podesta, too. "I heard I was on his shit list," Tony said. "Pinocchio told me."

41. Wherever we went there would be a group of black leaders who wanted to talk to McCarthy privately—to get the feel of him and to see how he would acknowledge them. It was tough on McCarthy. Despite the business about people getting to know his record, his appeal, as we have seen, was very much involved with the formal presentation of his personality. In a small group the formality could be chillingly impersonal, and with non-white or non-college people the presentation simply didn't take.

In a certain way McCarthy and the black leaders had a lot in common. Both he and they had placed tremendous importance on style as the chief sign of substance. Words and trappings were important on both sides, but different words, different trappings. Like many a black man, McCarthy began an encounter with the feeling of having been slighted, and waited for the other to make gestures of appreciation. When gestures were not forthcoming, the original impression was confirmed on either side.

Yet on the part of the black leaders there was a touching desire to make contact, hopefully, to deal. The death of Kennedy had severed their main line of hope. And despite all the talk of separation and the threats of violence, the black community had to seek out contact. For it truly was, as McCarthy said, dependent on white support even to finance its separatism. The greatest disaster for them in terms of a Presidential election would be the success of a candidate who owed them nothing whatsoever. They had to talk.

In more ways than one, however, the conversation was not what it was assumed to be. Theoretically, the black leaders would deliver the support of their communities if they found McCarthy acceptable. Actually there was a question not only about delivery but even about whom a given leader represented. Some of the people were leaders mainly by virtue of their attendance of meetings like these—and how was McCarthy to tell the difference?

Often the McCarthy advance staff would contact the black leadership in each new city, and I would get an urgent phone call describing what phrases had to be included in the next night's speech if the black leadership was to endorse McCarthy. Usually it was a matter of emotion, not words, and McCarthy never got through to black people with enough force to make it profitable for the leadership to endorse him. Then, too, he not only refused to make deals, he was a poor prospect for power. It did no harm, though, to contact him, or to play with whoever approached in his behalf. For self-protection one had to be ready to make one's move with any candidate in reach.

Before McCarthy was to come to Detroit on July

27, I was bombarded by phone calls from Podesta and his helpers, who put live black leaders on the line with me. Some of them spoke for Reverend Cleage, a real power, but others I wasn't sure of. They told me the key words were "transfer of power"—if McCarthy would say these words, they would guarantee to fill Tiger Stadium with black people. But even I was amused at the notion that we could swing the whole community on the strength of an advance text.

I was working on a speech about how the Democratic party could once again become "the party of the people," putting in as many specific programs as possible, to impress the professionals that McCarthy did have programs and did see himself as a leader of the party. It was easy enough to add that the Democratic party must "bring about a transfer of power, so that black people can run their own communities and form an effective base from which to participate in the politics of the larger community. Since we have isolated black people, we must give them the opportunity to govern themselves etc." But when McCarthy read this he said, "Yes, but how? You just can't do it." And properly he crossed it out.

What government could do is to set up local participation in running health and child-care facilities, schools and job-training centers—and McCarthy left those paragraphs in. I knew from experience he would never say them—possibly because he thought it was wrong to suggest that these techniques would in any real way solve the basic problems of the ghetto. Then again, he was not interested in the possibilities of that sort of participation—he never tried himself to say how a new politics might apply to life in the ghetto.

Nevertheless the rhetoric about "powerlessness" and the practical suggestions for participation which McCarthy let stand were strong enough to impress my phone contacts—and supposedly the Detroit ghetto was ours.

But what do you know, 98 per cent of the audience in Tiger Stadium the next night was "upper-middle-class whites" according to the *Michigan Daily*. Anyhow, the text was circulated to black leaders, who said they were impressed. And on his final trip to Los Angeles, McCarthy was introduced to a well-dressed white dinner crowd at the Beverly Hilton by a black man who said, "They say this man has nothing to say about black people!"—and then glowingly read the words McCarthy never said about black people being "poor because they are powerless, and powerless because they are black," and so on into the ideas McCarthy never had on how to change life in the ghetto.

Once in New York, McCarthy completely stupefied a group of Negro publishers with reminiscences of the 1948 campaign and his political hero, Harry Truman. His thesis was that we cannot begin to deal with our racial problems until we fulfill the basic commitments in jobs, housing, education, and health we undertook in 1948 and reaffirmed in the Kerner Report. McCarthy never adequately dramatized this view, yet I think that basically he was right. Participation will mean little unless there is an allocation of substantial resources in which to participate. And this allocation must be directed to the basic conditions of inequality.

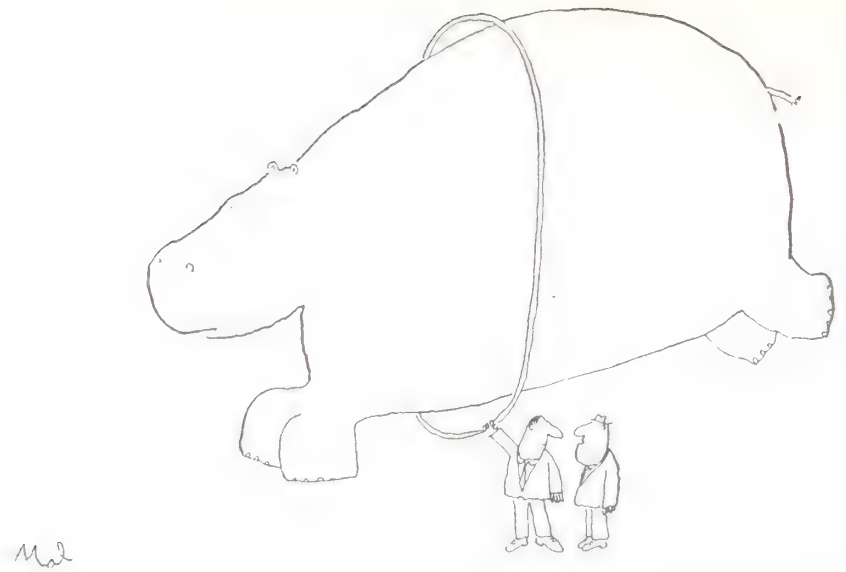
Still, all the rightness in the world means little unless a politician can take his views to the people, can relate them to the way they experience the problem, and can persuade them that his solution fits their needs. McCarthy's problem on the Negro question was that he simply could not convince anyone he cared. "Caring" for him was a matter of accepting obligation. For McCarthy's secular movement, and especially for black people, "caring" was a matter of contact, a matter of firsthand involvement. I personally believe that McCarthy as President would have known the right thing and tried to do it. I'm less sure about the consistency of his efforts, but at any rate he would have been better for black America than a politician who cheers black capitalism and drools to hug black babies, and who then comes up short with the bread and butter. Still, in the narrowest sense in which he was accused, McCarthy really didn't care, he didn't personally identify.

Critics used to complain that he "lacked compassion." McCarthy, scornful of feelings worn on the sleeve, referred to this as "the compassion gap."

I remember when we landed in Atlanta, the crowd along the airport fence was composed of cheering black schoolchildren. McCarthy walked along the fence at a distance of several yards, nodding his head and waving one hand from his hip and his lapel, keeping two Secret Service men between him and them, then veering away before he got fifty yards from the end. A few days later in Louisville he had the identical setup with a white crowd, and he stopped and shook hands, as he usually did. In Atlanta we drove to a rundown slum called Vine City, where several cooperatives have tried to take up the slack of poverty. But McCarthy wasn't interested in looking around, for the streets were filled with small black children who had beautiful grins at the sight of him.

With his valet clearing a path, McCarthy moved straight from his limousine to the small frame house which served as a community center, where he was supposed to give a little talk. In one minute he came out and plowed straight back to his car. Otherwise the children would gladly have entertained him for an hour in the street. They were very lovely children. Perhaps McCarthy felt he didn't deserve them. But just for that reason, I thought, he should have been honored.

42. That brief Southern tour in the middle of July turned out to be McCarthy's most hopeful moment of the summer. For one last week he again believed he might be President. Humphrey was looking more and more like a loser. A few days before we started, the Harris poll took a sampling of 1,500



"Not bad for a hippopotamus."

voters on personal traits of McCarthy and Humphrey, and McCarthy scored higher in every category.

Then in Richmond, Virginia, the crowd was fantastic—more than Wallace or Nixon had drawn there, welcoming McCarthy with a three-minute ovation. But the man had very little to say to them. He was "not ready" to attack Humphrey and put off the party pros before the polls could sink in. So he talked vaguely about "the power of reason and human judgment, the best instrument we have." The only person he criticized by name was John Bailey, the chairman of the Democratic party. The audience left a little bewildered. I heard one couple saying, "Yeah, it was okay . . . but why didn't he tell us what to do?" And, "It was kind of vague, wasn't it?"

The next day there was a rapturous crowd at the airport in Raleigh. But McCarthy was brooding. His schedule was too long. He cut most of the meat from an anti-Humphrey text for the liberal Fulton County Democratic Club in Atlanta that night—and got another ecstatic reception.

On the courthouse steps in Lexington, Kentucky, he drew another strong crowd, and again at Vanderbilt University in Tennessee he was warmly received. His only bad stop was Louisville, where a fund-raising dinner drew practically no one. Speaking over the heads of the audience to reporters, the candidate who had constantly derided polls broke the scheduled release date on the latest Harris poll. It showed Humphrey ahead of Nixon just 37 to 35 per cent, while McCarthy led 42 to 34. Rockefeller was leading Humphrey 37 to 34 per cent, but McCarthy could beat Rocky 38 to 32. Harris was furious because his story was set for a Monday release, but McCarthy had succeeded in getting the results into the Sunday papers. In addition, we had discovered regional polls and private polls showing McCarthy leading Humphrey among Democratic voters in every large state, and two to one in California.

The message was clear. McCarthy was the only Democrat who could definitely beat the Republicans. It looked as though he could play it cool and wait for that lesson to sink in. Unfortunately the polls shifted wildly in the next few weeks. Nixon shot up, McCarthy dropped, Rocky and Humphrey fluctuated, the pollsters explained and adjusted, and the polls meant nothing.

* * *

43. Back in Washington there was a national staff engaged in talking on the phone all day, but it was hard to tell what they were doing—besides fighting for funds, fighting each other, and keeping in touch with people in the field who also had nothing to do.

Only Goodwin, who returned in July, seemed to avoid the infighting. Passing up writing in favor of strategic dealings, he spent his time contacting politicians, making media arrangements, and trying to help McCarthy put his strongest case with the delegates. Like Kennedy, Goodwin did too much, and too much of what he did turned out to be waste motion—but fun. Goodwin worked well with McCarthy, precisely because he did more than enough and left McCarthy the role of passively going along or refusing. When McCarthy did go along, he had a front man who would get the blame. Goodwin's way of persuading McCarthy was also congenial: he used shameless flattery. "Yes that's right, Senator, that's very interesting, that's funny, funny, that's very funny."

Meanwhile a team of writers in Washington was working on position papers, coordinating their efforts with the work of academic people in Cambridge and New York. McCarthy had announced he would be releasing two such papers every week, and they were necessary to counteract the impression that he lacked constructive ideas.

On July 10, we had an Arms Control paper from George Kistiakowsky and Jerome Wiesner, former

How to take a dozen different vacations in one.

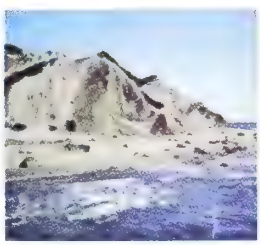










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Fish used to be scared when w

Not long ago, the oil industry usually looked for offshore oil with dynamite. They exploded it underwater and recorded the telltale echoes on a seismograph.

When carefully done, this did little or no harm to aquatic life. But fish were sometimes scared and fled to quieter waters. Fishermen frowned. They had to go farther to fish.

Now, the Esso Production Research Company (a Jersey affiliate) has invented a substitute for dynamite. We have nicknamed it the popp and you can see one at the bottom of our p ture. It doesn't go bang like dynamite. It simp goes pop.

The device is beautifully simple. A m ture of propane and oxygen is ignited b spark plug inside a rubber sleeve. The p inflates the sleeve like an instant balloon.

This sudden expansion is fast enough give a seismic echo, but not fast enough

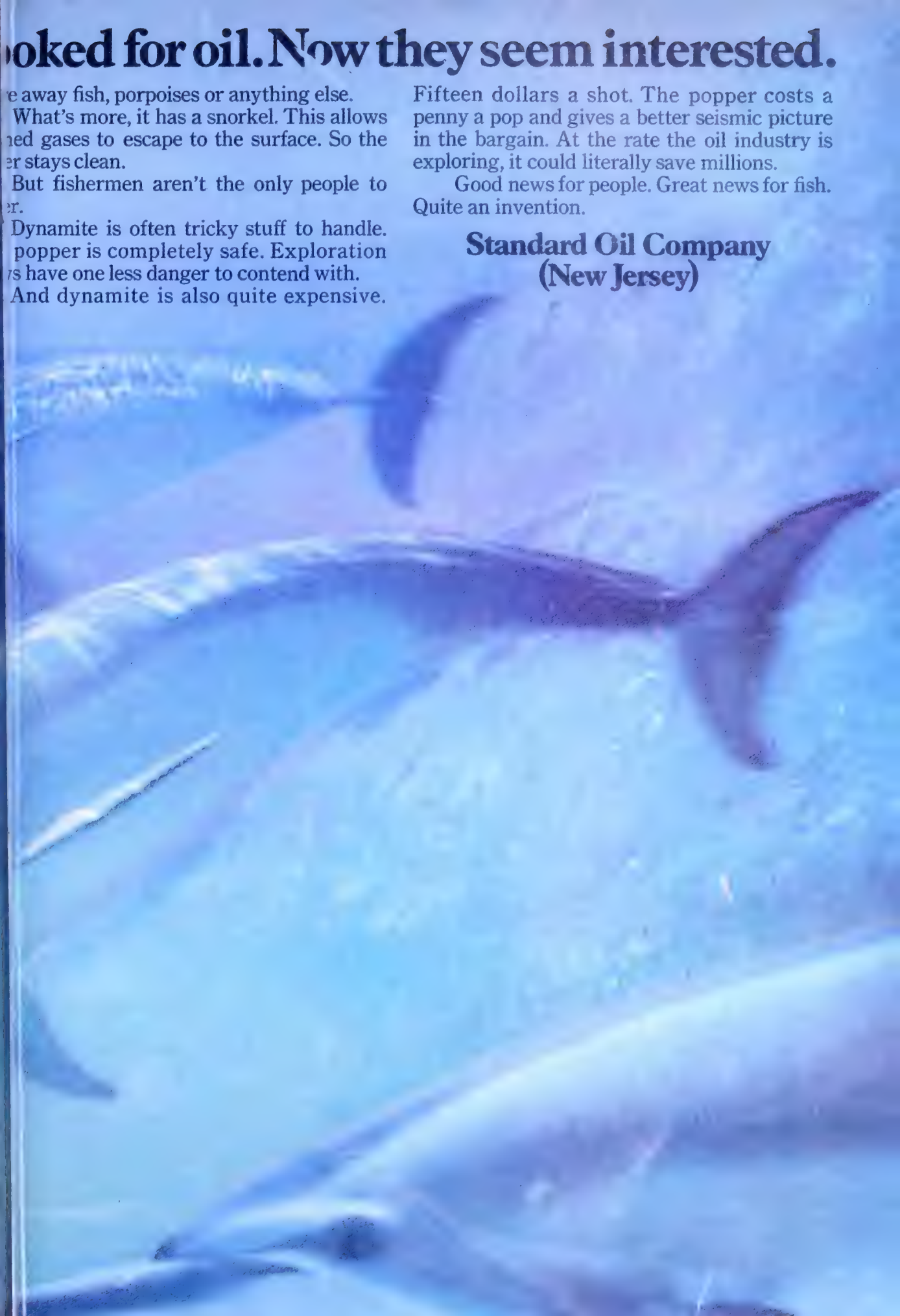


›oked for oil. Now they seem interested.

›e away fish, porpoises or anything else.
What's more, it has a snorkel. This allows ›ed gases to escape to the surface. So the ›r stays clean.
But fishermen aren't the only people to ›r.
Dynamite is often tricky stuff to handle. popper is completely safe. Exploration ›s have one less danger to contend with.
And dynamite is also quite expensive. Fifteen dollars a shot. The popper costs a penny a pop and gives a better seismic picture in the bargain. At the rate the oil industry is exploring, it could literally save millions.

Good news for people. Great news for fish. Quite an invention.

Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)



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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

America's First Monthly

entific advisers for the Eisenhower and Kennedy ministrations, wherein McCarthy could urge im-tant initiatives in disarmament. Also we had a per on Hunger in America, taken largely from *nger–USA* by the Citizens Board of Inquiry o Hunger and Malnutrition. If he approved it, Carthy would become the first candidate to iden- himself with the charge that in fiscal year 1968 Department of Agriculture had not spent $527 lion it had received to buy food for the hungry. McCarthy was resting at a monastery in College k, Minnesota, and it was impossible to reach him approval. When we called the first night he ldn't be disturbed because he was watching the Star baseball game on TV. The next day he was ying softball with the nuns.

Finally McCarthy did give his approval and the ers were released, but his Administrative Assist- came back from Minnesota and informed me that Carthy was saying the hunger paper was wrong. ille Freeman, the Secretary of Agriculture and a ow Minnesotan, had called McCarthy and told so. When I next saw McCarthy I asked him ctly where and how we had been in error, but he l no, no, it was okay. Still, hunger in America not added to his public repertory.

ater on when people were beginning to press for nal statements of McCarthy's urban program, ook papers on jobs and housing off with him for ng weekend in Maine with Robert Lowell and the ret Service. Unfortunately he didn't find time to l the papers over the weekend. He was finally ailed upon to read and release them in the middle ugust.

4. Meanwhile there were still people all around country yearning for McCarthy, painting signs, arranging rallies. He was the only Democrat could draw a crowd that summer.

n June 28, we got 50,000 people into Fenway x in Boston–more than anyone ever drew there anything. Credit for that record must go in part even Cohen, a Harvard grad school dropout and ran of New Hampshire, who gave away two or e tickets for the same seats, so that thousands of t holders, even $100 ticket holders, were turned when the crowd shot past capacity. Cohen had t out of town fast–there were McCarthy people oston who wanted to throw him in jail.

e crowd was three-quarters students–healthy, fleshed, good-looking. The most desirable boys girls in America, full of pure hate for their rnment.

e ball park sparkled green under the lights. ding on the bandstand on second base, Lenny stein cried, ". . . and coming now, from the rfield bleachers, Gene McCarthy!" It would been terrific then if McCarthy had ambled in (swinging two bats and throwing one away ad the metal door slid up and we saw the revolv- ed light of a cop car. A convoy of black limou- sines and police cars rolled slowly into left field. McCarthy walked to second base in a crowd of fifty cops and Secret Service men.

He looked strong and handsome up there on the bandstand with his chin held high. The steel eyes were bright blue in the arc light. I noticed on the infield that McCarthy's staff people chatted to one another throughout his speech. Somewhere along the line they had stopped listening. The fans in the stands roared at the familiar punch lines, but they too had stopped trying to follow the syntax. Our rallies had become rituals of the good and the pure. Our 50,000 beautiful people were showing something maybe about the future of American politics. But the grass-roots case for McCarthy was still open to question. You don't prove America is yours just by filling ball parks with college kids.

* * *

45. On August 13, McCarthy arrived in St. Louis for his last campaign stop. McCarthy insurgents there had just pulled off a stunning upset in elections for the Democratic county committee.

At Kiel Auditorium that night they had to turn away the crowds of students and suburban people. From out of nowhere McCarthy got his greatest ovation of the campaign: it would die and then swell again, going on for ten full minutes as the big man stood bent in his baggy suit in the middle of the stage. It must have been strange to find himself there, carried by one limited decision and a landslide of uncontrollable forces. Yet he had done it and no one else, he was truly the one they applauded, the one man who had opened it up in 1968. He didn't know what to do about it: now and then he would lift his chin and raise his hand in a feeble V-sign.

Watching closely I could see the blood come up once more. The adulation did something for him–he must have thought if anyone deserved it, it was he. But he of all people knew that no one deserved it, and if you tried to ride it, you'd be done for. You could get it only if you stood apart from it, otherwise you'd be like all the rest, and the applause would be different.

It wasn't for you anyway, it was for who they thought you were. But they could not know, no one would ever know. The more they applauded, the more alone he was. So he pushed out a soft underlip in a sign of firmness, he raised two thick fingers in a wilted blessing, and he bore with it, his left hand hidden safe inside his pocket.

46. On August 20, as Dean Rusk was lecturing the Democratic platform committee on the concept of "collective security," an aide came up and whispered in his ear. Russia had invaded Czechoslovakia, and Rusk scooped up his papers like an instructor who has concluded with a telling point.

Some of us were afraid that McCarthy would say nothing at all. I met him early the next morning with a statement that began, "This is a tragic day for freedom." It pointed out that Russia was impos-

ing her own version of "collective security," that the invasion was "only the latest in a series of great power interventions that has gone on since the end of World War II." Probably there was little the U. S. could have done to stop it, but our position in Vietnam—including Johnson's reaffirmation of the bombing earlier that week—"made it easier for the Russians to move as they did and . . . harder for us to mobilize world opinion against such acts."

When I walked into McCarthy's office, his first words to me were, "After all, Jeremy, it's not as if Hitler were marching in."

"I think it is," I said, "in some ways."

McCarthy then said the statement was okay; he would combine it with some notes of his own. He had a private call coming in, and I went to wait in the outer office.

Half an hour later the secretary emerged and handed me McCarthy's statement at the same time she gave a copy to Ken Reich of the Los Angeles *Times*, who was also in the office.

The statement began, "I do not see this as a major world crisis. It is likely to have more serious consequences for the Communist party in Russia than in Czechoslovakia. I saw no need for a midnight meeting of the U. S. National Security Council." There followed a hasty adaptation of what I had written about our position in Vietnam and the need for new policies. I read it over slowly. There was not a single word condemning Russia.

I ran down the hall and grabbed Reich as he was about to get into the elevator, told him the statement had been released by mistake and was not official. He agreed to hold it for an hour while I tried to come up with another one. It was a large risk—I knew that if I couldn't change things in an hour, Reich would have an extra story about how a McCarthy aide had tried to suppress his statement. But if I couldn't change it, the effect would be disastrous anyway—especially with wavering delegates.

I started to run in to McCarthy, but the secretary cheerfully informed me that he could not be disturbed; he was being interviewed live over the phone by a small Midwestern radio network. Even if I broke in, he could not put down the receiver. For a second I thought of breaking in anyway, but I decided it would be more effective to call Goodwin.

Goodwin had just returned from Virginia, where he had been getting his hand in on Ted Kennedy's Vietnam speech, which would that afternoon mark Kennedy's reentry into politics. I didn't have to waste any words with Goodwin, spelling out what was likely to happen with this Czech statement. Horrified, he tried to phone McCarthy right away, but naturally the secretary couldn't put him through. She was having a good morning.

Goodwin tried again with no success. Then he called and told me he had had to let Ken Reich phone his story in. A reporter from the *New York Times* had seen Reich's copy and there would be no stopping it. I wished now I had broken in. I had spent fifteen minutes within five yards of McCarthy without being able to do a damn thing.

I sat down and looked at the statement and saw at once what had happened. McCarthy had been offended by Johnson's grandstand style. He had reacted to that rather than to the tanks rolling into Prague. That sort of thing had happened before and would happen again. Only a demagogue would claim virtue by denouncing evil. If people expected McCarthy to give the standard angry reaction they didn't understand what real style was. If they still needed at this point to test his values, let them think what they liked.

An elderly office aide moseyed by and cast further light by repeating what McCarthy had said that morning before I had arrived. When Hitler invaded, he said happily, Czechoslovakia was still a European country. But now it was an internal matter between two Communist states. Martin Peretz of Harvard called on the phone from Chicago and was told that the intervention "was like sending federal troops to Detroit."

To hell with it then, I thought. At that moment I did not want McCarthy to be President. It was over. The campaign was over. All that was left was Chicago, where at least I could work for the issues that mattered to me and the people who could keep faith with the cause.

Goodwin phoned me then to say he had finally gotten through and persuaded McCarthy to have a press conference that afternoon and straight talk all out. Why didn't I just come back?

Goodwin went to bring McCarthy to the State Hilton, where reporters were covering the platform hearings. It is amusing to think of their conversation in the car. Whatever Goodwin tried, it didn't work. McCarthy held tighter to his statement than Moses had held to the Ten Commandments. When they asked him what he would call a crisis, he answered, an invasion of France. When they asked him about the U. N. Security Council, he said it was all right with him if they wanted to play games with the U. N. He was right in his own terms, but he should have known that very few would understand. He was making absolutely clear what he had shown in other ways from the beginning: that his style of presenting himself was more important than the campaign for President and all it stood for.

At last someone asked him outright why he showed no feeling for the Czechs or outrage against Russia.

"That goes without saying. Do I have to say it every time?"

"It's the compassion gap again," he said to a friendly reporter as he got into his limousine. He had reacted to that gap the same way Johnson had reacted to the credibility gap. And for the same reason.

47. The timing was particularly bad, for in Chicago, where, as steadily as alcohol and peanuts, people were talking about what they could get instead

nphrey. Newsmen with their count of a big ma-
y solid for HHH found that the convention began
Daley holding out and Connally reported peeved.
yone awaited the arrival of Ted Kennedy. "Only
or Teddy can save us," moaned one California
gate. "Teddy *IS* God!" he was answered by
her.
ne convention was still open—and frantic about
t had been fixed for Humphrey. But it was not
fixed. The fixing was not what took it from
arthy. If he had taken his movement to the differ-
groups which the Democratic party must repre-
—shown that he cared about them and wanted to
with them—added them to his strong suburban
—then he would truly have been a man of the
le, and in all the weakness and clutching confu-
of Chicago, the party would have had a hard
rejecting him.

, Meanwhile back in Washington, Humphrey
s out of a tentative preconvention TV debate
McCarthy, and McCarthy instructs Blair Clark
o press for a rescheduling. "I'm just as glad the
te's off. Humphrey's getting to be such a bore
uldn't want to spend half an hour with him."

During the platform hearings, Goodwin and
llies among the Kennedy people won a kind of
nph. They were able to write a minority plank
Vietnam which McCarthy, McGovern, and the
nedy leadership could all agree on. It was a stiff
based on Teddy's August 21 Vietnam speech—
ly unacceptable to the Administration.
nen the minority committee first met, however,
was a danger that Ted Sorensen would take
the writing and pilot through a mild stop-the-
ing plank that Humphrey could magnanimously
to run on. Getting a single strong minority
was an unexpected advantage. It meant that
could be a floor fight where doves could line up
ly against hawks. The issue of the war was going
discussed in open debate before the American
c, whether Johnson liked it or not.
e Sunday after the plank was agreed upon, we
McCarthy on *Face the Nation* from Washington.
uld have been a perfect time for him to start
g the debate to the public. He should have been
ware of the plank; Goodwin had cleared every
ge on the phone with him. To a large extent, this
now represented the focus for the anti-war
ment within the Democratic party.
t when David Schoumacher pointed out the dif-
ces between the plank and McCarthy's campaign
on, McCarthy could not find one good word for
lank. Calling it "their" plank, he could not
nd to the simplest questions about it—as if he'd
heard of it. "That plank is not too important
ay," he said. "Well, I'm going out there today.
l. We'll get it all straightened out, language and

was then asked if Humphrey would be a good
President. "I think he'd be a good President," McCarthy blandly said. "You can be a good President with bad policies."

50. On arrival in Chicago, our leader went straight to his room and stayed there for most of the convention. He put his Senate office girls out in the corridor of the 23rd floor of the Hilton to ward off campaign staff. Within twenty-four hours he had heartened his supporters by telling interviewers from the Knight newspapers that the nomination was all over. Once more he'd been "misquoted." Shana Alexander reported approvingly in *Life* that McCarthy spent a good deal of time tossing an orange around with his brother. His admirers formed a grandstand for the man who is not what anyone wants him to be. In exercising his utter independence McCarthy had locked himself into a kind of prison.

"Henceforth be masterless," quotes D. H. Lawrence as the American ideal. "Which is all very well," he says, "but it isn't freedom. . . . It is never really freedom till you find something you really *positively want to be*. And people in America have always been shouting about what they are *not*."

51. Despite the pleas of his politically committed people, McCarthy refused to take the convention floor as the leader of his movement, arguing to the party and to the American people the case for a genuine peace plank, taking his fight on Vietnam as far as he could carry it. It is something every person who worked for him would have wanted him to do. And what did he have to lose?

Or he might have come before the convention on the rules fight, to tell them why citizens were trying to open up the Democratic party in 1968, and to give them some vision of what the Democratic party could be and how it could respond to the nation's needs. This would back up the work Stephen Mitchell had done on the various challenges, and identify McCarthy with the party's future. He could have told the country what a new politics in the Democratic party could mean for America.

But it would have been bad form, for tradition has it that no candidate addresses the convention until nominees are chosen. McCarthy could not appear to be an opportunist, even if the opportunity was a chance to save his cause. He had violated convention once in challenging an incumbent President. But since he was not supposed to have a chance, his motives had to be idealistic. Now that he was on a level with that President, he was not willing to expose himself. He would take the floor, he let it be known, only if Lyndon Johnson came to the convention.

52. On Wednesday night I went across the street and walked among the demonstrators in Grant Park. They were survivors of the battle in Lincoln Park, and they were bitter, but most of them seemed like gentle college kids come to town for a piece of history. The majority who hated the cops should not be con-

or the smaller minority who attacked. Sam Brown, the McCarthy Youth Coordinator, told me there were only five thousand young people in town, of whom at least two thousand were McCarthy kids. The

I walked down the line where the cops stood holding their clubs and glaring into the park with in- up and taunt them as if they embodied all the forces above and beyond them. Most of the demonstrators sat on the ground talking and singing. Their favorite and were dressed for battle—these were the ones who stood in line for the microphone and delivered long harangues. A few kids lay stoned not five feet from the straining line of cops. Here and there a couple of young black men or lower-class hoods stood on the edge of the group in a kind of hostile sympathy.

Suddenly someone called me. Two former students of mine, sweeter girls you could not find. A met some grad students who'd driven down from Madison, sensible people who hate the war but also hate to get hurt. A Chicago housewife I'd known in college. Finally a youngster from New York, stretched out happily on the grass. "Hey, man! I've he met them in the park. And that's why he came to vote for McCarthy. At three in the morning, there must be fifty delegates rapping with the kids in Grant Park. From time to time a chant goes up to the people in the Hilton: "We want Gene! Dump the

in one of the underground papers they distributed that week. A childish indulgence on first reading. But wasn't that what we all were doing during 1968?

53.

ting the terrible crime of marching without a permit. Some of them took a hill in the park and planted a Vietcong flag there, so naturally the brave policemen had to chase them and gas them. Looking out a window of the Hilton I saw white puffs of gas far up Michigan Avenue. In five minutes we were crying

A call came from the Amphitheatre: Julian Bond would second McCarthy's nomination in an hour. McCarthy assumed that the American people could they hear it—they were hungry for truth, starving for frankness and honesty—and hoping and praying for a candidate who would speak freely and

"Fellow delegates, the people of America are watching us now—as indeed the whole world is watching us. They are looking to the Democratic . . . It too late, etc. . . ."

Of course it was too late, or it would have been harder to write the speech.

54.

the Amphitheatre: the hotel was surrounded by ing crowds and cops. We had to get the speech teletype, but the machine kept breaking down. I waited I looked out the window from the 15th Gorgeous afternoon, the lake a flawless blue tear gas still hung in the air, and up Michigan Avenue the street suddenly filled with people our way.

The cops set up a line at the intersection blockaded them away from the Hilton. I saw Poor People's mule train being drawn through line, past the Hilton and around the corner. caught my breath. Sure enough, they weren't to permit the crime of blocking traffic. The lead there an individual resisted, or stumbled—and club or skull clear up to the 15th floor.

It was worse than anything I later saw on vision. Cops chased kids off into the park and sight, emerged with one cop dragging a boy by the leg and another cop running alongside bing in the groin. A man tried to carry a bloody woman into the hotel and they were both clubbed and thrown into the wagon. People ran up to with cops beating kids on the ground and then turned around and clubbed them. They clubbed in white who knelt to carry off the fallen and clubbed anyone with a camera on his neck. They clubbed people on the sidewalk and smashed them up against the building as we heard terrible screams. Very were fighting back, and I saw none with weapons. Mainly it was the blue helmets surging forward in waves, clubbing and clubbing and clubbing.

All at once I was angrier than I would ever have believed. Down in the street I saw what we'd been waiting for all summer. The same violence that burned villages, the violence that smashed up anything it couldn't understand. I was raging with the force of everything I'd held down day by day, fighting against my pride for the sake of some meaningless imaginary cause which was a losing cause anyway. Which could be wiped out at any moment by blue helmets who took the right to club.

The blues were clustered now straight underneath the window. I reached for a heavy lamp and some teen-age girls rushed to stop me. "You'll be as bad as they are!"

"You're right," I said. I pulled back from the window. But I knew if I'd had a machine gun I'd have mowed them down.

Later, when that knowledge sunk in, I was sick
d scared of more than just the cops.

5. Later that night Goodwin and I snuck out
rough the hotel basement and rode to the stock-
ds. In a little room at the Amphitheatre Steve
tchell, Pat Lucey, and the McCarthy floor man-
ers were gathered. A call came through for Good-
n: McCarthy wanted to withdraw his name before
balloting. Goodwin unhesitatingly started to
e up a statement. "But why?" I said. "Why?"
McCarthy said later it might have "stabilized"
situation. "This isn't my party," he had said.
his isn't the Democratic party." Maybe he wanted
show that, to show them they had to pay the price.
t I didn't like it. It was the ultimate withdrawal.
mplied an excuse we hadn't earned.
Harold Hughes of Iowa was on the phone with
Carthy. Gravely he was telling McCarthy that he
ed it to his supporters to stay in. The managers
e clustered around Hughes, waiting. He looked
und questioningly: opinion was about evenly di-
ed. Hughes repeated what he'd said before.
never knew what McCarthy said, but his name
s not withdrawn. When Humphrey went over the
I was out on the convention floor, slipping among
ey's goons to help get word to all the peace people
meeting afterwards.
About three hundred delegates jammed into a
cus room later and told each other it was only the
beginning. For the first time, there was no mention
of McCarthy's name.

I guess there were about five hundred of us by the time we walked down Michigan Avenue with candles. In Grant Park the delegates were warmly greeted by the demonstrators. They sat down together and sang freedom songs by candlelight. The stars were out: it was a little like campers and counselors. Sweet.

Goodwin got on their PA and spoke to the young people. "We want to control our own lives," he said. "That's what you're all about. And we'll live to see the day!"

Goodwin didn't know then that Richard Nixon would say those same things throughout his campaign. The kids didn't know either. They responded with one last round of We Want Gene! and Dump the Hump!

56. The next morning McCarthy made a farewell speech to staff, delegates, and volunteers. He was in a great mood—like a man let out of jail. When they stood up and cheered he said, "If you keep on this way, I may lose my cool. I may not show active compassion, but I may show a kind of particular joy." The applause did continue, but I could not tell if McCarthy fulfilled his end of the bargain.

Calling them the government-in-exile, he counted up for them how they'd succeeded in terms of raising the issues they had set out to raise, how the nation



"Keep moving! It's no good unless you go through the pain barrier!"

and the party, thanks to them, would never be the same. "If you purify the pond," he said, "some of the water lilies die." He called for "one-man, one-vote" at the next Democratic convention.

A voice called, "Forget the convention!"

"We've forgotten the convention," McCarthy said: "We're beyond it!" And they applauded.

"We've forgotten the Vice President!"

"We've forgotten the platform!"

"And," he climaxed, "we've forgotten the Chairman of the National Committee!"

He wound up telling us that "We were willing to open the box and see what America was. We had that kind of trust and that kind of confidence. And when we opened it, we found"—*what? what?*—"that the people of this nation were not wanting."

Is that what we found?

57. I was given a lift to the airport by Bob Scheer. I was so tired and depressed I couldn't talk straight, but Scheer was elated. "This has been a good thing for us," he gloated. "Thousands of kids have been radicalized by what happened here."

I wasn't sure. I remembered the kids in the park chanting for Gene even after the clubbings and the nomination. But Scheer had ten examples for every one of mine—and sure enough the newspapers and magazines soon backed him up. Youth now reads that it was "radicalized" at Chicago, and may even be ready to buy that image.

But I still don't know what that word means in terms of politics. McCarthy's student volunteers were already radical in wanting to change the American political structure rather than slowly reform it, radical in wanting to redistribute power. But in context "radicalization" seemed to mean the abandonment of politics in favor of violence. Scheer had a gleeful SDS kid with him who was predicting that he and his would break up everything in sight. Like the cops I talked to, he was still high from the violence.

Since Chicago I've found that most student activists no longer feel they can make an absolute argument against the use of force. They talk sometimes as if democratic methods are washed up in this country. But I know too that if a liberal Democrat against the war—even one of the regular party men like McGovern or Ted Kennedy or Harold Hughes—took the initiative in leading a campaign to turn this country around, most of the students would work for him. There would be a tendency for an autonomous student movement to develop around such a campaign, and it would probably push toward goals beyond the scope of its candidate.

But for the moment, Scheer and his friend could talk to one another. I had nothing to say.

58. Some last questions. Was the McCarthy campaign a fluke of peculiar circumstances, or a forerunner of a really new kind of politics?

From what I have seen, there is going to be more. A new class is growing in this country that t its own affluence and education for granted that is searching for a politics which can ch the quality of life. Like other classes, it will for its share of the power, but it will want to do reaching through causes that embody its nee participation. The idea is to break power dow small units, so that people can create more satisf ways of living. That is why the cliché of "co over the decisions which affect our lives" rea people, whether it is spoken by Mr. Nixon, Mr. C win, or Mr. Hayden. But the new class is goir find that meaningful participation is impos without a radical democratizing of our deci making institutions. For the ethic of corp power is blatantly incompatible with the distribu of power among equal citizens.

And neither is participation going to work if confined to any one class. The new self-conscious of black people and the working class is simply going to let that happen. If a new politics is g to take power it must free itself from the McCa taint of snobbery. It must seek to define the are common interest among all groups who are explo discontented, and powerless.

Most of all, there must be new leaders, lea who are aware of the problem and who have the of making others aware. Kennedy was killed, Carthy was unsuited—and now we shall see if we any others.

Those of us who retain hope that the democ process can meet America's desperate needs ask ourselves why we have so few leaders wh genuinely committed to social change and effe in its behalf. McCarthy finally was bound to his cept of reform through rebalancing the branch government. He could not envision the details rearrangement of American social institutions, did he believe that that was required. Yet McCa was as politically progressive as any national le who has yet come forward.

It could be that our best leaders are fumbling inadequate because the contradictions are too se the cleavages too vast, the resistance too abso I suppose the ultimate question raised by the of the McCarthy campaign is whether Amer problems are really solvable.

The immediate answer to that I leave to my and seers. For the moment, as we look back on Carthy and his campaign and try to learn the les that might bring success where he had to settle an exalted failure, we could do no better, I th than to grant him his request for "a rather harsh difficult moral judgment upon our own cours conduct"—though by "our own course" he did no course, mean his course.

The McCarthy campaign, in all the vicissitude its remarkable existence, told us something we not known about ourselves and our country. If can see it as it was, there is hope yet that we will something better.

Harper's Magazine, May



Outpost on the Front Range

70% of the American people are jammed onto 1% of the land. If inhabitants of the other 99% like it that way, it's easy to see why. Nevertheless, we are finding a welcome around Windsor, Colorado to match the beauty of the Front Range of the Rockies. We are putting up a plant there, our first U.S. photographic manufacturing plant away from Rochester, N.Y., which is now just on the edge of Megalopolis.

Several dozen supervisory people are coming out from Rochester to get the new factory going. "Doer" types—they and their families. Conditioned to ask how they can lend a hand to whatever needs doing locally. By and by, about 900 of the thousand or so people working there will have been hired locally. Whether they will have come in from half a mile away or from 2,000 miles away is up to them. Whatever their origin or ancestry, they ought to be doer types themselves who insist on living and working in a place no less pleasant than the Front Range was before we arrived. More prosperous but no less pleasant.

We can no more allow the neighbors in Colorado to regret their cordiality than we can slough off our responsibilities in Megalopolis. There is now more to business than good products, smart R & D, and a silky public relations department.

X-rays for a livelihood

Currently near Atlanta and soon in other localities we give an intensive two-week course to classes of 16 persons in the use of x-rays to see into objects other than the body. We are doing this because job openings in industry for radiographers often exceed the supply of people as well qualified for this work as our course makes them. No strong technical background is required for admission, but a $300 tuition fee promotes an attitude of dedication. Details from Eastman Kodak Company, Department 741, Rochester, N.Y. 14650.

The never darkened classroom

The "knowledge" industry is reported to have replaced defense as the major growth industry. It demands less complicated engineering. With engineering attracting youth a bit less of late, the resulting engineer shortage may pinch less than had been feared.

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The Wounds of All Generations

by Irving Howe

Ernest Hemingway, A Life Story, by Carlos Baker. Scribner, $10.

For those Americans to whom fishing and hunting are the substance of life, Professor Carlos Baker has written the perfect biography of Ernest Hemingway. No one could be more faithful to Hemingway's sporting enterprise, no one more keenly generous in reporting his prowess with rod and gun:

> Over the side Ernest [our biographer establishes his intimacy at the cradle and maintains it to the grave] could watch the silver tarpon feeding and rolling in the slip. Each day there were dozens of small boats bottom fishing for red snapper or jigging for mackerel. Farther out were the commercial marlin fishermen, drifting for the fish that were traveling deep, with heavy handlines baited to them at forty to seventy fathoms. . . .

Such passages recur throughout Mr. Baker's book, quite as if the obsession with detail characteristic of yesterday's New Criticism were now being transferred from metrics to fish. A similar sort of positivist scrupulosity is to be found in the hunting scenes:

> At the sound of the rifles, the huge bulls broke into a heavy gallop. Then two were down and there was only his third, bleeding from four wounds yet still galloping steadily through the dry scrub. . . . As with the lions, Ernest had expected a charge. . . .

Yet I should not want anyone to suppose that only the outdoor public will enjoy this book. Mr. Baker takes notable pains in charting Hemingway's comings and goings; he will not allow that some of these were merely part of the flat business which fills up all our lives. For Mr. Baker facts are facts; a journey is *real*, and everything else mere phantom, the smoke of the mind. Among our recent literary biographers Mr. Baker is the Great Dispatcher, and all those Americans who enjoy pouring over timetables will find in him a sympathetic spirit.

II

What has been happening to the art of biography? During the past few decades, when our professors have been composing a large number of Definitive Lives, often on the premise that truth is a by-blow of bulk, we have had only one major work in this genre, Richard Ellmann's *James Joyce*, a book endlessly pleasing for its ability to evoke the spiritual history of a great novelist without slipping into pedantry or cozy sentimentalism.

A good many of our professors write badly: it is beyond imagining that we should live in a culture where as many people were able to write English as teach it. A good many of our professors have fairly modest intellectual interests and powers. And almost all of them lack the artistry required by the biographical form: that gift for bringing together accurate information with a significant idea, or for endowing a narrative with some unobtrusive spiritual coherence.

As it happens, Mr. Baker commands genuine talents. His prose, if rarely glowing, is never clotted. He is seldom the victim of political or psychological preconceptions—indeed, as if to drive virtue into vice, he seems rather innocent of ideas altogether. He doesn't gossip about Hemingway's habits in bed or with booze, nor does he succumb to the Hemingway who devoted a good portion of his later life to self-burlesque. Mr. Baker writes out of entirely decent motives, and these days, when writers can win fame and money by declaring themselves to be morally worse than they are, decency isn't to be sneered at.

Mr. Baker also displays certain skills as a biographer. He knows "action" in the old-fashioned, Western-movie sense. He can turn out a lively set piece, as in his vivid passages about the World War II years in which Hemingway first makes a fool of himself prowling around the Caribbean to search for German submarines, and then sets himself up on the Western front as a latter-day Prince Stuart commanding a band of French and American irregulars with skill, courage, and good sense. As long as the matter in hand is external enough, dealing with that sequel of excitements which formed *part* of Hemingway's life, Mr. Baker can perform creditably. But as soon as he approaches Hemingway the writer—often he simply refuses to approach him—Mr. Baker collapses. The commanding sensibility behind his books is as simple as that of certain Hemingway characters and indeed, as simple as that to which Hemingway himself sometimes pretended.

Through accumulation and shading of detail, Mr. Baker gives us a colorful yet finally commonplace man—at once soft-hearted and tough, finely sensitive and a hopeless braggart, superbly generous and a wretched bully—who had more than his share of adventures, troubles, accidents, and wives. Now, if this "Ernest" were to appear as a character in a story by Hemingway we'd immediately believe in the reality, for behind the characters

---

Mr. Howe is editor of "Dissent" and author of "William Faulkner" and other studies of modern American, British, and European literature.

re'd be the authority of his creator. Mr. Baker fails to provide a con- ing portrait of the man who ht have *written* the story in ch "Ernest" appears, and this for east two reasons: first, he wishes to be mistaken for one of those ary "highbrows" whom Heming- liked to snarl at, and second, he been misled by the Hemingway masked himself as a tight-lipped ılar guy, devoted to sensations of e, fishing, and bed, and quite with- intellectual depths or difficulties. Baker reports, for example, that ningway both subscribed to *Parti- Review* and kept denying he ever the magazine; but what this tant detail might signify, or how night fit into Hemingway's com- shuffle of public faces, he does not to investigate.

o some details he is endlessly at- ive. Back from the first world war nest" dates a pretty girl named e Goldstein. Since Mr. Baker sees o mention this matter several s, my curiosity was aroused. I ntain a scholarly interest in pretty ; I was disturbed by Heming- 's nastiness about Jewish friends kes" and "smart jews") and efore wondered whether Irene's nd name might prove to have e special significance; and I sus- ed that Mr. Baker must be plant- some clues for a future drama. Irene a secret love of Heming- s late sad years whom Mr. Baker e had tracked down? Or had she, ne abandon of old age, revealed e fascinating secrets about nest?"

ell, waiting for Irene came to be t as profitable as waiting for t. After her few dates with nest," she never turns up again; nad been an utterly casual pres- in his life and is thereby an ly pointless datum in Mr. Baker's . Why then did he include her? , I imagine, because somewhere is research (it took him seven s and just as Jacob ended with , so Mr. Baker ended with Irene he found some reference to her thought she would help "fill out" tory.

there is Irene Goldstein with e entries in the index, while Ivan enev has only two. Yet Turgenev a major presence in Hemingway's inative career, one of the few

LINES FROM CALIFORNIA

by Arthur Miller

They meet for purchase or sale
and to trace their bounds through rosebushes.

There is a catechism: What's your name, what
do you do, how do you feel, and where you from?

Like people on a perpetual cruise, and the dead
go overboard into a lawn. It's a deck,
part of which is always on fire.

Anything inconsequential makes them serious.

Some teach parakeets to climb ladders; they also
have Malted Milk Specialists.

Tragedy is when you lose your boat.

Life is a preparation for retirement.

The sun is good for business.

Al Jolson left a trust fund which pays
to floodlight his tomb at night forever;
even in death a man should have bills.

The second-largest industry is sporting goods.

To succeed as a woman you have to have a car.

California is Christianity plus the conveniences.

Driving from town to town one wonders what will
happen if neon gas ever runs out; some may
have to learn to read paint.

When a man admits failure he becomes a pedestrian.

Brotherhood is when two men have the same mother.

Sacrifice is a car sold at a ridiculous price.

Society is when people listen to classical music;
or a Savings & Loan.

Law is order, Justice a decent return on money.

Progress is anything turning on and off by itself.

Beauty is teeth, deep skin, and the willingness.

Freedom is the right to live among your own kind.

A philosophy is a keen sense of land values
and the patience to wait.

War is peace waged by other means.

They know they are the Future.

They are exceedingly well-armed.

writers whom Hemingway acknowledged as a literary influence, and to a biographer who understands that nothing a writer does is more important than his writing, the idea of Turgenev as master and model should have seemed endlessly absorbing.

If I now complain that Mr. Baker's values are somewhat askew, am I guilty of the reviewer's common sin of saying he should have written a book other than the one he did in fact write? I think not. For I have no quarrel with Mr. Baker's decision to avoid those spongy critical essays which some literary biographers insert each time they reach one of their subject's novels. No, I am talking about a crucial *event* in Hemingway's life and about judgments as to what a biographer should stress. I am saying the relationship to Turgenev, like a hundred other such neglected matters, ought to be more important to a biographer of Hemingway than all those confounded marlins.

Scores of Irene Goldsteins move through Mr. Baker's pages: a wax parade of supernumeraries, bit players, unemployed "friends," extras without lines, spear carriers without tasks. (One learns, for example, that at Hemingway's first wedding, the bride's attendants were Helen Breaker, Ruth Bradfield, and Katy Smith.) Even the four wives—except for Hadley, the rather touching first one—fail to emerge as distinctive figures credible in their own right. The book is packed with ghosts begging to be given life, and the trouble is not merely Mr. Baker's limitations, it is still more his underlying assumptions of value.

III

Hemingway was often a disagreeable man, and it is to Mr. Baker's credit that he neither avoids nor makes too much of this fact. The only reason for bothering with the messiness of the middle-aged "Ernest" is that he retained some connection to the Hemingway who had been and now and again could still be a marvelous writer. This means that he had—*it means he must have had*—a sustained if not always coherent or visible inner life. Let's even say he had a spiritual life and, despite all his swagger, an intellectual life. But you'd be hard put to know this, or at least to know it with the necessary fullness and depth, from Mr. Baker's book. Brush aside the heroics: the hunter in Africa, the drinker in Cuba, the reporter in Spain, the fighter in Germany. Brush aside the bathos: the champ who flattened Max Eastman for doubting his virility, the sage who exchanged recipes for wisdom with Marlene Dietrich. What meanwhile was going on in Hemingway's mind? What changes of feeling toward the word, and what modulations of attitude toward the world? If Hemingway's mind was simple, as critics too readily said, or his art confined, as they too expansively said, how did he nevertheless manage to produce some unforgettable stories?

Now it isn't as if Mr. Baker lacks the materials for such a spiritual-intellectual account, if only even as the subdued line of a double plot in which the dominant line will be hunting, fishing, and boxing. Here, for instance, is an exchange between a Soviet critic, Ivan Kashkeen, who wrote well about Hemingway, and Hemingway himself, who responded to the Russian, one suspects, because he recognized the voice of a real critic:

> *Kashkeen:* You read the joyless tales of Hemingway's favorite hero, ever the same under his changing names, and you begin to realize that what had seemed the writer's face is but a mask. . . . You imagine the man, morbidly reticent, always restrained and discreet, very intent, very tired, driven to utter despair, painfully bearing the too heavy burden of life's intricacies.
>
> *Hemingway:* Everyone tries to frighten you now by saying . . . that if one does not become a Communist or have a Marxian viewpoint one will have no friends and will be alone. They seem to think that to be alone is something dreadful; or that to not have friends is to be feared. . . . I cannot be a Communist now because I believe in only one thing: liberty. First, I would look after myself and do my work. Then I would care for my family. Then I would help my neighbor. But the state I care nothing for. All the state has ever meant to me is unjust taxation. . . . I believe in the absolute minimum of government. . . .
>
> A writer is an outlyer like a Gypsy. . . . If he is a good writer he will never like the government he lives under. His hand should be against it. . . . He can be class-conscious only if his talent is limited. If he has enough t[a]lent all classes are his province. He [ta]kes from them all and what he gi[ve]s everybody's property. . . . A true [wo]rk of art endures forever; no m[at]ter what its politics.

Though it occurred in 1934, a [lit]tle time before Hemingway went [to] Spain as a Loyalist supporter [and] adopted a rather unpersuasive s[ta]nce of collective solidarity, this exch[ange] is valuable for the serious and [al]moving way in which Hemin[gway] articulates his bedrock, stoical [in]dividualism. The sentence about s[tan]ding alone is stirring, and as true [now] as when Hemingway wrote it. [The] concluding passage about the w[ar] and society, though in my judg[men]t somewhat confused, is valuabl[e] to anyone who cares about m[ore] writing. Imagine what a critic [like] Edmund Wilson or a biographe[r like] Richard Ellmann would make o[f the] material, how they would weave [it] to an account of Hemingway as [a] shaken to the roots by the blo[od] had seen in the first world wa[r] later a man who had so disciplin[ed] will that his very fright becam[e the] source of courage. (Mr. Bake[r] peats, very nicely, the famous [story] of Hemingway sitting at a tabl[e in] barn during the second world w[ar] sudden artillery barrage, all [duck] out, everyone dives for cover [and] when the lights go on again, th[ere] Hemingway sitting alone at the [bar] composed and quietly drinking. [But] Mr. Baker makes nothing of the [Ha]keen-Hemingway exchange; i[t re]mains in his book a raw lur[k of] fascinating data.

There are other failures. In [1936] Lillian Ross published in *The [New] Yorker* a profile of Hemingway [that] was widely regarded as exp[osing] Hemingway's less attractive si[des]. I remember the profile, Hemi[ngway] spoke with a mixture, by no[w a] tirely characteristic, of sillines[s and] shrewdness about his relations [to] great writers of the past. Vict[im of] his own anti-intellectual postu[re] saw himself getting into the [ring] all the world, at least all liter[ary] is a prizefight—with Rimbau[d] Stendhal and Tolstoi, holding hi[s own] with some but not with others. [And] you'd think this would completel[y fas]cinate a biographer; but all Mr. [Baker] does is to mention briefly the [hos]reception of Miss Ross's profi

es not even trouble to discuss Hem-
gway's implied self-estimate as a
ht-heavyweight in the "ring" of
erature.

This was not the only occasion in
ich the aging Hemingway treated
nself to self-parody. He watched
fat collect on his soul, as it would
lect on his style; and most of the
ie he knew exactly what was hap-
ning. In his stories he transformed
se personal troubles into the ma-
ials of aesthetic detachment, and
his great story "The Snows of Kili-
njaro" he described a writer
wly dying of gangrene in Africa
o speaks to himself about his wife
l his talent:

She shot very well this good, this
rich bitch, this kindly caretaker and
destroyer of his talent. Nonsense. He
had destroyed his talent himself.
Why should he blame this woman
because she kept him well? He had
destroyed his talent by not using it,
by betrayals of himself and what he
believed in, by drinking so much that
he blunted the edge of his percep-
tions, by laziness, by sloth, and by
snobbery, by pride and by prejudice,
by hook and by crook. What was this?
A catalogue of old books? What was
his talent anyway? It was a talent all
right but instead of using it, he had
traded on it.

imply to identify this character
n Hemingway would be foolish,
it would be still more foolish to
pose there is no connection. Pro-
ng his fears that he would die
re getting his work done—and
ngrene" was a valid image of the
e in which he found himself as a
ous writer—Hemingway was here
using himself of his self-contempt
trying to salvage something from
years of sterility and exhibi-
sm. "The Snows of Kilimanjaro"
picture of every writer entangled
the humiliations of success, but
me oblique way it is also a self-
rait. For not many modern
ers have charted their spiritual
ition as accurately as Heming-
did in his fiction, all the way from
early stories about Nick Adams,
oung man back from the war who
to calm his nerves at the big two-
ted river, and Jake Barnes, the
what older man also back from
war and unable to sleep without
ht on, down to the blowsy Colonel
well of *Across the River and Into
Trees*, who systematically despoils

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his own memories. All this you'd hardly know from Mr. Baker.

There was a time, only a few decades ago, when Hemingway was the most influential figure in Western literature. Everyone seemed to be imitating him, from students in Iowa to novelists in Japan. Stylization, tightness of narrative line, clipped understatement, restrained bravado, manliness regained, sensuous purity, "grace under pressure"—these tokens of the Hemingway code stirred the imagination of a great many readers and writers. And Hemingway himself, at once very proud and uneasy, had a keen sense of how far his cultural influence extended.

Now to say this isn't merely to notice a fact of interest for students of modern literature, a class into which a literary biographer ought to fall; it is also to notice a fact of interest for anyone writing a life of Hemingway. Yet this is never discussed by Mr. Baker in any serious or comprehensive way, perhaps because he supposes that the Hemingway approach to such matters is to avoid seeming "literary." If so, he has been tricked again.

IV

Almost everything valuable that has been said about Ernest Hemingway can be found, beautifully compressed and articulated, in the criticism of Edmund Wilson. His 1939 essay placed Hemingway historically, as the voice of all those who had suffered a trauma of consciousness during the first world war, and psychically, as the voice of all those now trying to bear their losses without the mess of rhetoric.

The very title of Wilson's essay—"Hemingway: Gauge of Morale"—provided a major clue to the stories he wrote about suffering, loss, and despair. As Wilson remarked about Nick Adams, the central figure of *In Our Time*, "the wholesale shattering of human beings in which he has taken part has given [Nick] a touch of panic." Or, as another of Hemingway's critics once said, the best stories and the best novel, *The Sun Also Rises*, were the consequence of historical shell shock, a blow Europe had inflicted on an unprepared American consciousness. Reeling from this encounter, the Hemingway heroes fall back upon what Wilson called "some principle of courage, of honor, of pity—that is, some principle of sportsmanship in its largest human sense. . . ." But even as Wilson went ahead to sketch out "the Hemingway code," he also remarked about Hemingway:

> . . . as the characters in his stories run out of fortitude and bravado, he passes into a phase where he is occupied with building up his public personality. He has already now become a legend . . . he is the Hemingway of the handsome photographs with the sportsman's tan and the outdoor grin, with the ominous resemblance to Clark Gable, who poses with giant marlin which he has just hauled in off Key West. And unluckily—but for an American inevitably—the opportunity soon presents itself to exploit this personality for profit: he turns up delivering Hemingway monologues in well-paying and trashy magazines; and the Hemingway of these loose disquisitions, arrogant, belligerent, and boastful, is certainly the worst-invented character to be found in the author's work.

A similar line of analysis is advanced in Philip Young's critical study of Hemingway, the best yet to appear. Not only is Young's criticism finely nuanced, he also includes a biographical sketch a good deal more suggestive than Mr. Baker's tome. Writes Young:

> . . . there is one thing that should be clear about Hemingway, and that is that more prominent in his life than anything else save the production of books has been the absorption of blows. It still seems obvious that of Hemingway and [his] hero alike he explosion at Fossalta [where Hemingway was wounded in the st world war] was the crux of that fe and climax to a series of events w ch had their start up in Michigan nd were to be repeated and imitat in various forms over and over aga It remains likely that a great de in Hemingway, such as his avowed re occupation with death, traced dir tly to this source. "I had been shot nd I had been crippled and gotten av y," he later put it. But it is not ea exactly how he had got away, or c far away he got.
>
> . . . Hemingway . . . was retu in compulsively to the scenes of h in juries. He had his preoccupation ith death as a result of an overexp ur to it. He saw too many helmets ful of brains," and he built his mo ment in recognition of the meani o his own misfortune.

This seems to me essentially ri though I would be inclined to t ns fer Young's observations from a sy chological to a moral context. Th premise from which not only Hem way but a whole generation of w er —Fitzgerald, Cummings, the ear Dos Passos—began to work was h in America a whole style of lif ha crumbled. The traditional certa ti of Protestantism had lost their p ve The hopelessness of the famili si cial world, the pointlessness of t in to change it, and the necessit fo some credo of private disaffil ia (Hemingway's "separate peace" a assumptions all these writers sh re Nor was it any longer a matt



"You know something, Joe, you're the poor man's Eric Hoffer.

earching for "new values": they vere beyond such ambitions or de-usions, it was their lot to spend their ives in uncertainty, and the problem hat troubled them most was how to lo this without violating their feel-ngs about courage and dignity. They aw their task as a defensive one: the reservation of residual decencies ven when they could not quite offer ufficient reasons for wishing to pre-erve them. And if that seemed too mbitious, they were prepared to set-e for a severe insistence upon keep-ıg honest among, and with, them-elves.

The best of these writers, and ost strikingly Hemingway, were in arch of a "moral style." By this im-rovised phrase I mean: a series of ntative embodiments in conduct of moral outlook they could not bring full statement; or a series of ges-res and rituals that would be made serve as a substitute for a moral tlook no longer available; or a frag-ntary code of behavior by which to rvive decently, as if there were—e drama consisting in the fact that ere was not—a secure morality be-nd it. They were looking, to use a re homely language, for what New glanders had once called a way of aking do." How one "makes do" der painful circumstances, whether h grace or self-pity, courage or eit, is the great problem for the unded men in Hemingway's world. And perhaps in ours too.

V

good portion of Hemingway's k is sinking into dust. But the best t, the saving remnant, seems to me resh and beautiful as when it first e out. *A Farewell to Arms* still s its romantic spell, still brings the tremors of youth, still affects as a fairy tale gone sad. *The Sun Rises* is a major work, brilliantly tructed and colored—though last I was taken aback to hear some ny students complain that Jake nes indulges himself in too much pity. How imperious the young be when judging the victims of sters they don't even trouble to n about!

hile making my way through Mr. r's book I turned back to Hem-ay's stories. I turned back with hesitation, for it is always pain-



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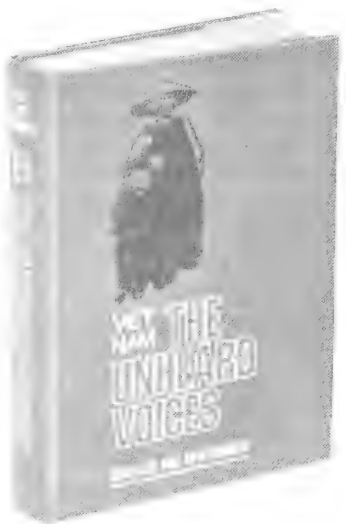
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ful to discover that enthusiasms of youth seem faded or incomprehensible in middle age. But there was no reason to fear. The dozen or fifteen best among Hemingway's stories form a body of work at once solid and beautiful; they establish a new style and a new sensibility, such as we had never before known in America; and if, as one young reader told me a little while ago, they speak especially of "the wound of Hemingway's generation," we should have enough historical imagination—another term for moral sympathy—to see that in the long run the wounds of all generations are pretty much the same. "Hemingway's words strike you, each one"—wrote Ford Madox Ford in a memorable appreciation—"as if they were pebbles fetched from a brook. They live and shine, each in its place. So o of his pages has the effect of a bro bottom into which you look do through the flowing water."

The greatest of all Hemingw stories seems to me "A Clean, W lighted Place," a five-page sketch that resignation which comes to m once they are done with all effort a have moved beyond defeat. To h written such a masterpiece—wha towering achievement! what a t umph over blood and time! And w can suppose that anything else Hemingway's life was as import as these few precious pages? Yet that Mr. Baker can spare this gr work, this central event in Hemi way's life, is a single, perfunctory s tence. Perhaps he was just too b with all those marlins and lions.

Books in Brief

by Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

Naked in Garden Hills, by Harry Crews.

A ruthless, cruel, and blackly beautiful parable—as simple and inevitable as sin-brings-punishment and as complicated and intense as the imagined and unimagined variety of human experience. . . . How does a jockey love his horse and his own hard and perfect body? How does a hugely fat man hate his body and love the food that gluts it? What manner of brick walls and degrading traps do pride and lust and greed lead one into? The author of this novel, who also wrote *The Gospel Singer,* has set the stage for his morality play with such minute perfection and reality that anyone else trying to describe it can only be caught in vague inanities. What, for instance, would one make of this passage out of context: ". . . and when he passed the window, he heard Fat Man the former God begging Lucy the former whore for Metrecal, for slimness, for normality, for hope"? But in context it's real enough and freighted with enough concentrated meaning to stop the breath. So read the story of Garden Hills, the abandoned Florida phosphate town. Read how "from the bottom of a hole [the bottom of the b ldozed-out town where the worki n lived] it was as easy to want ev y- thing as it was to want anything r nothing." Read of the futility of s- piration or the dream without re and learn how "Garden Hills was ts own escape, that the same thing at damned, saved." Garden Hills i a carnival, a freak show that echoe ll of life, and its story is written th the intensity and economy of poe y. It is a measure of Mr. Crews' art at from this world of cock-eyed dis r- tion unblemished truth emerges.

Morrow, $3.95

Bullet Park, by John Cheever.

This is a nightmare about subu ia but perhaps because there have le n others before it (notably Laur ce Lafore's *The Devil's Chapel*) in w something odd and dangerous l ks behind the thoroughly mundane a- çade, I was never convinced—in is novel of the inherent necessity o the climax, and was therefore n moved. And because there s ns something almost truculent in t satiric humor, I wasn't much am d either. . . . As a long-time admir Mr. Cheever I don't quite know y goes on here. Two men, called I mer and Nailles, and their fan

BOOKS IN BRIEF

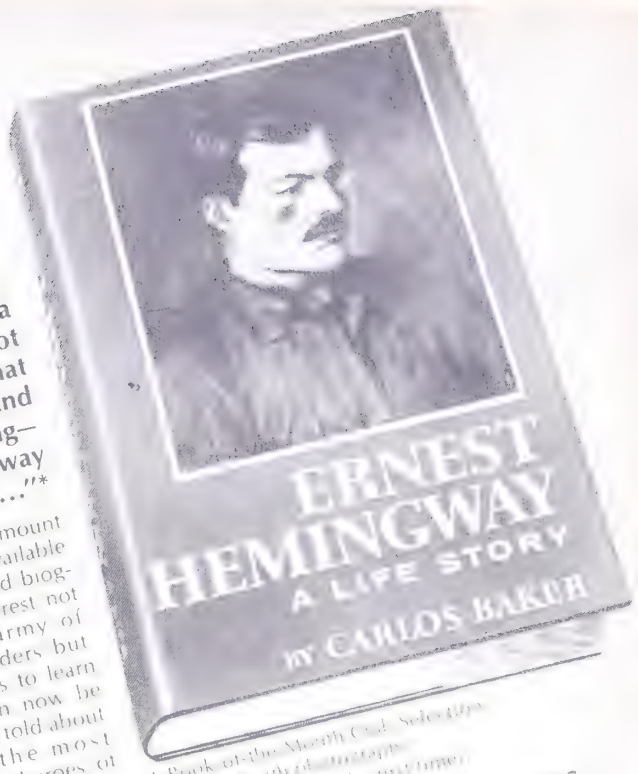
become inextricably involved through an accident of names (the "accident" of location—Bullet Park—is laboriously explained in a long throwback about Mr. Hammer's rootless past). I feel some subtlety must have passed me by. But we do know by now that behind the most ordinary happenings lives aren't all that ordinary? We've heard before of Eastern gurus with inexplicable powers of healing? That rootlessness, even with money, often breeds misery? There are brilliant passages setting out these lives, as good as Mr. Cheever has ever written, but what becomes of the lives didn't make me laugh or care or think.

Book of the Month, June. Knopf, $4.95

This Very Tree, by Josephine Young Case.

The author of the hair-raising narrative poem *At Midnight on the Thirty-first of March* now writes a low-keyed but high-voltage history of a small upstate New York college as told through the eyes of the contemporary president's wife, who is, in the story, herself working on research for a history of the college. The time is now but there is little of the current undergraduate rebellion and "confrontation" that we have become wed to on college campuses today, and the problems are rather the old-fashioned ones of humanities vs. the inroads of alumni who want more business and professional schools. For that very reason one salutes Mrs. Young for being able to revitalize with the sense of tradition and "perpetuation" that one used to identify with colleges over a hundred years old, and the dedication of certain teachers to that ideal, whether or not one can quite accept the resolution of her novel. Houghton Mifflin, $4.95

A Dog's Life, by Michael Holroyd. The trouble with writing a novel about human isolation and ennui is that if one gets down to the bare bones of it, the description of boredom and boring people itself becomes boring. Mr. Holroyd, who wrote the magnificent full-bodied biography of Lytton Strachey, here tells the story of a divided household brought together over, of all things, the dying and death of a dog. And in telling so much about these frenetic persons he disowns them in their own manner-



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isms. I'm afraid I submerged with them.

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4.50

Orlando King, by Isabel Colegate.

In a disarming way Miss Colegate begins her novel by letting us in on her technique of writing it, but so elaborately does she do this that only much later do we catch on and discover what she's telling us. Her habit is to begin an episode with a quote from the middle or the end of it and then proceed to weave the story around it, boldly throwing away suspense and sometimes seeming deliberately to bring on confusion till suddenly we are back at the quote again and see where she has been leading us. Yet strangely the suspense grows and grows. . . . The author, whose last novel was *Statues in a Garden,* is amazingly good at recreating epochs in recent English history. In this one it is the era just before and during World War II. The highly unconventional story is about a bastard boy brought up by a Cambridge don on a French island off the coast of Brittany who returns to England at twenty-one to make his fortune and, if possible, to find his father. He does both in ways most devious yet credible. And the self-seeking political and social background of this pre-Munich England—as that of the pre-1914 England in *Statues in a Garden*—is tragically palpable in very human terms.

Knopf, $4.95

Nonfiction

Between Two Seas, by Lord Kinross.

From the moment just before Christmas in 1798 when Napoleon Bonaparte, having invaded Egypt the previous summer, stood looking out over the bed of "the ancient canal of the Pharaohs, disused for a thousand years" till the present time, we have here the tangled saga of the building of the Suez Canal. A large part of it is the story of the strength and persistence of one remarkable Frenchman, Ferdinand de Lesseps—not even an engineer as I had always naïvely supposed him to be—who triumphed over the intricate politics and political personalities of half the countries of Europe, as well as of Egypt and Turkey, to achieve his heart's desire. So much do all the characters come to life in Lord Kinross's vivid narrative—the Emperor Napoleon and [illegible] Empress, Egypt's Viceroy, Moh[illegible] med Ali, and his son, Prince Moh[illegible] med Said, Gladstone, Palmerst[illegible] Disraeli, among others—and so m[illegible] does one identify with de Lesseps [illegible] the long years of negotiation, mor[illegible] raising, and work, and in the dra[illegible] and excitement of the opening [illegible] 1869, that the final paragraph, qu[illegible] aside from its tragic internatio[illegible] overtones, carries a sense of perso[illegible] sorrow:

> Then in June 1967, the forces [illegible] Israel invaded Egypt once more, [illegible] occupied the Asiatic bank of the S[illegible] Canal. It was now indeed the "fo[illegible] fied ditch" of Lord Palmerst[illegible] fears. But France, Britain and [illegible] Ottoman Empire were forgotten, [illegible] it was the returning children [illegible] Joseph and the children of Phar[illegible] who faced each other across its [illegible] ters. So, in its ninety-ninth year [illegible] Suez Canal was, for the first t[illegible] indefinitely closed to all traffic; [illegible] as before its existence, the ship[illegible] the world sailed again around [illegible] Cape of Good Hope.

By the author of *Ataturk.*

Morrow, $[illegible]

The Poet and Her Book: The L[illegible] and Work of Edna St. Vinc[illegible] Millay, by Jean Gould.

I don't think that anyone who [illegible] read Vincent Sheean's *The Inc[illegible] Bunting,* Edmund Wilson's es[illegible] "Edna St. Vincent Millay," in [illegible] *Shores of Light,* and especially [illegible] own collected letters and poems [illegible] find many surprises in this raf[illegible] pedestrian new biography by [illegible] author of *Robert Frost: The [illegible] Was Song.* But the magic of [illegible] poetry and personality and the pit[illegible] loneliness of the end of her life [illegible] emerge even from behind such cl[illegible] ter headings as "Vincent at Vass[illegible] "The Poet Takes a Husband," [illegible] "Vincent the Valiant: Crusa[illegible] Poet." And of course, since [illegible] death in 1950 a whole new generat[illegible] has grown up for whom the lines [illegible] music will all be new again.

Dodd, Mead, $[illegible]

Years of Hope, by Konstan[illegible] Paustovsky. Translated by Ma[illegible] Harari and Andrew Thompson.

It will be good news for all [illegible] have been following Mr. Paustovsk[illegible] biography, *The Story of a Life,* t[illegible]



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this new installment has appeared. The three already in print are *The Faraway Years, Restless Youth,* and *The Start of an Extraordinary Era.* The book is well named, for the quality that comes through all that this remarkable man writes is the resilience of the human spirit—or at least of this one. Even in the years of desperate cold and hunger and loneliness, in Odessa just after the Whites had stripped and abandoned it and before the new revolutionists had established anything resembling order, his response to natural beauty seems to have been instinctive and instantaneous. In the days while waiting for the Reds to take over, when everything seemed to have stopped, when there was practically no food, no money, no light or heat he could still write of Black Sea Street where he lived, in Odessa:

> Even the way to it from town was a tonic against adversity, as I often experienced. I might be walking home, utterly dejected by some failure, but as soon as I found myself in the deserted alleyways around Black Sea Street . . . and heard the rustling of the old acacia trees, saw the ivy dark on walls gilded by the winter sun, felt the breath of the sea on my face, I at once recovered my peace of mind and lightness of heart. . . . The rustling of its gardens told us the varying strength of the wind; we learned to gauge it by this sound as sailors do the Beaufort Scale. There were other, slighter sounds as well, that served as weather signs. The drumming of ripe chestnuts on the pavements meant that the wind was freshening and had reached gale force.

It was shortly after this while editing with some other writers a paper called *The Seaman* that he came to know Isaac Babel, and his portrait of that brilliant teller of tales is a vivid proof of his own ability to create character. Though the background of the book is dire poverty and physical hardship, what comes through is the tough strength of the intellect, the ability to laugh, the closeness to nature. Russia becomes believable. Mr. Paustovsky, who died in Moscow in 1968, was a staunch defender of freedom in the arts and his works are popular in his own country. His book ends: "And even asleep, as always in my waking hours, I would wait for happy, unpredictable changes and events." Pantheon, $4.95 [ ]



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Performing Arts *by Robert Kotlowitz*



INTO THE FILLMORE EAST

AT A QUARTER to seven on a recent Sunday evening, a bearded young gentleman in blue jeans and sneakers was busy, in a half-hearted way, swabbing down the stage of the Fillmore East, a huge, tunnel-like theater in New York's East Village. Behind him, the stage was filled with the noisemaking paraphernalia of rock music, for which the theater is East Coast Mecca, for both audiences and performers: gongs, electric pianos, vibraphones, cymbals, a half-dozen amplifiers, and fifteen drums, one of which was decorated with a full-color landscape of a South Seas island, circa Dorothy Lamour, palm trees, soft stars, and moonlit lagoon. Outside, it was raining, then snowing or sleeting, the dirty streets also being pelted intermittently by hail that fell like God's own vengeance. The young man slowly mopped around the fat legs of an enormous concert grand that sat onstage; it was a new electronic piano right out of the Baldwin laboratories and stood ready for its first public test, due in three-quarters of an hour. It would be played by a twenty-four-year-old classical pianist named Lorin Hollander, as part of an experiment in sociology and aesthetics he had been planning and worrying over for a long time.

Meanwhile, as a tuner worked at the keyboard, muttering, "It's normal, it's normal, it's normal," the Fillmore East's stage manager paced the floor, which had just begun to dry. "At seven o'clock," he yelled, "you must all get off the stage because I AM GOING TO OPEN THE HOUSE THEN." He paused a moment, looking a little depressed. "And there is only two thousand bucks in the till," he said. Naturally, his voice had a transforming effect on everyone who heard it, and there was a certain amount of scurrying around. The tuner hurriedly plunked out a few final middle C's on the electronic piano, the bearded young man took a last swipe at the floor and threw his mop into the wings, and we all moved off into the dark. "What shall we play for entrance music?" the stage manager yelled. "You can play my bar-mitzvah tape," the bearded young man said, heading for his mop. "This is not Philharmonic Hall," the stage manager said. "Well," he went on, moving now to the apron of the stage, peering far back to the nearly invisible lobby of the Fillmore, "are you ready out there, you people, because ready or not, I declare THE HOUSE IS OPEN!" At that moment, a dozen young men rushed down the aisles at various spots in the house, wearing green football jerseys with numbers six inches high sewn on their backs, and took their places where they would be most useful. They were the Fillmore's ushers. It was exactly seven o'clock. Lorin Hollander, who sat upstairs in a dim dressing room trying to control the animal energy—the febrile nervous excess—that possessed him at that moment, was scheduled to play at seven-thirty. At seven o'clock then, fourteen paying customers en the Fillmore, which seats 2,700 p followed by another thirty or the next five minutes. All of were wet from snow. Onstage big electronic piano sat alone un misty blue light, looking as thou might sail out to sea any mome

* * *

WUNDERKINDER come and go- pily, unhappily—but if they gro to reach the adult years as adults, tend then to lead lives filled artistic experiments, accompani deep thoughts and much ebullien versation (a hangover, maybe, their childhood days when eve listened seriously to anything had to say). If the talent that them wunderkinder in the first sticks, they also tend to go c careers that are more intere than most. Lorin Hollander, fo ample, who has been performir public since he was eleven, not plays music but thinks about it talks about it too, as an intellec He is concerned about what he cl sees as a decline in the numbe the music audience (a worry shares with most music manager cluding Sol Hurok, who has heard to say on the subject, "V people don't want to come, not will stop them"). He is also conce about an apparent decline in quality of communication bet artist and audience, a kind of dis ing that has set in between the

ollander considers this a result of ıe debilitating atmosphere of most of ır concert halls, which stifles spon-neity and restricts give-and-take ıd ordinary sociability among the ›ung, offering, in their place, a high-ned and sometimes phony serious-ess that is part of an aristocratic adition that we have never really arned to assimilate. In short, he is ›t only worried about the way music performed but also about how our nventions of performance threaten ıe future of music itself. And be-›nd this, there is also the somewhat ıried fear, more general and sin-ter, that we may have to write off art of his own generation as readers, intellectuals, as listeners, that we ust at least face the possibility that ach (or Chopin, Mozart, and a hun-ed others) no longer have any ex-ressive meaning for many young eople, that the values of their par-cular sensibilities are no longer ther wanted or needed by an oncom-ıg generation; but this is more my nxiety, perhaps, than Hollander's.

Having played uptown recently at incoln Center's Philharmonic Hall to well-dressed, conventional, middle-ass audience (in New York, at least, ıe of the best-educated, most civil-ed as well as serious, audiences in ıe world, mainly Central European origin and aging fast), Hollander ecided to bring the same program ›wntown to the Fillmore East, which sually devotes its profitable evenings the saints and martyrs of rock and light shows. "I'm going to the illmore," he said, "for societal rea-›ns. There is a communion there be-veen performer and audience that as not been achieved at Lincoln Cen-er." (Hollander tends to be gratui-›usly snobbish about people who pay ›od money to hear him play in the rong auditoriums.) Societal reasons r not, he is in fact reconstructing his hole career in an attempt to trans-›rm what he sees as old, outworn, and :erile habits and, in the process, re-ourish an art he loves. One of the ivotal moves in the attempt was this ›ncert at the Fillmore; while his ex-eriments would continue whether or ot this first evening was a success, ıe future would be made easier if young audience showed up to con-rm his theories.

In any case, for the evening, Hol-ınder had chosen to play an elec-

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tronic piano because of its value as a novelty and because it can be controlled to overcome a hall's peculiar acoustics, of which the Fillmore's are very peculiar. The theater is long and narrow, and after the sound from the stage travels through the auditorium and finally reaches the back section of the orchestra and balcony, a full city block away, much of its volume—and vitality—has been lost in transit. The electronic piano can be controlled in terms of the quantity of sound that comes from it. It has the three pedals of a normal piano, plus two more, one to dampen sound, the other to enlarge it; these can be set and controlled from backstage, programmed to aid a performance at any particular point. As for what Hollander would play, his program was announced on fliers and posters around New York as Lorin Hollander and his Group, the group consisting of Bach, Prokofiev, Ravel, Debussy, and Schubert; the evening would end, he himself announced publicly (and totally deadpan) with "my own ugly and brutal work, 'Up Against the Wall.'. . ."

AT THE FILLMORE, about three hundred people had entered the hall by seven-fifteen. Most of them stood around the lobby, shaking themselves like dogs, greeting friends, and drying off. They wore bell-bottom slacks, blue jeans, turtlenecks, boots, moccasins, capes, fun furs, bush hats, slouch hats, shoulder bags, long hair as straight and shiny as wire filaments, and acrylic jewelry that lighted up their arms and necks. Margot Hollander, the pianist's wife, wandered among them, eavesdropping; she, too, wore slacks; her alert, impatient, pretty face was framed by short, blond, carefully combed hair. Three-quarters of the crowd was under thirty, probably native to the neighborhood, or at least spiritually so, and at home at the Fillmore; many of them seemed to know the ushers and salesgirls at the popcorn counter. The rest was made up of a few children, out for a dose of Sunday night culture, or standard adults of an age only God and themselves could reveal, dressed in business clothes or weekend corduroys, downtown for the evening from their homes uptown, music-business executives, recording producers, critics, and their wives. "Do these people go to Philharmonic Hall?" one of them asked, eyeing a young group in Civil War costumes. "Not in those clothes," Margot Hollander muttered in passing. A few people moved down the aisle to their seats, where they opened up paper bags and began to eat supper from their laps.

Soon the downstairs floor was half-filled. Mrs. Hollander was still wandering around the lobby, nervously puffing a cigarette. "It's twenty after seven," she said. "It's not such a bad house, is it?" She left to check the box office and was back almost immediately, working on a fresh cigarette. "You won't believe it," she said. "There's a line of about a dozen kids waiting to buy tickets out there." She was right; a line stretched from the Fillmore's box office out to the pavement of Second Avenue, on which snow and sleet were still falling. I counted sixteen people, and as I counted, another half-dozen, then more, joined them. The line began to stretch to the corner of Sixth Street.

At seven-thirty, Margot Hollander went backstage and told her husband that he would be wise to wait at least ten minutes before starting the recital. There was a line outside, she said, that now stretched around the corner. "The kids are coming in droves. It's all kids." In another ten minutes, the house was nine-tenths full; a signal went out to the front of the house—let's go, they're getting impatient—and the house lights were slowly dimmed.

Hollander himself—slim, red-headed, sideburned and nervous—came out wearing a brown leather jacket and turtleneck shirt, looking like one of Robin Hood's predatory huntsmen. Instead of sitting down at the piano, he headed for a mike and, holding it in his hand, began to talk to the audience as though he were a stand-up comedian in an uptown nightclub, weaving back and forth a little, sort of shadowboxing with the mike. "Hi," he said. "Thanks for coming. I've wanted to do this for a long time. Come down to the Fillmore . . . There's a lot of talk today about change. But let's keep things straight. It's only the society we're trying to go off. (*Applause, whistles, and stamping of feet.*) But let's not get rid of the things we don't really want to get rid of, too. Like music. Like classic music. (*Light applause.*) The Fillmore has communication. That's w I came here. . . . It's a shame to music die. The music that's bei played today is very pure, very simp Tonight, think not of names, thi of people. Mozart. Telemann. Bach. Mozart, after all, was a dirty man. wrote dirty letters, and he was di in a way you don't learn about at Ju liard. Or maybe you do. (*Laughte* Anyway, I'm going to play first Bach partita. It's in seven movemen . . . I won't tell you what they a That would only tell you when to a plaud." (*Applause.*) . . .

The Bach went well, very cle very direct, although the electro piano sounded dim from the back the theater, as though the sound we coming from a long way off, throu a badly designed funnel. As soon Hollander finished the partita, t Fillmore ushers began to yell bra and clap their hands in great, hollo reverberating style, at which th were clearly practiced masters. Aft a couple of bows, Hollander return to the hand mike and offered a sh description of how the electro piano worked, promising to show t audience later on what it could Then he introduced Prokofiev's S enth Sonata. "We're living in a ti of war protest," he said. "In Wo War II, Prokofiev wrote this wo a stormy sonata about war, filled w unquiet and dread in the first mo ment. . . . The second is really a ki of cabaret song, one that was may familiar to Russian soldiers, alm too schmaltzy. Then comes a poigna movement, with sounds in it li women crying for their men going to war. . . ." So the little vocal ess went on, casually binding Prokof to dissent, dissent to Vietnam, Vi nam to revolution. The audience l tened intently. Finally, Holland played the sonata, which is a lo work, still a bit knotty twenty-fi years after it was composed, fill with asymmetrical rhythms and a f sentimental tunes. During the p formance, there was a steady comin and-going among a few members the audience, a moving around t lobby for exercise, a quiet pic mood, almost, in which Crackerjac and soft drinks were bought and th taken back to the seats. In the l rows of the theater, several you

ien sat with their legs draped over ie empty seats in front of them, eyes osed and heads thrown languorously ack. One young man sat with his ead between his legs while his girl-riend massaged his shoulder blades. he sudden end of the Prokofiev rought a roar from the audience, nen a minute of cheers. "Let's take break," Hollander called into the iike cheerfully. "I'll be back in ten iinutes."

Ravel and Debussy followed the ntermission. For them, the sound evel of the piano was raised two deci-els, which made a startling differ-nce; the hall was suddenly splashed ith rich, impressionistic colors; the udience liked it, not so well as the rokofiev perhaps, which suggests ss pure aesthetic refinement, but nough for hearty applause. Then Iollander played the Schubert A ajor Sonata. "A little work," he told ie audience, "by a tragic man. He ied at thirty-one. He wrote the sona-a when he was twenty-one." A deep igh came from the audience, and hen the sonata was over, fully iden-ified with the composer now, they ave it strong, sympathetic applause.

Hollander finished with his own ork, "Up Against the Wall. . . ." I've been asked what a nice middle-lass Jewish pianist is doing in revolt. *Laughter from one segment of the udience.)* . . . I have no personal rea-ons. But a lot of people have. I can eel the same frustration, that same ate, that those people feel. I think can put Vietnam, the ghetto, and Biafra into music, and I think I have n my own work. I think you'll hear ome new sounds." As Hollander ounded out his response to Vietnam, he ghetto, and Biafra, his own per-ussive anger, repeated rhythmically nd with calculated monotony, built o ever-greater volume, concluding nally with huge drum-like fortis-imos that came at terrific speed. The iano's level had been raised further or the work, and certain portions of t were electronically controlled by Baldwin's chief engineer backstage, a act that somehow was never an-ounced to the audience. In the end, Hollander the composer left the im-ression that he had discovered so-orities that had naturally passed Bach and Schubert by, not to men-ion those foremost twentieth-century nasters of sound, the Messieurs Ravel and Debussy and Tovarich Prokofiev.

But Hollander is undoubtedly into something, and seriously. Anyone could sense it at the Fillmore that night, both from out front and back-stage where the atmosphere was jubi-lant after the recital. Just as Hol-lander began to head for his dressing room, a young man in a Davy Crockett hat, a white linen suit, sunglasses, and a raccoon coat, burst through the stage door. "Where is that Lorin?" he called, startling everyone. "Where is that boy? I just gotta touch him. Touch him and I know I'll go to heav-en. He is a jew-el, a priceless jew-el, a genius. I gotta touch him. That's all." The next day, the jewel of the Fill-more East was off to lecture and play for high-school audiences around New York State, trying to get close to his audience; and at the end of the week the following ad appeared in the *Village Voice*: "To the audience at Sunday's Fillmore East concert: THANKS: You were beautiful. Lorin Hollander." It's surely never been done that way uptown. [ ]

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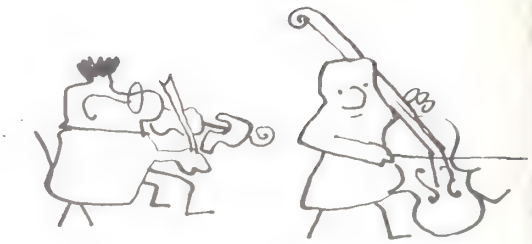
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A GREAT HANDEL RECORDING . . . AND MORE

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Even with the baroque revival, George Frideric Handel is primarily a one-work man, and that of course is *Messiah*. On records a good part of his output can be sampled, but major musical organizations keep away. Despite the success of *Julius Caesar* with the New York City Opera Company, no Handel has entered the operatic repertory. Orchestras seldom program his concerti grossi or organ concertos. Pianists and harpsichordists keep away from his suites. When is the last time a major orchestra has done an oratorio outside of *Messiah?* If I am exaggerating somewhat, the basic facts nevertheless bear me out. Handel is considered a great composer, one of the very greatest, but his music is largely unknown to the average music lover.

It has remained for smaller ensembles to carry the torch. One such has been the Amor Artis, a group founded by a young conductor named Jacques Somary. Like many of the specialists, Somary is an expert on baroque style. He has studied the period, and the music of the period, thinking about the musicological questions involved. Most big-name conductors do not know and do not care. The Bernsteins, Karajans, and, as far as that goes, Toscaninis of the world always conducted baroque music from instinct rather than from scholarship, and their interpretations thus are full of anachronisms and solecisms. But the baroque revival did at least bring out a group of scholar-conductors who tried hard to achieve something close to what the composer aimed.

Somary is one, and he has recently recorded Handel's **Theodora** in what appears to be its first recording ever. The participants include Heather Harper, Maureen Forrester, John Lawrenson, Alexander Young, and others, with the Amor Artis Chorale and English Chamber Orchestra conducted by Somary (Cardinal VCS 1005, 3 discs). Cardinal is a low-priced label of Vanguard, and the discs cost $3.50 each instead of $5.79. As in all Vanguard Recordings, the engineering is flawless: bright, clear, ungimmicked sound, smooth surfaces, unusual presence.

Theodora may be an oratorio, but it is full of action and conceivably could be staged. Winton Dean in his definitive study of the Handel oratorios, and later Paul Henry Lang in his book on Handel, both strongly made the point that the Handel oratorios are dramatic and not religious works. They may stem from Biblical subjects, but they are animated by the operatic sense that made Handel the most successful impresario and opera composer of his day. (*Messiah*, indeed, is exceptional among Handel's oratorios in its strong religious feeling.) *Theodora* has to do with the Romans and early Christians, but has a story line, a good deal of chara terization, and a decidedly operat feeling.

It is a marvelous score—big in eve way. How different from Bach's chr matic symbolism is Handel's direc powerful diatonicism! *Theodora* full of strong melody, songful a even sensuous choruses and solos. is sturdy, lyric, dramatic, bustlin touching, and introspective in tur and to many listeners who know Ha del only by the *Messiah* it may come a revelation. And the performance admirable. The singers, sparked Somary, know enough of the style attempt ornamentation and vocal el bellishment; and all romanticisms a avoided. The harpsichordist kno his business and keeps away from t chop-chop of bare chords. Each of t soloists has a good voice and good di tion (Lawrenson, a resonant bariton is especially notable in this respect *Theodora* is a great score, and th performance does it honor. The albu should be one of the outstanding r leases of the year.

Sutherland Secu

The entirely different world of t Verdi **Requiem** is brought to life in convincing fashion by a team co sisting of Joan Sutherland, Marily Horne, Luciano Pavarotti, and Mart Talvela, with the Vienna State Ope Chorus and Vienna Philharmonic co ducted by Georg Solti (London OS 1275, 2 discs). There have been mar

od prior recordings of the Requiem, om the days of Serafin and Toscani. (The greatest performance I ve ever heard was not put on cords, but can be secured in un-r-the-counter tapes: Milanov, Casna, Bjoerling, and Pinza, with Tosnini conducting. Don't ask this umn how the tapes can be purased. It's against the law.)

What Solti and Co. offer is a very h-sounding, controlled performce with some spectacular solo ging. Sutherland's beautiful voice nds secure here. She does not have worry so much about shaping of wels, and the lugubrious droop that metimes afflicts her voice is actually advantage here. Marilyn Horne is many respects a mezzo-soprano nterpart to Sutherland. The two ten work together. Horne has a soano top and a contralto bottom. If is suggests a voice of wide range, u have guessed right. Her colorara is almost as good as Sutherland's, r voice has equal body, and she is a ch more intelligent artist, with a eling of freedom and spontaneity at Sutherland seldom achieves. Pavotti and Talvela are relatively new gers, and both are making a big ternational impression. The former an Italian tenor with a free-floating p and a strong attack; the latter is Finnish basso of rocklike solidity o sings rather than growls or unts. With such a vocal quartet, and th so imaginative a conductor as lti leading one of the world's great-t orchestras, the results might have en guessed in advance. This perrmance of the Verdi Requiem goes ght to the top. At this stage of the me it is not necessary to talk about e glories of the music. With *Otello* d *Falstaff*, it is Verdi's masterpiece.

Good Buys in Opera

Recently I have been sampling some w-priced operatic reissues, and have me up with several very good buys. reeminent is the recording of Tchaivsky's **Eugene Onegin**, originally leased in this country by London ecords in 1956 and now available London's Richmond label (album 509, 3 discs). These sell for $2.49 a cord. Here Oscar Danon conducts incipals of the Belgrade Opera, and e performance is sung in the origil Russian.

Several things stand out. The 1956 recording is very good (London was recording in stereo at the time, even though no stereo discs were being commercially made). The singers are much better than the usual Russian crop. Instead of uttering squeezed, strangulated, and unsupported sounds, the men and women of the Belgrade Opera really sing, smoothly and sweetly. Danon is a conductor who knows this idiom very well.

As for the music, it is of unearthly beauty. Tchaikovsky's *Queen of Spades* may be the stronger opera, but it has nothing near the lyric grace and elegiac sadness of *Onegin*. Pushkin's story obviously meant a great deal to the composer, and in this opera there is not one cheap or artificial effect. The opera pursues an unbroken stream of sad melody, and there is nothing like it in music.

Another low-priced album that has much to recommend is a recording of Strauss' **Die Fledermaus**, originally released by Cetra and now made available by Everest (album S 463 2, 2 discs). The fine cast has such singers as Rudolf Schock, Wilma Lipp, Cesare Curzi, and Renate Holm, and the chorus and orchestra of the Berlin Opera are conducted by Robert Stolz. These go for $2.98 a disc. Next to the famous London recording of the early 1950s, this is the one to get. The recorded sound is perfectly adequate, the performance has real bounce, and a good bit of the spoken dialogue is retained. Schock, who has a Richard Tauber complex, belts out his arias, but his voice has something of Tauber's quality, and the results are very exciting. Lipp was singing well when this recording was made, and she even takes the high D at the end of the czardas, right on the button. The entire performance is characterized by the particular lilt only German-speaking singers can bring to the music. Everest has also released a **Gypsy Baron** in this series (album 469/2), but that is less satisfactory, mostly because of the soprano. She has the style down pat, but her insecurity above the staff and general shrillness make it painful to listen to her. There is none of this in the *Fledermaus*, and the greatest of all Viennese operettas here gets a lively, sparkling performance. At $6 for the complete opera, nobody can go wrong.

111

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Harper's PUZZLE

Acrostickler® No. 10

by Henry Allen

(Solution to Harper's Puzzle No. 10 will appear in the June issue. For solution to last month's Puzzle No. 9, consult Table of Contents.)

A

58 220 82 126 172 90 166 96 182 A part of grammar dealing with inflections.

B

66 208 26 80 120 190 136 2 22 198

218 158 124 176 72 20 An ethical ideal of people everywhere. (11,2,3)

C

10 140 150 52 162 18 44 184 194 84

70 154 94 116 36 102 Term (slang) for confrontation; used in connection with the Cuban missile crisis. (7,2,7)

D

132 68 204 6 60 46 122 34 214 104

168 88 146 Subject matter of popular television program featuring a porpoise. (8,5)

E

16 202 178 8 192 222 Willows.

F

14 164 106 160 32 224 100 30 152 Venture or invest considerable time. (4,5)

G

180 12 170 76 Confusion or bustle. (2-2)

H

212 186 206 134 210 138 156 144 142

110 64 40 196 92 78 200 86 Phrase sometimes used in conjunction with word B; same idea on an international scale. (8,2,7)

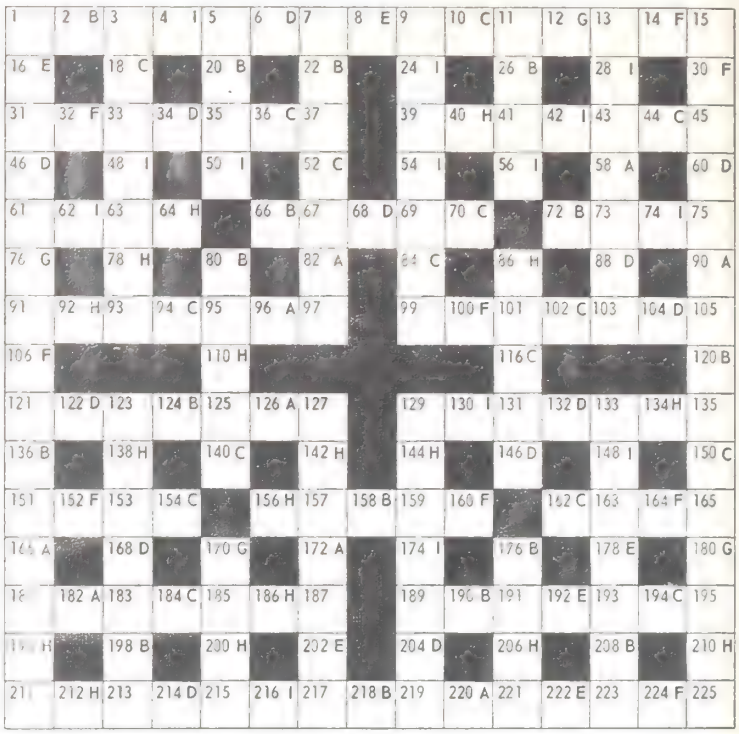
I

48 56 74 148 28 42 50 62 216 54

24 130 174 4 What the agnostic may do when browsing in a clergyman's library. (4,5,5)

DIRECTIONS

(1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
(2) When an answer consists of two or more words, numbers in parentheses following the clue indicate each word's length.
(3) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
(4) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



ACROSS

1. Bailiwick of the Acrostician. (3,7,5)
31. Kind of railroad stop that's more than an old bridge game.
39. I'll take a cab, I will, to avoid germs!
61. A relic I run in.
66. Kind of beef that was a favorite of Teddy Roosevelt?
72. Kind of plant to make a nail!
91. Kind of whale found in Baffin backwaters.
99. Boring hairdo? (4,3)
121. Kind of ticket you don't want if craft can keep you from it.
129. Faint or not, it's biased. (3,4)
151. Italian family of the finest extraction.
156. May be in your sock or on the wall; both may run, but only one keeps time.
162. A song of malarial places.
181. One of those not chosen, but a bit more than gentle, nevertheless.
189. Where the Moor ate, and other beverages are available.
211. Cash, Ted? Derision leads to the toughest choice! (7,8)

DOWN

1. A fortress perhaps, or a ma supporter. (5,2,8)
3. Eli is on the ball to make poetic contractive.
5. A preposition of a time th may have begun today.
7. An animal that sounds like command to another to propel boat.
9. Consequence of a riot? (3,4
11. A bird that may be of the wal
13. Regions of territory that d cidedly can't be downs.
15. Kind of football player it tak three to tackle? (6-6,3)
80. Kind of confection found oft in salt water.
86. Parts of beds of interest the salts.
123. Trojan leader who was neith neat nor faithful.
127. When the cost led, it w least warm.
129. Kine, etc., may be made into piece of apparel.
133. Kind of reasoning for a fir class prior. (1,6)
170. I end when I eat.
176. A country ready for the mai

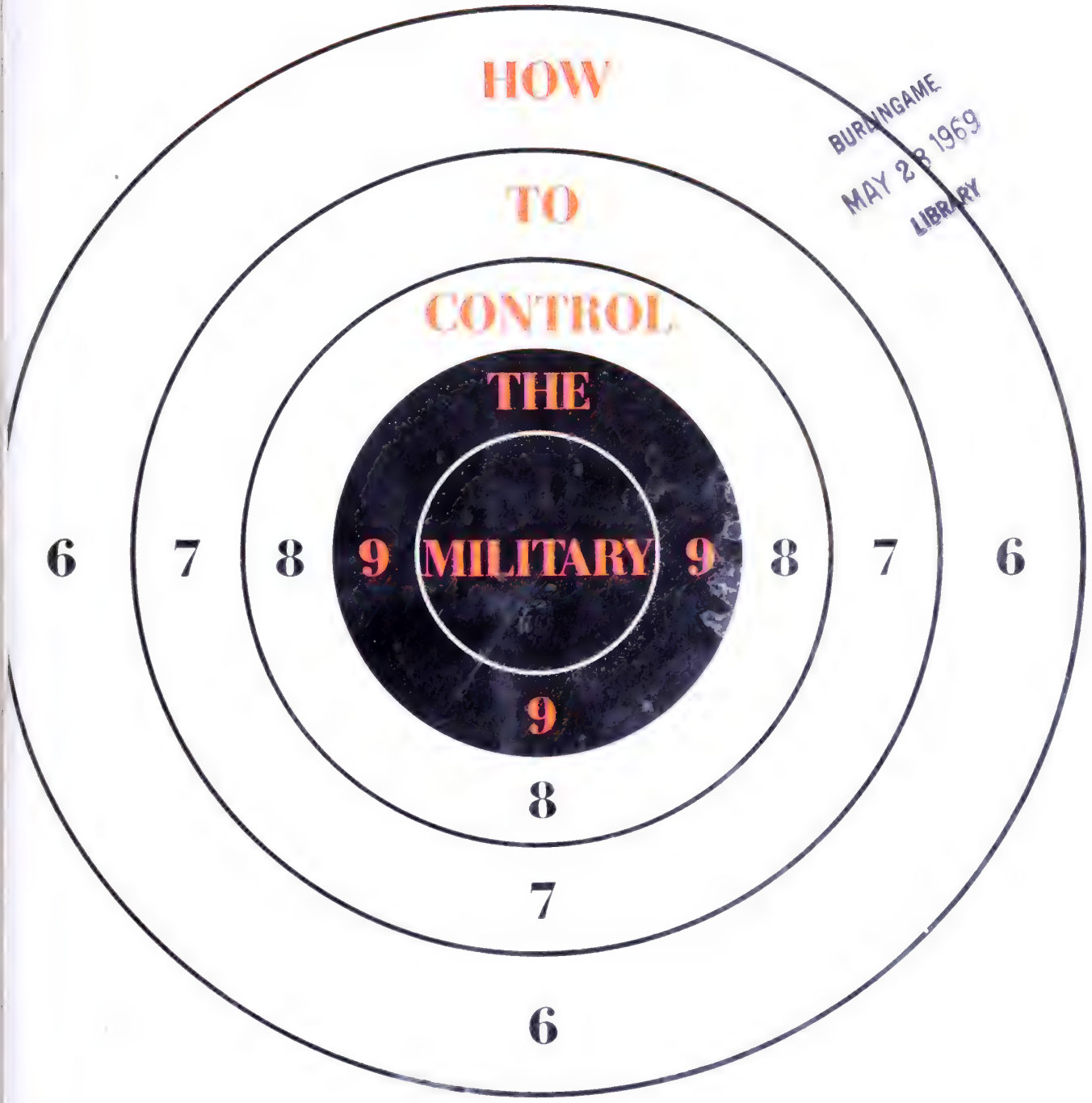
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Leslie H. Farber	MY WIFE, THE NAKED MOVIE STAR
Midge Decter	GOING HOME: ST. PAUL

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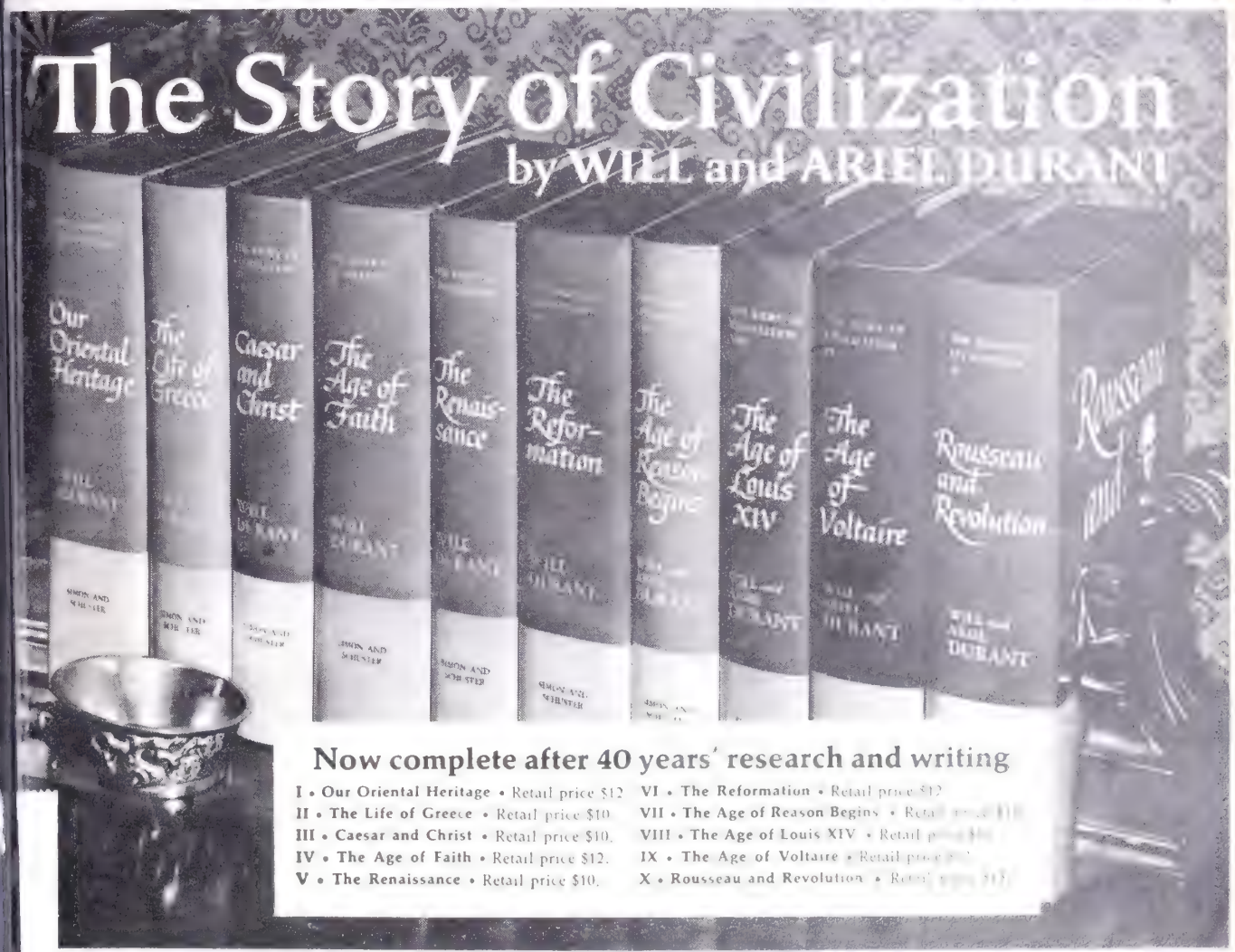


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1969

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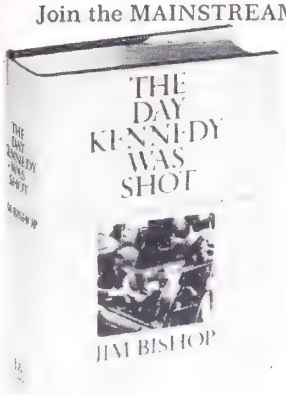
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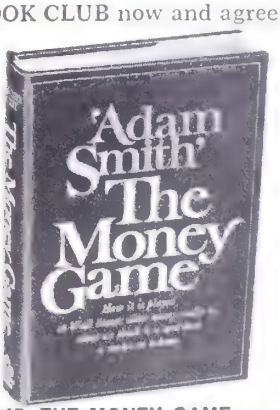
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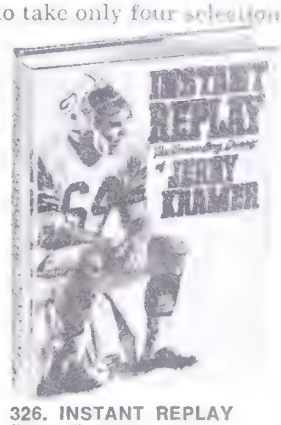
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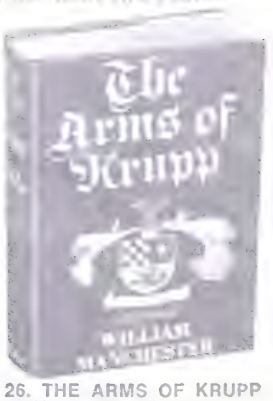
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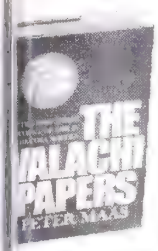
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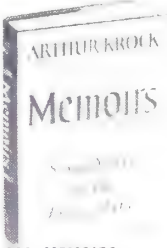
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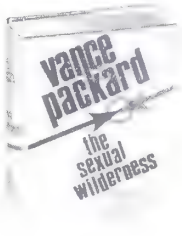
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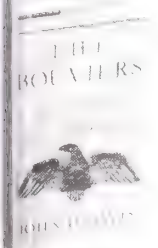
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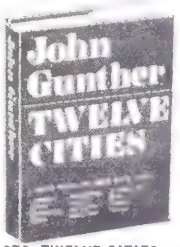
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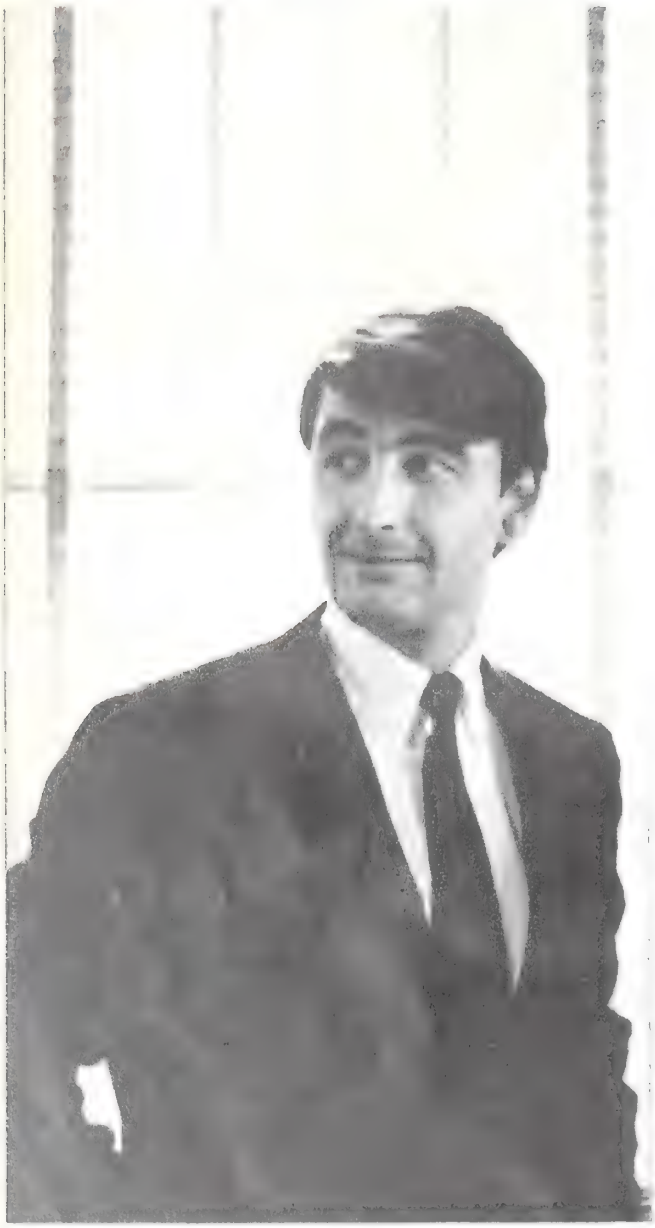
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about this issue—



S. MANTELL

When **Marshall Frady**, a young Southern journalist, was covering George Wallace's 1966 gubernatorial campaign in Alabama for *Newsweek*, "it occurred to me Wallace was worth a book as the palpable, breathing articulation into flesh of Willie Stark in Robert Penn Warren's *All the King's Men*. I had wanted to write it as a kind of journalistic novel, employing all the stagework, style, and large vision of the novelist." The result was Frady's widely praised first book, *Wallace*, which the columnist Robert D. Novak called "the best political book of the year and one of the best political biographies of any year." Its image of Wallace, Novak said, "is Faulknerian in its chilling similarity to Flem Snopes or, at its worst, to Popeye." *The New York Times* praised the work as "a sensitive, informed, and funny feat of high journalism that is a classic of the kind."

Frady, twenty-nine, our newest contributing editor, lives now in Atlanta. His father was a Baptist preacher, and Frady grew up through his nomadic pastorates in an inauspicious succession of negligible little towns in South Carolina and Georgia. After a short note which he read in *Time* about a swashbuckling band of guerrillas in Cuba's Sierra Maestra mountains, he left high school for a year and tried, three times unsuccessfully, to make his way down there. He eventually got a degree from Furman University in Greenville, South Carolina, had a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship at the University of Iowa Writers' Workshop deferred for a year, and went to Atlanta to operate the capitol bureau of a chain of Georgia newspapers. His writing derives from the violent and flamboyant experience of this generation of Southern politics and his prose from its rhythms and cadences.

Recently on his first *Harper's* story, Frady traveled to Austin and Johnson City to write about Lyndon Johnson out of power. "This remains one phase of the Presidency—the unplugging, the withdrawal —that has never really been chronicled," he writes (page 66). *"So now dispensed with, abruptly and totally disposed of, he is decompressing into the vast vacant spaces of south Texas—inevitably sunken at times in profound mopiness, seized by sourceless pointless after-spasms of urgency and impatience while ceiling fans murmur drowsily and flies bump against back screen doors. As he sits on his back porch in the long late-afternoon sunlight with swing-chains creaking, he unpacks his huge neglected heart only to himself about why he happens to be down here now, listening to bulls moan, instead of still up there in that oval office along Pennsylvania Avenue. . . ."*


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Letters

Victoria's England

Nothing I have read has seemed to me more significant or more beautifully expressed than the article in the April issue by Ronald Blythe ["England's Cruel Earth"]. I doubt, of course, if this profound effect would be experienced by any of your readers who had not lived in Britain at the end of the nineteenth century nor felt the tragedy implicit in the phrase 'taking the Queen's shilling." This author, I feel, even more then Cecil Woodham-Smith in *Florence Nightingale* and *The Reason Why* or Robert Graves in *Goodbye to All That*, has expressed the ominous social ugliness of Queen Victoria's Great Britain.

LEWIS D. STEVENSON, M.D.
Arlington, Vt.

Defending the Avant-garde

We are all familiar with the musical illiterate who doesn't like Bach's music because "it all sounds alike." Your music critic's remarks about the present avant-garde—"everything tends to sound alike" ["Music in the Round—Conforming with the Avant-Garde," April]—are just as illiterate, and unworthy, not only of *Harper's*, but of any periodical this side of Dogpatch. Stockhausen, Messiaen, and Takemitsu do *not* sound alike, no matter how often Discus says otherwise, and one could devise tests to prove it. I wonder if Discus even listened to the records he is reviewing? He keeps harping on "total dissonance" as if *anybody* were still in that bag; of the composers he mentions in this respect, Ligeti uses tone-clusters (neither consonant nor dissonant but neutral), Stockhausen and Takemitsu use compositional procedures which ensure a more or less random distribution of consonances and dissonances, and in Messiaen's music consonances often dominate the texture. Messiaen's works are, in fact, more eccentric and distinctive than anything since Bach, and I find it incredible that anyone with a good set of ears could confuse his music with anyone else's. . . .

ANDREW STILLER
Hyattsville, Md.

DISCUS REPLIES:

I did not state or even imply that Stockhausen was copying Takemitsu, who was in turn copying Messiaen. I merely wrote that in the post-serial movement, everything tends to sound alike, and the key word is "tends." Of course each composer is different, as Franck's pupils were different from Franck; but I am sure that Mr. Stiller would agree that Franck, Chausson and Lekeu do tend to sound alike. Similarly, Stockhausen and Takemitsu tend to sound alike; and why not? Their language has many things in common. I simply do not follow Mr. Stiller's charge that I cannot differentiate Messiaen from Stockhausen. Nowhere in the article did I compare Messiaen with any other composer. What I wrote was mostly fact. Would Mr. Stiller deny that Messiaen uses bird calls? Or that he influenced Stockhausen? I would rather suggest that Mr. Stiller read more carefully what is in an article, rather than read things into it.

Iowa Objects

Larry L. King's recent article ["Harold E. Hughes: Evangelist from the Prairies," March] was controversial—but not so far as Senator Hughes was concerned. . . . He implied that country folk are not concerned with brotherhood. He suggested that Iowans lack understanding, political sense, intelligence, etc., and they did not fully comprehend why they elected Harold Hughes Governor. And yet Mr. King had all the unmitigated bravado it took to not disagree with anythi Harold Hughes does.

Could it be, sophisticated Ea erners, that this is the reason Hugh was elected? Could it be we stup farmers voted for a man who could n only help Iowa, but perhaps the re of the country? Is this not just smidgen of understanding? Tru Iowans do not have their propo tionate share of slums and racial pr lems. Somehow it escapes me why th is bad. True, Iowa does not have high percentage of colored people. T metropolitan areas of America lu them with an abundance of opport nities (using the word loosely); a again, I do not see why Ida Gr should take the blame because Subu bia cannot take the consequences.

As a native of Iowa I should broad-minded enough to digest t preconception that you gain und standing by taking potshots at peo in Ida Grove. But let me take t liberty to suggest Mr. King begin home to cleanse the world. Meantir we've sent Harold Hughes to Wa ington to see if he can help.

LONNY R. BART
Bloomington,

L'Affaire Portn

Kingsley Amis' review of Phi Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint* ["Boo —Waxing Wroth," April] contribu greatly to restoring faith in litera criticism as a whole. It is the m sensible and realistic review to pear. . . . It is indeed reassuring to fi this perceptive and balanced opini of a book, which by some rare flu seems to have beguiled the critics i inflating it far out of proportion its worth.

LOUISE ST
Chevy Chase, M

I am somewhat puzzled by choice of Kingsley Amis to revi



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Portnoy's Complaint. While Mr. Amis is neither Jewish nor an American and not particularly sympathetic to either, I find his review lacking both the understanding and appreciation that this book deserves.

The main body of Mr. Amis' criticism is based on his distaste for jokes of an ethnic nature, and his inability to grasp the [illegible] of his mother. I would suggest to Mr. Amis, if he ever should return to these shores, the names and addresses of hundreds of Jewish mothers who, stretch from New York to California. After such an experience, Mr. Amis will not only understand what Roth has written about, but will marvel at Roth's ability to so adeptly control his "rage."

EDWARD KUSSY
Santa Monica, Calif.

. . . I think Kingsley Amis has hit the mark. When he states that *Portnoy's Complaint* is a sort of "paste-up" of short stories, tied together after the writing with connecting threads. This accounts for the really episodic nature of the book and the feeling that it is a kind of compendium of Jewish jokes, outrages, epigrams, incidents, and soliloquies. If he objects to the term novel as applied to *Portnoy's Complaint*, I am in no mind to argue with what would seem to be a correct judgment. However, I do feel compelled to say that regardless of the episodic nature of it, the book works because it rings true. If Mr. Amis doesn't believe this, let him ask any number of the thousands of Jewish boys on psychiatrist's couches if it doesn't. . . .

MURRAY SCHLANGER
New York, N.Y.

Living Poets

Nowadays when poetry is "dead" again or "incomprehensible," you have given me not one, not two, three poets to whom I can re[illegible] with both intellect and emot[illegible] Thank you for Louis Simpson, J[illegible] Nagenda, and Harvey Shapiro [illegible] for their work as it appeared in y[illegible] April issue.

MRS. NANCY Y[illegible]
West Hartford, C[illegible]

The Etiquette of [illegible]

I don't see how the Emily P[illegible] books could possibly be any more entertaining than Justin Kaplan's review of them ["Books—A Rose [illegible] Emily," March]. I couldn't help w[illegible]dering, however, if he was pulling [illegible] leg when he noted the absence of [illegible] word "sex" in both books. Does Kaplan really believe that in th[illegible] times formal etiquette has a place [illegible] sexual behavior"? It boggles the m[illegible] to make conjectures about how t[illegible] imaginative counterpart of the P[illegible] women could have a field day by a[illegible]ing a chapter entitled, "Sex and [illegible] Etiquette Thereof."

MRS. MARION TUC[illegible]
Albuquerque, N[illegible]

Washington Sc[illegible]e

I want to congratulate Arthur Bl[illegible]stein for a most perceptive analy[illegible] of today's Washington scene ["Wa[illegible]ington Report—536 Characters [illegible] Search of a Legislative Prograr[illegible] March].

I am delighted, of course, that M[illegible] Blaustein includes my income-ma[illegible]tenance bill among the pieces of soc[illegible] legislation which should be conside[illegible] this year by the President and t[illegible] Congress. I have reintroduced the l[illegible] in the 91st Congress and very mu[illegible] hope for some action later this yea[illegible]

WILLIAM F. RY[illegible]
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Naturally, there's a lot of pressure in this business. Everything has to be so perfect. But there's a lot of satisfaction, too. Like watching one of those big planes take off after you've worked on it.
Not many people get to know that feeling."

It takes more than just being good mechanically to be a good mechanic. It takes a man who believes in himself. That's the American Way.

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The Easy Chair *by Eric Larrabee*

THE ARTIST AND THE UNIVERSITY

At the time the formula of "artist in residence" came into vogue, reputedly in the early 1930s when John Steuart Curry was invited to Wisconsin and Paul Sample to Dartmouth, the term itself implied an unusual arrangement. The artist was to be located in a university setting with some fanfare, calling attention to his merits and the university's courage in supporting them. Not many years later (stimulated by the Carnegie Corporation under President Frederick P. Keppel) the example had been widely imitated, but there could still be debate on whether the idea of an artist in residence was a "success."

Today all this concern seems very much of the past. Now the question is not so much whether individual artists can be at home in Academia as whether whole troupes of them can be stabled there—quartets, symphonies, operas, repertory theater groups, ballets. Rare are the institutions of higher learning with available space and a generous donor which have not constructed an arts center, and rarer still are those which do not consider a steady stream of local or visiting arts activities—plays, concerts, exhibitions, poetry readings—as normal and necessary components of university life. By any visible token, the arts have come to the campus to stay.

Initially they arrived in somewhat curious garb—that is, wearing whatever camouflage would permit them to survive in an alien environment. First to make the crossing were the poets, in good part because a number of them coincidentally were of scholarly bent and happened to espouse a highly intellectualized doctrine. Other arts, at least in the democratizing institutions west of the Alleghenies, often masqueraded as crafts and were taught in terms of technical accomplishment, the studio or conservatory approach. But in general, if one may speak of recent and American experience, the arts were allowed to mingle with the established disciplines only after they had made themselves over into reasonable facsimiles of scholarship.

Art and music history were permissible because they had long been the object of that ferocious Germanic pedantry which had made *kunstgeschichtliche* such a richly connotative and frequently pejorative term. At its most exquisite, or more accurately at Harvard, the ideal of art training at a university level was connoisseurship—an educative process intended to produce if not new Berensons then at least a steady stream of employable curators to staff the increasingly numerous and extensive American collections. In this rarefied atmosphere a living and performing painter would have seemed, and soon been made to feel, like an obscenity.

Music has perhaps been better off, partly because a minimal capacity for performance (*i.e.* the ability to play the piano) was regarded as necessary, before the arrival of the long-playing record, for an acceptable comprehension of its literature. Singing in a chorus or playing in a brass band were of course unobjectionable in t they had become extracurricular, sociated with student life after Heidelberg light-opera model, a therefore devoid of any dangerou over-artistical implications. Comp ers were also regularly to be found college faculties, though the reas may often have been—as the l Henry Cowell pointed out—that serious composer could make a dec living from his music.

Theater, however, was on the b derline. Not that there was any de ing drama its credentials; too ma of its major works would have to taught whether or not they could performed, and there was after only a fine line between the teachi of novel-writing and the teaching play-writing despite the fact t Harvard did manage to draw it a condemn George Pierce Baker Yale. But actual presentation, mer of the standard plays at a professio level of skill, was something e again. In the first place it was exp sive; worse, it was distracting: took up faculty and student time a energy to an extent that could w be criticized as educationally out proportion to its worth. Acade theater has survived, and occasiona flourished, but powerful personali and no little exertion have be needed to keep it going—and, even the new dispensation of presumed a tistic affluence, many of its dilemm persist.

At the heart of the matter was a is the living artist, a creature of pro lematical character. Where he wan to live and work may well depend seemingly whimsical or paradoxic

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Mr. Larrabee, the guest this month in The Easy Chair, was an editor of this magazine for twelve years and is now Provost of the Arts and Letters Faculty of SUNY at Buffalo.

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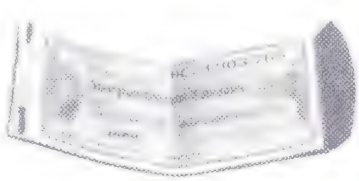
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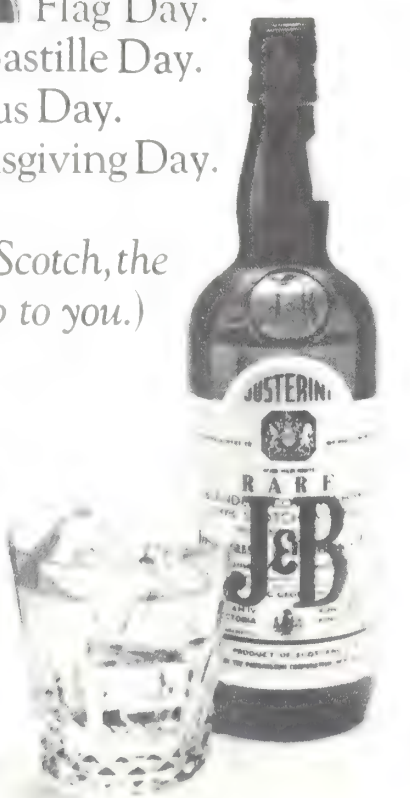
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factors which offer little guidai
E. B. White prefers to write in h
rooms, the sculptor David Sn
chose Bolton Landing—there is no
dicting. But to locate the artist ir
academic context is to place him
structural relationship, and one
which he may have no affect
Scholars are implicitly his critics,
he theirs. When the subject at issu
art, the artist is a standing rebuk
the non-artist; even with the great
of tact, which he has little incentiv
cultivate, he must express someth
of his contempt for his parasite,
scholar, simply in order to exist a
creative organism. Robert Frost
a fully representative artist in r
dence, precisely because of his love
quarrel with Academe; he could l
neither with it nor away from it.

There is much to be said for ma
taining a strict and hygienic sepa
tion. To put the artist on display is
make him self-conscious, in the wo
sense—to embed him in the notion
the artist as curiosity. He is bei
valued not for his work as an e
product, but for himself as a sp
tacle in the act of creating it; oth
wise there would be no need for h
to be present. His presence is bei
asked to convey virtue to his su
roundings, as though there were—
in truth there are—magical propert
in his "art." He becomes a sham
willingly or not, and is believed to
flawed as the shaman is flaw
through having survived exposure
something terrifying and unfatho
able. He is all at once an oddity,
tame pet, a demonstration model, a
a scapular against the Philistines;
is a wonder he survives at all the e
counter with a smothering embra
from those explicators and evaluato
who must always be, as in moments
sanity he knows, his natural enemie

But what of the contrary view? Ar
ists are drawn to Academia much
they are drawn to "artists' colonies
and for many of the same reason
First among them is undoubtedly th
lure of economic security, the promi
of surcease however temporary fro
those anxieties over mere physic
survival which appear to have ra
aged the artistic personality eve
since it became aware of itself. Th
promise is illusory, but no matte
the artist of all people knows tha
nothing is bought without cost.



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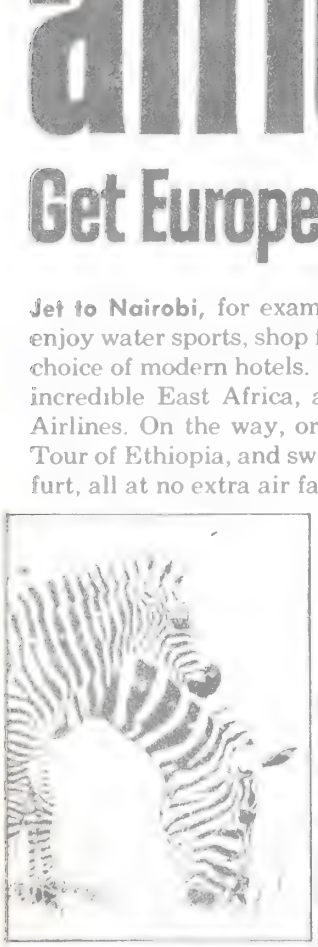
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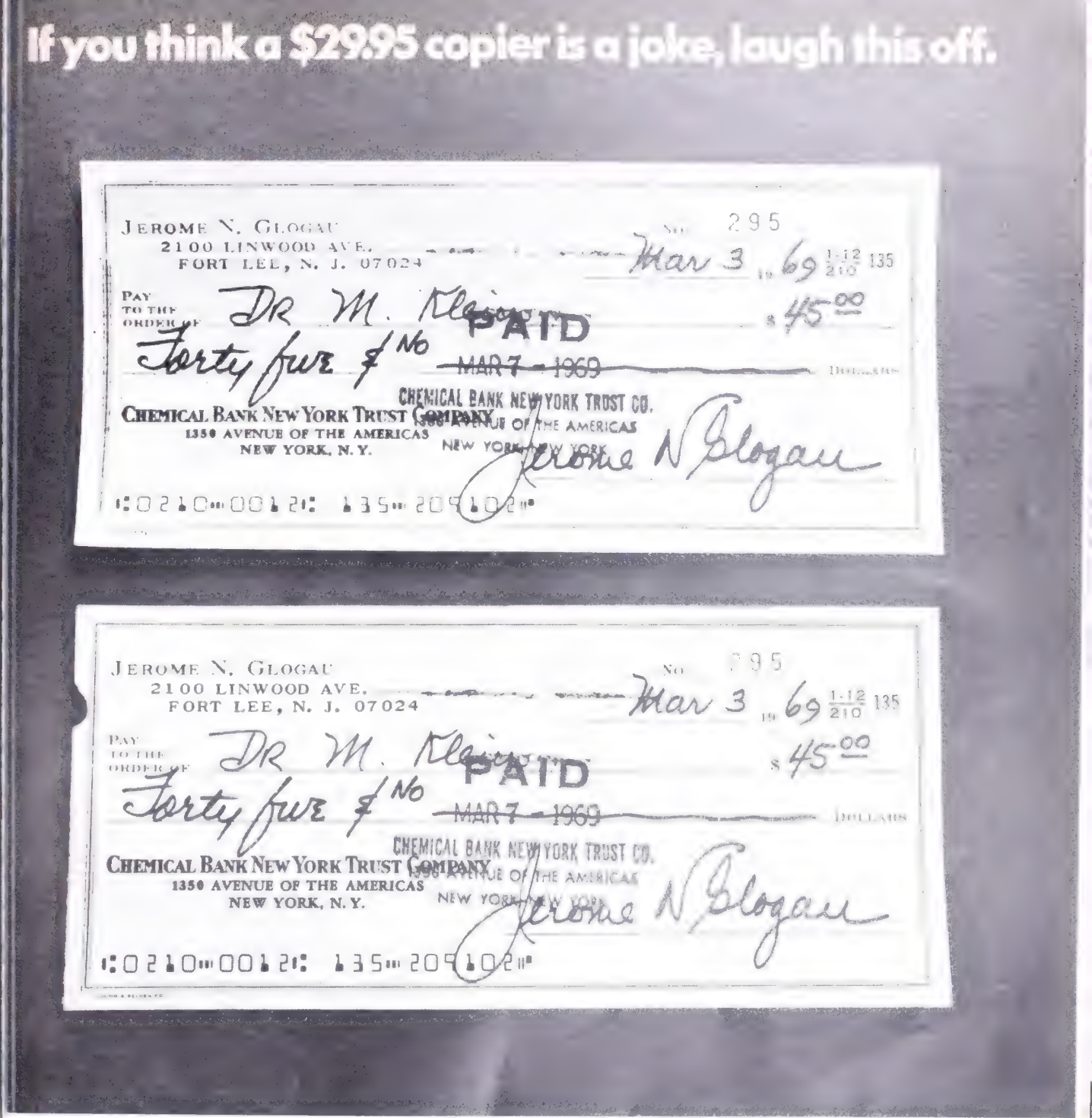
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close-second reason, and a supplem to the sense of being "wanted," is ambiguous appeal of living am like-minded people, of belonging t community in which one's own val are held in high esteem. Here there is both attraction and re sion; the ego inevitably pays a p for being in the presence of too m other egos.

From the university's side, on other hand, the gains are more parent. At least within the libe arts inheritance, the artist is the mary resource, a living witness to vitality of the humanistic enterpri If that mound of words and artifa called "the humanities" is of wor then worthier still are the creat acts from which it emerged, and ev more so those present-day creat who validate the tradition. The u versity's role, viewed in contrast, essentially custodial. The scho must accept a subsidiary place much the same way that Freud wo have even the psychoanalyst b when the question is finally faced, fore the mystery of art's birth. B hopefully, it does not denigrate scholar to think of him as a kind ultimate critic; the so-called "verd of generations," which confers t status of classic on a given work, commonly the verdict of generati of scholars. The function of an art in a nest of critics is therefore equa classical: to keep them honest.

This primacy of the "creative" h elements of the fashionable, to sure, as the myth holds it to have h in American education since Jo Dewey. Fiction is supposed to more creative than nonfiction; poet more creative than prose; abstra expressionism more creative than t dutiful representation of the hum anatomy. Everybody knows the things; they are part of reveal truth. But if it is clearly the ca for example, that the "progressiv Dewey whose name is used to fright voters into disapproving school bo issues is a chimera, then equally is clear—from the numerous curre accounts of what actually goes on American high schools—that the e phasis on creativity is being damn too soon, before it ever had any re impact on the secondary-school teac ing of the humanities, which is st as much a matter of rote and formu as it ever was. Patience is recon

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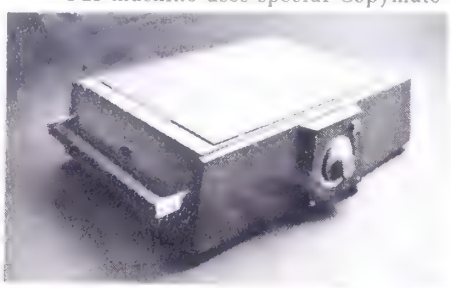
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mended, in other words, in dealing with the more absurd manifestations of "self-expression" as an educational aim. There is something residually sound in the notion that to make an entity which never existed before is inherently admirable—something sound, similarly, in the notion that a scholar earns his license to practice by contributing to the heritage he exploits, by adding his little fragment to the sum total of knowledge.

The American ideal of the university, attempting as it does to have the best of all previous worlds, presumes to embody both British collegiality and German institutionalized research. In the American version, this has come to mean that first-rate departments and first-rate scholars are "productive," in the sense that they pursue scholarly inquiry and publish its results, with all the familiar consequences in terms of tension between the often-neglected craft of teaching and the lengthening list of citations on which honor and promotion depend. But the tension is, or should be, fruitful. The pressure to be productive is pressure to remain alive and, while the standard based on publication may be less than perfect, it operates as often to keep departments lean and muscular as it does to punish a gifted teacher who happens not to publish. At any event, the pull at cross-purposes is probably overstressed; what matters here is the implication for the arts, specifically: what is the artistic analogue to research?

Perhaps the question can best be answered by a comparison with another field. In medicine, the education of doctors as we know it has developed over several hundred years. By the middle of the eighteenth century a method based on the teaching hospital had been worked out which still persists, with little change, today. For example, an institution like the New York Hospital had its origin (1771) in a single speech delivered by a twenty-eight-year-old New York physician just returned from taking his degree at Edinburgh, Samuel Bard, who spelled out in the course of his address the three purposes he believed a teaching hospital should have: the care of patients, the training of future physicians, and the study of the causes of disease. The science of Dr. Bard's time may have been ludicro s, but he had the structure right; e three-cornered relationship—pract e, teaching, research—is one that a y modern medical educator would r- ognize. Academic doctors today en r their careers in the knowledge t t they will be expected to pursue ll three, sometimes with shifts in e- phasis, but always with some elem t of each involved.

The fact that this understand g was arrived at two hundred ye s ago is not without its implicat n for disciplines other than medici ; for the spectacular medical t- umphs of the nineteenth centu y were directly made possible by a sound educational structure wh n the eighteenth bequeathed. By co- bining practice, teaching, and search, medicine transformed itse f as the arts are being called upon o transform themselves now. The di- culty is that the arts, by the sa e token, are not even at the stage wh e medicine had reached in 1770. It s rare in the arts to find a univers y department with a balanced threef d capability; the best of them gla settle for two, and a depressin large number must be content w h one alone. Rarer still are the men w o accept more than one of the three m sions as their own responsibility. T artist-teacher, or the teacher-schol is sufficiently unusual to be high in mand, the darling of administrat hungry for talent. The artist-teach scholar is nonexistent.

What one means by saying that certain type does not exist is that l ing people who exemplify it do n come forward. Society has not manded of them that they fill that pa ticular role, while it permits other a lesser roles to be regarded as adequa —for example, the role of an art pr fessor who was a promising paint when he achieved tenure, but h since rotted away in the company students so inert that he has co to resemble a scholar of Racine teac ing elementary French. The first-ra —or, at least, the visibly and succes fully first-rate—do not need to av themselves of the university as a re uge, with the result that some artis on campuses may turn out to be the because they can't survive anywhe else. "I'd be excited about doing joint course with a painter," one di tinguished art historian has r



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narked, "if the painters in my college were as stimulating as the ones I now outside."

What is needed, therefore, is that most difficult exercise: the invention f new social roles. It is by no means asy for academic doctors to be simulaneously teachers, researchers, and linicians, but they all make a stab at , even where they know themselves be woefully inadequate in one or nother capacity, because they have een persuaded that the three-cornered model is a desirable and necesary ideal. Undoubtedly it is now true hat many artists would make bad eachers, and many more scholars ould make bad artists, but we hould be able to admit that fact without having to accept it as final.

The obligation of the arts to transorm themselves is imposed by soci-y, but it falls upon the universities ith special force. Staffing revolutions—that is, training the agents of ocial change—is one of higher edution's immemorial functions, but hat is happening to the arts is now appening faster than universities ave made allowance for. American yperbole has put the label of "cultural explosion" on the event, so that ualifications have to be added imediately, but no matter how skepcal one may be about the meaning quantitative indices, the figures at st to the transition from a class to mass phenomenon—from cult to culre, as Alvin Toffler put it in *The ulture Consumers*. Money spent, oney donated, number of persons oducing or consuming—all have en rising at a rate so much faster an population growth that the arts, ewed purely as a business enterise, are now among the major instries. Most artists still starve, to sure, but they starve now on a nanally recognized scale; their moneary plight is learnedly studied and plored, surely a sign that they are out to arrive at economic maturity. Behind the statistical increase in tivity is the fact, far more fundaental, which it reflects: the arts ve become necessary. Hitherto they ay have been vital, a deep reflex of e human condition, an ornament to n's tenancy on his planet, or whatve-you, but they could never be inded—as the twentieth century reires them to be—among the necesry conditions of survival. Man must

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now either learn to live aesthetical or cease to be man—cease to be, th is, an animal who responds meanin fully to challenge.

The phenomenon of the twentie century is the significant increase the power of individuals to affe their environment and one anothe The world was manageable, aesthet cally and otherwise, as long as on a small number of people could di turb the public order; that order h got out of hand, on every side, in pr portion to the added number of voic which cry to be heard, the number interests which can effectively d mand to be recognized. The proce cannot be reversed. In every field th dilemma is the same—essentially federal one: how to reconcile dive gent interests with the common goo One by one the challenges have be faced and, allowing for a century two leeway, overcome. Everyone h had to become a citizen; everyo must soon become economically sel sufficient. Just so must everyo someday become an artist—or a sain On or back we must go, as C. S. Lew once wrote: to stay here is death.

Another way of putting it—and time-worn phrasing ever since Jol Adams made that endlessly quotab remark about studying war so th his sons could study commerce so th *their* sons could study the arts—is say that American society, havin solved the problems of political an economic democracy, must now solv those of aesthetic democracy. At eac stage there have been ample groun for believing that a majority of th people could not be trusted; certainl there are reasons enough to doul that even the present degree of d mocratization in aesthetic decisio making can ever produce anythin but the present result, which is th lowest common denominator of mas taste, kinetic chaos in the enviro ment, and bankruptcy for the artis On or back we must go, however there is no way ahead but straigh forward, to take a chance on aestheti democracy and try to prepare people in very large numbers, to make aes thetic decisions responsibly and wel

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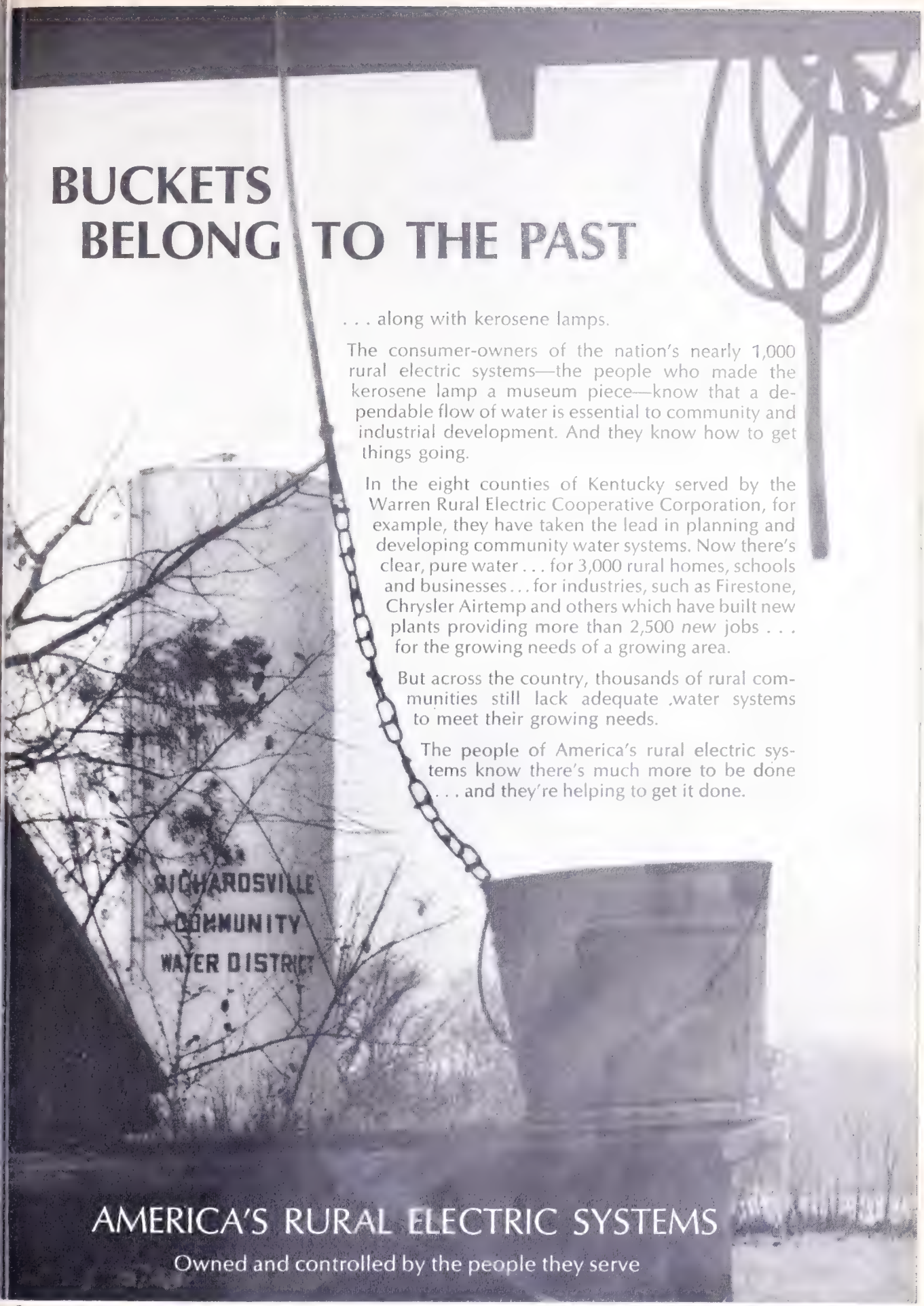
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THE EASY CHAIR

the unlivable, uninhabitable n
of the world which material
ence has provided for them.
ously enough, this is simultane
an affirmation and a denial o
Protestant ethic—an affirmatic
the sense that selfish protest i
actly the kind of work the devil
be expected to find for idle han
do, but a denial in the sense tha
feit has brought no relaxation
apathy. The puritan nightmare
prosperity was that if no one
to work, no one would; the fiber
go out of the national character.
satisfaction with one's lot
thought to be the fuel not only o
bourgeois upward-mobility mac
the little wheel which kept soci
big wheels turning, but of the
tradition of left-socialist agit
which brought about reforms to
prosperity general and by-and-
humane. Some other kind of diss
faction, fueling protest of a w
different kind, would have seeme
thinkable a generation ago to co
vatives and radicals alike, as to
of them it still does.

Admittedly, the pervasive dis
tent of the present period is as
to reflect itself in escape—the f
from reality into "beautiful" ex
ence—as in programmatic reform.
positive energies of the young
cals are directed toward war, pov
prejudice; they are political
highly moral, if not puritanical.
they have disconnected themse
from the utilitarian model of soc
They deny economic man; they
nounce Daniel Bell's post-indus
man, and not a few of them have
rived at Bell's end of ideology.
ask for the imposition of a comple
different set of standards than in
trial-democratic-liberal society
hitherto presupposed.

State it, if you like, in the form
law: under conditions of affluence
satisfaction focuses on the qualit
life. Anxieties are diffuse, dema
are contradictory; there is a sens
aimlessness, as though we had c
loose from old moorings and no
ones were in sight. To worry about
state of one's immortal soul is do
less a luxury (as the Church has
ognized by the judicious handlin
its contemplatives) but it is a lux
which increasing multitudes can
ford—in fact, cannot escape. In co
tions of scarcity, the "cultural" q



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THE EASY CHAIR

tions simply do not come up: wha do with time, how to make life me ingful, where to turn for pleasure peace. But once raised, under a ence, they clamor to be answered, a society which persistently asks self questions which it then does answer will accumulate dissatisf tions at a prodigious rate. Un affluence, to state the law's corolla the arts become necessary.

It is in the light of this imperat that the place of the arts and the a ist in a university setting must viewed. If one begins simply by a ing an educational question, or challenging the relevance of the a in an all-too-painfully obvious educ tional crisis, then the argument w be endless; there is no "justificatio for art in such a context or, at be only a weak and defensive one. But one begins with a societal dema with a felt and explicit need for whi no other answer exists, then the ob gation on universities to restructu and fortify their commitment to t arts will emerge forthwith.

Partly this is a matter of talkir the traditional language of educ tors; professional training of ar kind can always be pushed forwar by political pressure from the const tuency which hungers for its produc and, in effect, guarantees them job In the past, not to belabor the poin the arts have suffered in proportion t their inability to demonstrate tha jobs exist, or even ought to exis Therefore one should not underesti mate the importance, in this respect of findings like those of the Rocke feller Brothers Special Fund repor on the performing arts—to the effec that many arts organizations suffe more from a lack of managerial tal ent that of the other, more obvious, resources—and the further report (prepared for the New York State Council on the Arts by George Alan Smith) which shows that in the next five years over two hundred positions in arts administration, with com bined salaries of over two million dol lars, will fall open in New York State alone.

What the universities need badly to realize, and so patently do not, is that the country as a whole is far ahead of them in making the arts integral to the socio-economic process. In his speech to the annual meeting of Gov-

The explorer's guide to Paris.



oyage par France

e into an unknown of excitement and e: Paris is ripe for ation. Join us on nstop journey by m New York. On ty, we'll give you ance, the likes of you've never tasted. show you the kind ice and thoughtful on that has soothed ndering soul for ies. When you arrive, any one of our three rful walking tours* city. We've mapped e rues and ways to so that you can get st out of Paris and edometer. Air knows where you're And we'll be right ou every step of ty.

cursion à ive droite

at the Place de la Concorde. e along the rue Royale to the style Church of the Made- Continue on to the Place me, where neighbors used to ain about the music from (Chopin's former residence.) he rue de la Paix to the Place héra. Tiptoe through the interior of the magnificent house. Walk along the rue eptembre to the Bourse du erce (Stock Exchange). Take Vivienne to the Palais once the town house of al Richelieu. Devote your ion to art. And what better han the Louvre?

cursion au tier latin

on the wild side, along the ank and through the Latin er. Begin at the Place St. Michel. Walk by the Panthéon, the resting place of such notables as Voltaire and Rousseau. Take a right on the rue Victor Cousin and you're standing smack in the center of higher education: the Place de la Sorbonne. Rest your mind and your feet during lunch at one of the colorful student cafes along the boulevard St. Michel. In the afternoon saunter through the St. Germain des Prés area to pause in the peaceful and beautiful Place Furstenberg.

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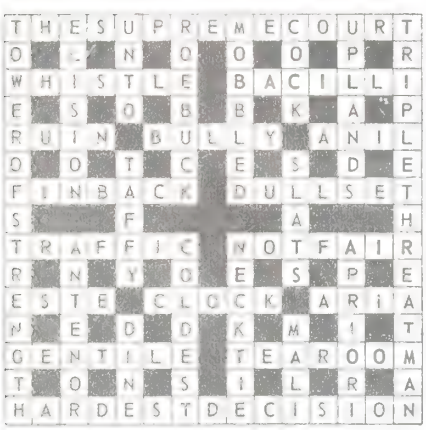
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Solution to

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Puzzle No. 10

(May issue, page 112)



Acrostician

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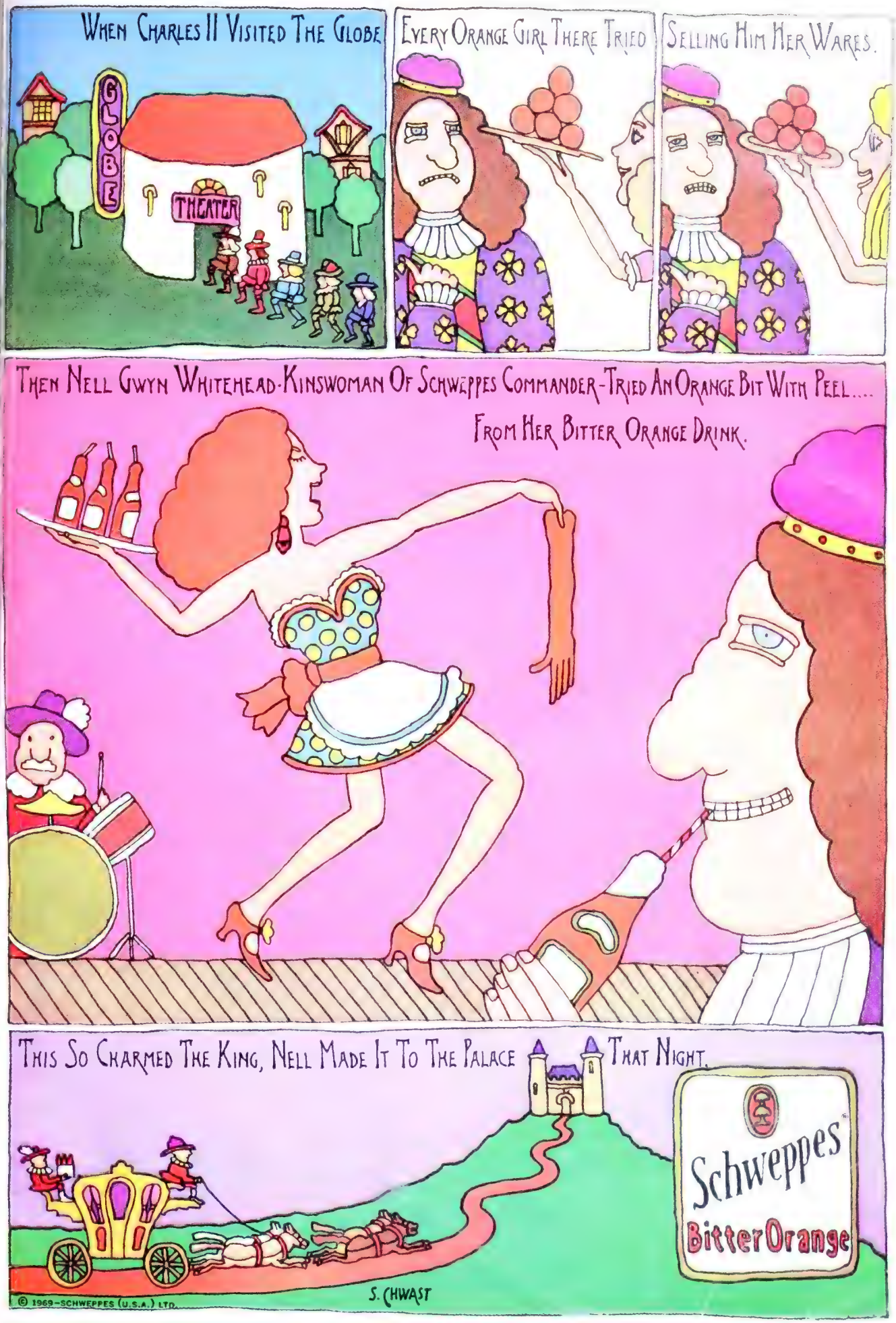
ernors in 1967, Governor Rockefeller used Syracuse (population: 212,000), which surely can be called an average community, as an example of the current expansion of the arts as purely economic activities. During the 1966 season in Syracuse, the arts outdrew baseball five to one; 583 arts programs were presented in 906 performances; approximately one-twelfth of the population was engaged in producing arts events, for which the audience was nine times greater than the total attendance at all conventions, conferences, and trade shows, and for which the minimal cash outlay was more than $2,500,000. Between 1960 and 1965 the number of arts organizations in Syracuse increased from 28 to 51 (or 82 per cent), while the total number of arts programs increased 87 per cent. This, as the Governor went on to emphasize, is the characteristic pattern throughout the country. During 1966 alone some three hundred new arts organizations were formed and given tax-exempt status.

Today we are the possessors, for better or worse, of an educational system which is professionally oriented. The guidance offered students, and the machinery of regulations with which they must cope, offers them every encouragement to direct themselves toward narrow, utilitarian goals, and away from the pattern of humanistic "general education" in which the arts were at least tolerated, if not much more. Perhaps liberal education can still be saved (it has many secret admirers, and a hard-core underground of those who never abandoned it anyhow) but for the near future there is much to be said for playing the game by the existing rules—that is, for defending the arts by professionalizing them, by basing them as other professions have been based in advanced university training, and by nourishing their scholarly and intellectual substance to match with that of other disciplines.

For long there has been a tendency in the arts to assume that amateurism and an easygoing economic laissez-faire were virtues or, worse, somehow necessary to the artist's integrity and self-respect. This assumption is now doing material damage, and the time has long since arrived when it should seriously be questioned. No great association with present-day arts organizatio needed to convince anyone tha plague of amateurism is widesp one need intend no injury to th cent, dedicated people involve saying that many of them are i their depth, helplessly buffete forces they can neither under nor control. We need trained p Universities are where people trained. QED.

At the same time, we find ours at a moment in time when mu higher education—at least in it dergraduate component—is up grabs. There is a widespread u tainty, not only about its tradit methods, but about their pur What, effectively, is the student paring *for*? Since no one any l knows, there is everywhere in demia a liberalizing mood, a toward loosening the bonds, brea the lock-step patterns, multip the possible paths toward a de If these numerous, sometimes ra and sometimes curiously tenta moves have anything in common their acceptance of self-realizati the undergraduate's part as the legitimate but sufficiently compre sive aim. If this is to become the eral pattern, then a startling gr in university arts programs is merely probable but inevitable, the realization of human potenti is all at once their subject ma their method, and their goal.

Perhaps it is at this point th useful distinction can be made tween art and art education. C ously one can be educated in art w out being an artist. The trainin sensibility—that is, the exercise refinement of the sensuous power not only possible for a vastly la number of people than can themse create art, but serves to bring al a social climate favorable to arti flowering—great artists, as W Whitman said, needing great a ences to nurture them. If one in ines what such a society might be granting the effort required, the becomes far easier to visualize university as that society in mi cosm—a condensed and exemplary pression of how life might be lived high pitch of aesthetic awareness. such a university would also be meated with that spirit and styl which Aldous Huxley remarked t the greatest of the arts is living.


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GLOBE
THEATER
EVERY ORANGE GIRL THERE TRIED
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THEN NELL GWYN WHITEHEAD-KINSWOMAN OF SCHWEPPES COMMANDER-TRIED AN ORANGE BIT WITH PEEL....
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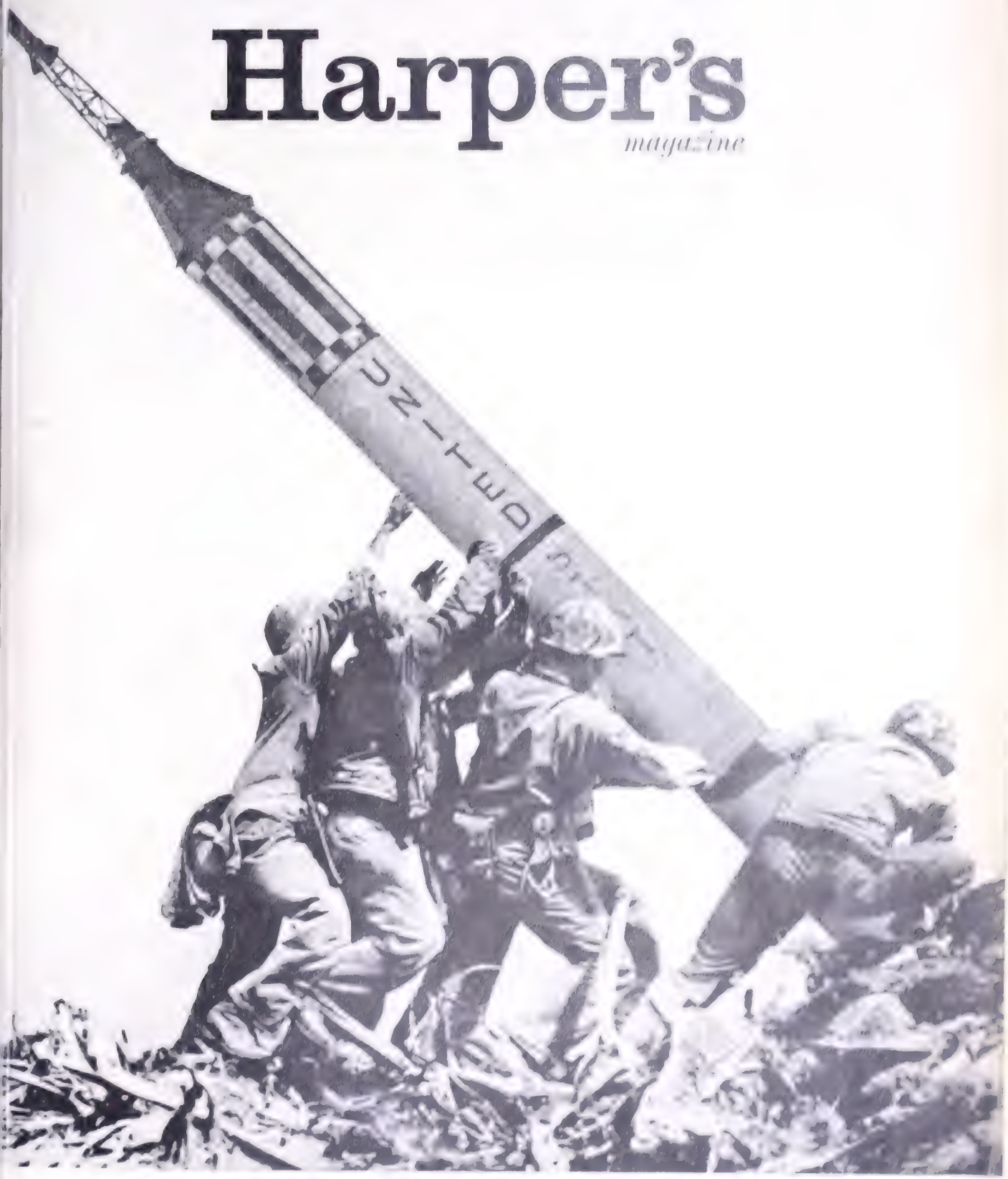
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HOW TO CONTROL THE MILITARY

John Kenneth Galbraith

Vietnam was only a minor example of the military's instinct for disaster. Herewith a moderate's program.

In January as he was about to leave office, Lyndon Johnson sent his last report on the economic prospect to the Congress. It was assumed that, in one way or another, the Vietnam war, by which he and his Administration had been destroyed, would come gradually to an end. The question considered by his economists was whether this would bring a decrease or an increase in military spending. The military budget for fiscal 1969 was $78.4 billions; for the next year, including pay increases, it was scheduled to be about three billions higher. Thereafter, assuming peace and a general withdrawal from Asia, there would be a reduction of some six or seven billions. But this was only on the assumption that the Pentagon did not get any major new weapons—that it was content with what had already been authorized. No one really thought this possible. The President's economists noted that plans already existed for "a package" consisting of new aircraft, modern naval vessels, defense installations, and "advanced strategic and general purpose weapons systems" which would cost many billions. This would wipe out any savings from getting out of Vietnam. Peace would now be far more expensive than war.

With Richard Nixon the prospect for increased arms spending would seem superficially to be better. During the election campaign he promised to establish a clear military superiority over the Soviets, an effort that he could not believe would escape their attention. Their response would also be predictable and would require a yet larger effort here. (At his first press conference Mr. Nixon retreated from "superiority" to "sufficiency.")

Melvin Laird, the new Secretary of Defense, while in the Congress was an ardent spokesman for the military viewpoint, which is to say for military spending. And his Under Secretary of Defense, David Packard, though the rare case of a defense contractor who had spoken for arms control, was recruited from the very heart of the military-industrial complex.

Just prior to Mr. Nixon's inauguration the Air Force Association, the most eager spokesman for the military and its suppliers, said happily that "If the new Administration is willing to put its money where its mouth is in national defense some welcome changes are in the offing." And speaking to a reporter, J. Leland Atwood, president and chief executive officer of North American Rockwell, one of the half-dozen biggest defense firms, sized up the prospect as follows: "All of Mr. Nixon's statements on weapons and space are very positive. I think he has perhaps a little more awareness of these things than some people we've seen in the White House." Since no one had previously noticed the slightest unawareness, Mr. Atwood considered the prospect very positive indeed.

Yet he could be wrong. Browning observed of Jove that he strikes the Titans down when they reach the peak—"when another rock would crown the work." When I started work on this paper some months ago, I hazarded the guess that the military power was by way of provoking the same public reaction as did the Vietnam war. Now this is no longer in doubt. If he remains *positive*, the military power will almost certainly do for President Nixon what Vietnam did for his predecessor. But it might also lead him to a strenuous effort to avoid the Johnson fate. Mr. Nixon has not, in the past, been notably indifferent to his political career. The result in either case would be an eventual curb on the military power—either from Mr. Nixon or his successor.

Or so it would seem. What is clear is that a drastic change is occurring in public attitudes toward the military and its industrial allies which will not for long be ignored by politicians who are sensitive to the public mood. And from this new political climate will come the chance for reasserting control.

The purpose of this article is to see the nature of the military power, assess its strengths and weaknesses, and suggest the guidelines for regaining control. For no one can doubt the need for doing so.

II

The problem of the military power is not unique; it is merely a rather formidable example of the tendency of our time. That is for organization, in an age of organization, to develop a life and purpose and truth of its own. This tendency holds for all great bureaucracies, both public and private. And their action is not what serves a larger public interest, their belief does not reflect the reality of life. What is done and what is believed are, first and naturally, what serve the goals of the bureaucracy itself. Action in the organization interest, or in response to the bureaucratic truth, can thus be a formula for public disservice or even public disaster.

There is nothing academic about this possibility. There have been many explanations of how we got into the Vietnam war, an action on which even the greatest of the early enthusiasts have now lapsed into discretion. But all explanations come back to

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one. It was the result of a long series of steps taken in response to a bureaucratic view of the world—a view to which a President willingly or unwillingly yielded and which, until much too late, was unchecked by any legislative or public opposition. This view was of a planet threatened by an imminent takeover by the unified and masterful forces of the Communist world, directed from Moscow (or later and with less assurance from Peking) and coming to a focus, however improbably, some thousands of miles away in the activities of a few thousand guerrillas against the markedly regressive government of South Vietnam.

The further bureaucratic truths that were developed to support this proposition are especially sobering. What was essentially a civil war between the Vietnamese was converted into an international conflict with rich ideological portent for all mankind. South Vietnamese dictators became incipient Jeffersonians holding aloft the banners of an Asian democracy. Wholesale graft in Saigon became an indispensable aspect of free institutions. An elaborately rigged election became a further portent of democracy. One of the world's most desultory and impermanent armies became, always potentially, a paragon of martial vigor. Airplanes episodically bombing open acreage or dense jungle became an impenetrable barrier to men walking along the ground. An infinity of reverses, losses, and defeats became victories deeply in disguise. Such is the capacity of bureaucracy to create its own truth.

There was nothing, or certainly not much, that was cynical in this effort. Most of the men responsibly involved accepted the myth in which they lived a part. For from the inside it is the world outside which looks uninformed, perverse, and very wrong. Throughout the course of the war there was bitter anger in Washington and Saigon over the inability of numerous journalists to see military operations, the Saigon government, the pacification program, the South Vietnam army in the same rosy light as did the bureaucracy. Why couldn't they be indignant instruments of the official belief—like Joseph Alsop?

As many others have observed, the epitome of the organization man in our time was Secretary of State Dean Rusk. Few have served organization with such uncritical devotion. A note of mystification, even honest despair, was present in his public expression over the inability of the outside world to accept the bureaucratic truths just listed. Only the eccentrics, undisciplined or naïve, failed to accept what the State Department said was true. His despair was still evident as he left office, his career in ruins, and the Administration of which he was the ranking officer destroyed by action in pursuit of these beliefs. There could be more dramatic—or tragic—illustration of the way organization captures men for its truths.

But Vietnam was not the first time men were so captured—and the country suffered. Within this same decade there was the Bay of Pigs, now a textbook case of bureaucratic self-deception. Organization needed to believe that Castro was toppling on the edge. Communism was an international conspiracy; hence it could have no popular local roots; hence the Cuban people would welcome the efforts to overthrow it. Intelligence was made to confirm these beliefs, for if it didn't it was, by definition, defective information. And, as an unpopular tyranny, the Castro government *should* be overthrown. Hence the action, thus the disaster. The same beliefs played a part in the military descent, against largely nonexistent Communists, on the Dominican Republic.

But the most spectacular examples of bureaucratic truth are those that serve the military power—and its weapons procurement. These have not yet produced anything so dramatic as the Vietnam, Bay of Pigs, or Dominican misadventures but their potential for disaster is far greater. These beliefs and their consequences are worth specifying in some detail.

There is first the military belief that whatever the dangers of a continued weapons race with the Soviet Union these are less than those of any agreement that offers any perceptible opening for violation. If there is such an opening the Soviets will exploit it. Since no agreement can be watertight this goes far to protect the weapons race from any effort at control.

Secondly, there is the belief that the conflict with Communism is man's ultimate battle. Accordingly, one would not hesitate to destroy all life if Communism seems seriously a threat. This belief allows acceptance of the arms race no matter how dangerous. The present ideological differences between industrial systems will almost certainly look very different and possibly rather trivial from a perspective of fifty or a hundred years hence if we survive. Such thoughts are eccentric.

Third, the national interest is total, that of man inconsequential. So even the prospect of total death and destruction does not deter us from developing new weapons systems if some thread of national interest can be identified in the outcome. We can accept 75 million casualties if it forces the opposition to accept 150 million. This is the unsenti-

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J. K. Galbraith has written more than one man's share of the influential books of this era, including "American Capitalism" and "The Affluent Society" (just reissued in a new edition by Houghton Mifflin). He was a supporter of Adlai Stevenson and John F. Kennedy, was Ambassador to India 1961-63, and continues to teach at Harvard as Paul M. Warburg Professor of Economics.

mental calculation. Even more unsentimentally, Senator Richard Russell, the leading Senate spokesman of the military power, argued on behalf of the Army's Sentinel Anti-Ballistic Missile System (ABM) that, if only one man and one woman are to be left on earth, it was his deep desire that they be Americans. It was part of the case for the Manned Orbiting Laboratory (MOL) that it would maintain the national position in the event of extensive destruction down below.

Such, not secretly but as they have been articulated, are the organization truths of the military power. The beliefs that got us into (and keep us in) Vietnam in their potential for disaster pale as compared with these doctrines. We shall obviously have accomplished little if we get out of Vietnam but leave unchecked in the government the capacity for this kind of bureaucratic truth. What, in tangible form, is the organization which avows these truths?

III

It is an organization or a complex of organizations and not a conspiracy. Although Americans are probably the world's least competent conspirators—partly because no other country so handsomely rewards in cash and notoriety the man who blows the whistle on those with whom he is conspiring—we have a strong instinct for so explaining that of which we disapprove. In the conspiratorial view, the military power is a collation of generals and conniving industrialists. The goal is mutual enrichment; they arrange elaborately to feather each other's nest. The industrialists are the *deus ex machina;* their agents make their way around Washington arranging the payoff. If money is too dangerous, then alcohol, compatible women, more prosaic forms of entertainment or the promise of future jobs to generals and admirals will serve.

There is such enrichment and some graft. Insiders do well. H. L. Nieburg has told the fascinating story of how in 1954 two modestly paid aerospace scientists, Dr. Simon Ramo and Dr. Dean Wooldridge, attached themselves influentially to the Air Force as consultants and in four fine years (with no known dishonesty) ran a shoestring of $6,750 apiece into a multimillion-dollar fortune and a position of major industrial prominence. (In 1967 their firm held defense contracts totaling $121 million.) Senator William Proxmire, a man whom many in the defense industries have come to compare unfavorably to typhus, has recently come up with a fascinating contractual arrangement between the Air Force and Lockheed for the new C-5A jet transport. It makes the profits of the company greater the greater its costs in filling the first part of the order, with interesting incentive effects. A recent Department of Defense study reached the depressing conclusion that firms with the poorest performance in designing highly technical electronic systems—and the failure rate was appalling—have regularly received the highest profits.[*] In 1960, 691 retired generals, admirals, naval captains, and colonels were employed by the ten largest defense contractors—186 by General Dynamics alone. A recent study made at the behest of Senator Proxmire found 2,072 employed in major defense firms with an especially heavy concentration in the specialized defense firms.[*] It would be idle to suppose that presently serving officers—those for example on assignment to defense plants—never have their real income improved by the wealthy contractors with whom they are working, forswear all favors, entertain themselves, and sleep austerely alone. Nor are those public servants who show zeal in searching out undue profits or graft reliably rewarded by a grateful public. Mr. A. E. Fitzgerald, the Pentagon management expert who became disturbed over the C-5A contract with Lockheed and communicated his unease and its causes to the Proxmire Committee, had his recently acquired civil-service status removed and was the subject of a fascinating memorandum (which found its way to Proxmire) outlining the sanctions appropriate to his excess of zeal. Pentagon officials explained that Mr. Fitzgerald had been given his civil-service tenure as the result of a computer error (the first of its kind) and the memorandum on appropriate punishment was a benign gesture of purely scholarly intent designed to specify those punishments against which such a sound public servant should be protected.

Nonetheless the notion of a conspiracy to enrich and corrupt is gravely damaging to an understanding of the military power. It causes men to look for solutions in issuing regulations, enforcing laws, or sending people to jail. It also, as a practical matter, exaggerates the role of the defense industries in the military power—since they are the people who make the most money, they are assumed to be the ones who, in the manner of the classical capitalist, pull the strings. The armed services are assumed to be in some measure their puppets. The reality is far less dramatic and far more difficult of solution. The reality is a complex of organizations pursuing their sometimes diverse

[*] *In the Name of Science* (Chicago, Quadrangle Press, 1966). This is a book of first-rate importance which the author was so unwise as to publish some three years before concern for the problems he discusses became general. But perhaps he made it so.

[*] General Dynamics 113, Lockheed 210, Boeing 169, McDonnell Douglas 141, North American Rockwell 104, Ling-Temco-Vought 69. All of these firms are heavily specialized to military business; General Dynamics, Lockheed, McDonnell Douglas and North American Rockwell almost completely so.

but generally common goals. The participants in these organizations are mostly honest men whose public and private behavior would withstand public scrutiny as well as most. They live on their military pay or their salaries as engineers, scientists, or managers or their pay and profits as executives and would not dream of offering or accepting a bribe.

The organizations that comprise the military power are the four Armed Services, and especially their procurement branches. And the military power encompasses the specialized defense contractors—General Dynamics, McDonnell Douglas, Lockheed, or the defense firms of the agglomerates—of Ling-Temco-Vought or Litton Industries. (About half of all defense contracts are with firms that do relatively little other business.) And it embraces the defense division of primarily civilian firms such as General Electric or AT&T. It draws moral and valuable political support from the unions. Men serve these organizations in many, if not most, instances, because they believe in what they are doing—because they have committed themselves to the bureaucratic truth. To find and scourge a few malefactors is to ignore this far more important commitment.

The military power is not confined to the Services and their contractors—what has come to be called the military-industrial complex. Associate membership is held by the intelligence agencies which assess Soviet (or Chinese) actions or intentions. These provide, more often by selection than by any dishonesty, the justification for what the Services would like to have and what their contractors would like to supply. Associated also are Foreign Service Officers who provide a civilian or diplomatic gloss to the foreign-policy positions which serve the military need. The country desks at the State Department, a greatly experienced former official and ambassador has observed, are often "in the hip pocket of the Pentagon—lock, stock, and barrel, ideologically owned by the Pentagon."*

Also a part of the military power are the university scientists and those in such defense-oriented organizations as RAND, the Institute for Defense Analysis, and Hudson Institute who think professionally about weapons and weapons systems and the strategy of their use. And last, but by no means least, there is the organized voice of the military in the Congress, most notably on the Armed Services Committees of the Senate and House of Representatives. These are the organizations which comprise the military power.

The men who comprise these organizations call each other on the phone, meet at committee hearings, serve together on teams or task forces, work in neighboring offices in Washington or San Diego. They naturally make their decisions in accordance with their view of the world—the view of the bureaucracy of which they are a part. The problem is not conspiracy or corruption but unchecked rule. And being unchecked, this rule reflects not the national need but the bureaucratic need—not what is best for the United States but what the Air Force, Army, Navy, General Dynamics, North American Rockwell, Grumman Aircraft, State Department representatives, intelligence officers, and Mendel Rivers and Richard Russell believe to be best.

In recent years Air Force generals, perhaps the most compulsively literate warriors since Caesar, have made their views of the world scene a part of the American folklore. (See the box on pages 36-37.) These in all cases serve admirably the goals of their Service and the military power in general. Similarly with the other participants.

Not long ago, Bernard Nossiter, the brilliant economics reporter of the Washington *Post*, made the rounds of some of the major defense contractors to get their views of the post-Vietnam prospect. All, without exception, saw profitable tension and conflict. Edward J. Lefevre, the vice-president in charge of General Dynamics' Washington office, said "One must believe in the long-term threat." James J. Ling, the head of Ling-Temco-Vought, reported that "Defense spending has to increase in our area because there has been a failure to initiate—if we are not going to be overtaken by the Soviets." Samuel F. Downer, one of Mr. Ling's vice-presidents, was more outspoken. "We're going to increase defense budgets as long as those bastards in Russia are ahead of us." A study of the Electronics Industries Association also dug up by Mr. Nossiter (to whom I shall return in a moment) discounted the danger of arms control, decided that the "likelihood of limited war will increase" and concluded that "for the electronic firms, the outlook is good in spite [sic] of [the end of hostilities in] Vietnam."

From the foregoing beliefs, in turn, comes the decision on weapons and weapons systems and military policy generally. No one can tell where the action originates—whether the Services or the contractors initiate decisions on weapons—nor can the two be sharply distinguished. Much of the plant of the specialized defense contractors is owned by the government. Most of their working capital is supplied by the government through progress pay-

*Ralph Dungan, formerly White House aide to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson and former Ambassador to Chile. Quoted in George Thayer, *The War Business* (Simon and Schuster). The appearance of the State Department as a full-scale participant in the military power may have been the hopefully temporary achievement of Secretary Rusk. Apart from a high respect for military acumen and need, he in some degree regarded diplomacy as subordinate to military purpose. In time such attitudes penetrate deeply into organization.

ments—payments made in advance of completion of the contract. The government specifies what the firm can and cannot charge to the government. The Armed Services Procurement Regulation states that "Although the government does not expect to participate *in every management* decision, it may reserve the right to review the contractor's management efforts. . . ." (Italics added.)

In this kind of association some proposals will come across the table from the military. Some will come back from the captive contractors. Nossiter asked leading contractors, as well as people at the Pentagon, about this. Here are some of the answers.

From John W. Bessire, General Manager for Pricing, General Dynamics, Fort Worth: "We try to foresee the requirements the military is going to have three years off. We work with their requirements people and therefore get new business."

From Richard E. Adams, Director of Advanced Projects, Fort Worth Division of General Dynamics, who thought the source was the military: "Things are too systematized at the Pentagon for us to invent weapons systems and sell them on a need."

On the influence of the military he added: "We know where the power is [on Capitol Hill and among Executive Departments]. There's going to be a lot of defense business and we're going to get our share of it."

From John R. Moore, President of Aerospace and Systems Group of North American Rockwell: "A new system usually starts with a couple of military and industry people getting together to discuss common problems."

After noting that most of his business came from requirements "established by the Defense Department and NASA," he concluded: "But it isn't a case of industry here and the government here. They are interacting continuously at the engineering level."



THE IDEAS BY WHICH WE ARE RULED

Within the decade the three dominant figures in the Air Force have given considered voice to their views on foreign policy and the proper American response. They deserve to be better read.

"I can summarize my views on national security planning into two sentences. The leaders of an organized conspiracy have sworn to destroy America and the Free World by one means or another, and there is no real evidence available at this time to indicate that their objective has been changed. Therefore we had better be prepared to fight to maintain our liberty."

"Red China under its present leadership seems to me at this writing to be practically a hopeless case. Naked force seems to be the only logic which the leadership of that unfortunate nation can comprehend."

"From America's conduct of the Korean War, the Sino-Soviet Bloc had learned three important things: one, the U.S. was not going to use the atomic bomb, even tactically; two, it had no stomach for tangling with the Chinese Communists; and three, this nation never even considered carrying the war back to the U.S.S.R.—the real instigator of the aggression. The homeland of the Sino-Soviet Bloc [*sic*] was therefore secure."

". . . another course of action which could have been considered. I call this course "containment plus," because it includes all the elements of containment and adds *initiative*. This course of action would not necessarily have required a calculated and deliberate first nuclear blow against Communist powers. . . . The United States *could* have said:

" 'The United States does not intend to initiate military conflict, but it will have to begin it if the U.S.S.R. and Communist China persist in their attempts to enslave more of the free world. The United States will be ready to fight. The Communist apparatus is trying to destroy this nation with every trick at its command, therefore, the United States will also use every economic, technical, political, psychological, and subversive method which can be contrived. This nation must refuse to be bound to the dogmatic principles of statesmanship while its enemy lives by the law of the jungle. The stakes to humanity [*sic*] are too high.' "

—General Nathan F. Twining, USAF (Ret.)
Neither Liberty Nor Safety (1966)



And finally from a high civilian in the Pentagon: "Pressures to spend more. . . . In part they come from the industry selling new weapons ideas and in part from the military here. Each military guy has his own piece, tactical, antisubmarine, strategic. Each guy gets where he is by pushing his particular thing."

He added: "Don't forget, too, part of it is based on the perception of needs by people in Congress."

The important thing is not where the action originates but in the fact that it serves the common goals of the military and the defense contractors. It is, in the language of labor relations, a sweetheart deal between those who sell to the government and those who buy. Once competitive bidding created an adversary relationship between buyer and seller sustained by the fact that, with numerous sellers, any special relationship with any one must necessarily provoke cries of favoritism. But modern weapons are bought overwhelmingly by negotiation and in most cases from a single source of supply. (In the fiscal year ending in 1968, General Accounting Office figures show that 57.9 per cent of the $43 billion in defense contracts awarded in that year was by negotiation with a single source of supply. Of the remainder 30.6 per cent was awarded by negotiation where alternative sources of supply had an opportunity to participate and only 11.5 per cent was open to advertised competitive bidding.)* Under these circumstances the tendency to any adversary relationship between the Services and their suppliers is minimal. Indeed, where there are only one or two sources of supply for a weapons system, the interest of the Services in sustaining a source of supply will be no less than that of the firm in question in being sustained.

Among those who spoke about the sources of ideas on weapons needs, no one was moved to sug-

*Testimony of Elmer B. Staats, Comptroller General, before Senator Proxmire's Committee (November 11, 1968).



"The Soviet leadership is irrevocably committed to the achievement of the ultimate Communist objective, which is annihilation of the capitalist system and establishment of Communist dictatorship over all nations of the world."

"Soviet rulers are not like the leaders of other nations with whom one can reason and conclude agreements to be approved and honored by the people whom they represent."

"But the military aspects of the Communist threat represent just one phase of the most insidious and gigantic plot in history. There are the economic, technological, political, ideological and other phases, all designed for one objective only, and that is the accomplishment of the ultimate Communist goal of total world domination."

"With 700 million people, one-quarter of the world's population, it [Communist China] is under the absolute control of fanatic and ruthless dictators who are determined to conquer all of Southeast Asia. . . once they have succeeded in building up a sufficient stockpile of nuclear weapons and delivery vehicles they will doubtless embark on a major and sustained campaign of aggression against their neighbors."

—General Thomas S. Power, USAF (Ret.)
Design for Survival (1965)



"To begin with it is necessary to understand that Vietnam is part of a much larger and much longer war—a war between Communism and the Free World. . . . Although the war has many facets, it has but one objective: Communist control of the entire world."

". . . We must see to it that Communist aggression results in Communist disaster. This we cannot obtain at the negotiating table."

". . . America languors with an illness of euphoria brought on by our leaders who have proclaimed an international détente in the struggle against Communism. This détente is unwarranted."

". . . I sincerely believe any arms race with the Soviet Union would act to our benefit. I believe that we can out-invent, out-research, out-develop, out-engineer, and out-produce the U.S.S.R. in any area from sling shots to space weapons, and in so doing become more and more prosperous while the Soviets become progressively poorer. This is the faith I have in the free enterprise economy. . . ."

—General Curtis E. LeMay, USAF (Ret.)
America Is in Danger (1968)

gest that public opinion played any role. The President, as the elected official responsible for foreign policy, was not mentioned. The Congress came in only as an afterthought. And had the Pentagon official who mentioned the Congress been pressed, he would have agreed that its "perception of needs" is a revelation that almost always results from prompting by either the military or the defense industries. It was thus, for example, that the need for a new generation of manned bombers was perceived (and provided for) by Congress though repeatedly vetoed as unnecessary by Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. But in the past the role of the Congress has been overwhelmingly acquiescent and passive. As Senator Gaylord Nelson said in the Senate in February 1964:

> . . . an established tradition . . . holds that a bill to spend billions of dollars for the machinery of war must be rushed through the House and the Senate in a matter of hours, while a treaty to advance the cause of peace, or a program to help the underdeveloped nations . . . guarantee the rights of all our citizens, or . . . to advance the interests of the poor must be scrutinized and debated and amended and thrashed over for weeks and perhaps months.

IV

We see here a truly remarkable reversal of the American political and economic system as outlined by the fathers and still portrayed to the young. That view supposes that ultimate authority—ultimate sovereignty—lies with the people. And this authority is assumed to be comprehensive. Within the ambit of the state the citizen expresses his will through the men—the President and members of the Congress—whom he elects. Outside he accomplishes the same thing by his purchases in the market. These instruct supplying firms—General Motors, General Electric, Standard Oil of New Jersey—as to what they shall produce and sell. But here we find the Armed Services or the corporations that supply them making the decisions and instructing the Congress and the public. The public accepts whatever is so decided and pays the bill. This is an age when the young are being instructed, in my view rightly although with unnecessary solemnity, to respect constitutional process and seek change within the framework of the established political order. And we find the assumed guardians of that order, men with no slight appreciation of their righteousness and respectability, calmly turning it upside down themselves.

How did this remarkable reversal in the oldest of constitutional arrangements come about? How, in particular, did it come about in a country that sets great store by individual and citizen rights and which traditionally has been suspicious of military, industrial, and bureaucratic power? How did it come to allow these three forces to assert their authority over a tenth of the economy and something closer to ten-tenths of our future?*

V

Six things brought the military-industrial bureaucracy to its present position of power. To see these forces is also to be encouraged by the chance for escape.

First there has been, as noted, the increasing bureaucratization of our life. In an economically and technologically complex society, more and more tasks are accomplished by specialists. Specialists must then have their knowledge and skills united by organization. Organization, then, as we have seen, proceeds to assert its needs and beliefs. These will not necessarily be those of the individual or community.

In what Ralph Lapp has called the weapons culture, both economic and technological complexity are raised to the highest power. So, accordingly, are the scope and power of organization. So, accordingly, is the possibility of self-serving belief.

It is a power, however, which brings into existence its own challenge. The same technical and social complexity that requires organization requires that there be large numbers of trained and educated people. Neither these people nor the educational establishment that produces them are docile in the face of organization. So with organization come people who resist it—who are schooled to assert their individual beliefs and convictions. No modern military establishment could expect the disciplined obedience which sent millions (in the main lightly schooled lads from the farm) against the machine guns as late as World War I.

The reaction to organization and its beliefs may well be one of the most rapidly developing political moods of our time. Clearly it accounted for much of the McCarthy strength in the last year—for if Dean Rusk or General Westmoreland were the epitome of the organization man, Eugene McCarthy was its antithesis. Currently one sees it sweeping ROTC off the campuses—or out of the university curricula. It is causing recruiting problems for big business—and not alone the defense firms. One senses, if the draft survives, that it will cause trouble for the peacetime Armed Forces.

* I have argued elsewhere (*The New Industrial State*, Houghton Mifflin, 1967) that with increasing industrialization the sovereignty of the consumer or citizen yields to the sovereignty of the producer or public bureaucracy. Increasingly the consumer or citizen is made subordinate to their needs. I have been rather sharply challenged. But in the very important area of military production, about 10 per cent of the total, we see that producer sovereignty is accepted and avowed. Not even my most self-confident critics would be wholly certain of my error here.

But so far the impressive thing is the power that massive organization has given to the military industrial complex and not the resistance it is arousing. The latter is for the future.

Second in importance in bringing the military-industrial complex to power were the circumstances and images of foreign policy in the late Forties, Fifties and early Sixties. The Communist world, as noted, was viewed as a unified imperium mounting its claim to every part of the globe. The postwar pressure on Eastern Europe and on Berlin, the Chinese revolution, and the Korean war, seemed powerful evidence in the case. And, after the surprisingly early explosion of the first Soviet atomic bomb, followed within a decade by the even more astonishing flight of the first Sputnik, it was easy to believe that the Communist world was not only politically more unified than the rest but technologically stronger as well.

The natural reaction was to delegate power and concentrate resources. The military Services and their industrial allies were given unprecedented authority—as much as in World War II—to match the Soviet technological initiative. And the effort of the nation's scientists (and other scholars) was concentrated in equally impressive fashion. None or almost none remained outside. Robert Oppenheimer was excluded, not because he opposed weapons development in general or the hydrogen bomb in particular, but because he thought the latter unnecessary and undeliverable. That anyone, on grounds of principle, should refuse his services to the Pentagon or Dow Chemical was nearly unthinkable. Social scientists responded eagerly to invitations to spend the summer at RAND. They devoted their winters to seminars on the strategy of defense and deterrence. The only question in this time was whether a man could get a security clearance. The extent of a man's access to secret matters measured his responsibility and influence in public affairs and prestige in the community.

The effect of this concentration of talent was to add to the autonomy and power of the organizations responsible for the effort. Criticism or dissent requires knowledge; the knowledgeable men were nearly all inside. The Eisenhower Administration affirmed the power of the military by appointing Secretaries of Defense who were largely passive except as they might worry on occasion about the cost. The Democrats, worrying about a nonexistent missile gap and fearing, as always, that they might seem soft on Communism, accorded the military more funds and power, seeking principally to make it more efficient.

This enfranchisement of the military power was in a very real sense the result of a democratic decision—it was a widely approved response to the seemingly fearsome forces that surrounded us. With time those who received this unprecedented grant of power came to regard it as a right. Where weapons and military decision were concerned, their authority was meant to be plenary. Men with power have been prone to such error.

Third, secrecy confined knowledge of Soviet weapons and responding American action to those within the public and private bureaucracy. No one else had knowledge, hence no one else was qualified to speak. Senior members of the Armed Services, their industrial allies, the scientists, the members of the Armed Services Committees of the Congress were in. It would be hard to imagine a more efficient arrangement for protecting the power of a bureaucracy. In the academic community and especially in Congress there was no small prestige in being a member of this club. So its influence was enhanced by the sense of belonging and serving. And, as the experience of Robert Oppenheimer and other less publicized persons showed, it was possible on occasion to exclude the critic or skeptic as a security risk.

Fourth, there was the disciplining effect of personal fear. A nation that was massively alarmed about the unified power of the Communist world was not tolerant of skeptics or those who questioned the only seemingly practical line of response. Numerous scientists, social scientists, and public officials had come reluctantly to accept the idea of the Communist threat. This history of reluctance could now involve the danger—real or imagined—that they might be suspected of past association with this all-embracing conspiracy. The late Senator Joseph R. McCarthy would not have been influential in ordinary times; but he and others saw or sensed the opportunity for exploiting national and personal anxiety. The result was further and decisive pressure on anyone who seemed not to concur in the totality of the Communist threat. (McCarthy was broken only when he capriciously attacked the military power.)

Fear provided a further source of immunity and power. Accepted Marxian doctrine holds that a cabal of capitalists and militarists is the cutting edge of capitalist imperialism and the cause of war. Anyone who raised a question about the military-industrial complex thus sounded suspiciously like a Marxist. So it was a topic that was avoided by the circumspect. Heroism in the United States involves some important distinctions. It requires a man to stand up fearlessly, at least in principle, to the prospect for nuclear extinction. But it allows him to proceed promptly to cover if there is risk of being called a Communist, a radical, an enemy of the system. Death we must face but not social obloquy or political ostracism. The effect of such discriminating heroism in the Fifties and Sixties was that most potential critics of the military power were exceptionally reticent.

In 1961, in the last moments before leaving office, President Eisenhower gave his famous warn-

ing: "In the councils of government we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex. The potential for the disastrous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist." This warning was to become by a wide margin the most quoted of all Eisenhower statements. This was principally for the flank protection it provided for all who wanted to agree. For many years thereafter anyone (myself included) who spoke to the problem of the military power took the thoughtful precaution of first quoting President Eisenhower. He had shown that there were impeccably conservative precedents for our concern.

Fifth, in the Fifties and early Sixties the phrase "domestic priority" had not yet become a cliché. The civilian claim on federal funds was not, or seemed not, to be overpowering. The great riots in the cities had not yet occurred. The appalling conditions in the urban core that were a cause were still unnoticed. Internal migration had long been under way but millions were yet to come from the rural into the urban slums. Poverty had not yet been placed on the national agenda, with the consequence that we would learn how much and how abysmal it is. And promises not having been made to end poverty, expectations had not been aroused. The streets of Washington, D.C., were still safer than those of Saigon. Travel by road and commuter train was only just coming to a crawl. The cities' air and water were dirty but not yet lethally so.

In this innocent age, in 1964, taxes were reduced because there seemed to be danger of economic stagnation and unemployment from raising more federal revenue than could quickly be spent. The then Director of the Budget, Kermit Gordon, was persuaded that if an excess of revenue were available the military would latch on to it. Inflation was not a pressing issue. Military expenditures, although no one wished to say so, did sustain employment. Circumstances could not have been better designed, economically speaking, to allow the military [illegible].

Sixth and finally, in these years, both conservative and liberal opposition to the military-industrial power was muted. Nothing could be expected, in principle, to appeal less to conservatives than a vast increase in bureaucratic power at vast cost. In an earlier age the reaction would have been apoplectic. Some conservatives in an older tradition—men genuinely concerned about the Leviathan State—were aroused. Ernest Weir, the head of National Steel and the foe of FDR and the New Deal, Alf M. Landon, the much-underestimated man who opposed Roosevelt in 1936, Marriner Eccles, banker and longtime head of the Federal Reserve, and a few others did speak out. But for most it was enough that the Communists—exponents of a yet more powerful state and against private property too—were on the other side. One accepted a lesser danger to fight a greater one. And, as always, when many are moderately aroused some are extreme. It became a tenet of a more extreme conservatism that civilians should never interfere with the military except to provide more money. Nor would there be any compromise with Communism. It must be destroyed. Their military doctrine, as Daniel Bell has said, was "that negotiation with the Communists is impossible, that anyone who discusses the possibility of such negotiation is a tool of the Communists, and that a 'tough policy'—by which, *sotto voce*, is meant a preventative war of a first strike—is the only means of forestalling an eventual Communist victory."* To an impressive extent, in the Fifties and Sixties this new conservatism, guided by retired Air Force generals and the redoubtable Edward Teller, became the voice of all conservatism on defense policy.

The disappearance of liberal criticism was almost as complete—and even more remarkable. An association of military and industrial power functioning without restraint would have been expected to arouse liberal passion. So also the appropriation of public power for private purpose by defense contractors, some of them defining missions for the Services so as to require what they had to sell. But liberals did not react. Like conservatives they accepted a lesser threat to liberty to forestall a greater one. Also it was not easy for a generation that had asked for more executive power for FDR and his successors over conservative opposition to see danger in any bureaucracy or remedy in stronger legislative control. This was a too radical reversal of liberal form.

The generation of liberals which was active in the Fifties and Sixties had also been scarred by the tactics of the domestic Communists in politics and the trade-union movement. And members of this generation had seen what happened to friends who had committed themselves to the wartime alliance with the Soviets and had nailed their colors to its continuation after the war. Stalin had let them down with a brutal and for many a mortal thump. Those who escaped, or many of them, made common cause with the men who were making or deploying weapons to resist Communism, urging only, as good liberals, that there was a social dimension to the struggle. As time passed it was discovered that many good and liberal things—foreign aid, technical assistance, travel grants, fellowships, overseas libraries—could be floated on the Communist threat. Men of goodwill became accomplished in persuading the more retarded to vote for foreign-aid legislation, not as a good thing in itself but as an indispensable instrument in the war

* Quoted by Ralph E. Lapp in *The Weapons Culture* (Norton, 1968).

against Communism. Who, having made this case, could then be critical of military spending for the same purpose?

Additionally in the Fifties and Sixties American liberals were fighting for the larger federal budget not for the things it bought but for the unemployment it prevented. Such a budget, with its stabilizing flow of expenditures and supported by personal income taxes which rose and fell with stabilizing effect, was the cornerstone of the New or Keynesian Economics. And this economics of high and expanding employment, in turn, was the cornerstone of the liberal position. As noted it was not easy for liberals to admit that defense expenditures were serving this benign social function; when asked they (*i.e.* we) always said that spending for education, housing, welfare, and civilian public works would serve just as well and be much welcomed as an alternative.

But there was then no strong pressure to spend for these better things. Accordingly it was not easy for liberals to become aroused over an arms policy which had such obviously beneficent effects on the economy.

By the early Sixties the liberal position was beginning to change. From comparatively early in the Kennedy Administration–the Bay of Pigs was a major factor in this revelation–it became evident that a stand would have to be made against policies urged by the military and its State Department allies–against military intervention in Cuba, military intervention in Laos, military intervention in Vietnam, an all-out fallout shelter program, unrestricted nuclear testing, all of which would be disastrous for the President as well as for the country and world. A visible and sometimes sharp division occurred between those who, more or less automatically, made their alliance with the military power, and those–Robert Kennedy, Adlai Stevenson, Theodore Sorensen, Arthur Schlesinger, Averell Harriman, and, though rendering more homage to the organizations of which they were a part, George Ball and Robert McNamara–who saw the dangers of this commitment. With the Johnson Administration this opposition disappeared or was dispersed. The triumph of those who allied themselves with the bureaucracy was the disaster of that Administration.

The opposition, much enlarged, then reappeared in the political theater. Suspicion of the military power in 1968 was the most important factor uniting the followers of Senators Kennedy, McCarthy, and McGovern. Along with the more specific and more important opposition to the Vietnam conflict, it helped to generate the opposition that persuaded Lyndon Johnson not to run. And the feeling that Vice President Humphrey was not sufficiently firm on this issue–that he belonged politically to the generation of liberals that was tolerant of the military-industrial power–unquestionably diluted and weakened his support. Conceivably it cost him the election.

VI

To see the sources of the strength of the military-industrial complex in the Fifties and Sixties is to see its considerably greater vulnerability now. The Communist imperium, which once seemed so fearsome in its unity, has broken up into bitterly antagonistic blocks. Moscow and Peking barely keep the peace. Fear in Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Romania is not of the capitalist enemy but the great Communist friend. The more intimate calculations of the Soviet High Command on what might be expected of the Czech (or for that matter the Romanian or Polish or Hungarian) army in the event of war in Western Europe must not be without charm. Perhaps they explain the odd military passion of the Soviets for the Egyptians. The Soviets have had no more success than has capitalism in penetrating and organizing the backward countries of the world. Communist and capitalist jungles are indistinguishable. Men of independent mind recognize that after twenty years of aggressive military competition with the Soviets our security is not greater and almost certainly less than when the competition began. And although in the Fifties it was fashionable to assert otherwise ("a dictator does not hesitate to sacrifice his people by the millions") we now know that the Soviets are as aware of the totally catastrophic character of nuclear war as we are–and more so than our more articulate generals.

These changes plus the adverse reaction to Vietnam have cost the military power its monopoly of the scientific community. This, in turn, has damaged its claim to a monopoly of knowledge including that which depends on security classification. Informed critics are amply available outside the military-industrial complex. When earlier this year Under Secretary of Defense Packard sought, in an earlier tradition, to discredit the opposition of Dr. Herbert A. York, former Director of Defense Research and Engineering, to the ABM, on the grounds that the latter did not have access to secret information, the effort backfired. The only person whose credibility was damaged was Secretary Packard. In consequence men are now available to distinguish between what weapons are relevant to an equilibrium with the Soviets, what destroys this balance by encouraging a new competitive round, and what serves primarily the prestige of the Services and the prestige and profits of the contractors. The attack on the Sentinel-Safeguard ABM system could never have been mounted in the Fifties.

Additionally, civilian priority has become one of the most evocative words in the language. Everywhere–for urban housing and services, sanitation,

schools, police, urban transportation, clean air, potable water—the needs are huge and pressing. Because these needs are not being met the number of people who live in fear of an urban explosion may well be greater than those who are alarmed by the prospect of nuclear devastation. For many years I have lived in summers on an old farm in southern Vermont. In the years following Hiroshima we had the advance refugees from the atomic bomb. Now we have those who are escaping the ultimate urban riot. The second migration is much bigger than the first and has had a far more inflationary effect on local real-estate values.

Certainly the day when military spending was a slightly embarrassing alternative to unemployment is gone and, one imagines, forever.

With all of these changes has come a radical change in the political climate. Except in the darker reaches of Orange County and suburban Dallas (where defense expenditures also have their influence) fear of Communism has receded. We have lived with the Communists on the same planet now for a half-century. An increasing number are disposed to believe we *can* continue doing so. Communism seems somewhat less triumphant than twenty years ago. Perhaps the Soviet Union is yet another industrial state in which organization—bureaucracy—is in conflict with the people it must educate in such numbers for its tasks. Mr. Nixon in his many years as a political aspirant was not notably averse to making capital out of the Communist menace. But neither, if a little belatedly, was he a man to resist a trend. Many must have noticed that his warnings overt or implied of the Communist menace in his Inaugural Address were rather less fiery than those of John F. Kennedy eight years earlier.

The anxiety which led to the great concentration of military and industrial power in the Fifties having dissipated, the continued existence of that power has naturally become a political issue. There are many who think that Mr. Nixon sacrificed some, perhaps much, of his lead when, in the closing days of the Presidential campaign, he promised to revitalize the arms race with an effort to establish clear superiority over the Soviets. There can be little question that General Curtis LeMay, far from attracting voters to Governor George Wallace in 1968, was a disaster. At a somewhat lower level than Eisenhower, MacArthur, Patton, and Bradley, LeMay was one of the *bona fide* heroes in the American pantheon. But his close association with the military power, especially his long efforts to make nuclear warfare palatable, if not altogether appetizing, to the American public, was unnerving. As noted a stand-up-to-it heroism is combined with a deep sensitivity when the nuclear nerve is touched.

If the potential followers of Governor Wallace were capable of alarm over the military power, then the potential opposition is not confined to the bearded and barefoot left. (This, as in the case of Vietnam, will be the first assumption of the bureaucracy.) Nor is it. Concern reaches deeply into the suburban middle class and business community. During the summer of 1968, if I may recur once more to personal experience, I was concerned with raising money for Eugene McCarthy. We raised a great deal: the efforts with which I was at least marginally associated produced some $2.5 million. Overwhelmingly we got that money from businessmen. Opposition to the Vietnam war was, of course, the prime reason for this support. But concern over the military power was a close (and closely affiliated) second. When one is asking for money one very soon learns what evokes response.

Social concern, however inappropriate for a businessman, was most important but there were also very good business reasons for being aroused. In 1968, the hundred largest defense contractors had more than two-thirds (67.4 per cent) of all the defense business and the smallest fifty of these had no more in the aggregate than General Dynamics and Lockheed. A dozen firms specializing in military business (*e.g.*, McDonnell Douglas, General Dynamics, Lockheed, United Aircraft) together with General Electric and A T & T had a third of all the business. For the vast majority of businessmen the only association with the defense business is through the taxes they pay. Not even a subcontract comes their way. And they have another cost. They must operate in communities that are starved for revenue, where, in consequence, their business is exposed to disorder and violence and where materials and manpower are preempted by the defense contractors. They must also put up with inflation, high interest rates, and regulation on overseas investment occasioned by defense spending. The willingness of American businessmen to suffer on behalf of the big defense contractors has been a remarkable manifestation of charity and self-denial.

Two other changes have altered the position of the military power. In the Fifties the military establishment of the United States was still identified in the public mind with the great captains of World War II—with Eisenhower, Marshall, MacArthur, Bradley, King, Nimitz, Arnold. And many members of a slightly junior generation—Maxwell Taylor, James Gavin, Matthew Ridgway, Curtis LeMay—were in positions of power. Some of these soldiers might have done less well had they been forced to fight an elusive and highly motivated enemy in the jungle of Vietnam encumbered by the leisurely warriors of the ARVN. (At one time or another, Eisenhower, MacArthur, Gavin all made it explicitly clear that they would never have got involved in such a mistake.) The present military generation is intimately associated with the

Vietnam misfortune. And its credibility has been deeply damaged by its fatal association with the bureaucratic truths of that war—with the long succession of defeats that became victories, the victories that became defeats, and brilliant actions that did not signify anything at all. In the Fifties it required courage for a civilian to challenge Eisenhower on military matters. Anyone is allowed to doubt the omniscience of General Westmoreland.

Finally, all bureaucracy has a mortal weakness; it cannot respond effectively to attack. The same inertial guidance which propels it into trouble—which sends it mindlessly into the Bay of Pigs or Vietnam even when disaster is evident—renders it helpless in self-defense. It can, in fact, only mimic itself. Organization could not come up with any effective response to its critics on Vietnam. The old slogans—we must resist worldwide Communist aggression, we must not reward aggression, we must stand by our brave allies—were employed not only after repetition had robbed them of all meaning but after they had been made ludicrous by events. In the end Secretary of State Rusk was reduced to mnemonic speeches about our commitments. Organized thought was incapable of anything better.

So with the military power—only more so. One of the perquisites of great power is that its use need not be defended. In consequence kings, czars, dictators, capitalists, even union leaders—when their day of accounting comes have rarely been able to speak for themselves. As the military power comes under scrutiny, it will be reduced to asserting that its critics are indifferent to Soviet or Chinese intentions, unacquainted with the most recent intelligence, militarily inexperienced, naïve, afraid to look nuclear destruction in the eye. Or it will be said that they are witting or unwitting tools of the Communist conspiracy. Following Secretary Laird's effort on behalf of the ABM (when he deployed from new intelligence an exceptionally alarming generation of Soviet missiles) a special appeal will be made to fear. A bureaucracy under attack is a fortress with thick walls but fixed guns.

VII

It is a cliché, much beloved of those who supply the diplomatic gloss for the military power, that not much can be done to limit the latter—or its budget—so long as "American responsibilities" in the world remain unchanged. And for others it is a persuasive point that to reduce the military budget will require a change in foreign policy.

But these changes have already occurred. In the years following World War II there was a spacious view of the American task in the world. We guarded the borders of the non-Communist world. We prevented subversion there and put down wars of liberation elsewhere. In pursuit of these aims we maintained alliances, deployed forces, provided military aid on every continent. This was the competition of the superpowers. We had no choice but to meet the challenge of that competition.

We have already found that the world so depicted does not exist. Superpowers there are but superpowers cannot much affect the course of life within the countries they presume to see as on their side. In part that was the lesson of Vietnam; annual expenditures of $30 billion, a deployment of more than half a million men, could not much affect the course of development in one small country. In lands as diverse as India, Indonesia, Peru, and the Congo we have found that our ability to affect the development is even less. We have also found, as in the nearby case of Cuba, that a country can go Communist without inflicting any overpowering damage.

What we have not done is accommodate our military policy to this reality. Military aid, bases, conventional force levels, weapons requirements still assume superpower omnipotence. (And the military power still projects this vision of our task.) Our foreign policy has, in fact, changed. It is the Pentagon that hasn't.

VIII

To argue that the military-industrial complex is now vulnerable is not to suggest that it is on its last legs. It spends a vast amount of public money, which insures the support of many (though by no means all) of those who receive it. Many Senators and Congressmen are slow to criticize expenditures in their districts even though for most of their supporters the cost vastly exceeds the gain. (Defense contracts are even more concentrated geographically than by firm. In 1967 three favored states out of fifty—California and New York and Texas—received one-third. Ten states accounted for a full two-thirds. In all but a handful of cases the Congressman or Senator who votes for military spending is voting for the enrichment of people he does not represent at the expense of those who elect him.) And there is the matter of habit and momentum. The military power has been above challenge for so long that to attack still seems politically quixotic. One recalls, however, that it once seemed quixotic to be against the Vietnam war.

Nonetheless control is possible. I come to my final task. It is to offer a political decalogue of what is required. It is as follows.

(1) The goal, all must remember, is to get the military power under firm political control. This means electing a President on this issue next time. This, above all, must be the issue in the next election.

A WORD IN YOUR EAR ON BEHALF OF INDIFFERENCE

by Peter Davison

History is sometimes salvaged by it, a civil servant
Who bows and smiles at weakness, at right and wrong;
At progress, poverty, peace and war; at victims,
Torture, and torturers. A skilled masseur,
Indifference smooths our faces into features
And lets our muscles work without rending each other.

Indifference-in-the-home lets tiring lovers
Share a warm bed between the defloration and
The signal for the soon-to-be-contested
Divorce to plunge both parties
In ice-water up to their arse.

Though we yell back and forth, "Let us erase our existence!"
"Let us scurry before the flailing winds of our senses!"
"Let us surrender into the hands of the forces!"
Indifference chimes in to discourage us from jumping.

My client gives us the power this side of death
To shackle ourselves, to live within our dimensions,
To ignore for hours at a time
The outrage and the dread
Of being no more than we are.

However, for the next three and a half years, not much can be done about the Presidency. Also if Mr. Nixon does not resist the military power he will follow President Johnson into oblivion—conceivably taking quite a few others with him. This one must suppose he will see. So while all possible moral pressure must be kept on the President, the immediate target is Congress.

(2) Congress will not be impressed by learned declamation on the danger of the military power. There must be organization. The last election showed the power of that part of the community—the colleges, universities, concerned middle class, businessmen—which was alert to the Vietnam war. Now in every possible Congressional District there must be an organization alert to the military power. Anciently, legislators up for election have pledged themselves to an "adequate national defense," a euphemism for according the Pentagon a blank check. In the next election everyone must be pressed for a promise to resist military programs and press relentlessly for negotiations along lines indicated below. Any Senator or Congressman who does not believe that the Congress should exercise strict supervision over the Pentagon, that the latter should be strictly answerable to Congress both for its actions and its expenditures, confesses his indifference to the proper role of the legislative body. He will be better at home.

This effort must not be confined to the North, the Middle West, or West. In the last five years there has been a rapid liberalization of the major college and university centers of the South. Nowhere did McCarthy or Kennedy draw larger and more enthusiastic crowds than in the big Southern universities. Mendel Rivers, Richard Russell, Strom Thurmond, John Tower, and the other sycophants of the military from the South must be made sharply aware of this new constituency—and if possible be retired by it.

(3) The Armed Services Committees of the two houses must obviously be the object of a special effort. They are now, with the exception of a few members, a rubber stamp for the military power. Some liberals have been reluctant to serve on these fiefs. No effort, including an attack on the seniority system itself, should be spared to oust the present functionaries and to replace them with acute and independent-minded members. Here too it is important to get grass-roots expression from the South.

(4) The goal is not to make the military power more efficient or more righteously honest. It is to get it under control. These are very different objectives. The first seeks out excessive profits, high costs, poor technical performance, favoritism,

delay, or the other abuses of power. The second is concerned with the power itself. The first is diversionary for it persuades people that something is being done while leaving power and budgets intact.

(5) This is not an antimilitary crusade. Generals and admirals and soldiers, sailors, and airmen are not the object of attack. The purpose is to return the military establishment to its traditional position in the American political system. It was never intended to be an unlimited partner in the arms industry. Nor was it meant to be a controlling voice in foreign policy. Any general or admiral who rose to fame before World War II would be surprised and horrified to find that his successors in the profession of arms are now commercial accessories of General Dynamics.

(6) Whatever its moral case there is no political future in unilateral disarmament. And the case must not be compromised by wishful assumptions about the Soviets which the Soviets can then destroy. It can safely be assumed that nuclear annihilation is as unpopular with the average Russian as it is with the ordinary American, and that their leaders are not retarded in this respect. But it is wise to assume that within their industrial system, as within ours, there is a military-industrial bureaucracy committed to its own perpetuation and growth. This governs the more precise objectives of control.

(7) Four broad types of major weapons systems can be recognized. There are first those that are related directly to the existing balance of power or the balance of terror vis-à-vis the Soviets. The ICBMs and the Polaris submarines are obviously of this sort; in the absence of a decision to disarm unilaterally, restriction or reduction in these weapons requires agreement with the Soviets. There are, secondly, those that may be added within this balance without tipping it drastically one way or the other. They allow each country to destroy the other more completely or redundantly. Beyond a certain number, more ICBMs are of this sort. Thirdly there are those that, in one way or another, tip the balance or seem to do so. They promise, or can be thought to promise, destruction of the second country while allowing the first to escape or largely escape. Inevitably, in the absence of a prospect for agreement, they must provoke response. An ABM, which seems to provide defense while allowing continued offense, is of this sort. So are missiles of such number, weight, and precision as to be able to destroy the second country's weapons without possibility of retaliation.

Finally there are weapons systems and other military construction and gadgetry which add primarily to the prestige of the Armed Services, or which advance the competitive position of an individual branch.

The last three classes of weapons do not add to such security as is provided under the balance of terror.* Given the response they provoke, they leave it either unchanged or more dangerous. But all contribute to the growth, employment, and profits of the contractors. All are sought by the Armed Forces. The Army's Sentinel (now Safeguard) Anti-Ballistic Missile system is urged even though it is irrelevant and possibly dangerous as a defense. As Mr. Russell Baker has said, it is based at least partly on the assumption that the Chinese would "live down to our underestimates of their abilities and produce a missile so inferior that even a Sentinel can shoot it down." But it holds a position for the Army in this highly technological warfare. The Air Force wants a new generation of manned bombers, their vulnerability notwithstanding, because an Air Force without such bombers—with the key fighting men sitting silently in underground command posts—is much less interesting. And Boeing, General Dynamics, Lockheed, North American Rockwell, Grumman, and McDonnell Douglas are naturally glad that this is so. The Navy wants nuclear carriers and their complement of aircraft, their vulnerability also notwithstanding, for the same reason.

A prime objective of control is to eliminate from the military budget those things which contribute to the arms race or are irrelevant to the present balance of terror. This includes the second, third, and fourth classes of weapons mentioned above. The ABM and the MIRV (the Multiple Independently-targeted Reentry Vehicle), both of which will spark a new competitive round of a peculiarly uncontrollable sort, as well as manned bombers

*Charles L. Schultze, the former Director of the Budget under President Johnson and his associate William M. Capron, neither of them radicals in this matter, have recently observed that "Once we have achieved a minimum deterrent, plus an ample margin of safety and a healthy R & D program to be prepared for the future, it is difficult to conceive of any value the United States could gain from additional 'superiority' in nuclear forces. . . . we cannot attain a first-strike capability. And if we can retaliate with devastating force against a Soviet attack, what do we gain by having twice or three times that force? It adds nothing to our diplomatic strength in situations short of nuclear war. It does not add to deterrence—devastation twice over is no greater deterrent than devastation once. We can, to some extent, limit damage to the United States by having the capability, in a retaliatory strike, to target Soviet missiles and bombers withheld in a first strike. But the 'ample margin of safety' described above gives us such a capability already. Excessive superiority, in other words, gains us little of value, costs substantially in budget terms, and almost inevitably forces a Soviet response which eliminates the superiority temporarily gained." Unpublished memorandum. A valuable recent document on this whole subject is George W. Rathjens' *The Future of the Strategic Arms Race* (Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, 1969).

and nuclear carriers are all of this sort. Perhaps as a simple working goal, some five billions of such items should be eliminated in each of the next three years for a total reduction of fifteen billion.*

(8) The second and more important objective of control is to win agreement with the Soviets on arms control and reduction. This means, in contrast with present military doctrine, that we accept that the Soviets will bargain in good faith. And we accept also that an imperfect agreement—for none can be watertight—is safer than continuing competition. It means, as a practical matter, that the military role in negotiations must be sharply circumscribed. Military men—prompted by their industrial allies—will always object to any agreement that is not absolute, self-enforcing, and watertight. Under such circumstances arms-control negotiations become, as they have been in recent times, a charade. Instead of halting the arms race they may even have the effect of justifying it. "After all we are trying for agreement with the bastards." The Congress and the people must make the necessity for this control relentlessly clear to the Executive.

(9) Independent scientific judgment must be mobilized in this effort—as guidance to the political effort, for advice to Congress, and of course, within the Executive itself. The arms race, in its present form, is a scientific and mathematical rather than a military contest. Those military can no longer barricade themselves behind claims of military expertise or needed secrecy, opposing views must be reliably available.

But decisions on military needs are still made in a self-serving compact between those who buy weapons and those who sell. So the time has come to constitute a special body of highly qualified scientists and citizens to be called, perhaps, the Military Audit Commission. Its function would be to advise the Congress and inform the public on military programs and negotiations. It should be independently, *i.e.* privately, financed. It would be the authoritative voice on weapons systems that add to international tension or competition or serve principally the competitive position and prestige of the Services or the profits of their suppliers. It would have the special function of serving as a watchdog on negotiations to insure that the military power is excluded.

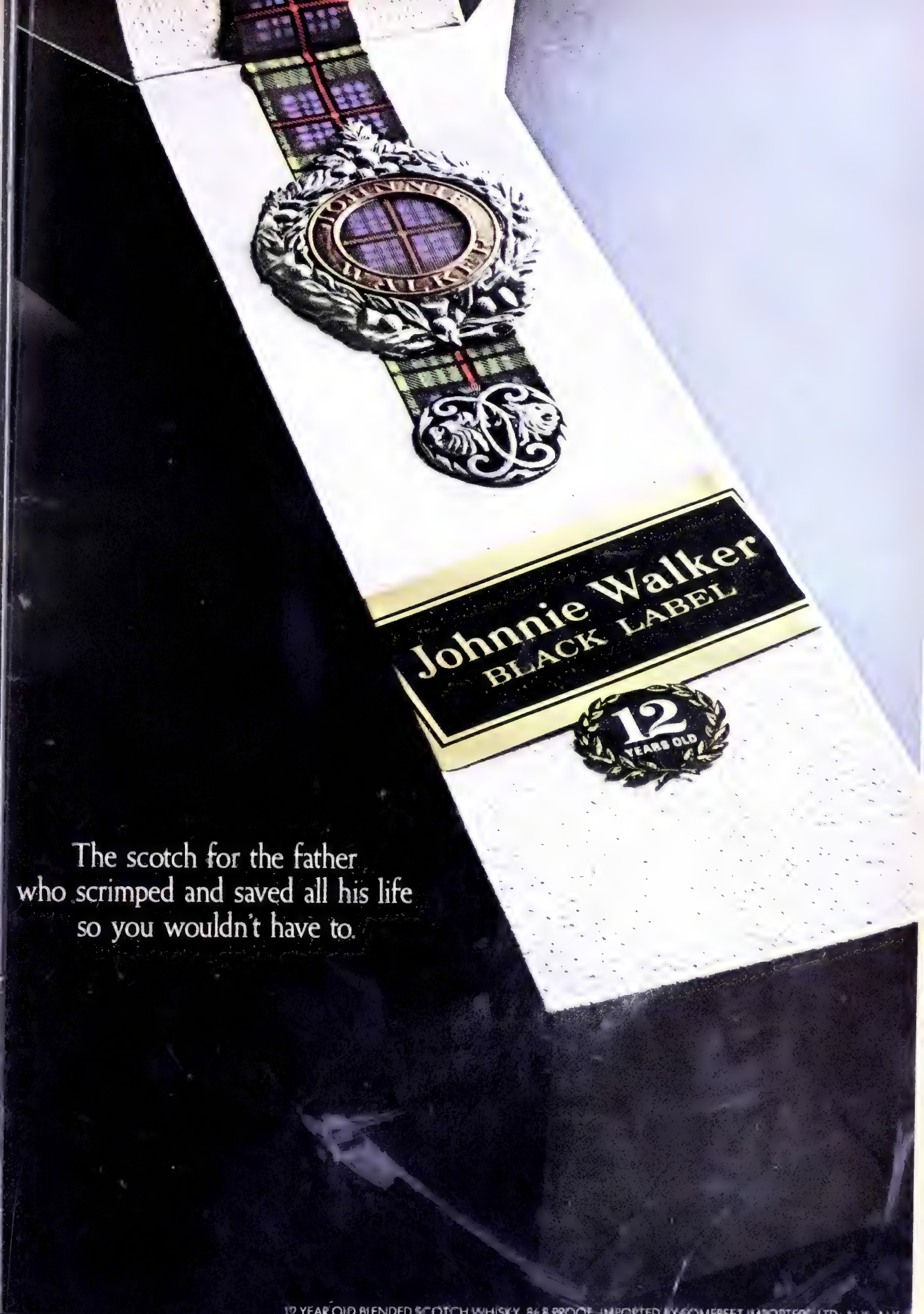
(10) Control of the military power must be an ecumenical effort. Obviously no one who regards himself as a liberal can any longer be a communicant of the military power. But the issue is one of equal concern to conservatives—to the conservative who traditionally suspects any major concentration of public power. It is also an issue for every businessman whose taxes are putting a very few of his colleagues on the gravy train. But most of all it is an issue for every citizen who finds the policy images of this bureaucracy—the Manned Orbiting Laboratory preserving the American position when all or most are dead below—more than a trifle depressing.

IX

A few will find the foregoing an unduly optimistic effort. More, I suspect, will find it excessively moderate, even commonplace. It makes no overtures to the withdrawal of scientific and other scholarly talent from the military. It does not encourage a boycott on recruiting by the military contractors. It does not urge the curtailment of university participation in military research. These, there should be no mistake about it, will be necessary if the military power is not brought under control. Nor can there be any very righteous lectures about such action. The military power has reversed constitutional process in the United States—removed power from the public and Congress to the Pentagon. It is in a poor position to urge orderly political process. And the consequences of such a development could be very great—they could amount to an uncontrollable thrust to unilateral disarmament. But my instinct is for action within the political framework. This is not a formula for busy ineffectuality. None can deny the role of those who marched or picketed on Vietnam. But, in the end, it was political action that arrested the escalation and broke the commitment of the bureaucracy to this mistake. Control of the military power is a less easily defined and hence more difficult task. (To keep the military and its allies and spokesmen from queering international negotiations will be especially difficult.) But if sharply focused knowledge can be brought to bear on both weapons procurement and negotiation; if citizen attitudes can be kept politically effective by the conviction that this is the political issue of our time; if there is effective organization; if in consequence a couple of hundred or even a hundred members of Congress can be kept in a vigilant, critical, and aroused mood; and if for the President this becomes visibly the difference between success and failure, survival and eventual defeat, then the military-industrial complex will be under control. It can be made to happen.

Harper's Magazine, June 1969

* I would urge leaving the space race out of this effort. The gadgetry involved is not uniquely lethal; on the contrary it channels competition with the Soviets, if such there must be, into comparatively benign channels. It has so far been comparatively safe for the participants—strikingly so as compared with early efforts at manned flight in the atmosphere and across the oceans. One observes, between ourselves and the Soviets, a gentlemanly obligation to admire each other's accomplishments which, on the whole, compares favorably with similar manifestations at the Olympic games or involving music and the ballet.


Johnnie Walker
BLACK LABEL
12
YEARS OLD
The scotch for the father
who scrimped and saved all his life
so you wouldn't have to.

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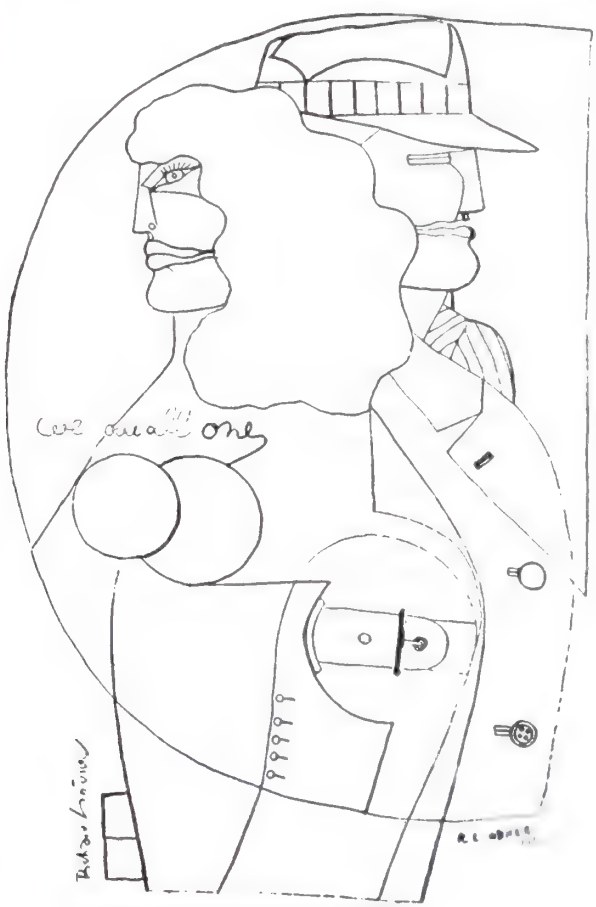
"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

Leslie H. Farber

MY WIFE, THE NAKED MOVIE STAR

The more fashion exerts its sway over the means of sexual illusion—dress, adornment, even sexual behavior itself—"the more painful is our sense of our fallenness and the more obtrusive our nostalgia for Eden . . ."

Dassin–Mercouri, Ponti–Loren, Antonioni–Vitti, Newman–Woodward, Vadim–Fonda, Cassavetes–Rowlands: these are but a few of the romantic, or connubial, associations between director or producer and star. In these instances, the cinematic purpose would seem to be to exhibit the star, in various combinations of nakedness and passion, as the paragon of a sexuality so truthful and fully formed that the men in her movies, with their twisted moralities, must be either converted or undone. At least since Theda Bara, the Love Goddess has been a standard commercial venture in the movies—a venture which must be satisfactory to the banks which invest in these movies. But the relations I have mentioned would seem to persist beyond the requirements of finance, and persist even when our directors and stars have arrived at a security which would allow them other cinematic possibilities. Moreover, the notoriety all these relationships have achieved—with the help of the press, television, and radio—soon makes these arrangements as compelling for the average moviegoer as the movies in which these stars appear. Thus, to watch Mercouri enacting the amorous necessities of her life with her screen lover is to be reminded that Dassin sits behind the camera governing her overtures and responses. If Gena Rowlands, cast as a prostitute in *Faces*, fondles her reclining co-star with what appears to be uncalled-for restraint, we are forced to wonder whether Cassavetes is not falsifying her characterization in order to protect his own jealous interests. Or, to take another extreme, when Vadim sets up his camera at the foot of the bed so he can record minutely the fondlings his particular star of the moment will undergo with her screen lover, we must wonder whether this explicitness is dictated by the movie or by the nature of his tie to his star. In other words, so long as each of these movies about sexuality contains another implicit plot between star and director, our attention will wander back and forth from the movie to the actual relationship between director and star. And naturally we will speculate about the extent their present life together determines each new movie and, equally, the extent each new movie influences their life off screen.



Courtesy of Cordier & Ekstrom Gallery

But these are real people whose lives are hardly represented by gossip columns and movie magazines. And even if I wished to pursue this imperti-

nent course, I have no private bank of gossip about these notorious figures of the film world. So I leave these actual creatures, and turn instead to creatures of my own imagining—creatures who seem to capture something of the sexual predicament of our time.

The scene, as I imagine it, takes place in a custom-built Mercedes-Benz trailer, parked in the meadow of a small farm on the outskirts of Madrid, where the entire crew has assembled to shoot two important scenes from *Don Juan Strikes Out*. Briefly, the movie tells of Don Juan's painful liaison with the local farm girl (our star)—the creature whose shrewdness and vigor of flesh call his whole sensual career into question, finally reducing him to those ordinary cries of jealousy and possessiveness he has all these years managed to avoid. Josee Civetta has been sitting in her trailer dressing room while her makeup man places smudges on her forehead, left cheek, left shoulder, and just over her right breast. These smudges will be incurred in the first scene when she is shot spading hay to the horses in the barn. After the last spadeful of hay, a cut will be made to the small stream running through the farm. Here Josee will remove her outer garments as she is about to bathe, when Don Juan comes upon her. Now her husband and director, Sergio Rocco, enters.

"Josee, Baby, stand up and show me how you'll look when you first take your dress off."

Letting her dressing gown fall to the floor, she does a mock bump and grind in her husband's direction. When she senses he will endure this charade with his familiar patience, she bends down to retrieve her dressing gown, her backsides pointing at him, and on rising slowly dusts and folds the gown before placing it on top of her dressing table.

"Josee, later on you can act. But right now, I want to see how you'll look, so please turn around."

Instead of turning full-circle in one motion, Josee defiantly makes abrupt small partial turns, her hands on her hips, and at the end of each turn she stands flat-footed, her legs spread apart, and one hip thrust laterally. Sergio makes no comment until she is at last planted with her back to him.

"It's wrong! The panties are wrong! Look—by now everyone in the world knows what your behind looks like. Right? An average guy sitting in a movie house and seeing you in your tenth film, he *needs* to be reminded of your behind. And the best way to do this is to have panties that are too tight."

"Okay, okay, have it your way, Sergio! If the guys in the movie house are just like you—which I doubt—if all of you get a charge out of seeing me in tight panties, well I guess then eventually I'll get a charge out of it too. At least that's the way it's been."

If Sergio's guidance were confined merely to techniques for revealing Josee's body to the world, he would hardly differ from the burlesque coach, instructing his protégée in her little song and dance, her bumps and grinds. Such a coach might persuade his stripper to be comic, patronizing, sincere, kittenish, wistful, acrobatic, depending both on her abilities and his assessment of how they might best be exploited. And once her routine was established, they might—together or separately—look on the matter as a form of show business, whether pleasurable or tedious, which allowed them both a livelihood. Most burlesque performers, I am told, have little sympathy for their audience, which they regard as a tawdry assortment of marginal and lonely souls who come to be teased into a solitary excitement which must later be dissipated, if not in the theater itself, then in public and private toilets, alleys, rooming houses, and convention hotels. Even if partners are sometimes appropriated for relief I doubt that the burlesque queen, herself, is deceived about the solitary nature of this dissipation. Despite—or because of—their grim evaluation of their audiences, some burlesque performers take pleasure in their powers of erotic manipulation from afar, and I have no doubt their own pleasures improve their effectiveness as strippers—without necessarily making them more objective about the solitary quality of their own excitements, which they share with their audience.

As for Sergio and Josee, their artistic ambitions are too formidable to be contained in such a quaint form as burlesque, whose limitations resist all sentimental attempts to puff it up into folk art. Without doubt, their goal is to capture and project the reality of love and sex in our times. Unfortunately, their artistic endeavors are both broadened and blurred by the withering of censorship in the movies over the last few years. These days too much craft must be given over to the struggle to discover new ways of illuminating the landscape of sexuality. And not unlike ordinary erotic life, the movie itself may be neglected in the consuming and frustrating effort to improve the sexual cliché which was yesterday's novelty. The problem is that any visual and objective view of sex is necessarily limited by our anatomical range of behavior. And obsessed by this view, the modern realistic camera is therefore driven to look more and more at less and less, pursuing with mounting magnification those scant details which cannot and will not yield the essence the moviemakers seek.

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Not so long ago, when censorship still obtained, the subject was easily represented by a simple cinematic convention which taxed no one's ingenuity, though repetition eventually rendered it ludicrous. In the final "clinch" the hero clasped the heroine in his arms, and as he pressed his face to hers, our view became that of a rear camera pointed at the back and side of the hero's head—so that when their faces met, their mouths were concealed from the camera's eye. Though we were expected to accept the illusion that our stars were kissing each other, we had the option of assuming —if these two seemed mismated—that their lips never met, or if they did meet, their kiss was no more than the desultory peck of two young people arbitrarily paired by the democratic rules of the game of post office rather than by their own inclinations. (If we were to see two modern movie lovers kiss with mouths closed rather than open, we should have to assume they disliked each other.) At this distance, it now seems to me there were distinct moral and aesthetic advantages to the convention—which should have been spared some of our ridicule, considering the more literal fleshly conventions which have replaced it. For one thing, the final "clinch" affirmed the old-fashioned virtues of privacy and modesty, asserting that the real physical facts within this ideogram of an embrace were none of our business as audience and, moreover, none of the legitimate business of art itself, including all the technicians who make movie art possible. By no means, it should be emphasized, did this refusal to be explicit about what should be implicit interfere with our freedom to imagine this amorous union. Some of the audience, I have no doubt, turned their imagination to the specifically lustful potentialities of this relationship, while others took a larger view of the ups and downs of the subsequent course of the life of the pair. But in either case, it is worth stressing the paradoxical point that our present freedom from censorship has deprived us of our earlier freedom to have our own imaginative way with a movie. Whatever its artistic limitations, the "clinch" at least was an illusion so safely responsive to even minimal dramatic skill that it could easily be put aside once the day's shooting was over—which must have been a relief both to audience and actors. Plainly said, there was nothing about the illusion itself, however it was exploited, which demanded it be *lived* as well as acted. Thus, in addition to all else it might have suggested, the illusion contained the illusion of being an illusion. And without that radical ingredient the audience might well leave the theater with the unpleasant suspicion that these two actors were continuing to embrace long after the camera crews had gone home.

Sergio and Josee, as it has already been suggested, loyally support the modern creed that the craft of moviemaking must include in its repertoire not yet all but still a good deal of sexual play. Therefore, in his profession as director and hers as performer, they will strive for an erotic authenticity which emulates—in appearance, at least—their own marital intimacies. In effect this means they believe—or profess to believe—that the visible mannerisms of sex can be separated from the entirety of affective life, and then willed into actuality whenever the dramatic occasion so requires.

Now, Josee's ability to enact her role with almost any leading man must be as gratifying to the director in Sergio as to the actress in Josee. At the same time, her ability may reassure the husband in him (and the wife in her) that her amorous conduct before the camera is merely a dramatic accomplishment, involving no actual entanglement with a real man. Yet, if he is as like the rest of us as he insists, his faith will waver from time to time, making him wonder to what extent her so-called ability is an appetite in disguise—an appetite addressed indiscriminately to every man or, worse yet, to no man at all. In such a state, the knowledge that he bears some responsibility for this enterprise can only increase his distress. After all, he is the one who procures and then directs these actors in their love scenes with his wife. So there is a sense in which, if his pain is sharp, he could regard himself as a respectable pimp. Hopefully, this self-chiding will subside as he regains his belief in his split existence—in other words, as he remembers it is *only* a movie. On the other hand, should Josee be sensitive to his jealous lapses, she will be careful not to repeat her movie gestures in her nights with Sergio. She may even be tempted to invent gestures which are reserved only for her husband. But even if she were up to the artistry necessary to dissemble the deliberate nature of her invention, thus preventing him from confirming his worst suspicions, her predicament would still be disagreeable, inasmuch as she could no longer be sure that her marriage was *not* just a movie. While her conscience may enable her to resist such domestic artifice, what is to prevent her from appropriating the surfaces of her marital intimacies for the sake of her cinematic lovemaking? After all, according to her creed, it is possible to abstract for the sake of her art the external mannerisms of her erotic life, without violating those affections which ideally will rejoin these mannerisms when she leaves the set. On the other hand, should her lovemaking with her leading man provoke an excitement more overpowering and enduring than the mechanical stirrings she would ordinarily anticipate, she will remain loyal to her creed, preferring now to question the validity of her marriage. Thus, rather than regard herself a victim of those erotic gestures that were intended to facilitate the movie illusion, she may conclude, invoking the usual romantic sentiments, that

her new attachment came about in spite of and not because of dramatic requirement.

Real consummation for a movie, of course, does not occur until it is at last submitted to the paying audiences of the world for their verdict. If out of boredom the men in the theaters close their eyes to the naked Josee to nap with dreams of their own making, or turn away from the screen to whisper about the day they meant to leave behind, or wander to the refreshment stand to giggle over the unintended absurdities of this movie, will Sergio's and Josee's excitement over each other survive this test? Or will their excitement now give way to a restlessness and indifference, not unlike that of the audience? In other words, their attachment to each other must draw some sanction and vitality from the audience response to their creation. It is as absurd to imagine Sergio and Josee without an audience as to imagine them forcibly settled in a distant suburb where they are condemned to find their entire erotic sustenance only in each other.

Why should it be otherwise? Why should we ask more of these two famous people than of ourselves? True, the scope of their lives together is gigantic, their desires depending on the confirmation of millions of moviegoers. But I think if we scale down the magnification, we can see more similarity than difference between their lives and our own. When Sergio argues that tight panties will best set off Josee's behind to her public, he resembles any husband approving or disapproving the dress his wife has chosen for the evening's party. In costume and deportment she must, like Josee, prove herself sexually attractive, without transgressing the bounds of taste and, equally important, without mistaking the illusion she creates for the reality of her life with her mate. The line she pursues is as thin as Josee's: her performance must be sufficiently convincing to charm her companions and at the same time she must project enough make-believe not to deceive her husband or herself—not to mention the other guests, who have their own loyalties to contend with. She must never forget that a man of course wants his wife to be admired, but to the extent that she presents herself and is accepted as an available sexual object their relation will suffer. All this of course is equally true in reverse—the man's public demeanor and reception (his habitation of "his image") will be inspected by his wife. (Indeed, this objectifying on public occasion extends to each person's sense of himself—and may suggest why "self-image" seems such a dubious concept.) When the party is over the couple will return to their home with as much or as little exhilaration as Sergio and Josee after a preview of their newest movie.

In brief, then, I believe the hazards which beset Sergio and Josee as they try to keep their cinematic and marital lives separate are not essentially different from those which trouble sexuality for the rest of us as we shuttle back and forth between our private and public worlds. At this point, let me mention two opposing views of the problem, both different from my own. In 1922 Freud wrote:

> It is a matter of everyday experience that fidelity, especially that degree of it required in marriage, is only maintained in the face of continual temptation. . . . Social conventions have taken this universal state of things into account very adroitly, by granting a certain amount of latitude to the married woman's thirst to find favor in man's eyes and the married man's thirst to capture and possess, in the expectation that this inevitable tendency to unfaithfulness will thus find a safety-valve and be rendered innocuous. Convention has laid down that neither partner is to hold the other accountable for these little excursions in the direction of unfaithfulness, and it achieves the result on the whole that the desire awakened by the new love-object is gratified by a kind of turning-back to the object already possessed. The jealous person, however, does not believe in any such thing as a halt or turning back once the path has been trod, nor that a social "flirtation" may be a safeguard against actual infidelity.*

Not uncharacteristically, Freud is less concerned with the quality of erotic life, in and out of marriage, than with the manner in which society restrains and diverts the sexual drive in the service of preserving its institutions. "What the world calls its code of morals," he wrote, "demands more sacrifices than it is worth." Because fidelity in marriage "is only maintained in the face of *continual* temptation" (italics mine), small excursions in infidelity, in which neither partner holds the other accountable, can have the hygienic function of preserving the monogamous relationship of marriage, since whatever excitement is aroused in these social forays can be turned back to the marital partner. Freud's view is a form of mithridatism: small doses of infidelity will defend against larger infidelity. In a society as absorbed with erotic images as ours, it would be difficult to know whether the small infidelity was a protection against or an indulgence of our sexual proclivities—whether the institution of monogamy is strengthened or weakened by the erotic quality of our social life.

Tolstoi, on the other hand, found nothing to applaud about the "little excursions" Freud found so salutary. In fact, he found the spectacle so loathsome he renounced sexuality altogether.

> And we men don't know—we don't know because we don't want to know—but women know perfectly well that the loftiest and most poetic

*"Certain Neurotic Mechanisms in Jealousy, Paranoia and Homosexuality" (1922).

> love depends not on moral qualities but on physical closeness and on the way of doing up one's hair, one's complexion, the cut of a gown. Ask an experienced coquette which she would prefer to risk: being detected in falsehood, cruelty, even immorality, in the presence of the one she is trying to entice, or to appear before him in a badly made or unbecoming gown—and she will always choose the first. She knows that man lies when he talks about lofty feelings—all he wants is the body—and so he pardons anything but an ugly, unbecoming, unfashionable costume. The coquette knows this consciously; every innocent girl knows this unconsciously, just as animals know it.
>
> Hence these abominable jerseys, these bustles, these naked shoulders, arms, and almost bosoms. Women, especially those that have been through the school of marriage, know very well that talk on the highest topic is just talk; that what man wants is the body and everything which displays it in a deceptively captivating light. And they act accordingly. If we should once forget this indecency, which has become second nature, and look at the life of the upper classes as it really is, in all its shamelessness, it would appear like one luxurious brothel. . . .
>
> —*The Kreutzer Sonata* (1889)

Were he alive today, Tolstoi would regard the new sexual freedom as merely further corroboration for his conviction that life between the sexes, having become "one luxurious brothel," was no longer morally feasible. And, even more so, he would be positive that abstinence was the only way to escape this brothel. But today we are less interested in his solution, which even in the monastic orders is undergoing some challenge, and more impressed by his statement of our dilemma: ". . . What man wants is the body and everything which displays it in a *deceptively captivating light.*" (Italics mine.) As a general, even minimal comment on erotic life, Tolstoi's notion that man desires the body seems unexceptionable, although our habit with abstractions of this order may make us forget that it is not exactly the body *qua* body that man desires but rather the body with its coverings and uncoverings. Nor is it remarkable that romantic talk find its heightening in the same play between concealment and disclosure, mystery and discovery. But this aspect of sexual desire outraged Tolstoi's moral sensibilities: woman's provocative dress, like man's "lofty" talk, was a deception suggesting a more glorious actuality than she possessed or that he could possess. Or perhaps his outrage lay in his painful sense that the peeling away of her decorations merely exposed an inner enigma that, while it may briefly be transcended, must be probed again and again without ever yielding its secret. Oscar Wilde expressed his disdain for the special nature—the essential femaleness—of women in his quip that woman is a Sphinx without a secret. While I do not share his disdain, I can appreciate the truth there is in his remark. (It is not quite true that she has no secret: her secret is that she has a secret.) Because man's sexuality is external, visible, objective, he cannot encompass a sexuality whose most formidable powers, including child-bearing, must remain hidden to him. However much he prizes the otherness of his partner, he is nevertheless driven to impose a visible, concrete reality, or a metaphor of such a reality, on this privately contained world. And, of course, because she wishes her interiority to be penetrated, she will accommodate herself somewhat to man's objective need, for in this way her own needs are satisfied as well. Depending on the fashion of the moment, man will fasten on such outward criteria of desirability as buttocks, or legs, or breasts, and woman will join him in valuing these fleshly distinctions, since each hopes to please the other. Pornography is but a further indulgence of his hunger, now extended to the visual details of sexual performance itself. It is worth mentioning that pornography, as we know it, is a genre made by man for man, exploiting the absolute compliance in literal uncovering that only fictitious women can provide. As such it offers little erotic titillation to most women. It is beyond my competence to say what a female pornography would be, except to suggest that its enticements would probably have to include a fundamental romantic context—a plot, out of which erotic situations may be brought to flower—in the imagination or on the page. Such a pornography will be closer to *Dear John* than to *Fanny Hill,* closer to *True Confessions* than to dirty postcards. I do not mean to suggest, let me make clear, that women's penchant for "situational" erotica makes the sort of pornography they prefer any more "refined" than the more literal, no-nonsense forms preferred by men. The sexual arousal, in both cases, is merely an indulgence of an altogether literal, impersonal sexual hunger, and, as such, is as irrelevant to the possibilities of sex as a truly human encounter as is masturbation.

To return to Tolstoi's assertion that to be desirable the body must be displayed in "a deceptively captivating light": In their attempt to explain this human peculiarity, some writers resort to zoology, pointing to the manner in which colorful and exotic features assist a number of lower animals in their mating rituals. However, such animal decoration, it should be remembered, is no artifact created by the Disney special effects department. Moreover, it is our dissatisfaction with our own pale bodies that makes us judge the peacock's plumage or the mandrill's blue and scarlet rump more enticing than the dull gray fur of the rat—or our own poor parts. Conceived in envy, such biological speculation is more a pathetic consequence than an explanation of our particular peculiarity.

Yet, even if our erotic life is essentially unlike animal mating, why should it strike us as peculiar? Why are we unwilling to reconcile ourselves to the human fact that, unlike other living creatures, we cannot do without the erotic deceptions that outraged Tolstoi? After all, as far as we know, sexual illusion has been necessary throughout history. So, if we are envious, what are we envious of? Certainly not the perfunctory rutting of animals. Much as we may object to the excessive and vulgar prescriptions the mass media offer about how to make the body attractive, still we are forced to acknowledge a portion of truth to their instruction. Any man whose ardor has diminished, if not subsided, before a torn and stained nightgown, can testify to his dependence on sexual illusion, while suspecting this ragged costume betrays comparable failure of passion in its wearer. At the same time, in the midst of such discouragement, we wish it could be otherwise; out of nostalgia and/or hope, we long to shed both the excitements and constraints provoked by our coverings, and recapture—or achieve—a bliss in which our bodies in themselves will be sufficient. At this point, theology may offer more illumination than biology. Before they ate of the tree of knowledge, even a distant suburb could have been an Eden for Adam and Eve, for they still found each other pleasing without adornment or concealment. However, when the Lord ordered them to cover their parts, their sexuality was already an article of knowledge. And in His wisdom He knew that modesty imposed from without would never quite protect them from an immodesty from within: concealment for one could always be disclosure for another. With the first fig leaf, the quality of the covering became critical. There being fig leaves and fig leaves, now a choice had to be made: not only were fig leaves large and small, adequate and inadequate, but some were more pleasingly shaped and colored than others. And how and where these leaves were to be suspended became as important a consideration as their hue and conformation. Seen in this light, fashion reveals itself as a shifting, yet unresolvable, arbitration between the conflicting demands of concealment and disclosure. But the greedier fashion becomes, appropriating for its arbitration clothing, cosmetics, deodorants, coiffures, and even sexual behavior itself, the more painful is our sense of our fallenness and the more obtrusive our nostalgia for Eden—or what we imagine to be our lost innocence. Not merely, in these moments, does the machinery of sexual illusion seem too cumbersome for us to bear, but it appears now as the adversary of the body-ness of the body, bent on repudiating all its ordinary messiness—its fat, dirt, blemishes, secretions, smells—and making our own physicality itself repulsive to us. With such an unsettling vision as this, the more energetic among us will move from nostalgia to schemes for a New Jerusalem, in which the body will be restored to its natural state, whatever that may be. Repeatedly, throughout Western history, the state has tried by means of sumptuary laws to legislate the degree of personal adornment—to legislate, in other words, the appearances of innocence, if not its actuality. Organized religion, of course, has again and again struggled to oppose our appetite for sexual illusion or artifice. And church and state aside, our recent past contains a variety of utopian efforts, ranging from Tolstoi's and Gandhi's pleas for abstinence to nudist movements to the Mother Hubbards which D. H. Lawrence required the women in his Taos colony to wear. More recently, we have become aware of a trend in the theater, as anti-pornographic as the Mother Hubbard, to present the ordinary naked human body without fashionable inducements of dress or flesh. Even sexology, with its foolish insistence on making of private experience a public scientific behavior, must nevertheless be credited with the same desire to rescue sexuality from prurience. And something similar might be said of group psychotherapeutic experiments in undress that come to us out of the far West. Still, much as we may sympathize with and even support some of these efforts to curb or contain that portion of sexual life that has to do with sexual illusion, we must acknowledge that, allowing for the uncommon exception, such arbitrary programs are fated to render us twice-fallen rather than once-born. I think it not farfetched, incidentally, in this connection, to regard the very deliberate casualness toward sex on the part of some of the young today—in which people choose partners, change partners, move from bed to bed with visible disdain for the fussiness of fashion, flirtation, courtship—all the procedures of sexual illusion—as yet another utopian attempt to achieve a kind of sexual purity, this one revolving about the illusion that there is no sexual illusion.

However, the drama of Adam and Eve's banishment from Eden can have little validity for us, even as allegory, unless their loss is to some degree experienced by us in our ordinary existence. Innocence may indeed be beyond our adult capacities. Yet those of us who admit faltering before the ragged nightgown or being aroused by a dirty picture must also admit the times when the entire apparatus of fashion turns irrelevant, when the bodily sufficiency we search for is, in affection, granted us, so that after the event we can be grateful that self-conscious sexual artifice for once has been transcended. On the other hand, it is this reconciliation which leaves us painfully nostalgic —not for Eden or some Golden Age in the past—but for the fulfillment, actual or merely potential, which we have known or should have known and could know again. Elsewhere I have distinguished

sex from other human activity in this manner:

> Its particular difference from everything else in this life lies in the possibility which sex offers man for regaining *his own* body through knowing the body of his loved one. And should he fail that *knowing* and *being known,* should he lapse into all those ways of *knowing about* which he has proudly learned to confuse with knowing—both bodies will again escape him. Increasingly, as D. H. Lawrence understood, man has become separated from his body, which he yearns to inhabit, such yearning understandably bringing sentimental and scientific prescriptions for the reunion eluding him. Yet it is through the brief reconciliation with his own and his loved one's body that he can now grasp —and endure—the bodily estrangement which has always been his lot, without succumbing to the blandishments that would betray the realities of both sides of this duality.*

Prescriptions for reunion are addressed to a form of perception which, for the most part, does not dominate our day-to-day domestic existence. Even here we shall certainly employ many of the materials and devices of sexual illusion and fulfillment urged on us by the public media —all the coverings and uncoverings, both literal and figurative. But the fact is that ordinarily we do not see, hear, smell, taste, and feel our mates in the manner these media proclaim. In our ordinary life, in private, we *experience* one another—and our relation—and this is not essentially a visual process. We are presences rather than appearances to each other; we "read" each other's visible and objective surfaces as a code to the more substantial invisibilities—of meaning, texture, and habit—of our life together. However, that other, public form of perception, so conspicuous and overblown in Sergio's and Josee's cinematic enterprise, also belongs to us in our private and public worlds. And we feel it most sharply when acquaintances enter our domestic world and we leave it to visit theirs. On such public occasions we fall into experiencing our mates as we imagine they will be experienced by others. Stripped of our private relation, which changes everything, I now see my wife as I think others see her, which is to say that I see her as an aesthetic or sexual or social object. Mannerisms of phrase, countenance, voice, gesture, which usually are no more conspicuous than old prints that have long since merged into the anonymity of the dining-room wall, are now, in this new objectivity, brightly lighted and rigorously framed. Telling an old anecdote, I may, out of the corner of my eye, see more tolerance than amusement in my wife's face as if she were briefly sitting in Sergio's directorial chair, judging my performance in terms that are neither her habit nor my preference. Or, watching her rapt response to her dinner companion's conversation, I will take my turn in Sergio's chair, to wonder if what I see is appropriate or inappropriate to the improvisation I am now compelled to direct. The dress that I thought decent enough when we left for the party now seems too little or too much for this occasion, but I can no longer be sure whether this new evaluation belongs to the dress or my altered perception —or both: whether, in any case, my new vision is the truth domesticity has obscured or simply an insanity I could have spared myself, had I avoided this party altogether.

For the sake of illustration I have arbitrarily made these private and public worlds more discrete than they can ever be. In actuality both worlds interpenetrate, shaping the reality and potentiality of each. In the midst of any gathering our domestic view may unexpectedly and fleetingly return. On the other hand, there will be discordant times in our solitary life together when we see each other publicly, the members of the party invading and challenging every room we would make our own. And with the mounting clamor of sexological exhortation, the bedroom at these times not only offers no sanctuary but seems more crowded with recipes for bodily satisfaction and/or hygiene than the kitchen or bathroom.

To some degree we must live always with a foot in each realm, hoping that something of our private experience will carry over into the public arena, softening some of its harsh objectivity; and hoping as well that that amount of public imagery that *does* pass into our private world (and it does, for we *are* also appearances to each other, and sexual illusion has been, since Adam and Eve, as necessary as it is dangerous) will be peopled by our private selves, subjected by us, in our relation.

If it is hazardous to legislate an Eden through exiling ourselves from the world in which we live, it is equally hazardous on the worldly side to seek a sexual utopia through succumbing to the prescriptions which bombard us from every direction every day of our lives. In both ventures we attempt deliberately to will what cannot be self-consciously willed. It has long been my conviction that ours is an age of the disordered will, our conceit being that there is no human possibility which lies beyond our conscious will. To mention but a few of our more bizarre willful undertakings: we will to sleep, to read fast, to be creative, to have simultaneous orgasm, and to enjoy our old age. As a result of this particular modern disability, we are reluctant to resign ourselves to our natural and inevitable fate of living within the ebb and flow of sexual illusion in both private and public worlds, while at the same time distrusting the efficacy of any given device to bring us the salvation we seek.

*"I'm Sorry, Dear," *The Ways of the Will* (Basic Books, 1966).

GOING HOME IN AMERICA

Midge Decter

St. Paul and the American Condition

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

Is there a place on earth about which I have been so incurious, and really know so little, as this one? I was born here, grew up here, lived and went to school here until the age of nineteen. I spoke, before the teasing of friends and the erosion of time together erased most of the natural character from my speech, in its flat, open-mouthed and tight-throated accent. I perhaps thought its thoughts and assumed its assumptions, I perhaps judged with its judgments—although that is difficult to know: for the very act of trying to bring one's unthinking thoughts, assumptions, and judgments, even of long ago, into consciousness alters and ironizes them. Let us just say that although many people are surprised by the fact now, when I first arrived a yearning young immigrant to New York City, no one had the least difficulty in recognizing me as an immigrant from the deep Middle West.

Some new acquaintances, as I remember, valued this in me, finding the manners I did not then know I had to be open, cordial, bouncy, after what they probably took to be the fashion of the open prairie. Others did not value it, and ill concealed their answering winces at some or another mark of a too-easy familiarity or over-hospitality on my part. In either case, the point is that I was almost a full-blown adult, as people nearing twenty seemed to be in those days, and the recency of my arrival from a home somewhere else—from this particular somewhere else—was not only a fact but a vital element in my relations with people.

Nor, though I am now most often, and in my opinion most accurately, taken for a "real" New Yorker, have my deepest connections with this home been severed. My mother and father remain here. So do my sister and her family, and innumerable cousins, some of whom are my friends. I have come here almost once a year for more than twenty. Some of my visits, particularly when my children were infants, were quite extended.

Yet I drive through these streets now, as I was driven through them in childhood, without either knowing or deeply caring to know any of the sorts of things I have made it my business to find out about other places visited only for a weekend or sometimes just passed through. Being an unreconstructed amateur sociologist—which is to say, a twentieth-century American given to a certain degree of self-awareness—I find at the least stimulus of the new that my mind is filled with minute questions of power, of hierarchy, of relation, of history. Recently in these pages Walker Percy described the experience of being stuck one afternoon in Philadelphia and suddenly seized with puzzlement at the thought that so many people, tokened by the houses and offices and traffic all around him, should in of all places be living in Philadelphia. I responded to that passage, beneath the joke it was making, as probably only one of Mr. Percy's contemporary Americans could respond to it. For in this country we know that men do not volunteer for their fate, and yet—sense of order assaulted almost constantly by the spectacle of men, families, communities in motion, in transit—we feel a perpetual need to know and be able to name what has driven them.

In and about my hometown, however, I have felt no such need. I cannot, for instance, name its really powerful men. I know where once could be found its celebrated pockets of wealth, know this because they were incorporated into the local myths of my childhood—and where, having been so, they probably no longer represented the effective truth: Mr.

James Jerome Hill, founder of the Great Northern Railway, and with it, of the fortune that was a cornerstone of civic pride, whose great Summit Avenue mansion had become a nunnery (or so we children told one another); the Weyerhaeusers, lumber giants, whose name and designation in the pantheon brought to childish imaginings associations with that other Giant Lumberman, Paul Bunyan. But the figures of whom we were encouraged to speak were these unseen, these historic ones, railroads, lumber, mining, whose names had receded to legend, or graced the street signs, and whose money now floated above in the great abstract cloud bank of philanthropy: foundations and public good deeds.

But of the others, the living, all-too-unlegendary men whose decisions come to define the daily condition of the rest of us in this place, I know not even a title beyond "they." I sit having lunch in the Victorianate dining room of the Minnesota Club with an immensely busy stranger who offers me his time and attention out of some deep private obligation to kindness. This club is the precinct of power, and the terminal station of arrival, in St. Paul, Minnesota; I have never been here before. Emboldened by my identification with New York, and in the classy tough-guy posture of that identification, I put the question to my host bluntly: Who runs this town? For answer, he includes the roomful of our fellow diners within a single sweeping gesture of his hand. He identifies for me rapidly, this bank, that bank, an insurance company or two, an industry whose name refers to a piece of heavy machinery I'm not sure I could recognize by sight. . . .

These men are clearly very clever, for one has to be clever to reach the point of pinning down the destiny of a busy and not unimportant city. They are also fools. For they have made plans—perhaps in this very room—torn up the entire downtown section of the city, crisscrossed it with superhighways, planted their specimens of this era's architecture in squared-off ranks among the bombed-out sites and asphalted-over parking lots; and each of these plans, superhighways, renewals, and glass-walled office buildings has been argued for and undertaken for the sake of some civic "need." They are fools because they do not seem to know that in all this exercise of the power to transform—cannot know it, or else they would have been forced to find one touch with which to vary the inexorable logic of their tearing and building—they have been herded into doing exactly the same thing that everyone in power in cities from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific is doing.

Other things I have no precise knowledge of regarding the place of my birth: the nature of its real political arrangements; its ethnic composition (its predominant religious affiliation is Catholic, which makes it extraordinary among Midwestern cities); the sexual mores of its regular middle class, professional middle class, or, for that matter, any other class; and above all, the criteria for its success or failure as a civic, and civil, organism.

I don't suppose many of us know such things about the hometowns departed in our youth. Maybe not even if we are impelled, as I am during this visit, to take to the library and seek out the available research.The city in which we spend childhood and adolescence and that in which we might seek to be knowing adults are two different places. The former is so local and particular, so bound up with the accidents of private condition—family custom, neighborhood custom, friendship—as to remain forever unreachable by those avenues of detachment and skepticism needed to bring us to the latter. A child's city is run by its celebrities, and the effective power over his life, as he sees it, rests exclusively in the hands of parents, teachers, public officials, and the social leaders among his contemporaries.

Within the past few years I have run into several people who also grew up in St. Paul but were not known to me here. It was they, I think, who taught me this lesson. One of them, for example, an important Negro leader, spent a good part of his childhood on a street and in a condition I had literally never seen; another, a Jew from Russia, grew up in the slum at the opposite end of town from the pleasant and tidy, though far from elegant, middle-class neighborhood in which my family lived. We speak of St. Paul and we speak not only of different worlds but actually of different cities: at a time, mind you, when the place boasted a population of around 200,000 and was completely circumnavigable by car in less than an hour.

And if you are a girl, there is an extra reinforcement to your child's passivity toward the definition of existence handed you at birth. Little girls live from the very beginning with the consciousness that childhood is transitory, that their identities rest with the future and will be provided from the outside. They do not poke about in the material world so much, do not in my opinion suffer the anguish of their incompleteness and powerlessness so much, do not later seem to remember so much of being tried and tested and failing, as little boys. For them childhood is less an apprenticeship than a slow gathering of the arsenal with which to prove their mettle against what the world, and fate, has in store for them. In short, they are ex-

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EPITAPH FOR A LADIES' MAN

by David Wagoner

His life was dedicated to the proposition.
Girls were his charity, and he gave till it hurt.
Whatever he did to himself was second nature.
First nature now is treating him like dirt.

---

pecting to be, and learning to fit themselves to be, somebody's wife. And a wife is a person who has learned not to question the terms of existence but rather how to seek to turn them to her advantage. So when they are young, girls tend to be concerned mostly with the selves they will be transporting to wherever it is life has it in mind to take them, and very little with where they happen to be now.

I had thought, in coming this time, to take the train. It seemed such a profound and fitting thing to do. You travel overnight to Chicago and spend the better part of a day going north alongside the course of the Mississippi River. The trip is not particularly scenic or impressive, as the river itself is not at this point in its travels—having nothing, say, of the sweep, or in Paul Goodman's marvelous term, the lordliness, of the Hudson, which flows by me almost beneath my window every day. But what mighty thoughts I could have induced myself to have in those hours!—thoughts of a place called America and of my connection, as a former Mississippi River dweller, to it. St. Paul only exists at all, of course, courtesy of the Mississippi River; early in the nineteenth century it was the northernmost navigable point at which to set up an Army outpost to contain the Indians and a trading post to relieve them of their trappings. But even the dim historic titans of my childhood—railroads and lumber—were figures of that phase in the conquest of the continent that superseded the river. The settlers who followed on the heels of the Army left behind a painstaking chronicle of the day in each year when the ice was sufficiently melted for the first boat to get through; to judge from the journals and diaries they left behind, life was a sort of inevitable round of being wiped out by fire and renewed by water, fires in the winter and boats in the summer. And if St. Paul exists courtesy of the Mississippi, there is, too, I suppose, a level on which it is possible to say I exist courtesy of St. Paul. I have not, however, anywhere in my being experienced either of these propositions, and in my mind, only just now and only by an effort of will. For me the Mississippi was always as simply given, as accidental and merely decorative, as the giant fir tree that lived in our front yard. We crossed it to get to Minneapolis, our twin city; we parked our cars on its embankment to neck; we took an occasional moonlight excursion downstream twenty miles or so and back on an old-fashioned stern-wheeler; once on a dare, and with a feeling of terror so vivid I can still revive the ache in my lungs intact, I crossed it in a light canoe. But the original, primitive, non-accidental lives of the river and of that girl whom I remember as myself did never genuinely intersect.

So I came by plane, arriving in the only St. Paul that truly belongs to me. The jet plane, and the vast hollow and hostile air terminal it has created, in my hometown as everywhere else, are of a technology more recent than my growing-up here, but the spirit and the tendency bespoken by them are not.

Yet it is not just the greedy indifference of childhood that keeps one from coming to grips with the nature of one's social existence here in St. Paul. Those who have remained here to participate in its adult world of getting, begetting, and spending—or even those who, like certain of my cousins, have come here from the little towns in the Dakotas, Minnesota, Wisconsin, whose true metropolis this has always been—seem as ungrounded as I both in history and in a theory to account for their present condition.

My mother, for instance, was born here and spent a large part of her girlhood in a tiny section of town adjacent to the downtown that must in those years have constituted for her, as Groveland Park did for me, a whole universe. By the time of my own girlhood this section was known as "Lowertown"—a largely lifeless slum, then being allowed to crumble into the earth—and several years ago the whole thing was simply converted into an expressway facilitating approach to the State Capitol. I doubt, though, if I had been given enough of a feeling of stake in the place even to ask, that my mother could tell me who then owned the neighborhood and who, for what real motive, decreed its erasure.

She is as rooted in St. Paul as any Yankee Brahmin in Boston. True, the little graveyard we sometimes used to pass on our way to the lake, just twenty miles out of the city, where we spent our summers (and where my mother and father still do), holds no generation earlier than that of her parents; but then after all the city itself is not all that much older. It is maybe her very rootedness that has propelled her, so unselfconscious, so unresisting, along the course of upheaval after geographic upheaval that has brought her finally to a semi-luxury apartment in what is, as closely as I can count, the sixth neighborhood away from that of her origin. For so much of America the name

of the game was move west and don't look back. The city, too, played it, and so did she.

My researches produce the name of the first child born to the community of settlers that originally claimed this ground. The settlers were French, fur trappers they were, and fur traders, and the baby's name was Basil Gervais. The name jumps off the page at me. We pronounce it "Jarvis"—one of the dozens of lakes that skirt the city bears this name—but that is not why I am interested. This is the name, the marriage-name, of the housemaid who looked after the household, and especially me, from the time I was six or seven until I turned thirteen. Those were Depression years, and we were not well-to-do, but everyone had housemaids then. They were farm-girls whose fathers had been reduced to debt and penury, and they cleaned and cooked and sewed and nannied for five or six dollars a week and the chance to live with their feet on pavements. I was the youngest in the family and, as was the tradition, Rose was particularly my property. She kept me in line and taught me about sex and told me her secrets, and when she converted to Catholicism in order to marry her fiancé of more than ten years' standing, it was I who drilled her in her catechism. Her husband-to-be was a wiped-out farmer who worked as a handyman on the grounds of a children's TB sanitorium out in the country. Every night after the dinner dishes were done he would arrive in a beat-up Model-T coupe, park along our back alleyway, and Rose would go out to sit there with him, for hours and hours until long after I was asleep.

Years after she married and left us, the summer that I myself was preparing to leave, I ran into her holding by the hand a tiny, frail, brilliantly black-eyed little boy—was his name, too, Basil? She told me the Gervaises were farming again. Now I ask my father, I ask my host at lunch, I ask a cousin: "The small truck farmers around these parts . . . what are they doing?—do they make a living?" Nobody really knows. They all wonder, and quite rightly, why I am asking such an unlikely question.

No, they cannot tell me, my family and friends from my school years, "who runs this town" or "who makes a living." Nor could they tell me, if I were to throw off the easinesses of a Midwestern upbringing enough to wish to delve into the matter, what really happened to all of us when I was growing up—nor even what has happened since.

My hometown produced one writer, F. Scott Fitzgerald. What was best about Fitzgerald was the way he understood—as perhaps Middle Westerners preeminently are given the opportunity to understand—the crippling of the spirit that comes in a society incapable of making a clean breast of the order of its valuations. What was worst in him was the seepage from his own inability to make a clean breast of the order of *his* valuations and so to free himself from them. But they seem to care very little in St. Paul either for or about Fitzgerald. Certainly I do not remember his having been mentioned to us in school as a local boy who made good (although we knew the name of every movie star born in the state of Minnesota and of every major-league ballplayer who had ever played on one of its minor-league teams). He was not even denounced as a traitor to his home and people. I meet a young boy, son of an old friend, literarily inclined and well-educated, a senior in Fitzgerald's old school, the St. Paul Academy. "Do they make a great fuss about Fitzgerald at SPA?" I ask him. "They never mention him," is the answer. I think St. Paulites pay no special attention to Fitzgerald not because they disapprove of him but because, since with the exception of a couple of stories the reference has not been made explicit, they have never understood or believed that he was writing about them.

Why should we all have cared to know so little? And how did we escape knowing more? Not because, in the fashionably republican claim, "average" people are largely indifferent to the affairs of the world around them. For if such claims are true, or even by a number of other criteria, the people of whom I am mostly speaking here, the people I know, are not "average." They are educated beyond the average, serious, philanthropic, and community-minded beyond the average (if there is one), and certainly live on an annual income, and in a style, far beyond what the Department of Labor anyway would deem to be the average. And anyone who has not seen the operations of an intense civic spirit among the serious middle class of a middle-sized city in the middle territory of these United States cannot even imagine what the words civic spirit mean.

Our serene innocence had rather to do with the way in which, if you live in St. Paul, you get conditioned to a sense of the inseparability of self and place. Another name for this sense, I suppose, is provincialism. But provincialism will not quite serve, either. The city has in its time been unmistakably racked by the general predicaments of nation and world, and yet those of its inhabitants not immediately involved, and even some who have been, have felt no call to include the racking in their notion of its history.

One of the most dramatic examples of this had to do with Prohibition. Somewhere close to dead center of the route from Canada to Al Capone's Chicago, St. Paul was a busy relay station for traffic in bootleg whiskey, with all the riot, anxiety, and cynicism that went with it. A certain number of moderate fortunes were made, a certain number of impressive fortunes were initially bankrolled, in the driving of trucks to Chicago for Capone or someone ultimately connected to him. Throughout

my childhood it was whispered of some people I knew that they had been in jail, and there were other whisperings too, disjointed, imprecise, of kidnappings, beatings, men being doused with alcohol and set on fire. They lived among us, the objects of these whisperings, and prospered—at least those I came to know, the ones who by definition lived, as they say, to tell the tale, did. But they and their presence were to teach us nothing about ourselves.

Then there were other kinds of stories, tales for children, about the desperadoes of the Depression who traveled the Midwest and spent time among us: Dillinger, Baby-Face Nelson, Pretty-Boy Floyd. St. Paul in the late Twenties and early Thirties might have been a television producer's dream. In the Snelling Café, where we sometimes went for hamburgers after the movies, someone had been gunned down in full daylight; they said if you knew where to look, you could still see the bullet scars in the wall. At some point the city also became a gangster's dream of haven, the police chief, whose name I cannot remember but whose underworld nickname was reported to be The Cardinal, offering the deal that one could live at peace with the authorities in St. Paul if the plying of one's somewhat troublesome trade were confined across the river in Minneapolis or elsewhere.

And still, childish romancing aside, crime had no part in the possibilities we represented to ourselves as those within the limits of our life in society. Neither crime nor violence—not to mention alcoholism, rape, incest, homosexuality—nor even, finally, tragedy, this last term being reserved in our common usage for handicapping illness or untimely death. All these evils, to be sure, existed (though of this, too, there were those who had their doubts), but not, no never, here.

Provincialism, as I said, is not really the word. Provincialism means the imposition of a limited experience on the definition of a larger. What was at work in us was something more intractable, and madder. It was not experience we lacked, only the ability to admit that we had had it. Only that which we could allow ourselves to be could we allow our city to contain. We allowed ourselves to be the kind of Americans we believed in: we were friendly, we were decent, and above all, we were the masters of our will, victims in any misfortune of nothing but our own failure to order things better. We were certainly not free of sin, neither venial nor mortal—there were too many Catholics among us to believe that. But we were beyond question free of any taint of secret knowledge. Our city, then, was a friendly place, decent, and in control of itself. Nastiness, largely imported, might make an appearance here from time to time, but there was no deeper, subterranean reality flowing beneath the façade of our everyday language. And the Americans we believed in were the true, the only true, Americans. The troubles that others got themselves into were of their own alien making. They could not happen here. Even in the very midst of their happening here, we denied it.

Across the river, and in some places merely across the street, was Minneapolis: bigger, busier, more heavily industrialized, Protestant, given to the workings of grace and damnation. We went there for entertainment, grace and damnation being the source of art in America; Minneapolis had nightclubs, Italian restaurants, gay bars, a burlesque house, a low-down main street of movie theaters, penny arcades, and popcorn—and we did not. Minneapolis had an art museum, an orchestra, a great university, and though we were the capital, we did not. St. Paul went dark and quiet every night; Minneapolis did not. The two cities, as can be seen, were rivals, and naturally much sport, and not all of it good-natured either, was made of their rivalry. But I do not think that anyone on either side—except perhaps St. Paul's small merchants left behind to do business in what even in my childhood was a dying downtown, sacrificed to the conservative policies, or maybe even certain ulterior designs, of St. Paul's investment money—felt any envy. To us the arts and wiles, the leavening, of Minneapolis were an available convenience; we were, and as I gather most St. Paulites still are, content to let the Minneapolitans pay the everyday price for them. "Let them have the culture," one of the town's leading bankers is reported to have said as late in the era of nationwide culture-consciousness as last year, "as long as we have a solid payroll."

Our refusal to incorporate the elan, together with the turbulence, of the city next door into the realm of our defined possibilities grew *a fortiori* infinitely more intense when it came to those other vast and distant cities, New York and Chicago. If Chicago was at least a grand aberration from life as we recognized it, in the sense that we could find some common ground with its public manners and could hear no very discernible difference in its accent, New York was quite beyond the pale. My father had come to St. Paul from New York as a very young man. I was taken there for the first time when I was six to visit my grandparents in Brooklyn, and I remember a moment in which, among a traffic of baby carriages, howling children, chattering women, bathed in an overpowering mixture of bakery and delicatessen smells on Bay Parkway, I experienced a first hazy resolve to live in this place someday. But whether my resolve was forgotten, buried, or whether it was precisely strengthened by such an attitude, we were all given to the "knowledge" that New Yorkers were a different breed of people from us and consequently lived a very different life. They did not "entertain," for instance, did not involve themselves in

community affairs, were not friendly and helpful, and most of all, went their way open-eyed and passive in the presence of the unimaginable.

The point is not worth pressing very heavily. To live in New York is to be told at least a dozen times a year and in a dozen different contexts by people who live elsewhere—be it Washington, Detroit, Dallas, or Los Angeles—that your attitudes, concerns, and experiences have nothing to do with those of the rest of America. In St. Paul, this very standard idea was given only one added twist: the un-Americanism of New Yorkers was in some way their own fault. If by the very tolerant not to be censured, it was not to be pitied either. After all, no law kept them there in all that filth and difficulty. . . .

But denying the experience to awareness or not, my hometown has managed to ring every single one of the changes that American society has put to urban existence. On each succeeding visit, particularly within the past decade, I have found a city in exactly the same process of development as has overtaken every other in the land, even—dare I say it?—my own poor, beset and embattled, New York.

One enters the city by means of an air terminal like every other; makes one's way on one of the non-stop parkways that have also in the end congested, and from the beginning defaced, every other; arrives in a new suburban neighborhood that, only because St. Paul happened to have the room for it, is inside the city but otherwise indistinguishable from every other; and listens to anxious talk of college admittances, Negro demonstrations in the high school, the replacement of slum neighborhoods with industrial parks, the lack of facilities for the aged. On my next visit, the pollution of the Mississippi will undoubtedly have been added to the list.

It does not, however, matter that a whole generation of my friends and contemporaries set up housekeeping in a concert of style and concern dictated to them from everywhere without their knowing it. Had they known, would they have had any alternative? It does not matter that in knocking the old city down and trying to put it together again, St. Paulites believed their decisions to be tailored to their preferences rather than cut so accurately from a national assembly-line pattern one could predict the results with one's eyes closed. It is being knocked down and put together pointlessly all the same.

America may have reached the point, St. Paul, I think, has surely reached it, where knowledge of their share in a much larger predicament would spare people nothing.

The first day I am here my sister drives me to the campus of the university. We are on a not very serious sentimental quest for the haunts of our student days. She is three years older than I, so our years in the university overlapped for a little. We plan to visit the house of the sorority we both once belonged to, but it is vacation time, the sorority house is closed up, and neither of us cares. We are both mothers of teen-age girls, and touring the university, it is not the past but only the future that really interests us. The university, like everything in the world we share, has expanded almost beyond recognition, and part of the expansion is a new, still unfinished, and muddy campus on the west bank of the river. This campus, I believe, houses the first two years of the liberal-arts program. In any case, I do not have to be told anything about the West Bank, for as we drive along the streets that border it—and they are deserted now—the whole story tells itself. Here there are neither sorority houses nor dormitories but apartment buildings, some very new, some very old. There is a Head Shop, replete with tired psychedelic posters, junk jewelry, and the dusty, inevitable lapel buttons; a boutique whose display of wares in the window cannot be sexually differentiated; a paperback book store.

What more is there to tell? It is here that international youth culture has planted its flag of claim to Minnesota. One extrapolates the rest: dropouts, shack-ups, marijuana, amplified guitars, interracial mating and sexual war, and all the lares and penates of that new religion of love which is nothing but the infinite adumbration of narcissism. My sister is upset by the place, and I am momentarily annoyed with her. What is she so upset about? What are they all so upset about? Did they think, did they actually believe, when they first heard and read of these things, and watched their advance guard on television capturing the exploitation market, that they would be hazards only to the children of others? But my annoyance passes as quickly as it is roused. She is a child of my own mother, and mother to my niece; what intellectual formulation stands against that? I am no calmer, for all my habit of analysis and setting of contexts, on my own territory. Besides, she is that kind of girl, she has never done a drop of harm to anyone but herself.

I am to hear talk of the West Bank, in one form or another, over and over again before I leave. They must decide, my old friends, even as I must decide—and not in the name of society, for that is easy, but in the name of the intimate responsibility they have assumed for their children—what they think about drugs, sex, race, even what they think about life.

I know now that because I am a New Yorker, my experience is the more truly, the more typically, American one. It is my America that is moving in on them. God is about to bless them with an opportunity, and may He also save them from it, but there is no turning back now.

Harper's Magazine, June 1969



Cal Coolidge & the Co

POEM FOR $98.41 PLUS, HOPEFULLY, BONUSES.

BY JOHN CIARDI

Monday's child in Boston looked like soot
on blackloaf cobbles under the screeching El
on Causeway St. Friday's child looked like fishguts.
And all the ratfaced week I ever saw
fouling its gutters, Judson Tredlowe Marshall
looked like Calvin Coolidge. Or like a man
who looked like Coolidge looking in a glass
to see himself again and again wonder
how he'd missed being President. As Cal had,
and most of all when he found himself in office.

—That's two resemblances, or one and a half,
plus soot and fishguts and all the rat-scratched week
in Boston-Mass for the saint-misted names
and the frame around them. Add a high stiff collar,
a pin-knot headbookkeeper's tie, a jawbone
bulging with its grip on integrity,
and what you have will do for J. T. Marshall
doing for Calvin Coolidge at about
eleven cents on the dollar—
against which I,
hereby, as of this date I sit to write,
being June 30th, 1966,
lay claim to ninety-eight dollars and forty-one cents.
Meaning I'll take more but won't settle for less.
And I've waited long enough. This is the story:

Getting a job in 1933
was family grapevine business. What jobs there were
were hanging out no shingles. You found your door
when someone you knew knew someone.

I was just out of high school with nothing to do
and less than half a start toward college money.
I needed a paycheck anywhere there was one
for doing anything there was to do,
and after a while John Follo, my *compadre,*
made the connection.
John Follo was a barber.
He and my Uncle Alec and Frank Fiore
made half of nothing a week in a ratty shop
under the El, a block south of North Station
and cater-corner from the Biscuit Co.

J. T. Marshall—*Meestra Maresciallo*—
was chief clerk at the Co and what they had
for gentry in the shop. When he walked in
even Frank Fiore stopped bellowing Mussolini
and *Italia irridenta.* Any customer
was one more quarter and maybe a nickel tip,
which was pedigree enough on Causeway St.
But *Maresciallo* was a *gentilaman*—
a daily shave, a haircut once a week,
and one of the Lords of Life who Hired and Fired.

I used to shine his shoes when I was a kid
squeezing for nickels, but my *compadre,* John,
who liked a gesture, would never let him pay me.
And J. T. Marshall, who seemed to like his nickels,
never insisted hard enough to lose one.
Not that I lost out by it—my *compadre*
was not a man to charge me for his gestures.
He always paid for God once God had left.
—But I could still think what I wasn't saying
because the *compadre* would rather it wasn't said.

God knows what pious drivel and kowtowing
John Follo—rest the sweet soul of a man—
sang and danced to, talking me up to a job
over hot towels, Bay Rum, and Lucky Tiger.
I know I came out of it at least a saint,
for J. T. God said yes, and I was called
by His elected messenger, my *compadre,*
who took two hours to lecture me half enough
on the divinity of J. T. Marshall
and on the deference due him.
Fair enough.
He needed deference. I needed a job.
I'd trade him need for need.
On the Chosen Day
I walked in like God's choirboy and sat stiff
as Yessir, Nosir, and Fifty Merit Badges—
thirty-seven of which I did once have,
including one (I swear it) for Animal Husbandry
that had something to do with litters of white rats.
Badged or unbadged but scrubbed to halos, I sat
while J. T. read the Sermon on the Biscuit
from Ambition through Integrity to Zeal.
There while the El trains screamed by unavailing
outside his window and his mottoed wall,
he taught me that the future lay ahead.
And though the present started at the bottom,
who knew but what in Forty Faithful Years
I might not sit—well, not at *His* high desk
but maybe on the same floor, in a corner,
where every day, while I was being True,
I, too, might read the mottoes on the wall.

—It was no worse than Coolidge's Inaugural.
And longer (if that's better). And twice as noble
(whether that's better or worse).
—And down to business:
I got the job. The downstairs shipping room.
The night shift. We punched in at eight o'clock
and worked till the trucks were ready: most nights
till four,
Friday till midnight, days before days before
holidays till nine or ten. The good Co,
whose name and prayer was Service, advertised
twenty-four hour delivery. Orders booked
one working day went out the next. The route books
were in the shipping room by eight o'clock.
And while the shipping crews filled up the handcarts
and wheeled them to the loading gate, where Gallagher
chanted his night-long litany of Kute Kookies
to the crews' nasal antiphon, three of us,
known as the Invoice Crew, illuminated
triplicate manuscripts of Honey Hunks,
Goo Globules, Marshy Mounds, and Sugar Shingles
with marginalia of price and poundage
row after row, cross-checking, pulling carbons,
and piddling progress through the long subtotals
to its great nothing at fourteen bucks a week.

And glad to have it. I'd have done more for less.
Though not in virtue's name. Or not, at least,
as virtue sounded forth from the high office
and lower orifice of J. T. Marshall.
Concerning which and whom, I got the word
from my *compadre,* my third day on the job,

This poem is one of a series of autobiographies by John Ciardi in which he has tried "to work back into poetry some of the devices available to the novelist but largely abandoned by the poets." Together with his translations of Dante, this book-in-progress is Mr. Ciardi's major work. Born in 1916 in Boston, he taught at Kansas City University, Harvard, and Rutgers 1940-1961, with time out for the Army. He is poetry editor of "Saturday Review" and Director of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference.

that I was to pay him for a handsome hat—
A Stetson—he had promised J. T. Marshall,
who was too noble to take my first week's pay
as his employment fee, but who had agreed
(with some reluctance even) to accept
a fine pearlgray fedora my *compadre*
had made a deal for with Jake's Haberdashery
around the corner. Not only had I bought
that kingly man a hat, but my princely discount
left me a dollar-ten from my first week's pay.
Such was my dividend from the Higher Ethics
of J. T. Marshall. And, on my sixteenth week,
a two buck raise for another.
I was rich:
a dollar a week for carfare, one to spend,
and twelve to bank—at first—and then fourteen.
J. T. could have had Sears-Roebuck's best tin halo
out of my first week's pay, had they one to fit him.

Yet never doubt I meant to get mine back
and in hard cash—with interest—*for* hard cash.
Not that I held a grudge. A Stetson delivered
to Old Integrity as the price of the faith
and in memory of Calvin Coolidge and the Dodo
is nothing to hide a bilious night light under
for thirty-three years. And J. T. God drained dead
into his own glass inkwell years ago.
—I wouldn't hold a grudge against a ghost,
not even one that looked like Calvin Coolidge
snitching fedoras and shoeshines from the poor.
It's just that I'd sooner turn a fool to advantage
than lose my advantage of him.
Besides, I promised.
Promised myself, at least.
One August morning
of 'thirty-four (I had been accepted at Bates,
had cash enough to eke out the first year,
and had given notice) I was called upstairs
by Calvin J. T. Coolmarsh.
He had his desk
(as I might have said before, though now will do)
at one end of the aisle, like half an altar
(the lower half) whose glory managed yet
to shine down on the stalls of bent gray saints
at ghostly homage in their Curia.
The Wall said: THINK. And: YOU ARE YOUR OWN FUTURE.
And, in four colors: NEW! KASHEW KA-RUNCHIES!

And against the Wall, lighting these sacraments,
a hatrack rose resplendent to the Lord
in oak of the True Cross, upon which shone
straight to my soul as I sat facing Him,
the Pearlgray Perfect Stetson of Great Price,
its purity undimmed by the dark year.

"College!" the High Priest said. "Well, now. Well,
well, now!"
(He liked a round beginning twice around.)
"We like to see a young man get ahead."
(*And old heads get new Stetsons*, the oak whispered,
dancing a little as a train shot by
just at the window, strewing splinters of light.)
"Still, if I'd known you hadn't meant to stay . . .
you know we think of ourselves as a family . . .
I don't know what we'll do for a replacement. . . ."
(*Spit out the window.* I thought of telling him.
*Lift the first hat you hit. If what's under it
can hold a pencil and can see the sidewalk,
that's twice enough for any job you've got.*)
". . . A question of loyalty and clear understanding,
you understand . . ."
I said I understood.
I said I was grateful for the opportunity.
I said my heart would ever be with the Co
and the family of Cal Marshedge and J. T. Coolshell.
He said he would shake my hand and wish me luck.
The hat tree shook again. The Stetson's ghost
called from my *compadre*, "Remember me!"
He said, "Goodbye." I said, "Goodbye, sir. Thank you."
He said, "Be worthy of your opportunity."
—What could I say to that? It choked me up
to think what sentiment was in that man.

I stumbled out the door and into the Waldorf
(the cafeteria, not the hotel)
and over coffee-and I sat and wrote
"12.90" and then figured 6%
compounded annually for fifty years
from 1933, and drew a circle
around the last date, 1983,
and wrote "to be collected before then."
—And swore it by the oak of the True Hatrack
until it flower again at the last Easter,
or till the last fool's dead in Boston-Mass,
or till it's eight P.M. at the Biscuit Co
on the eve of the Last Delivery, or until
I had turned one damnfool to my advantage
or lost my advantage of him and gone damned
for being more fool than what I call a fool.
And damned if I'll be so damned.
That's why this poem,
whatever it lacks of merit, won't lack point
if I can sell it to some fool editor
for a minimum of 12.90 at 6%
compounded, as of 1966,
for thirty-three years—which comes out, as I have it
(I don't remember what I figured then
but I called my insurance agent, and take his figure)
to exactly ninety-eight dollars and forty-one cents,
claimed from and for the ghost of J. T. Marshall
along with such bonuses as may be due me
for having studied the arts of exorcism
(which only a fool, let me insist, will sneer at.)

Harper's Magazine, June 1969

Marshall Frady

COOLING OFF WITH LBJ

One of the peculiar cruelties of government is that a man is President one instant and a politically propertyless common citizen the next. At the least, however, it should never be assumed that a spirit like Lyndon Johnson gives up power painlessly.

His old attendants from those days when the sun was high occasionally appear now in Austin—a town which, like most in Texas, seems rather a trivial and incidental occurrence in a landscape and sky of an extra magnitude. One mica-bright dusty week last March, there was a high-school basketball tournament under way in the city, and the lobby of the Driskill Hotel—a vintage Texas-Gothic brick edifice with steers' heads for gargoyles, resembling a sun-faded provincial train terminal—was clamorous with youths in bulky letter jackets and pale crinkled jeans who had been hectically unloaded there, onto the marble floors beneath suspended baskets of ferns spilling down clusters of tall cream columns, from far scattered junctions with names like Hutto and Sudduth and Dripping Springs and Alice and Pflugerville, along with their string-tied suitcases and shopping bags and grave elders who, still a little flushed and winded and rumpled, instantly asked the bellhops in the elevators, "And where you from?" One evening, in the midst of this brief migration from the Texas outback, a short taut brisk man in a checkered overcoat, with a manner faintly harried and propelled, paused at the cigar counter to purchase a newspaper, and stuffing the paper furiously under his arm, an expression on his face of abstract and puzzled urgency, he plunged toward the door—but suddenly stopped, hung a moment, and skittered back to purchase a cigar, and then flickered on away into the crowd: one hotel guest who noticed him realized only an hour or so later that it had been, mysteriously conjured all the way from the Elysian gardens of Sunset Boulevard, Jack Valenti.

But he has remained invisible himself. It has been, so far, a kind of non-presence. Aside from his town hands, like the custodian of his television station, few of his old acquaintances in Austin have even glimpsed him for all the months he supposedly has been back. One of them, a gusty and gristled Austin entrepreneur named Ed "Big Daddy" Clark, who enjoyed an ambassadorship to Australia for awhile, wheezes cheerfully, "Naw, he's not answerin' any calls, so I haven't been in touch with him on the telephone. I don't know of anywhere he's been up here. I haven't heard any of my friends say they've seen him. He always used to be hell on goin' to funerals, he's been to the most funerals of any man I ever saw, but he hadn't even been to any of those lately. I don't know how much time he spends down at the ranch or how much time he spends up here. He may be unhappy, or he may be happy. He may miss it all, or he may not. I don't know, and don't anybody else around here know either."

Nevertheless, on some mornings not long after dawn, a helicopter uproariously materializes in the flat dull sky over Austin, clattering on over the city in the early morning hush and then swooping sideways as it nears Austin's towering newly minted federal office building, where it pauses, dangles gawkily for a moment with blades battering, and then, with a final soft flutter, drops daintily onto the roof. Such are his visitations now, his annunciations. An elevator carries him, unseen, down from the roof to his private floor of office suites, where he and Lady Bird have an apartment complete with fireplace and dining room. And at dusk, he departs, the helicopter which has waited on the roof abruptly racketing again and, after a moment, swinging back up, chattering away into the distance, diminishing to a dot and then nothing in the waning white evening sky.

Part of it may be just that delicate Southern Victorian inclination to pass through what are genteelly described as Periods of Adjustment—like death, like cataclysmic scandal, like menopause—in discreet seclusion, behind lowered window shades in hushed dim rooms. In this case, it's a

terrific psychic implosion: one of the peculiar cruelties of our more or less mechanistic processes of government is that a man is President of the United States one instant and a politically propertyless common citizen the next. But this remains one phase of the Presidency—the unplugging, the withdrawal—that has never really been chronicled: a whole zone of the Presidential experience so far unmapped.

Now, with his precipitous de-escalation back down into Gillespie County and the timeless blankness of his origin, he is, in private, passing through this mystery. At the least, it could never be imagined that a spirit like Lyndon Johnson gives up power painlessly. His press secretary during his latter days, George Christian, stoutly insists, "Of course, he'd already made the decision long before he announced, so he'd already gone through all the agonies and got 'em over with before anyone else even knew what he was gonna do." But back at his ranch the night after his public abdication, he looked, according to one dinner guest that evening, "like he'd been pulled through a wringer"; he was snuffling drearily with the first bleak nuances of a spring cold, but he roused himself once to observe elegiacally to Lady Bird, "If I should die tonight and people ask you the great people I've known, don't forget to put Dean Rusk in there as one of the greatest." And there are reports that even after the Democratic convention, when it all passed irretrievably beyond even his fingertips, he approached the final moment of relinquishment with fleeting betrayals of a lugubrious inconsolable premonitory lonesomeness, a fierce impotent grumpiness.

When he returned to the ranch after Nixon's inauguration, he held a kind of last benedictory news conference that afternoon on the lawn in front of his house, seated on the grass with reporters hunkered around him, sipping refreshments from paper cups brought to them by Lady Bird. "He kept tellin' what all he'd done, what he'd managed to accomplish," says one Johnson City native who was there, "only, he talked so low, you could hardly hear him. I mean, I was so close to him I could have touched his knee, but I could hardly make out what he was sayin'. . . ." Afterward, as the reporters began scattering back to their cars, he lingered under the trees, solitary and remote, somewhat curtly picking up the paper cups a few of them had dropped in the grass.

So now dispensed with, abruptly and totally disposed of, he is decompressing into the vast vacant spaces of south Texas—inevitably sunken at times in profound mopiness, seized by sourceless pointless after-spasms of urgency and impatience while ceiling fans murmur drowsily and flies bump against back screen doors. As he sits on his back porch in the long late-afternoon sunlight with swing-chains creaking, he unpacks his huge neglected heart only to himself about why he happens to be down here now, listening to bulls moan, instead of still up there in that oval office along Pennsylvania Avenue.

Lyndon Johnson wanted much—in sum, to be the greatest President in the history of the Republic. And at the least, whatever were the calamitous obsessions of his Administration, one could venture that, when the reconsideration of Lyndon Johnson begins, one of its first recognitions will be that he was himself a man of enormous dimensions, with a personality that would have probably challenged Shakespeare. Indeed, there is not a little of Lear about Lyndon; a true tragedy does lurk somewhere in his five years that will take, not so much a journalist or political scientist or historian, but a poet or novelist to discover. What was not exactly the case with, say, Hoover or Truman, Johnson seemed fashioned on a scale for it; one sensed, even in the midst of his most dismal blunderings, that he was, ironically, an awesome phenomenon simply as a human being, with an epic ego, exuberances, glooms, ambitions, paranoias, generosities, will: a kind of ill-starred, left-handed Prometheus.

More, of course, is required in a President than that he just be a promising figure for tragic literature. That one is inclined to regard him now, after his removal into irrelevancy, with a mellow indulgence does not mean he would not be quite as impossible if he were still President. But at the same time, it's fair to say in retrospect that matters of taste, of style tended to be amplified to the status of issues with him. It was his misfortune to appear at a moment when he was dismissed for ebullient vulgarities that, had the same facilities for collective and instant scrutiny been around then, would have equally ended Andy Jackson and Abe Lincoln. This is important only because it indicates there may no longer be an allowance for the Rabelaisian in our leaders, which would be a melancholy and perhaps unhealthy effeteness. Indeed, one even felt a perverse small secret exhilaration at reports of incidents which appalled more fastidious souls—like the occasion when, seated next to the aristocratic wife of a foreign head of state one afternoon under a murderous sun, he ordered a tall glass of ice water, took a heavy lip-smacking swallow, and then held it out to the elegant lady and inquired if she'd maybe like a sip too. It all seemed a part of his innocent robust expansiveness, like his lustiness of metaphor (his Texas-bred staff, somewhat legitimately, were both amused and exasperated by the sodden solemn earnestness with which a lot of Eastern journalists quite literally took his conversational hyperboles). It was a mistake of the supercilious to react to him as a caricature, as essentially a thick, rowdy boor—the kind of unreality, after all, which

does not, in the end, serve life. Curiously enough, though, Johnson himself, in his vulnerability to such criticism, seemed to collaborate in that superciliousness—he acted as if it *did* matter, sulking ponderously, carefully disguising himself in public in the demeanor of a Baptist deacon.

Perhaps, as George Steiner once said of Winston Churchill, Johnson was a magnificent anachronism—or, more precisely on the ultimately decisive matter of Vietnam, a magnificent anomaly: a solitary Roman with the old Roman austerities of endurance, indefatigability, sacrifice, fidelity, doggedness, who was lost and uncomprehending in what is more an age and mood in national government of the Greek graces: introspection, deference, a gentler season of reason and accommodation and measured commitment. But finally, he would not be a casualty of Vietnam so much as of television, Vietnam being the world's first televised war. Technology continues to tug history resistlessly along by the nose, and now, because of television—the most complete simulation yet of actual experience, engaging all the senses that movies do, but more immediately and intimately, without the formality of the theater—no longer can a democracy prosecute a war with detachment and abstractness, because the general society also *experiences* the war to a more personal degree than it did with telegrams and newspapers and radio. The antipathy toward Vietnam, then, has really been an antipathy toward war itself—to be sure, a decent and happy popular aversion. But the old moral equations that have served in the past when the fact of war was really not as immediate, the mixture of true remorse but political and moral necessity—the equations which Johnson quite honestly offered—are no longer adequate to answer the experience. Perhaps there are no longer any equations which can be, which would indeed be a happy development. But in any event, just as Johnson gained the Presidency through accident, so in a sense was he undone through a historical accident which he never fully recognized: television.

The problem is, in contrast to most disconnected Presidents, Johnson is still fairly hale—only sixty years old. And his Presidency was not an even and natural ripening toward a graceful conclusion, but ended in a kind of distracted abortion. Now, it's as if he cannot quite bring himself to come back home, has not been able to really return. Instead, he has mustered in Austin a passable invocation, an extension of that lost life along Pennsylvania Avenue. He still dwells among all the ceremonies and accouterments of circumstance—of an unofficial but curiously similar consequence: a kind of President-emeritus. One is still required to go through Byzantine clearances and filtrations, antechambers and lesser ministers, in approaching him—procedures perhaps not altogether unreasonable to be surrounding a former President, but which, in this instance, seem to have been carried to the point of the arabesque. A school of Secret Service men still swims around his every move. Along with the 6,300-foot concrete runway and hangar left on his ranch, a helicopter and jet are poised at a nearby San Antonio air base for his summons.

When he left Washington, he managed to bring his office almost whole along with him—a long cavalcade of vans set out one evening from the White House with over 8,000 cabinet-drawers of papers, 500,000 photographs preserving 500,000 moments from the past five years, phone transcripts and timetables of his days, the snacks and naps and dips in the pool. He also hauled along with him a good portion of his White House staff, and they surround him now in Texas. His executive secretary, Tom Johnson—an industrious young man from Macon, Georgia, who served as an assistant to Christian in the White House—bears a singular resemblance to Bill Moyers and, oddly enough, Billie Sol Estes, as if there were a Southern Anglo-Saxon variety of enterprising alert serious young men which could be called the Billie Sol Estes species: relentlessly sober, wearing earnest bland expressions with indistinct and faintly elusive eyes behind the unvarying heavy horn-rim glasses, sunless doughy complexions and slate-black hair combed with oil, with a mortician's fondness for dark suits and white shirts and black ties. Johnson seems to have a taste for aides who look as if they might be erstwhile seminary students from some south Texas theological academy who have nimbly adapted themselves to secular interests. One afternoon, Tom Johnson, chatting with a visitor in an outer chamber of the semi-Presidential suite in the federal office building, was notified he had a phone call, and without another word, lunging in mid-sentence with that same air of quiet berserkness of Jack Valenti in the lobby of the Driskill, he snatched open a door and vanished. "When he answers a call like that," offered a secretary in the room, "it could only be one man on the other end of the line."

Also sharing Johnson's exile is Walt Rostow, who, between his weekly seminars at the University of Texas, occupies an office in the federal office building and continues to attend Johnson as his own intellectual-in-residence. No priggish scholar, he has even acquired, to a mild extent,

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Marshall Frady, who grew up in Georgia and South Carolina, lives near Atlanta and wrote the book called "Wallace" published last fall by New American Library-World. Formerly on the staff of "Newsweek" and of "The Saturday Evening Post," Mr. Frady is now a contributing editor of "Harper's."

Johnson's famous unprintable earthiness of language, and has a way of talking in military terms —"I was in a GI frame of mind, like a soldier in the line. . . . We greeted Nixon and his people as fellas coming to take our places in the foxholes, they were our replacements at the front. . . . We clobbered 'em in Tet." General Westmoreland he refers to familiarly as "Westy." One brisk glittering morning recently at the end of the Texas winter, Rostow, having just arrived at his office from a bracing set of tennis, sat tasting from a Styrofoam cup of coffee, still in tennis shoes and a hefty knit sweater which he had shoved, varsity-style, up to his elbows—a man in faintly ascetic shell-rim glasses, with the peculiarly fresh clear translucent skin of a vegetarian, a celibate, a priest, soft as the hide of a new-born puppy, with a neat close-clipped knap of gentle white hair. "Lonesome?" he gamely protested, "—lonesome for what? I'll still see my old associates at MIT, and be in touch with them. It's not the *gayest* form of life down here, but it's extremely interesting." He kept erupting from the sofa in sudden blurts of enthusiasm, stalking about the room with his hands pocketed jauntily in his baggy trousers, scuffing the rug with the toes of his shoes with a locker-room restlessness and eagerness, spinning a swivel chair back and forth with his knees as he stood behind it. "I'm doing the most exciting thing a man can do—I'm laying out a new set of ideas, a whole new way of looking at politics in the relationship between politics and economic growth and war, the impact of wars, using all my years in Washington. I'm at the stage now where the ideas are so powerful—I'm so anxious to plunge into this—" But at one point, having subsided briefly back to the sofa, his heartiness seemed to wane for a moment, and he mused, "Of course, I still miss John Kennedy—I mean, personally—he was like my brother, my real brother—I—it seems sometimes like only yesterday. . . ."

His seminar at the university across town—a campus probably most widely celebrated as the locale where, one glaring summer afternoon three years ago, sniper Charles Whitman picked off forty-four people from its clock-tower—is attended by fifteen graduate students, and lasts three hours. In anticipation of a considerably larger interest, the school arranged to video-tape Rostow's lectures and replay them later in a classroom for the general public. For one of those replays recently, three students were scattered among a clutter of empty desks in a rather drab long room while his voice, from a television set mounted in a corner at the front, proceeded in a toneless and abstract drone, somewhat reedy and flickery from a loose wire in the set: he was sitting at a small plain wooden table, his notes set with a geometric neatness before him, and now and then he dropped his eyes to gaze at the pen which he was fingering. At times



"All those years not buying war toys—for what?"

his voice seemed simply to dwindle away into a strange blankness, emptiness, and presently he would lift a cup to his lips and sip from it absently; then, with a deep sigh seeming to lift his concentration and his voice again, he would finish his sentence with a long rapid downhill skid of words. Finally, one youth in the classroom stood to try to dial the static out of his voice, had no luck, and sat back down.

Actually, one special reason Rostow was brought out to Texas was to assist Johnson in the massive undertaking of his memoirs. More than anything else, this is the obsession—the reconstruction of his five years as President—which occupies Johnson now. It's as if it isn't all over with, in fact hasn't finally happened, until he has defined it, and while he is engaged in this, he seems to be in a kind of time-lock, still experiencing the tensions and frustrations of his disintegrating years in the White House, with a continuation of the same brooding beleaguered mentality, the same malaise of aggrievement and wariness. He has remarked to some, with a bitter wryness, how it seems all the furor over Vietnam evaporated as soon as he removed himself from power—though, of course, this was one of the reasons he did it. His compulsion is still to personalize his tribulations. In a sense, way out in Texas now, he is still under siege. In fact, when one magazine appeared recently with an interview Johnson had granted shortly before leaving office, his reaction, according to Christian, was "He'd been had again—he thought part of that thing was supposed to be off the record." (Christian confessed it was the feeling in the White House that every book that had been published on Johnson, including even William S. White's, had been more or less antagonistic.) One week, several national publications appeared with recountals of how the decision had evolved to suspend the bombing of North Vietnam a year ago—recountals which did not particularly demean Johnson's part in the decision; nevertheless, Johnson's staff, including Rostow, spent the better part of a day feverishly rummaging through old documents and transcripts, and there soon issued from Austin a short sullen statement insisting all the stories had contained "major inaccuracies." He has barricaded himself against all the media, insulated himself from even the most innocuous and benign of interviews. "That's because," said one aide, "whoever it is doing the interview, *he's* gonna decide what he's gonna play up, and what he's gonna play down." It's as if, having withdrawn now to order alone the universe of his Presidency in his memoirs, he must resist all intrusions, all violations from other perspectives, other sensibilities.

Most of the effort is taking place down at his ranch—which, psychologically, is a congenial locale. The mood of the area is like his, only of a more elemental surliness. One of his closest acquaintances, a Blanco County baron named A. W. Moursund, snorted to one journalist who called him recently, "I'm not in the interviewin' business, my friend, I don't care what kind of story it is. If I'd known who you were, I wouldn't have even come to the phone. . . ." Declared one lady in Johnson City, "Of course, people in the East, they look on us as I don't know what all. Johnson wasn't the only one who resented that, I resent it myself. Not all Texans are braggarts, you know. Why, the Kennedys, they come from nothin' but shanty Irish. Lot of those New England folks, they still way back yonder—I hear some of 'em never even been on an escalator."

It is, actually, a perfect geography for privately ordering one's universe against popular visions and commentaries. On the uncertain edge of being desert, the land has a Biblical look about it, its hillsides rubbled with rock and scribbled over with brush, gnawed by vagrant herds of goats which filter under meager wizened clenched trees huddling low over the unhospitable earth, with niggardly seepages of water too uncertain to name—a land of long voiceless spaces, immeasurable plateaued distances, and the occasional slow tedious ceaseless coaxing of fluttering windmills. It strikes one as curious that out of this geography of the great common national romance, the national legend—out of the landscape of Tom Mix, Randolph Scott, John Wayne, Marshal Dillon—only in this decade did a President finally emerge.

Johnson City itself is a brief haphazard clotting of filling stations and homegrown motels and scantily shaded modest homes. In the cafés on Saturday nights, the dialogue tends toward convoluted and interminable disputes over whether Festus' mule is named Nellie Belle or Ruth, and on Sunday mornings, in Charles' Restaurant along Highway 281, piped-in organ hymns play over the quiet clinkings and murmurings of a few diners. The First Baptist Church of Johnson City has recently been remodeled in a decor like that of a comfortable Western motel, with pleasant wood paneling and pew cushions of a billiard green and stained-glass windows dropped down sensibly to mortal eye level; however, the religion is more reminiscent of the frontier: the men, with raw sun-scorched faces and pale sallow exposed foreheads above their hat-lines, bring their Bibles with them in their chapped blunt hands, and the women in the choir sway and bob their heads soulfully through the hymns. The pastor, the Reverend Cecil S. Holliday, is a small trim man in horn-rim glasses with bristling close-cropped silver hair, who enjoys the modern convenience of a small mike looped around his neck to electronically amplify his voice. The texts for his sermons usually come from such New Testament books as Philemon—the

more obscure crannies of the Scripture where only the most diligent have trod. One Sunday morning not long ago, the Reverend Mr. Holliday announced to his congregation the formation of the Johnson City Youth Foundation—a civic fortification against any possible infiltrations of the new morality among the community's progeny. "It breaks my heart," he explained, "to see teen-agers come by my home—intoxicated."

The only evidence of Johnson's return is that, up the street from Geo. Croft's Purina Chows feed warehouse, what used to be a store-front press center for the periodic stampedes of the national press corps through town has now been locked up and generally forgotten, with curtains drawn closed behind its pale dusty windows. "The people here were already pretty much used to him, he came back so often," says one native, "so there isn't anybody too excited now. That big jet would come boomin' in over the roofs, and all folks'd say even then was, 'Well, the President's comin' to town again.' Now, there's not even that."

As a matter of fact, they haven't seen a great deal of Lyndon in Johnson City either. "We thought maybe his feelings were hurt 'cause people hadn't oohed and aahed over him," says Mrs. Claudialea Watts, the editor of Johnson City's weekly *Record-Courier*—a lively and slightly disheveled lady of middle years with vague yellow hair fuming nebulously around her head, a crimson coat like a cape, glasses dangling from her neck by a chain, and an imprecise smidge of lipstick dabbed on an elfin furtive faintly roguish grin. Sitting in her chill and cluttered office on a March afternoon with a small wire heater glowing at her feet, furiously smoking Belairs from a nearly ravaged pack lying on the edge of her metal typing table, she recalled, "We were gonna have a big homecomin' for him, I put it in Chit-Chat and everything. The Lions were gonna have a big party, the Rotary, we were talkin' about three thousand people, caterin', everything. But the President didn't want it. One of his friends called him up in Washington about it, and then came back and said the President didn't want to see anybody. Well. You can imagine how everybody—I mean—but okay, if that's how he feels. Still, everybody said, Now won't it be something if he gets back and there's nobody out at the hangar but hired hands? So a lot of us went on out anyway. There was a pretty good crowd, about four hundred people. Good thing we did it, too, 'cause he seemed awful glad to see us."

But he has seldom ventured into Johnson City since then. "Mrs. Johnson came to our garden club week before last," says Mrs. Watts. "It caused quite a flurry, there were Secret Service men everywhere and all. I think she really enjoyed it, it was kind of nostalgic for her. She was sittin' there smilin', and I finally went over to her and said, 'Would it be all right for Mr. Bushnell to take your picture?' and she said, 'Oh, I'd be delighted.' She gave us $200 to put those white pots out there. But as for him, all I heard was he was over to the bank a little while one mornin' week before last."

The guardhouses on his place now stand empty, though the gate to his front drive is locked and a small simple white wooden box, resting on a fence post nearby, has a round hole which is trained on the entrance to the drive. The land around his ranch is more generous than that in the rest of the countryside, flushed green, with the Pedernales River down the slope from his front porch—hoarded at this point in its spare slow thin leakage through dust and gulch and rock—broad and brimming, easing sluggishly past the windy tremulous stroke of reeds, splashing luxuriously and carelessly over spillways. Under the expansive water oaks along its banks, Herefords browse the grass obliviously. Johnson has been seen once or twice alone on horseback, slapping his hat at a churn of cattle around him, and even, on backroads nearby, surging along in his Lincoln Continental after the quick floating mirages of deer. "For awhile when he first came back," says one friend, "he was sleeping late in the mornings, ten or eleven o'clock. That worried me. It wasn't like him. But it only lasted for a little while." Now, he sometimes sets out on free-form junkets over his grounds, walking at first and then calling for his car, plunging from impulse to impulse, skidding to a stop before the cabin of one of his Mexican tenants and clumping on in to eat noontime tortillas with them. Supper at the ranch is at dark-twenty—twenty minutes after sunset—and Johnson, still attired in his field clothes, usually gathers in intimates like Moursund to eat with him. The meals, which inevitably include cornbread and chili, are long, leisurely, tapering on deep into the night, "and the conversation," says one acquaintance, "ain't the kind that's hard on your digestion." Occasionally, there is a movie in the hangar behind the house. "They show everything from *The Graduate* to *With Six You Get Eggroll*," says one neighbor, "but to Johnson, it's all the same. Ten minutes after the show's started, you'll look over there, and he's asleep. He'll sleep right on through to the end and the screen goes white again, and then he's right up on his feet, wide-awake, ready to go for another two or three hours. He only has those movies so he can take him a little nap." Not far from Johnson's place sits a solitary farmhouse where two sisters live, one a widow and the other a spinster whom Johnson, in his youth, courted for awhile. She is a brusque and assertive woman with her hair whacked off mannishly above her neck, and she now works as a bookkeeper in the local lumber company. "He drops by their house a right good bit," says a townsman; he'll stop his car and walk right on in without knockin'

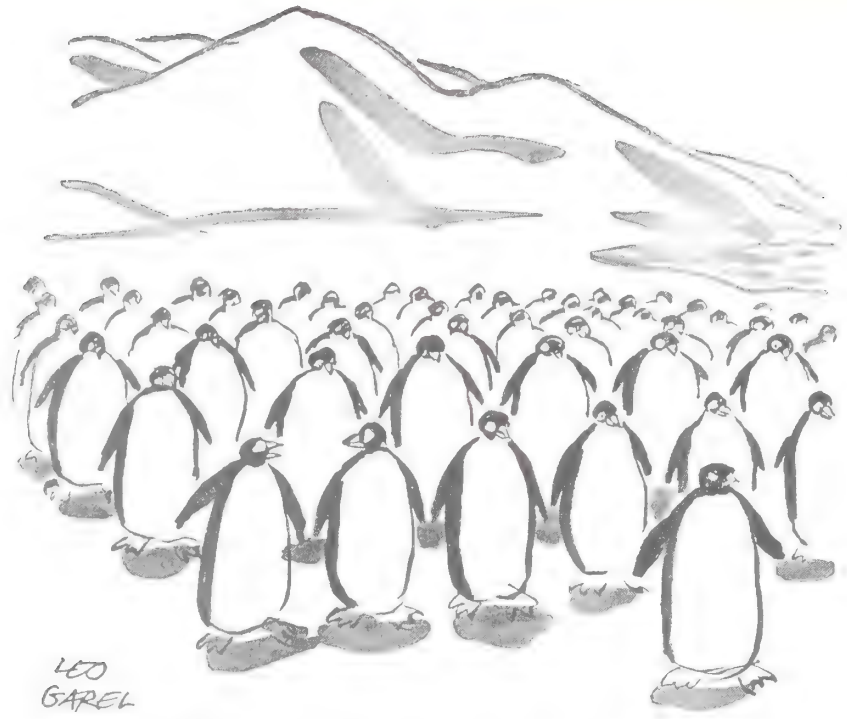
to the back of the house and get him a drink of cool water. They still seem right close, whoop whenever they see each other and talk awhile; it's almost like they're brother and sister."

He more or less casually appropriated two local ministers, one Catholic and one Lutheran, to serve as chaplains to his solitude. Father Schneider is a squat, sturdy expatriate from Bavaria with arms like plump drumsticks, bristling eyebrows, and gauzy floating white hair, who was imported into inner Texas by the Bishop in San Antonio after a foraging mission to Ireland. He is a cautious and unassuming soul, dwelling in a simple shadeless brick house with a linoleum floor and acoustical-tile ceiling, a coffee table with a doily and an archaic TV, and tan shellacked newly manufactured wooden furniture which has the odd impersonality of semi-quaint pancake-house furnishings. Sometimes during the week he works outside in his yard, wearing green field clothes and knee-high rubber boots, his sleeves rolled up to his elbows and suspenders holding up his billowy trousers. He is often invited over to the ranch for a swim in the pool, or to sit with Johnson while he watches television. "He seems very lonely," says Father Schneider. "I tell him sometimes seems the very Devil himself was against him, and he has to nod and say, 'Yes, it does.' . . ." Johnson has given him certain souvenirs from his Presidency, which Father Schneider, taking a visitor into his house one spring morning, swabbing his face with a wadded handkerchief and changing from his boots to bedroom slippers, rummaged up with some gratification: a porcelain mantel clock presented to Johnson by Konrad Adenauer, a Texas Stetson which Johnson frequently insists the Father plant atop his head. Chuckling, the Father unstrapped a watch from his dumpling-like wrist and held it out to the visitor—"And this. See—there, look on the back—he had it engraved to me." When the Father is invited over for a particularly gamy movie in the hangar, Johnson takes great relish in twitting him about it afterward; one evening, Johnson slumped asleep before the projector had barely begun humming, and the movie, though it had a florid title, turned out to be ruthlessly wholesome—but as soon as it had ended, Johnson heaved to his feet and immediately turned, blinking, to the priest: "Well, Father Schneider, and what does the Church think about *that* one, hunh? What would you say their position would be on that one? . . ."

Closer to the Johnson ranch, only a short distance across the river, is the Lutheran church pastored by the Reverend Norman Truesdell, a hulking, bluff, blustery, balding man with a slight resemblance to Jackie Coogan, who battered about the countryside in a green pickup truck. Truesdell, who grew up in Ohio, was jailed in Montgomery during the Selma March, and has been regarded somewhat dubiously in the community. At the hangar reception which greeted Johnson on his return from Washington, Truesdell boomed, "I just want to say it's damn good to have you back home." By his own count, proceedings have been initiated against him three times for heresy: "It's usually on the point of prayer. I believe in talking to God honestly, not formally. Sometimes I look around and say, 'Dammit, God, what the hell is goin' on? What *is* all this crap you're letting happen?' Sure. That's how I feel. They called me in once and said, 'Truesdell, do you believe in prayer?' I said, 'Sure I do, I prayed coming over here, Please God, help me not to haul off and bust those sonsabitches right between the eyes.' " Johnson, for some reason, seemed especially beguiled by Truesdell, and for a time was constantly dropping by the parsonage for coffee in the kitchen. "We've talked about everything in the world, I guess, but my work," says Truesdell. "He doesn't exactly have a theological turn of mind, you know." Johnson even presented Truesdell with a new station wagon recently, a gesture which, when the news got about, considerably disconcerted the community. One Johnson City citizen muttered, "I don't know why he has such a crush on that fella."

One reason may be that the community has reacted to Truesdell somewhat in the same manner Johnson's larger pastorate during his Presidency reacted to him. "I'm used to *dignity* in my ministers," sniffed one lady about Truesdell. Whatever, not long ago, the Reverend Mr. Truesdell resigned from the pulpit to open a trailer park and fishing marina in Zapata, Texas. "I've had it," he cheerfully allowed a day or two before his public announcement. "The church seems to be alienating all its best young men. It kills its own prophets—but then, it always has, and I guess it always will." In addition, Truesdell sold the station wagon Johnson gave him. "I haven't told him yet, and I don't know how he'll take it. But I think he looked on the gift just as I did—the station wagon itself was just another piece of metal; what counts is that it was given in love, in friendship, and you can't sell that. I *hope* that's how he'll look at it. Anyway, it's sold and gone."

While Johnson is scheduled to deliver some lectures at Rice University in Houston and may also become a "conversationalist-in-residence" at the University of Texas, these diversions would be incidental to his central absorption: his withdrawal to forge, in the smithy of his soul, the uncreated truth of his Administration. In the meantime, atop a ridge on the University of Texas campus, work proceeds on the Lyndon Johnson Library and School of Public Affairs—an improbable titanic conception, looming over nineteen acres, slowly and massively assembling into the



"I liked it better when we shuffled along any old way."

sky like some Pharaoh's terrific climactic shout against mortality. The Library itself, which will be finished in marble and rest atop a heroic sloping dais evocative of the foundation for a Mayan temple, will be eight stories high, seven of those stories windowless, with a sixty-foot helicopter pad on the roof and a direct elevator down into the deep recesses of the monument—in effect, Johnson will never be obliged to touch his foot to earth in Austin. The library's ground floor will contain a museum of memorabilia from the White House, a thousand-seat auditorium, and a small theater; from here, a staircase worthy of a Cinemascope Biblical spectacular will ascend to the marble "great hall" with, on the far wall, five dizzying floors of red leather volumes of Presidential papers, and a "multi-media" center where a pilgrim may peruse photographs and watch films and hear tapes from Johnson's five years in the White House.

Roosting over all this, on the top floor, will be Johnson's own quarters. His office—where he will continue to work at his old Senate majority-leader desk, with his White House telephone console of thirty-seven buttons to invoke aides, advisers, secretaries, bookkeepers, guards, confidants, his entire spectrum of courtiers—will be designed, with bulletproof windows, as an exact duplication of the oval office along Pennsylvania Avenue.

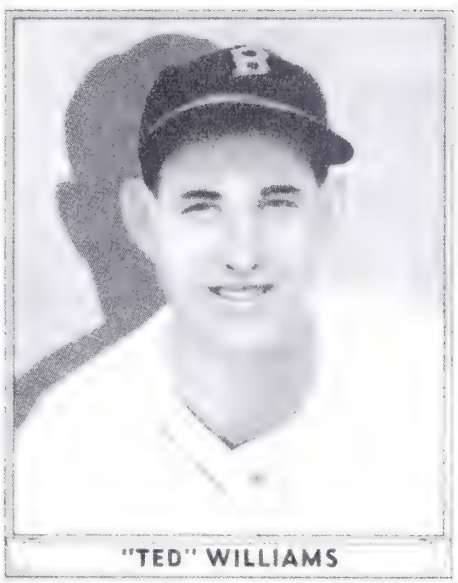
Down in Johnson City, his boyhood home has been tidied up a bit, with a meticulously groomed lawn and a toy-like white fence, and out at the ranch, his birthplace sits beyond a chain barrier, a small frame house squatting absolutely alone and exposed in the afternoon sunlight, with the static detached quality of some relic petrified and placed in an airless soundless glass bell. Cars of the curious occasionally ease along the road that skirts his ranch, everyone peering at the sites, then pull over at a spot across the river for a squint at his house; sometimes they see the diminished unreal figure of a security guard moving almost imperceptibly in the driveway, leaning against a station wagon, with cattle drifting across the slope before him, and after a few minutes, they pull away and turn around and head back for the main highway.

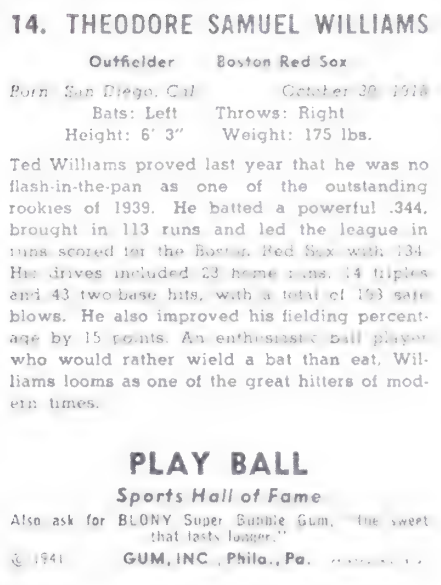
But a tourist couple not long ago, standing along the stone wall of the Johnson cemetery not far from the house, were reading the last stanza of Gray's *Elegy* inscribed on a plaque there when one of them looked up and saw Johnson, Lady Bird, and Lynda approaching them, Lynda in blue jeans and pushing her baby in a stroller. The Johnsons paused at the cemetery, several yards away from the couple, and Johnson finally turned and looked at them. "We were so thrilled," they later told some people back in Johnson City, "to think we were just standing there and up walks the President himself. But we didn't know whether we should speak to him or not, you know. We couldn't think of anything really to say. . . ." For a long moment, the three of them—Johnson and the couple—simply gazed at each other across the space of a few yards, in which there seemed to hang an absolute and impenetrable silence like a sheet of glass, so that even if they tried to speak the other would see only lips moving mutely and meaninglessly. Finally Johnson looked away, and he and his family walked on back up to the house.

Harper's Magazine, June 1969

John Corry

THE RETURN OF TED WILLIAMS




14. THEODORE SAMUEL WILLIAMS

Outfielder Boston Red Sox

Born San Diego, Cal October 30, 1918
Bats: Left Throws: Right
Height: 6' 3" Weight: 175 lbs.

Ted Williams proved last year that he was no flash-in-the-pan as one of the outstanding rookies of 1939. He batted a powerful .344, brought in 113 runs and led the league in runs scored for the Boston Red Sox with 134. His drives included 23 home runs, 14 triples and 43 two base hits, with a total of 193 safe blows. He also improved his fielding percentage by 15 points. An enthusiastic ball player who would rather wield a bat than eat, Williams looms as one of the great hitters of modern times.

PLAY BALL
Sports Hall of Fame

Also ask for BLONY Super Bubble Gum, the sweet that lasts longer."

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COLLECTION OF RICHARD MERKIN

"I never met Jack Kennedy. I was supposed to, but then on the night before, I got dysentery and missed the opening game. We were supposed to have our picture taken, but I never cared for that bullshit. Then, I was supposed to meet Eisenhower. Hell, I never cared for any of it."

—Ted Williams, on a spring day in Florida.

He was, you understand, always his own man, and when he returned this spring he was still that way, and he still had what is loosely but accurately called the look of eagles in his eyes, and if you insist on asking, Yes, but what is he really like?, well, he is really like the man John Wayne has been playing in the movies all these years. In fact, Ted Williams talks like John Wayne, and when he walks across the field, wearing his dark blue warm-up jacket and white knickers (dark on top, light on the bottom, these also being the shades that John Wayne always wears when he is supposed to be the sheriff, or rancher, or whatever) and pulls his cap over his eyes, and thrusts his hands into his back pockets, then, by God, he *is* John Wayne. He is, you see, the last of the .400 hitters, and at a time when Carl Yastrzemski was the best hitter in the American League last season at only .301, then a .400 hitter is something special, and you might just as well forget that crap about how carefully the pitchers spot the ball these days, and about how much harder it is now to hit. Ted Williams hit the way he did because it was the only thing he wanted to do, and because, he says, "I hit, and hit, and hit, and hit," and when he was just a kid, breaking in with the Red Sox, he would go back to his apartment, put on a record, and start swinging in time to music. Da-da-da-da-da-WHAP. Da-da-da-da-da-WHAP. He would do this to develop a sense of rhythm, and when he stood in right field at Fenway Park in Boston he would be swinging an imaginary bat and this spring, as the new manager of

the Washington Senators, he was, at the age of fifty, still swinging an imaginary bat, and swinging it with style and grace, and still being, by God, his own man.

The problem with being your own man, of course, is that you scare everyone else, and in those early days of spring nearly everyone was approaching Ted Williams in fear and trepidation (although few would admit it, and by mid-season they will have forgotten it) because how else do you approach a legend, other than nervously? When the Cincinnati Reds came to Pompano Beach, which is where the Senators pass their springtimes, Johnny Bench, who was the Rookie of the Year in the National League last season, waited outside Williams' dressing room for a full ten minutes with a baseball that he wanted autographed. "Thank you very much, sir," he said then to Williams, and Williams said, "Tell me about yourself," and Bench said, "I throw right, and I hit right, and I'm a catcher," and that was all he said. Then, there was the cocky young Senator who said that the first time that Williams got on *him* he would take a baseball bat and jam it sideways on Williams where it would hurt, only what he really did when it happened was to say, yes, sir, yes, sir, and hang his head. As everyone knows, Williams was the man who would not tip his hat to the fans, and instead let go at them with a gob of spit, who said bad things about the Boston sportswriters, who, in turn, said bad things about him, and who, angry at a third strike, let go a bat into the stands, whereupon it hit a nice old lady on the conk. "Either he takes to you or he doesn't," a Washington sportswriter said unhappily, suggesting that he had not been taken to, and adding that the consensus was that you had to get right in there with Williams, stand eyeball to eyeball, and plant the zinger on him, bang, or else you would be dismissed.

So, one day, planting the zinger on him right away, I said, "What do you admire most in a man?" "Desire and determination," he said, walking out, and leaving me alone in his dressing room. "How do you recognize desire and determination in a ballplayer?" I said days later. "You can spot it," he said, hoisting that imaginary bat. "When a man grips the bat the way he does, you can tell it just the way he stands and looks." Then he bared his teeth, looked mean, and WHAP, made that lovely, smooth swing. "Or, when a pitcher has a three-and-two count, and he comes down on the batter like he's jumping at him," he said, coming down off that imaginary mound, only not like he was just jumping at the batter, but instead maybe stomping him to death. "That's desire," he said. Now, the fact is that Ted Williams has had desire all his life, while his new team was not noted for it, possibly because desire unaccompanied by talent is seldom noted. The old Senators, who moved to Minneapolis and became the Twins, had regularly stunk out the league, and the new Senators, who first played together in 1961, had not greatly improved things. (Robert E. Short, who paid $9 million for the club last December, denied one day in Pompano Beach that he had hired Williams to make the fans forget the team. "It's just," he said, "that we don't want to remind them of it.")

So, considering that the Senators were mostly young, lithe, and reasonably well paid, you could not say they were just a collection of meatballs, but considering that they were sixty to one in the winter book to win a pennant, you could not say they were much of a threat to anyone, either. Presumably, Williams wondered from time to time what he was doing there, and presumably he sometimes wished he were somewhere else. Besides, there is a boredom about spring training. Exhibition games do not count for anything, and the days are long, and this spring the weather was lousy. Spring training is a time and a place for little feuds and small jealousies, and by the time a regular season starts, a fair number of people, wives mostly, are not speaking to one another. This time, with Williams in camp, everyone watched and waited. Would he blow? He had, after all, this fierce reputation, and all over Florida, sportswriters and broadcasters, not to mention fans, were circling him constantly, like gulls over fish, and then darting in, and planting *their* zingers on him. Hey, Ted, how's it going?, this being asked when the team was losing, and losing, and then losing again. Well, the thing about spring training is to get in shape and for the manager to get to know his ballplayers, he would say, sitting in the locker room with his pants off, and wondering when the hell he could get home. Hey, Ted, is it hard to go from being a player to being a manager? Well, yes, he would say, but I've got three good coaches, and I'm willing to learn. Hey, Ted, how about this weather?, they would say, and he would say, oh, boy, horseshit weather, and then repeat it twice because it was something everyone could agree on.

He was, therefore, putting up with stuff and nonsense, and suffering all kinds of people, and then he blew up just a little, and it seemed to do him good. The day after the Senators had lost their eighth straight, this time to the Montreal Expos, Williams called the team together for a meeting. In the Montreal game the right fielder had not run after a ball, and the second baseman had allowed a cut-off throw from the outfield to get away from him, and then had stood and stared at the ball as it skittered away. "I chewed the boys out a little," Williams said after the meeting, but what he had really said was, goddam, you played like a bunch of sick whores, and goddam, I don't want to have to give this speech again.

Consequently, when he stood by the batting cage that morning and shouted out instructions, he did so cheerfully, as if he had delivered himself of a great burden.

"Hey, you left-handed batters, you're swinging at too many bad pitches."

"Let them think you're going to bunt, and then let 'er rip."

Or, to the pitcher:

"Three and two in the ninth in Detroit—a slider." ("See," he said to the batter, winking as he did so, "I pick the easy parks.")

"Fire, three and two."

"Fast ball, three and two."

Then a hot prospect from California stepped up. He was eighteen years old, and a catcher, and his father, who was a Little League coach, wanted $100,000 for him to sign. At bat, the hot prospect had a lovely, compact stance, and when he swung he hit a fence 350 feet away.

"He looks like Yastrzemski," a man said.

"Now goddam, why didn't I see that? You're absolutely right. *You're absolutely right,*" Williams said happily.

A couple of left-handed hitters walked up, and Williams said, "Everybody says the hands and wrists are important, don't they? *Now don't they?*" The left-handed hitters said yes. "But look," Williams said, and pssshhh, he went, making a noise, and swinging that imaginary bat again. "Look at my wrists. What are they doing?" (In fact, he had not broken his wrists at all, but had brought that imaginary bat around in a fine, smooth arc.) "Look," he said, and went pssshhh again, "it's all in the hips and ass."

Soon, about eight Senators had flopped at his feet, or were hanging on the batting cage, entranced. "You disagree with that?" Williams said to an infielder who had never hit more than .229 in his life. No, the infielder said. "Now, Joe Gordon, he wants his team to hit differently," Williams said, talking about the old Yankee infielder who now managed the Kansas City Royals. "He wants them to use their wrists. Shit," he said, "it can't be done."

It is a fact that that afternoon the Senators went out and won for the first time, beating the Atlanta Braves, 18 to 5, and that a Senator who had hit only three home runs all last season hit exactly that many in the game. "Well," Ted said evenly, "that ought to give us a lift." Then he called batting practice again.

"Football players, basketball players, politicians, astronauts, soldiers, sailors—you name them, anyone—and the ones least prepared to talk to you guys are young ballplayers," Williams said one day, addressing a couple of sportswriters, and all the while never taking his eyes off what was happening on the field. "You can make them look so bad, and they don't know how to deal with you. You can make them look foolish." Williams sounded as if he had been brooding on it, which he almost certainly had. "MacArthur was my greatest idol," he said on another morning. "He was unquestionably one of the greatest men who ever lived. I thought that even when I was in Korea. MacArthur was above it all. People say now that they liked and admired him, and they say, 'Yeah, we agree with you about him.' But they could have had him for President, and instead they choose that smiley Irishman—Eisenhower. Everything MacArthur did was great and right, and he wasn't a politician. He was above it all. Another hero I had was Herbert Hoover. I thought he was as persecuted a man as I know, but when he died the people loved him. He had been right all along, and I think the people knew it." Williams, as a rule, does not care for politicians, considering them to be for the most part nefarious sidewinders, and baseball people, as a rule, do not talk much about politics, although Williams has twice campaigned for Richard Nixon. "I got addicted to Nixon the first time I met him, when he was Vice President," Williams said. "He showed me a genuineness you never see in politicians. The press had been taking potshots at him—Cronkite, Huntley, Brinkley—and they don't like him, I know, and now they're eating their words." Whether or not this is true about the men on television, it is unquestionably true that many people took potshots at MacArthur and Hoover (often for what they considered the best of reasons) and that Williams admires embattled men just as he admires the ability to be above it all.

To be above it all, however, means that you must have something to be above, even if it is just the caterwauling of fans and sportswriters, and when Williams returned to baseball he did so after having spent the best part of his retirement fishing in the Florida keys. "I saw only twelve games in the last eight years, plus a few on television," he said, which might have meant that he just didn't care enough to see more, except that then he talked about how much he loved to fish, bonefish in the summer and salmon in the fall, and about how fishing "eased the pain a little." In fact, Williams loves baseball, where, he once told a friend, "I count for something," and he is one of its folk heroes.

"Ted," I said, "why do you think all those reporters and television people want to talk to you?"

"Probably because they're tired of writing about the next guy," he said.

John Corry's first real job after college and the Army was in the sports department of the "New York Times." He continued as a reporter on national affairs, and joined "Harper's" in 1968. Born in Brooklyn, he was of course a Dodger fan.

"Well, it's certainly more than that," I said.

"Aw," he said.

Nonetheless, it can be rewarding to be a folk hero in America, and the best speculation around the Senators' camp was that Williams, who knows a thing or two about money, never having quite got over the fact that one of Joseph P. Kennedy's people advised him to sell short in 1950, would get about a million dollars, with stock options, to sign up for an indeterminate time as manager. Moreover, when Bob Short, the new owner of the Senators, began to promote the club he naturally found himself promoting Williams. "FREE! A duplicate of the pen Ted used to sign baseball's hottest contract!" the order blank said. "Mail your season ticket order before April 1, 1969, and you will receive this appropriately imprinted duplicate of the marking pen Ted used to sign his return to baseball—FREE! Display it as a rare memento of a great moment in Washington's . . . *the nation's* . . . sports history!" The Senators, who were looking for 2,500 season ticket holders, as against the 500 who subscribed last season, were offering Executive Plan I, Executive Plan II, the Night Owl Plan, Pick-A-Date Certificate Plan and the Sunday-Holiday Plan, all of which cost a fair amount of money, and all of which were made more attractive by little reminders that said, "Baseball Tickets Are A Legitimate Federal Tax Deduction!" Mr. Short, in fact, is an honest man, and his supplications to subscribers, which had pictures of Ted at the top, said that "for too many years the Senators have been last artistically and financially. They have never been able to win enough games, attract enough fans, merit rights fees from radio and TV. Even in peanut and popcorn receipts the club does not measure up to major-league competitors." ("The old owner," a Washington pitcher said sadly, "just used me for a tax write-off.") Besides, the Senators have a kind of Negro Problem. Robert F. Kennedy Memorial Stadium, where they play, is smack in a ghetto, which frightens suburbanites away, and then does not compensate by turning out enough black fans. It is a great headache, and Mr. Short briefly considered hiring a Negro manager, and then thought of getting a Negro coach, and finally decided to just go all the way with Williams.

Whether Williams will save the franchise for Washington is problematic. An old friend, once a pitcher, says that "Ted's problem is patience, not in a single game, but over a whole season. Along about August, when he's stuck in last place, he could just say, 'To hell with it,' and head on back to Florida." It is possible, of course, just as it is possible that he will head on back to Florida as soon as he can beat the capital-gains tax on his stock options, or even that Bob Short, growing disenchanted, will *tell* him to head on back to Florida. (The last may be least likely. "Hello, great one," Short once said, answering a phone call from Williams. "The new owner is a jock worshipper," an intelligent Senator said, not at all unkindly.) Still, the most certain thing about Williams is that he'll try, by God, which is what he has been doing, even if not always successfully, since he was a child.

He was born in 1918 in San Diego to a mother who was a Salvation Army lassie, and to a father, a photographer, who was not home much, either. The thing about San Diego, though, was that it had the North Park playground, a block and a half from where the Williamses lived, and that it had lights, and that you could hit there until nine o'clock at night. When Williams was not there, or in school, he was working the street corners with his mother, hating it, and standing behind the big bass drum so that he could not be seen. He was a lousy student, terrified of girls, skinny, and he bit his nails to the quick. However, in his last two years at Hoover High, from which he did not graduate, he hit .583 and .406. A scout from the St. Louis Cardinals, who saw his last game, said soberly that a season of professional ball would kill a tense, shy kid who stood six feet three inches and weighed only 145 pounds, but the San Diego Padres of the Pacific Coast League signed him in 1936 for $150 a month, and the rest, as they say, is legend.

After two seasons in San Diego and one at Minneapolis in the American Association, where he once put his fist through a big water cooler after he had popped up with the bases loaded, he came up with the Red Sox. He had been there briefly before, lasting about a week, and distinguishing himself chiefly because he called everyone, including older and wiser heads, "Sport." In return, he became "The Kid" to nearly everyone else, and he might not have been there at all except that Eddie Collins, the Red Sox general manager, was convinced that he could be the world's greatest hitter. A man who was there says that when Williams finally did get up to Boston to stay, everyone hung around while he took a long, long batting practice, parking six balls over the right-field fence, and that Joe Cronin, the manager, turned to Collins and said, "Eddie, you're right." In his first season Williams hit .327, and in his second it was .344, and then came 1941, when he hit .406. Still, when you make it big you always have problems of one sort or another, and Williams' was a remarkable sensitivity, not to mention a tendency to throw bats, kick posts in the dugout, and maybe rip out the plumbing, or tear out the lights. ("When I get scared I get mad," he said not long ago, and while this had to do with the time his plane crashed in Korea, and not with the larger questions of life, it was an interesting thought, nonetheless.)

The other problem was the Boston sportswrit-

ers. A respectable sportswriter will tell you that there is at least as much inventive junk on the sports pages as anywhere in the paper, and when Williams played in Boston there was probably more, which is truly impressive when you consider that until fairly recently the Boston papers were absolutely rotten. Once a paper sent a private detective to San Diego to see if Williams really did support his mother, and once a paper polled people on whether he would make a decent father to his new daughter. That kind of thing. Williams, meanwhile, was going pretty good himself, once making a nice dirty gesture to the crowd, spitting a few times in the direction of the press box, and occassionally at the fans (the writers got to writing about the "great expectorations") and never, never tipping his hat.

There were things of another kind, too, and the best one happened when he was in a slump at the end of the 1941 season. With a week to go he was hitting something over .400, and Manager Cronin offered to keep him on the bench, reasoning that he would not then lose that .400 average. Besides, the Yankees had won the pennant, as they nearly always did in those years, and the Red Sox games meant nothing. No, Williams said, I will keep on playing. Came the last day of the season, and Williams had slipped to .39955, which would round out to exactly .400, and Cronin offered again. I will keep you out of the lineup, he said, and you will be the first American League player to hit .400 since George Sisler did it in 1922. No, Williams said again, I will do it the hard way, or not at all. That day it was cold and leaden, dreadful, the kind of day Williams despised, and there were two games at Philadelphia. Stay loose, kid, the plate umpire was mumbling when Williams stepped up to bat. He got a single. The next time up he hit a home run. Then he got two more singles. In the second game he got two hits, one of them denting the loudspeaker in right field. Williams says he does not remember what he did that night to celebrate, but that he thinks he might have gone out and got a milkshake.

At the end of the next season, there being a war on, he went into naval aviation. He did not go in to do anything you might expect a dropout from Hoover High to do, but to be a pilot, and when he had trouble with celestial navigation he got a tutor, mastered it, and finished near the top of his class. Later, he set a gunnery record, flying in from different angles and hitting a target 99 out of 100 times with his machine guns. Back at the ball park in 1946 he was old Terrible Ted again, and soon he was hitting the pitchers again as if he owned them, and doing things again that, depending on your viewpoint, were either mildly heroic, or else just foolish. (In the first inning of the All-Star Game in 1950, he crashed into the left-field wall, fractured an elbow, and still stayed on

A DEATHPLACE

by L. E. Sissman

Very few people know where they will die,
But I do: in a brick-faced hospital,
Divided, not unlike Caesarean Gaul,
Into three parts: the Dean Memorial
Wing, in the classic cast of 1910,
Green-grated in unglazed, Aeolian
Embrasures; the Maud Wiggin Building, which
Commemorates a dog-jawed Boston bitch
Who fought the brass down to their whipcord knees
In World War I, and won enlisted men
Some decent hospitals, and, being rich,
Donated her own granite monument;
The Mandeville Pavilion, pink-brick tent
With marble piping, flying snapping flags
Above the entry where our bloody rags
Are rolled in to be sponged and sewn again.
Today is fair; tomorrow, scourging rain
(If only my own tears) will see me in
Those jaundiced and distempered corridors
Off which the five-foot-wide doors slowly close.
White as my skimpy chiton, I will cringe
Before the pinpoint of the least syringe;
Before the buttered catheter goes in;
Before the I.V.'s lisp and drip begins
Inside my skin; before the rubber hand
Upon the lancet takes aim and descends
To lay me open, and upon its thumb
Retracts the trouble, a malignant plum;
And finally, I'll quail before the hour
When the authorities shut off the power
In that vast hospital, and in my bed
I'll feel my blood go thin, go white, the red,
The rose all leached away, and I'll go dead.
Then will the business of life resume:
The muffled trolley wheeled into my room,
The off-white blanket blanking off my face,
The stealing, secret, private, *largo* race
Down halls and elevators to the place
I'll be consigned to for transshipment, cased
In artificial air and light: the ward
That's underground; the terminal; the morgue.
Then one fine day when all the smart flags flap,
A booted man in black with a peaked cap
Will call for me and troll me down the hall
And slot me into his black car. That's all.

through the ninth inning.) Then, in 1952, he was recalled as a Marine pilot, flying thirty-nine combat missions in Korea, becoming permanently embittered at politicians and the Selective Service system they had made, and losing two of his best years. After that, things were never quite right physically for Williams; he broke bones, damaged tendons, and caught colds, but all the while doing spectacular things for a ballplayer going on forty, one of which was hitting .388 at the age of thirty-nine. In 1959, however, it looked if he had had it. He was, after all, forty-one years old, and that spring he pinched a nerve in his neck. He was barely able to turn toward the pitcher, and all year he hovered around .250. When he finished at .254, even the Red Sox thought it was all over, but he decided to stay on one more season because, he says, he just *couldn't* go out at .254. The next year he hit .316, and in his final game, when the Red Sox played Baltimore at Fenway Park, he came to bat in the eighth inning for what he and everyone else knew would be the last time and hit a home run. Of course, a kind of delirium set in then among the 10,454 people who were there that day, and of course he did not tip his hat.

"Only two ballplayers ever went out gracefully —Mr. Cobb and Mr. Williams—and no one else ever went out doing anywhere near what they were doing," Williams was saying. He was standing with one foot on a locker-room bench, patting his sweatshirt over the shadow of a paunch, and chewing a stalk of celery. In the next room his ballplayers were pulling on cleats, buttoning up shirts, or staring silently at their own crotches. Williams, as usual, had been one of the first at the ball park, and whereas his team was dressing calmly and deliberately, he was doing it purposefully. The day before, his first baseman had been picked up for driving a car with temporary plates. The car had been seized, and the cops had been rude, and when Williams heard about it he had told the first baseman that when anything like that happened, for Chrissake, to tell the team. The first baseman had been impressed, saying, "This wouldn't have happened before," and the other ballplayers, when they heard about it, had been impressed, too. Williams was trying to show them that, yes, they really were a team, which is one way to build desire and determination. Another is to keep talking, which is what Williams did while he sat with them in the dugout during the games. He would talk about the war between the pitcher and the batter, and sometimes he would whirl on someone and ask him what the count was, just to see if he knew. Or, to a man who had just struck out, he would say, "What kind of pitch was that?" and the man had better know, or else Williams would say, "Well, why don't you know?"

The thing about Williams is that he will know, and even if he does not, he will still look as if he does. He probably cannot help it, the look is just there, and I think Douglas MacArthur had it, too. At the age of fifty, Ted Williams has, among other things, a third wife, who was supposed to get the part of Pussy Galore in *Goldfinger* (which gives you some idea of what her look is like), about 8,000 acres in cotton and cattle in Florida, a boys' camp in Massachusetts, a portfolio, a part-time executive's job with Sears, and membership in the baseball Hall of Fame. He is what he is, and he acknowledges it.

"Ted," I said, "I'm leaving tomorrow."

"Good," he said, "then I won't have to look at your face again."

Then we talked.

"I've never had a house big enough," he said. "No, the first one was big, but my first wife got it. Someday I want to build a place big enough for my things—my trophies and stuff. I'm convinced I'll never have enough money to do everything I want to do—fish, hunt, read biographies. Someday I'd like to have a big shrimper-type yacht so that I could hunt and fish in remote areas anywhere."

"Say," he said, "are you sure you're going tomorrow?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well, that's good news," he said.

(Say it ain't so, Ted, I thought.)

"The thing that made me a good hitter," he said, "was that no one ever wanted to hit as much as I did, and no one ever studied it as much as I did. I tried to improve as much as I could. It was my whole life. It was the only thing I wanted to do.

"I'm surprised there's so much commotion about my coming here. I've had to spend all my time being interviewed, and with crap like that, I have no time for anything else. I went home last night, and there was a friend there, and Christ, we watched the news on television and I was ready to fall asleep."

Then, because he always operates that way, he started to ask questions, wanting to know if I had hunted, fished, or played sports, and whether I thought Castro was truly intelligent, and since he knew that I had been there, what was it really like in Cuba.

"Look," he said then, "you're honestly going tomorrow."

"Yes," I said.

"Great, and take your friends with you," he said.

That afternoon, when a Senator was hit in the elbow by a pitch, Ted Williams walked partway from the dugout to home plate, and stood there just a moment to see if his man was hurt. He was not, and when Williams turned to walk back a fan on the third-base line called, "Hey, Ted come on, how about a smile?" Williams shook his head, and kept staring at the ground, but he was smiling, by God, he was really smiling.

Harper's Magazine, June 1969

LETTER TO JORGE LUIS BORGES: APROPOS OF THE GOLEM

by John Hollander

I've never been to Prague, and the last time
That I was there its stones sang in the rain;
The river dreamed them and that dream lay plain
Upon its surface, shallow and sublime.

The residues of years of dream remained
Solidified in structures on each bank;
Other dreams than of Prague and Raining sank
Under dark water as their memory waned.

And far beneath the surface of reflection
Lay a deep dream that was not Prague, but of it,
Of silent light from the gray sky above it,
The river running in some dreamed direction.

O Borges, I remember this too clearly—
Staring at paper now, having translated
Your poem of Prague, my flood of ink abated—
To have recalled it from my last trip, merely.

Three mythical cronies my great-grandfather
Was known to speak of nurture dark designs
Against my childhood: from between the lines
Of what was told me of them, I infer

How Haschele Bizensis, Chaim Pip,
The Bab Menucha and his friends, conspire
Over old pipes; sparks in a beard catch fire,
The smoke grows heavier with each slow sip . . .

I scream and wake from sleep into a room
I only remember now in dreams; my mother
Calms me with tales of Prague back in another
Time. All I remember is a tomb

Near what was called the Old-New Synagogue;
Under a baroque stone whose urn and column
Emerge in the first dawn lies, dead and solemn,
My ancestor, the Rabbi Loew of Prague.

He made The Golem (which means "embryo,"
"Potential person," much more than "machine")
And quickened him with a Name that has been
Hidden behind all names that one could know.

We have our family secrets: how the creature
Tried for the Rabbi's daughter, upped her dress
Till nacreous and bushy nakedness
Shone in the moonlight; groped; but failed
to reach her—

How once, when heat throbbed in the August skies
And children were playing hide-and-seek, the Golem
Trailed the one who was It, and nearly stole him
Before the shadows rang with all their cries.

But was he circumcised? What glimmerings rose
In his thick face at evening? Were they sham?
Did he and nine men make a quorum? I am
Not, alas, at liberty to disclose.

(But how he saved the Jews of Prague is told
In a late story—from a Polish source?—
Not to be taken seriously, of course,
No more than one about the Emperor's gold.)

These tales jostle each other in their corner
At the eye's edge, skirting the light of day
(The Bab Menucha lurks not far away,
As if around a grave, like a paid mourner).

Too dumb to live, he could not touch, but muddy:
Lest the virgin Sabbath be desecrated,
The rabbi spoke. It was deanimated;
Half-baked ceramic moldered in his study . . .

Save for the Fire of process, elements
Mix sadly: Mud is born of Water and Earth;
Air knows Water—a bubble comes to birth;
Earth and Air—nothing that makes any sense.

But bubble, mud and that incoherent third,
When animated by the Meta-Name
That is no mere breath of air itself, became
The myth whose footsteps we just overheard

Together, shuffling down a hallway, Borges,
Toward its own decreation, dull and lonely,
Lost in the meager world of one and only
One Golem, but so many Johns and Jorges.

Harper's Magazine, June 1969

Why not spend your summer reading with

Arthur Miller	Richard Schickel	John Fischer
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Elizabeth Hardwick	Larry King	James Q. Wilson
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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

America's First Monthly

Frank O'Connor

FARCE KEPT BREAKING IN
A Memoir

"The scene was so violent that the hotel manager asked them to leave, and the whole party continued the session in a cab which drove round and round the town. . . . With all our combined Puritanism we wanted it to be serious but it wouldn't remain serious."

In 1923, after a few months as assistant librarian in Sligo, I was sent to Wicklow, where a new county library was being formed. With me came a second assistant who was at the end of his period of training and was leaving for Thurles in a couple of weeks. I didn't like Wicklow. The town was placed well enough between the mountains and the sea, but the mountains were not the Sligo mountains and the Irish channel was not the Atlantic. The people too seemed to lack the color and character of the west as though all the fight had been knocked out of them in the rebellion of 1798.

But my lodgings were a distinct improvement. They were in a pitiable shop kept by a widow woman called Soames on the principal street. The house itself seemed to be slipping gently away from the Main Street. When you opened the door there was a step down into the shop; a bell rang and Mrs. Soames came up another step from the kitchen, which was on the right. The sitting room was at the other end of the shop, also down a step, and the floor sloped alarmingly toward the river, while the midday soup tended to overflow on the tablecloth. But it was a house of character and very pleasant on winter evenings when the rain lashed the window and one heard the roar of the shingle beyond the Murrough, the narrow strip of land that divided the river from the sea.

From the first evening, Geoffrey Phibbs, the librarian, showed myself and the other assistant that he did not like us. He was tall and thin and dark, with a long lock that fell over one eye, a high-pitched curt voice and a rather insolent air. There was something about him that was vaguely Satanic and he flew into hysterical rages about trifles. Once when I got to know him better I accompanied him to the booking office of a the[illegible] and the booking office clerk said genially, "You're lucky; they're the two last seats in the house." No one else I knew would have thought the remark presumptuous, but Phibbs flew into one of his tantrums and hissed, "Damn you, man, are you fool enough to think I want to see your wretched show?" . . .

Later on, Phibbs was much more considerate of my feelings. He had the isolation of the Anglo-Irish which Elizabeth Bowen once compared to that of an only child, and I think it may well have been the first time he realized that there was such a language as Irish. He began to sign himself "Seathrun Mac Philib" and attended a few of our supporters' classes in the Technical School, but he also had the Anglo-Irish incapacity for languages and dropped out after a few weeks.

As an indication of friendship he offered to read my poems, which I hammered out night after night on the library typewriter when he had gone home, and marked them all "Rubbish" except two or three translations from the Irish. Another sign of favor was his calling at my lodgings on his way to the office or for a walk, but my landlady soon put a stop to that. She looked like a witch and probably was one because one night she came into the sitting room wringing her hands and begged me very politely but very earnestly not to bring him to the house again. When I became stiff and asked her why, she told me in a long wail that Mr. Phibbs was the Devil. I thought she was mad, but when I told Phibbs he was more impressed than angry. I fancy he may have had a genuine interest in Satanism and regarded Mrs. Soames as a seer.

After that we met at his rooms on the Murrough and when we were not talking poetry talked religion and sex. He had a passion for the destruc-

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tive criticism of religion which I did not understand, and I still have the Bible he gave me with his exclamatory comments on the improbabilities and improprieties of the first few books. He had also a passion for pornography, and when someone exasperated him he promptly got his own back by writing a vicious and bawdy satire. I still remember his poem on the English "county" wife of another librarian—

> The night that she, just newly wed,
> W[illegible] brought a blushing bride to bed
> He [illegible] without a maidenhead
> That all his passion, all her will
> Left her at dawn a virgin still . . .

Yet I never resented either the blasphemy or the obscenity. I think I understood them as the play of a powerful and utterly fearless mind. It was a mental agility that went with his physical agility, which was remarkable. (Later when I read Proust's description of Saint-Loup it was always of Phibbs that I thought.) Despite his height he walked with short quick steps, changing step frequently to adjust himself to my own long slow stride.

He loved poetry as no one else I knew loved it, and he rapidly turned me from a reader of anthologies into a reader of poetry—a very different thing. He loved books too, and must have spent a small fortune on them. At one time, maddened by his losses, he had defaced them all with a rubber stamp that read, "This book has been stolen from Geoffrey Phibbs," a typical impulsive bit of vandalism which he must have regretted in a short while. At the same time he was extraordinarily generous and in the intoxication of discussion he would thrust one of his treasures on me, a gift not a loan. In some ways I knew him better than he knew himself; I realized that the next day when the intellectual fire was low he would mourn over the gap in his shelves like a child who has parted with a favorite toy, but when I refused he frowned and said curtly, "No, it's yours. Take it!"

He read everything and studied everything that could conceivably be called modern or advanced: ballet, painting, sculpture, and, even though he had no ear, music. In reading he preferred the difficult to the simple; it suited his agile, inquisitive mind, while I, of course, preferred the simple, above all if it was sufficiently gloomy. Here again we were never in step; he loved bright modern pictures, Braque and Matisse, I liked Rembrandt; he wanted to know Stravinsky and I hummed the slow movement of the Beethoven C Sharp Minor Quartet, and when he quoted Carew's

> To be a whore in spite of grace
> Good counsel and an ugly face—

I replied with Thomas Hardy's

> Soon will be growing
> Green blades from her mound,
> And daisies be showing
> Like stars on the ground.

His own verse was comparatively straightforward and he wrote it every day—sometimes three or four poems at a time—and always off the cuff, sometimes within an hour of whatever incident had excited him. Verse with him was always immediate and spontaneous. We would be working together in the office and he would suddenly reach out, grab an old envelope from the wastepaper basket, and begin to scribble. Then he would go to the typewriter and type it before reading it to me. I corrected the spelling and grammar, a process that amused and exasperated him. At times I thought he misspelled deliberately to irritate me. "You'll die of sintactical exactniss of the mind," he once wrote to me. "I beleive it is a very slow and paneful death."

Nowadays I wonder if those early poems were not much better than I thought them. I can say now what I could not have said then, that he was one of the most brilliant men of my time, but, with my large appetite for melancholy music, I thought the poems too flashy, too up-to-the-minute. We were two young poets in love with our trade, and though I wasn't a real poet but a prose writer in the making, I enjoyed it as though I were, and no relationship I know of, even a sexual one, is quite so satisfying.

When he was an assistant like myself Phibbs had fallen in love with another assistant who had wanted to marry him. He had wanted to marry her as well, but since then he had fallen in love with a painter in Dublin, and on the whole he preferred her. It is not an unheard-of situation among poets, and indeed others, but Phibbs might really have chosen a more experienced adviser than myself. I had kissed three girls, but after the first one, who had splendid Irish, I found it a rather wearisome occupation. On the other hand, from my considerable reading of French and Russian novels I felt I had a complete theoretical knowledge of the subject. We were coming back from a long walk over the hills to Rathnew when he told me. It was dusk; the

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Frank O'Connor, the Irish poet, storyteller, and critic, lived in the U.S. from 1952 until his death in 1966. This memoir of his friend Phibbs was in an early draft of the unfinished second volume of his autobiography, "My Father's Son." In 1923, when he met Phibbs, he was twenty-one and had recently been released from internment at the end of the Civil War, in which he had taken the loser's side. "My Father's Son" will be published in the fall by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

lights were on in the little town below and there were still echoes of the sunset on the Irish Sea.

"Tell the other girl to go to hell," I said.

"But how can I?" Phibbs asked miserably. "You can't just write to a girl you've been in love with and tell her you're tired of her."

"In that case you're going to be pushed into something you don't want."

"I know that," he said irritably. "It's just that I don't know the best thing to do."

"The best thing to do is to ask the other girl to marry you at once," I said.

"You mean now?" he asked.

"Why not, if you're determined on marrying her anyhow?"

"Oh, I want to marry her all right, but it's so awkward. She's working in London. It seems silly to ask her to marry me at once just because another girl is being troublesome."

"Try her," I said. "If she's the sort of girl you think she is she won't think it so silly."

I was very proud of my own forcefulness, and it had its effect. Phibbs went to London and Norah saw things in just the same way as I did. When she arrived back in Wicklow as Phibbs' wife I wasn't so sure of my own wisdom. On the first Sunday when I went to lunch I was scandalized that she went on with her painting and allowed Phibbs and myself to go into town for the potatoes she had forgotten. I thought Phibbs too easygoing with her. Besides, I discovered that she got between him and me in ways that I hadn't anticipated at all. I was still as jealous as a schoolgirl, and sometimes thought that love and marriage were nothing like what they were cracked up to be.

After that, I worked for two years in Cork, but Cork was no longer the place it had been in my youth. I thought a lot of those lines of a medieval Irish poet: "This crowded house is empty to me, but if there were another poet here it would be a full one." The loneliest creature on God's earth is the young writer trying to find himself, and every few months I took a few days off to visit the Phibbses in Wicklow. They had rented themselves a little bungalow over the town with a garden and a fine view of the sea. Phibbs himself seemed happier, more settled, and very proud of his wife —more proud of her than she of him, I sometimes felt resentfully. I was still jealous, and besides I think I felt that he needed a great deal of the sort of attention and admiration that I gave him. Whenever we met there was always an hour or two of awkwardness when he was stiff and perfunctory, but as discussion went to his head, the mechanical man dropped away and he was again a creature all fire and air.

When I was offered the job in Dublin, it seemed like the answer to a prayer. I should have a little flat there and the Phibbses could come and stay with me or I could spend my weekends in the country, and we should talk poetry into the small hours. On my way up to the job I took the long train ride to spend a night with them. Phibbs met me and we went home together. He seemed a bit abstracted and worried, but I put it down to the usual stiffness we felt on meeting again. Besides he told me they had just had a visitor who had been very interesting but a bit exhausting. Norah was leaving for London next day and she and I were to go to Dublin together. When she had gone to bed Phibbs told me the reason for her departure. She had fallen in love with another man, the visitor who had just left the house.

He went on to tell me the story, every word of which I remember, but nothing mattered after that first shock. Of course, as a bookish man I knew that such things happened, though they seemed to happen more frequently in France and Russia than in England—witness Mme. Bovary and Mme. Karenina—but there is nothing quite so innocent as the innocence of the literary man. He is more conscious than most of the surface appearance of things—the way the light falls on a familiar street or the way a woman walks and smiles; and it is only by a sort of heroic act of the imagination that he can change either. It has happened to me three or four times since then and always given me the same shock of horror as when Father came home drunk.

Naturally, I didn't say that. There was nothing I could say. I let him talk on, and it was only when he started to rationalize it in his usual clever, understanding way that I said, "O Geoffrey, you fool!"

There was a sudden flash of pain and anger in his face.

"I know what you think," he said evenly. "You think I should have killed them both. I felt like that for the first forty-eight hours. I walked over the hills like a madman. But that's only nineteenth-century romanticism. Absolute freedom in marriage is something I've always believed in. It's something I have to accept for myself, that's all."

I think I began to see then what became clear to me only long years after, that he was a man who was trapped by his own nature. We are all trapped, of course, but he was more inescapably trapped because in him the gap between instinct and judgment was wider than in most of us, and he simply could not jump it. With the two-thirds of him that was air and fire he adopted new attitudes, new ideas, without ever realizing how many of them contradicted the conventions that were fundamental in himself.

And once again he could not have chosen a worse confidant than myself. I had no arguments, only feelings. Like himself I was between two worlds, one of Necessity, which I was doing my best to escape from, and another of Freedom,

which I could not accept unless it contained enough of the element of Necessity to give it imaginative reality. Light love like light verse was quite beyond my scope. And this, I sometimes think, was why he confided in me, because modern as all his attitudes were, he had other attitudes that were not modern at all.

Next night Norah and I had to attend a party in Dublin and afterwards she had to catch the morning boat for England. At lunchtime next day I knew she had not caught it, for they both wired me to ask me to come down by the evening train. I felt enormously lighthearted, and suddenly I found my whole attitude to Norah had changed. Up to this time, I had been full of resentment against her, feeling that she didn't really value the brilliant creature I cared for. Now I realized that she had done what neither he nor I could do, and had broken free of the cobweb of abstractions that he had so gaily spun about us both. I knew too that she hadn't done it without a much greater degree of self-knowledge and of plain human suffering than either of us was capable of.

I went home to get my case, but by the time I returned to the library there was another wire to say that everything had been settled and that they were both leaving for London. Though sad at losing an opportunity of revisiting the Phibbses in happier circumstances, I was innocent enough to be relieved at not having to chairman a quarrel between them. It shows how little I really knew about such things, because when next I heard of them it was from Norah—a distracted letter to say that Phibbs had gone to live in a flat on the Thames with a woman poet he greatly admired and a man poet whom I admired, while the man's wife and children lived on a barge in the river. I couldn't make head or tail of it. Norah returned and it was clear that she couldn't make head or tail of it either. The only way in which I could keep faith with Phibbs or herself was by not gossiping about it. This was not because I was afraid of being indiscreet—I am always indiscreet, and that silence was a particular strain on me—but I could not tell the whole story without making it sound farcical, and to me it was never farce but tragedy in a language and convention that were unintelligible to me. It was a sort of madness in which all the conflicting elements of character and circumstance were fused—genius, vanity, the desire for freedom, and, at the same time, the need for a secure religious belief, which possibly counted for more than anything else. And, though Phibbs denied it when I challenged him, there was also in him a Satanic pride and longing for revenge. He had been hurt and he wanted to hurt back beyond the point at which one can hurt without hurting oneself.

I still find it difficult to describe the whole business. It was part of the cult that his correspondence with me should be supervised, and his letters, which had been so sparkling and malicious, suddenly took on a tone of unction more suitable to a hysterical seminarist. When I wrote to ask what was wrong he scribbled a few lines in pencil on toilet paper, warning me not to take his letters too seriously, and slipped this in with his next edifying epistle.

I thought it better to go and see him for myself. Norah was in Paris and I promised to try and bring him with me. When I arrived at his Hammersmith flat some time before noon I noticed on the table a manuscript in the handwriting of the woman poet with the ink still wet. Phibbs said nervously that she was at work upstairs and could not be disturbed. I was rather shaken by the falsehood and lit a cigarette. At this he grew even more nervous, and said that she did not like smoking: she disapproved of ashes and crumbs, so we should smoke and eat on the barge. This was not the Phibbs I had known with his cheerful and scandalous irreverence. He was like a man who was either drugged or hypnotized, and all the time I had the feeling that I must keep on reminding him who I was to prevent his drifting farther away.

Then we all went to lunch on the barge—the Woman Poet and her Friend and Phibbs and I—with the Friend's Wife. The woman poet later wrote a novel about it all in which I appear as Handy Andy, in love with Norah Phibbs, but Handy Andy would have been sophisticated compared with me at that Mad Hatter's party on the Thames. I should have been grateful even for a parish priest to hold my hand and assure me that things in life were really the way I thought they were. The only person there who struck me as being even approximately life-size was the Friend's Wife, and when Phibbs walked with me in the direction of the underground station I asked in exasperation why if he was so tired of his own wife he hadn't run away with her. I knew nothing about the light loves, but I simply couldn't resist giving my views on them. This, mark you, was the third time I had told Phibbs what to do.

He followed me to Paris two days later, but he was so terrified that he fled with Norah to Rouen without even informing me of what he was doing. Apparently he had reason, because the Poet, the Friend, and the Friend's Wife all turned up there within twenty-four hours to plead with him to return. The scene was so violent that the hotel manager asked the Phibbses to leave, and the whole party continued the session in a cab which drove round and round the town. Norah reported it all to me and I began to feel hopeless. With all our combined Puritanism we wanted it to be serious, but it wouldn't remain serious. Farce would keep breaking in.

Once more, like Diarmuid and Grania in the saga, the Phibbses fled, this time to the family

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home in Sligo, and again they were visited by the Friend and the Friend's Wife. Phibbs' father did not invite the Friend's Wife past the veranda, and Phibbs denounced him for conduct unworthy of [illegible] gentleman. "No gentleman" he would allow a lady to stand outside his door." On the second occasion Phibbs agreed to return to London to explain why he could not return, and the Poet leaped from a three-story house and was picked up with a shattered pelvis. She was visited in hospital by Phibbs and the Friend's Wife, and Phibbs, always mindful of my good advice, set up house with her. Then, in protest against his father's inhuman behavior he changed his name by deed poll to Taylor, much, I should say, in the spirit in which he defaced his books with a rubber stamp saying, "This book has been stolen from Geoffrey Phibbs." He seemed quite incapable of withdrawing from a situation when it became impossible.

I saw that later when Norah proposed to divorce him. He reserved the right to defend the case and expose her, which left her no alternative but to expose herself. I wrote him a very angry letter about that—the only angry letter I ever wrote him—but it evoked only a friendly and specious reply. He was incapable of withdrawing even when he had made himself a figure of farce, and the whole dreary story had to be retold in public with the inevitable comic summing-up by a judge who saw his opportunity for criticizing "modern youth."

And nobody understood that the Phibbses were not characters in a French farce but gentle decent people who had been caught up in something they did not understand any more than I understood it—something that perhaps none of the parties understood, for a year or so later when I met Phibbs, back on the barge with his new wife, she suddenly asked me, "What did you really think of us that day you came to lunch?" and, without thinking, I snapped back, "All completely mad."

"That's what it seems like now," she replied [illegible]

Phibbs returned to Ireland about the time the second world war broke out. He had inherited the family money, married again, and had a daughter whom he adored. His taste in pictures and decoration, which had always been good, had become excellent. He still wrote three or four poems a day—"a form of evacuation, I suppose," he said wearily. But things were never the same between us. He sent me a batch of his poems to publish, and after reading them several times I sent them back and explained that I didn't think them so good as his early ones. I distrust my own memory and judgment because it seems to fit too neatly into the pattern of enthusiasm and disillusionment we impose on the work of those who have been young with us, and I must wait till his collected poems are published. In return I expected the usual letter of abuse, telling me that "my taist had rimained as deplorabell as usual," but it never came. Phibbs was hurt.

He entertained young poets and criticized their verse, wrote essays and wireless talks which conveyed to me that the theory of evolution was not quite so well-founded as it was generally supposed to be—a popular attitude in a country which always votes that the earth is flat—published an anthology of nineteenth-century Irish verse which is not bad, a book on Ireland which is not good, and a book on gardens which I am not qualified to judge. He acted the part of the eighteenth-century Anglo-Irish gentleman of leisure and taste and acted it perfectly, so perfectly that I think he may even have taken in his friend and mine, John Betjeman, who is not an easy man to take in. I felt it was a complete sham. Once, for an hour or two he dropped it. I had been trying to get him to join me in a small publishing venture, and suddenly the old Phibbs flared up. He wanted a small press of his own, and, laughing, arguing, and insulting, we discussed the plans for it exactly as we had done as young men in Wicklow. Next day he called and was very stiff and formal. He had come to say that he could not join me in the scheme. "You see, I have to choose between my wife and child on the one hand and you on the other," he said coldly. "I have to choose my wife and child."

I let him go, assuming in my anger that his wife had objected and that he had caved in again, but now his words come back to me in a quite different way, almost like a cry of pain. George Russell, the poet A.E., had once said to me that Phibbs had just enough poetry in him to be a good literary critic and prophesied that in ten years' time he would have taken Desmond MacCarthy's place in the *Sunday Times*. Here, Russell, whose judgments on poets and poetry could be so profound, was, I am sure, hopelessly wrong. He never saw the Satanic streak in Phibbs as Mrs. Soames and his wife and I had seen it. Phibbs could have been in different circumstances a Lawrence or a Pound—a man whose life and character are kicked to pieces by a temperament almost out of control—and in Wicklow, when he felt he had lost the only woman he cared for, his temperament had gone out of control. It had left him in later years with the sort of crack I have seen once or twice in men who have been too close to death without quite going over—those who have seen the Gorgon's Head. It takes a vanity amounting to madness to see it and face the chance of seeing it again.

His wife, Norah, possibly the only person who remembers him as I do, should have the last word. When we had both read the novel by the Woman Poet, describing my Handy Andy love for her, Norah said, "It simply wouldn't have occurred to her that you were really in love with Geoffrey."

Harper's Magazine, June 1969

he Rebel As Writer

Robert Kotlowitz

Unfinished Woman, by Lillian llman. Little, Brown, $7.50.

s not giving away very much to say t *An Unfinished Woman* concludes h the word "however." It is how ny of Lillian Hellman's plays end. plots neatly tied up and easily prehended, while an uneasy sense the future and its ironic depend- e upon the past lurks just beyond final curtain. In Miss Hellman's ry, the dependency is stronger n mere irony, for it is her own life, a theatrical one, that she is deal- with here. "I do regret," she ites, "that I have spent too much my life trying to find what I called th,' trying to find what I called se.' I never knew what I meant by th, never made the sense I hoped . All I mean is that I left too much me unfinished because I wasted too ch time. However."

t could be a speech from *The Au- n Garden*, or from *Toys in the tic*, or *Days to Come*, all plays in ich formerly promising and no- ger-young people, pursued unhap- y by their own relentless intelli- nces, at last get a clear look at how ir lives have unraveled and how y probably cannot be put back to- her again, at least in the terms which their owners originally eamed their big dreams. This sense rue, of misguided effort and mis- ced hopes—all of it faced in the nous unflinching Hellman style—rmeates the book, gives it its sub- nce, is in fact the emotion that is central to it, whatever the events that are being described. And in the end, having told us about wars and love affairs and the education of a testy young woman from the South who was all her life to remain perhaps too vain about her own integrity, in the end the writer shrugs and with the shrug suggests to us that possibly none of it really matters, that maybe it never mattered, and will almost certainly never be any other way.

A need for sense and truth came to Lillian Hellman first in an overstuffed New York apartment, where she used to sit at dinner with her "taciturn, tight-faced uncle," among "young and very pretty aunts" and a "silent, powerful, severe woman" who was their mother and her grandmother. She was from New Orleans and a poor relation at the table. All those people were Newhouses, her mother's side; they sat around the dining room and talked about how much everything cost, precisely counting every last penny, and questioned who would inherit what. Precious stones were popular with the Newhouses. So were floor coverings. It was, of course, the kind of inflated grandness that almost always goes with new money and the social delusions of mercantile families that are just beginning to have a sense of their power; the young Lillian Hellman, who was, she tells us, about as impressionable as you can get, took it all in with her food.

It was not easily digested. Nothing sticks in a child's throat quite like the experience of being poor among the rich. As she grew older, money be-



"Did you take your pill?"

. Kotlowitz switches over this nth from his regular spot as critic the "Performing Arts" columns. is "Harper's" managing editor.

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.



THE CRISIS OF CONFIDENCE

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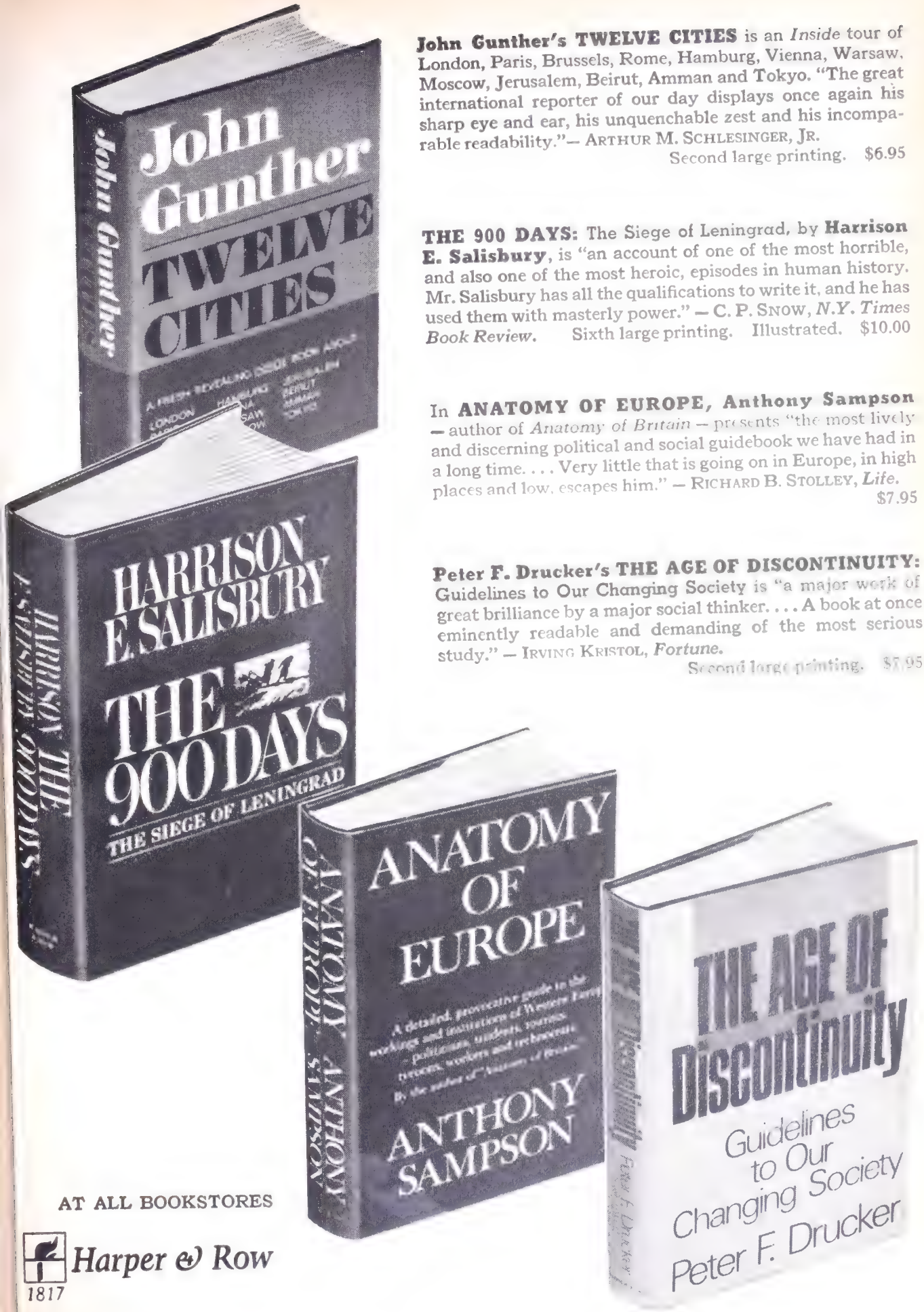
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came a problem for her even beyond the question of having or not having it: ". . . that New York apartment . . . caused in me a wild extravagance mixed with respect for money and those who have it. The respectful periods were full of self-hatred and during them I made my worst mistakes." She almost always was to deal in her plays with upper-middle-class aristocrats, or those who yearned for the position; and when the curtain goes up on those well-furnished rooms there is usually a servant or two in sight who, while dusting the expensive bric-a-brac, shortly offer some clues about the family they serve to help explain the strange behavior we are about to witness. The whole question of the Newhouses and money was more or less settled by the extravagant act of writing *The Little Foxes* and *Another Part of the Forest*. The Newhouses and their vigorous greed were the subject of both plays; and it seems clear that Julia Newhouse, Lillian Hellman's mother, was transformed by her daughter into the Birdie of the first and the Lavinia of the second. Both were alcoholic eccentrics, fragile and oversensitized, and Lavinia dreamed amidst her hungry brood about a simple, pastoral Southern life, which she would share with the kind of lost black men and women Julia Newhouse had known as a child in Alabama. After the success of these plays, the conflict over money and possessions "was to grow less important, as indeed, the picture of my mother's family was to grow dim and almost fade away."

Her father's family, on the other hand, were big-boned German Jews, eager to enjoy life. Max Hellman's two sisters, with whom his daughter spent six months a year throughout her childhood, ran a boardinghouse in New Orleans. Through it a succession of faintly ratlish adults made their way, while the bright, romantic, lonely child observed them carefully and, having half-understood them, folded them away in the pockets of memory until such time as she would need them. It is doubtful that Lillian Hellman ever forgot much of her New Orleans childhood, or of the New York half of the year when she went north to the land of plenty. Aunt Jenny's and Aunt Hannah's boardinghouse was reconstructed years later in *The Autumn Garden*, as were some of its boarders. The two sisters themse were reborn in *Toys in the A* (with much of their real heartin diluted by the newly popular Ten see Williams tradition of fainthear and faded Southern belles), and a vived Max Hellman came home in play, as he actually did as a you man, bringing a delicate wayw wife, whom the two sisters trea with reasonably intelligent tact.

It was in New Orleans, too, that child first met Sophronia, the bl nurse who became in effect a mo for an entire life-style, a direct, tringent way of facing up to thir (meaning trouble), with so little n sense and sentimentality that at tir it almost became a kind of sentime tality itself. But Lillian Hellman w lucky to have had her as a friend; a Sophronia was probably lucky to ha had the child. They fit together; te peramentally they were at ease wi each other; Sophronia's hardy pe sonality touched something ready bud in the young girl and made bloom early on. It was to Sophron that Lillian Hellman ran when s could finally admit to herself that h father was unfaithful to her mothe had possibly always been unfaithfu and was unfaithful partly as a matte of principle. It seems to be how h remained most true to himself, an the revelation shocked the jealou young daughter into running aw "Don't go through life making troubl for other people," Sophronia told he advice so clearheaded and pitch-tru that even the suffering child could un derstand its implications. By the tim she was ready for college, Lilly Hell man knew how to knit, embroider sew, and cook, all learned from Jenny, Hannah, their cook Carrie, or Soph-ronia; she also knew how to laugh and how to give without pity; and that sex was something a person could have fun with. That's a considerable education for any young girl and she was not shortchanged by it.

None of it, however, seems to have done her much good once she came to New York and got herself a job during the Twenties with Horace Liveright's publishing venture. They were golden times, we learn again, better than anything that had happened before, better than anything since, filled with excess talent and cheap, illegal booze; the glamour of those days still



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THE LESSONS OF VICTORY

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works on her. But her descriptions of Liveright himself, as well as his colleagues, of the publishing house and the parties, are filled with a familiar nostalgia that is curiously lacking in real conviction. She deals with the period—and the Hollywood years that followed—in an anecdotal style, and anecdotes are not what really interest Lillian Hellman. One doubts the fun and games, and the laughs don't sound quite real; they never have in stories about the Twenties. At Liveright, she met famous people, had an abortion that she can still barely talk about, and found her husband, Arthur Kober, who hardly makes an entrance before being gently put back in the wings, where he stays for the rest of the story. Lillian Hellman was not a flapper (a question of temperament), nor was she a bluestocking ready to battle for women's rights; she was, she says, probably five years too young for that, having missed the war generation and finding the ladies who came out of it both weepy and inclined to talk too much about abstract matters, including Social Causes. But there was also something else at work in her, which was to be maintained all her life, a sense of distance that expressed itself as a cool primness of soul, an inability to engage closely either causes or people who moved in packs, and kept her out of the mainstream of New York life during the period; or so one must conclude from what she tells us. It was this reser that probably saved her for her ov writing and, in the end, for her ov self.

In Hollywood she had a miseral job as a script reader, an unhap marriage (to Kober), and perha a half-dozen friends, among the Dorothy Parker, F. Scott Fitzgera and Dashiell Hammett, who mak his first appearance in the book ide tified only as Hammett, as thou the two syllables alone can raise emotional storm in the rest of u as they did in Miss Hellman. (At fir sight, she thought he was the bes looking man she had ever seen.) S suffered there in a desiccated way less painful for being standard. The was too much drinking, too mar disastrous relationships, too muc self-hatred, too much contempt f colleagues and their work; eventual she found herself uncontrollab driving her car off the road on th way home from work. The movie i dustry (and, it is clear, her marriage brought out the worst in her as it d in everyone else; she still indulges a old, tired snobbishness about Holl wood, a kind of offended superiorit in the face of social gaucheries con mitted by arriviste producers an their dull wives, some of whom wer even known to go so far as to ea grapefruit at dinner. Her best fee ings then were all for her close friend She tells a long, nearly unbearably sa



"When Arthur hit fifty he jumped in the pool with all his clothes on."

ry about Fitzgerald's terror at the spect—and fact—of meeting Hem- way after a long separation, and ther about Hemingway at the rk Club in New York, challenging hiell Hammett to bend a table- on between his upper and lower is. At stake in both stories, some- , is the question of who is the t writer in the world. Where else writers worry about the question nuch and where else do they think y can find the answer in a piece ilverware?

t this point in the book—about a rd of the way through—Miss Hell- n gives up the attempt at a more or straightforward chronology. She ms to grow bored with the neces- of accumulating the years one one on paper. The direct narra- is discarded, and a kind of easy ffling of time, of events, and of es of mind replaces it, a simulta- ty of action in which crucial inci- ts from the Fifties may turn up long sequence, say, on the Spanish il War or the entire time sequence y be thrown out altogether to make lace for several long profiles. It's echnique that would be pure quick- d in the hands of a writer less sure her mind than Lillian Hellman.

The Spanish Civil War (and later ssia in World War II) is recon- ucted through a long excerpt from iary Miss Hellman kept at the time. e focus is all on her personal in- vement, the intimately observed, reticent feeling for people trapped history. Throughout, the diary is d with that tension between her vate sensibility and her public e, which seems to have been an un- ling struggle all her life. As a child, oretaste of that conflict drove her cut school for the comfort of the er branches in her favorite tree, ere she could spend entire days ding herself on books and fantasy; er, in Spain and Russia, she care- ly puts aside big thoughts and po- cal theorizing to pay attention to quality of daily life and the un- ppiness/happiness of individuals. e will not speak on behalf of Causes, eas, or The Reasons Why and I not sure that the words Fascism Communism even appear in the ok. Yet the life that does emerge in ese journals is totally bound to the st basic concerns of the people in- volved. She tells exactly what it is like to be caught for the first time in an air raid; she describes a trip years later to the Polish front with General Zhukov's army where her responses finally became the responses of a combat soldier—she was always terrified; in Moscow, she is more interested in what St. Basil's Cathedral reveals about the city than in how power may be shifting in the Kremlin at the moment. And no one has better described the emergence from combat and disoriented return to civilian preoccupations. This is how she concludes a long section from the Spanish journal which describes her trip north into France in the company of a French intellectual named Pascal who barely survives the journey. "Most people," she writes, "coming out of war feel lost and resentful. What had been a minute-to-minute confrontation with yourself, your struggle with what courage you have against discomfort, at the least, and death at the other end, ties you to the people you have known in the war and makes, for a time, all others seem alien and frivolous. Friends are glad to see you again, but you know immediately that most of them have put you to one side, and while it is enough to say that you should have known before, most of us don't and it is painful. You are face to face with what will happen to you after death." These ties she describes often last a lifetime and they can be the best, most human part of us; they can also be—and have been—a trap for writers who sentimentalize them and, by mistaken extension, war itself.

The Spanish adventure transformed Lillian Hellman in a quiet and sensible way. In London, on the way back to the States after a few unpleasant weeks in Paris, she began seriously to read Marx, Engels, Lenin, Saint-Simon, Hegel, not with any sense of searching for the true way, or the only path, or salvation, or any of those lunatic goals we dream up when we are young, but, as she says, simply "with the attention of a good student." Reading them with this kind of attention, she discovered something about [illegible] which was crucial. "It saddens me now to admit," she writes, "that my political convictions were never very radical, in the true, best, serious sense. Rebels cannot make good revolutionaries, perhaps because organized action, even union with

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other people, is not possible for them." But among other things that rebels—especially gifted rebels—sometimes make are good writers, a role in which neither organized communal action nor union with other people seems to be essential; and, in fact, in the years that followed the Spanish Civil War, she wrote almost all her major plays.

About those plays—about their writing, their production, the theater itself—she has almost nothing to say, beyond the fact that there is a diary for each of them. Once a play is written it becomes a matter of "organized action"; an enormous number of people become involved in getting it on stage, are into it for as much as their egos can take out. There are suggestions, here and there, that Miss Hellman dislikes theater people so strongly that she can't bring herself even to discuss them; or is it that there is so little left to say about them beyond gossip? Nevertheless, we miss it (especially when we think of those absent diaries), just as we miss the attempt to explain what brought her to write for the theater in the first place. The clues to the works themselves—which hardly need any explanation... [illegible] and specific in content, so consistent in style, so clear in purpose—are all in *An Unfinished Woman*, half-buried in the first quarter of the book, among all those Newhouses and Hellmans in New Orleans and New York. Whatever came later—the long, often pained and painful relationship with Dashiell Hammett, the McCarthy years and Hammett's time in jail, their later separation, the loss of her Westchester home, the deaths of friends and of Hammett himself—these things she is now writing about for the first time. In the concluding chapters of *An Unfinished Woman*, she finally deals at length with Hammett, with Helen, her maid and surrogate for the old, never-forgotten Sophronia, and with Dorothy Parker, each of whom summons up another time, another state of mind. Hammett is a man here of paralyzing integrity—capable of meanness and unexplained, or unexplainable, behavior—with an absolutely fixed determination to go his own way. They must have been a tough couple together; certainly they were tough to each other. Miss Hellman still recalls with pleasure the time she spit, on challenge, squarely in Hammett's eye, in front of guests. It's a Godawful moment in the story (meant, however, to be funny), the kind that can set the terms of a relationship for life and tells more, probably, than is intended.

Early on in this lucid, flinty, vulnerable book (in which the compressed prose is diamond-hard and sometimes brilliant and the dialogue is like one pithy speech after another out of a Hellman play), Lillian Hellman says that she was—and remains—shy and often frightened. "Ah," she writes, "what a case can be made for vanity



in the shy. (And what a losing g... is self-description in the long ag... There it is for the first time, Li... Hellman's ironic giving of the t... and quick taking back, the cool m... ment to the edge of revelation, ... the urbane withdrawal. (She wil... nothing to ingratiate herself ... us; charm doesn't interest her.) E... on she tells us that she is a Jew, ... we have to think hard for the res... the book to remember it; along ... way, she tells us that she was analy... by Gregory Zilboorg, but all we le... is that she thinks the experience ... better than nothing. There is, I th... an overfastidiousness at work in ... *Unfinished Woman* as well as a fo... ness for self-mockery that in the ... deprives us of some of the things ... want to know about. In a memoir ... intelligent as *An Unfinished Wom...* more generosity is needed. The 19... barely arrive in Miss Hellman's bo... and the names of Kennedy or John... are not mentioned; nor are the nar... of other playwrights and writers ... work today. It is close to stubbo... affectation to pass so much by. I'm ... minded of a black woman who work... for my family when I was a b... When she caught me stealing je... beans in the kitchen one day, s... grabbed my closed fist in her palm a... held it up to the light. "Open up yo... hand, child," she said, "and don't ... so prideful. It ain't nothing but st... you got hiding there."

Books in Brief

by Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

Pictures of Fidelman, by Bernard Malamud.

Mr. Malamud has a predilection for Job-like luckless characters. Fidelman, the painter from the Bronx who spends hapless years in Italy pursuing his craft and many women—Rome, Milan, Florence, Venice—Annamaria, Esmeralda, Margherita—and being pursued in different ways by men—Susskind and Beppo—is another one of these.... His insatiable dedication to his art, his inability to say No to life, are interesting and no doubt in some sense admirable, bu... devoid as they are of any commor... sense judgment one tires of the enc... less trouble they get him into. Humo... there is: black. Sex: a lot. Fidelman'... emotional devotion to a small talen... (but his own) and his philosoph... about it are credible but one re... members, for instance, Joyce Cary'... Gully Jimson beset, in *The Horse'... Mouth*, by many of the same problem... and the taste is better. Gully is ob... sessed, as Fidelman is, but he's humar... and lives in a possible world where... laughter also lives. One can admire... *Fidelman* as a tour de force but can't...

njoy it. Three of these "pictures" ave appeared in *The Magic Barrel* nd *Idiots First*, but the six as pre-ented here make a self-contained arrative of almost undiluted mis-ortune. The dreadful punishments nflicted on Mr. Malamud's "Fixer" y the external world I could believe ut here one gets impatient with what ventually comes to seem like self-nduced bad luck.

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95

Colonel Blessington, by Pamela Frankau, edited and with an intro-luction by Diana Raymond.

The distinguished novelist, Pamela Frankau, died in 1967 before she ould finish the book about which she ad been thinking for several years nd great parts of which she had al-eady written down. She had often discussed the complicated and sur-prising plot (it is a "suspense" story) n minute detail and under secrecy with her cousin and literary accom-plice, Miss Raymond. When she knew she couldn't live to get it done she asked her cousin to finish it for her. With her intimate knowledge of the plot and with the help of copious notes and tape recordings which Miss Frankau made before she died, Miss Raymond has done so and it is a superlative and stylish cooperative enterprise. For there is not only one infinitely complicated central plot (to tell any part of it would be to throw it all away) but at least two sub-plots which Miss Raymond, at Miss Frankau's request, had to sort out and greatly simplify. She has done it with-out lessening their interest and the minor characters are as memorable as the central ones—a twin brother and sister who grew up in California. The story's background is World War II (ETO), California, contem-porary London and Yorkshire. A very remarkable performance on every-body's part turns this into one of those spine-chilling entertainments that will make a great movie too if certain technical difficulties can be circumvented.

Delacorte, $4.50

Essays and Biography

The Life of Henry James: The Trea-cherous Years, by Leon Edel.

This is the fourth and next-to-last volume of Professor Edel's monumen-tal biography of Henry James (pre-vious volumes have won the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award). It deals with the years 1895-1901, the period covering the London produc-tion of his play, *Guy Domville*, a great dramatic failure, and his depression which followed. It is in the work of these years that "James parts com-pany with the nineteenth century and points the way to the innovations of Joyce and Virginia Woolf and the 'interior journey' of Proust. . . . In re-turning to earlier, to earliest experi-ence [in *The Turn of the Screw*, for instance] he rediscovered the means by which he had long before armed himself for life."

And so he wrote his way out of his depression; bought—with consider-able trepidation—Lamb House in Rye, and turned his back on his London life. He wrote and wrote and wrote: the story, "In the Cage," reflecting as Mr. Edel says, "his actual sense of divorce from London." *The Awkward Age* "was a serious inquiry into the society he had abandoned." And finally at the turn of the century he seems to have written himself out of feeling trapped by the past. He shaved off his moustache (he had worn it since the Civil War); he felt rejuvenated; started writing *The Ambassadors* in the garden room at Lamb House. "Beauty, mystery, relations, appear-ances, abysses! These words seemed to contain all the stages through which James had passed in his six-year purgatorial journey," says Pro-fessor Edel toward the end of the book. But no brief summary can pos-sibly even suggest the richness and scope of this volume—whether one has read much or little of Henry James. It is so vividly peopled with other characters, small and great, of the literary world of the time. It is such a brilliant exploration of a man's mind—a writer's mind—and of his re-lation to his work and to his time as to be absolutely spellbinding. And its tone is so quietly and engagingly con-versational that one has to tear one-self away from the book as from the talk of a fascinating friend. How cheering that there's one more volume to come! . . . One scarcely needs to add that Leon Edel is, of course, the world's foremost authority on Henry James; his books include, besides the biography, three that he has edited: *The Complete Tales of Henry James,*

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Complete Plays of Henry James, The Ghostly Tales of Henry James.
Lippincott, $8.50

My Son's Father, by Dom Moraes.

Will stories of English childhoods in India always be fascinating or is that all changing too? Four lines of one of Mr. Moraes' poems, quoted at the beginning of the first chapter of his autobiography, suggest a world that can't exist much longer:

> Almost I can recall where I was born,
> The hot verandahs where the chauffeurs drowse
> Backyard dominion of the ragged thorn
> And nameless servants in my father's house.

Of course Mr. Moraes is not English but Indian, but his father was English-educated (Oxford and Lincoln's Inn) and in many ways their household was more British than the British—expensive parties, nannies, chauffeurs—indeed his relationship with the chauffeur makes for some of the most moving passages in a book which contains many deep relationships and much that is moving. But then came the war, his father's assignment to Burma, his mother's incipient madness, and everything began to change. The nature of these changes; the decision to go to Oxford; the life of the shy young poet at Oxford and on the Continent; his meetings there with his childhood heroes—Spender, Auden, Tate, Eliot—as well as with the would-be young poets and literary men of his own age; his intense liaisons with several young women all make as engaging a contemporary autobiography as I have read. Awareness and generosity of mind mixed with a healthy toughness of objective observation are on every page, written with intensity, simplicity, and flashes of grace, as befits the prose of a poet.

Macmillan, $5.95

Mystery and Manners, by Flannery O'Connor. Occasional prose, selected and edited by Sally and Robert Fitzgerald.

If I weren't always happy to read and reread anything by Flannery O'Connor I might be tempted to ask why this collection is being published. Almost everything in it has been published somewhere before—often in obscure scholarly or religious publications, but published all the same. And some few of the hitherto unpublished essays are made up from lectures, introductions, or occasional writings, carefully edited to eliminate repetitions, by her two old and trusted friends. It makes a very special dish—from the first wonderful piece on raising peacocks ("The King of Birds," originally published in *Esquire*), funny and full of odd and astonishing bits of information through her vigorous and thoughtful essays on the Southern writer and the Christian writer, in which it is hard to know whether perception, wryness or felicity comes out on top. . . . The collection is a pleasant mixture; the very light mixed with the very serious: "The Nature and Aim of Fiction," "The Church and the Fiction Writer"—but even the serious is riddled with Miss O'Connor's irrepressible humor. In an essay called "Some Aspects of the Grotesque in Southern Fiction," she writes:

> I once received a letter from an old lady in California who informed me that when the tired reader comes home at night he wishes to read something that will lift up his heart. And it seems her heart had not been lifted up by anything of mine she had read. . . .
>
> You may say that the serious writer doesn't have to bother about the tired reader, but he does, because they are all tired. One old lady who wants her heart lifted up wouldn't be so bad but you multiply her two hundred and fifty thousand times and what you get is a book club.

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.9

Wilderness and Grassland Se

The Sound of Mountain Water, by Wallace Stegner.

This book makes a nice transition from biography and literary essays to geography, for it is in part all three. Mr. Stegner's essays in the first half of the book are poetry in praise of the plains of Saskatchewan and Montana where he grew up and of the mountain country which he later adopted as his own. The essays have appeared in various magazines over many years. The second part of the book is about the difficulties of being a Western writer—his own problems and those of Willa Cather, Bret Harte, and notably Bernard DeVoto. An essay called "On the Writing of History" includes some

scinating—and despairing—letters
ıich Mr. DeVoto wrote to his friend
ırrett Mattingly when he was strug-
ng with *Across the Wide Missouri*
d *The Course of Empire*. Mr. Mat-
ıgly's replies are wise and encour-
ing, if less vivid in their language
an the outspoken Mr. DeVoto, and
e correspondence as a whole is spe-
ically related to the trials of match-
g on the written page the vastness
the geography and problems of the
est. Happily the overall tone of the
ok is hope—hope that the country
at should be preserved will be with-
ıt overlooking the needs and con-
ibutions of the age of technology.

The real people of the West are infrequently cowboys and never myths. They live in places like Denver and Salt Lake City, Dillon and Boise, American Fork and American Falls, and they confront the real problems of real life in a real region.

Say that the West is everybody's romantic home, for we have all spent a part of our childhood there. And say that in its territory, as in its legendry, much of the West is public domain. Next to aridity, that may be the most important fact about it.

nd finally:

Angry as one may be at what heedless men have done and still do to a noble habitat, one cannot be pessimistic about the West. This is the native home of hope. When it fully learns that cooperation, not rugged individualism, is the quality that most characterizes and preserves it, then it will have achieved itself and outlived its origins. Then it has a chance to create a society to match its scenery.

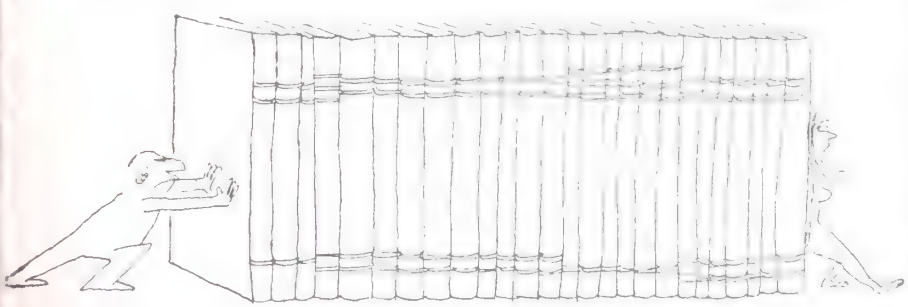
Doubleday, $5.95

)pen Horizons, by Sigurd F. Olson.

The same mood and tone pervade all hree of these books—the dreadful rice we are paying for "the loss of uiet in our lives." This author is a rofessional ecologist and "interpre-ative naturalist" whose particular passion is the woods, the wilderness. He tells the story of his boyhood in northern Wisconsin which bent him to the directions he was to follow—to the University of Wisconsin and the study of rocks and plants, to becoming a guide and expert canoe-man in the Quetico-Superior region, on the border between Ontario and Minnesota, and then on to more studying. "The study of the earth and its shaping opened up new vistas to me and when finally I was aware of the intricate relationships of all forms of life in the area, my understanding grew to the point where I felt more at home in the wilderness than ever before." In his writing he passes these vistas on to his readers (*The Singing Wilderness, Listening Point, The Lonely Land*) and like Mr. Stegner he comes back to the idea that "One of the most vital tasks of modern man is to bridge the enormous gap between his old way of life and the new." Knopf, $5.95

The Prairie World, by David F. Costello.

The mid-continental prairie reaches westward from Pennsylvania and Ohio to the Rocky Mountains and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. This book by a professional botanist, a native Nebraskan and a researcher in the U. S. Forest Service, is full of astonishing lore and detail about—again—the interrelationships between plants, grasses, animals, and weather which give this wide-reaching part of the world its varied color and character. It is illustrated by striking photographs by the author, some windswept and cloud-ridden large views, others as delicate and beautiful as the objects they reflect—from cattle to insects to birds to snakes to flowers and the perpetually beautiful and various grasses. It is a thoroughly satisfying book in its unpretentious scholarship and straightforward writing. It includes a careful index and bibliography. Crowell, $5.95



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Performing Arts *by Roland Gelatt*

CONVERSATIONS WITH PIERRE BOULEZ

Pierre Boulez is a forty-four-year-old composer, conductor, and missionary for the musical avant-garde, who travels on a French passport, lives in Germany, and is generally considered the predestined successor to George Szell as director of the Cleveland Orchestra. He is also, according to the near-unanimous verdict of his peers, an authentic genius. But when you zero in on Boulez, the specifics of the verdict seem rather elusive. As a composer he has been influential but disappointingly unproductive, with really only one piece to his credit that has penetrated beyond a small circle of cognoscenti. And though he is highly expert and original as a conductor, he has done little more so far than nibble at the edges of the symphonic and operatic repertory.

Nevertheless, there is no doubt that he belongs, as advertised, in the genius category; and the distinction is his for strength of character. In a field rife with self-serving glamour boys, Boulez is a figure of dauntless integrity. He may not yet be a Beethoven or a Toscanini, but he appears preeminently suited for one or the other part, and instinctively one feels convinced that some day, somehow, he is going to make it.

Boulez (his name rhymes with "who says") first came to international attention in the immediate postwar years as the most aggressively articulate member of Europe's new musical avant-garde. He pioneered the concept of "totally-organized" music, in which not only pitch but also rhythm, dynamics, and accentuation obey the strict laws of serial composition, and from 1946 to 1960 produced a number of major and minor works, among them the well-known *Le Marteau sans Maître* for voice and orchestra. During this period he also founded and ran the prestigious Domaine Musical concerts in Paris, a series dedicated to championing twentieth-century music from Schoenberg to the present day. Moving to Baden-Baden in 1957, he began increasingly to devote himself to conducting, and in the past decade has gained much renown as an interpreter not only of contemporary music but also of Wagner and Berlioz.

Since 1960, Boulez has published no new music. That long silence has perplexed and perturbed those high eminences (Igor Stravinsky and Virgil Thomson among them) who have regarded Boulez as the most generously endowed composer of the post-1945 era. Rolf Liebermann, general manager of the zealously forward-looking Hamburg State Opera, ascribes Boulez's abrupt creative decline to "psychological inhibitions about composing." The truth may simply be that Boulez said everything he had to say as a composer during a decade of relatively high productivity and now prefers silence to the dubious distinction of repeating himself. His music lies at the furthest extreme from easy listening, and its complex rhythms, jagged polyphony, and supercharged textures demand passionately willing and attentive ears. But unlike so much of today's meretriciously "effective" avant-gardism, the compositions of Boulez yield increasing satisfaction with each rehearing. They are constructed on careful workmanship and de-cately balanced sonorities, and method if not in manner, Boulez the direct descendant of another f-tidious Frenchman, Maurice Ravel.

His life-style is to be publicly be-ish and privately temperate. "Bl- the opera houses up!" is a typi- Boulezian reply to an interviewe- innocent query about the curre- operatic scene. In print he has no u- for the padded amenities of *polites-* But this splenetic tone does not see to color his everyday dealings. Wh- I met him last summer at the artis- entrance of the Bayreuth Festspi- haus, where he was conducting se- eral performances of *Parsifal*, covey of middle-aged Wagnerit- converged on him from all directio- thrusting program books and ba- point pens into his hands and dete- minedly snapping photographs. Sm- ingly, patiently, he went through th- ritual of autographing and posin- "Don't you think it's foolish," I asked when the crowd was gone, "f- grown people to do that sort thing?"

Over lunch the conversation wa- tame and the mildness of temper pe- sisted on into the afternoon as h- rehearsed a group of young studer- musicians in Bartók's *Music fo- Strings, Percussion, and Celest-* Despite repeated fluffs from the les- talented members of the orchestra- Boulez was the very model of pa- tience and understanding, beatin- out a complex rhythm for the xylo- phonist, helping the timpanist put hi- intractable drums in tune, singing th- shape of a phrase for the pianist holding everything together with ges- tures of meticulous precision an- chiseled clarity. Later, in the ornat- nineteenth-century drawing room o-

Mr. Gelatt is managing editor of "Saturday Review" and a longtime observer of the musical scene. He is the author of "Music Makers" and "The Fabulous Phonograph."

is Bayreuth digs—with tape recorder pinning and the potential smell of print in his nostrils—Boulez began o perform with the hardheaded luntness of his public character.

Q. *You have been known to take dim view of the traditional musical stablishment.*

P. B. Well, yes. What goes on oday in our concert halls and opera ouses tends toward an absurd fossilzation. Many listeners tolerate only hose things they learned to appreciate in their youth. These people are ases of arrested development. They onsider the world to be still the same orld they discovered when they were oung—and sometimes the discrepncy can amount to forty or fifty ears.

Q. *You consider their attitude undesirable?*

P. B. Worse. It is dangerous. hey are living in a vacuum, completely out of touch with contempoary thought and art. If this state of ffairs continues, music will be dead n half a century. The more we live off he past, the more surely we can predict the eventual death of music.

Q. *And your own response to this anger?*

P. B. . . . is to weaken, split, and ventually dissolve the apparent coesion of the traditional musical stablishment. But not by means of a rontal attack. One must not expend oo much effort trying to reform conervative institutions and conservaive audiences. Whatever you do, they ill remain conservative. They look pon music not as a spiritual adven.ure, but merely as a form of higher ntertainment. So, in a good military radition, I prefer to outflank them, o concern myself with audiences of a ew and different quality, with people ho are tuned in to everything that is appening today, people who are as kely to go to a play by Genet or an xhibition by Calder or a movie by odard as to a concert of Stockausen. Such people are genuinely lert, and even though they may not ave a technical understanding of usic, they will end up getting more rom new experiences than the traitional musical audiences. I must nfess that I don't much care for specialist listeners—the ones who cultiate a taste for Haydn, for Wagner, or Italian opera, for Stravinsky, even



Columbia Records Photo By Don Hunstein

for me. These people live in ghettos—each very well organized and interesting for itself perhaps, but culturally moribund just the same.

Q. *What can be done to attract this new audience?*

P. B. As I've indicated, they must be offered music in harmony with the other artistic and intellectual movements of our day. And they should be able to hear it in truly up-to-date surroundings. Unfortunately, even our newest concert halls and opera houses are hopelessly old-fashioned, stiff with antiquated traditions. The only really modern concert hall in the world is the Philharmonic in Berlin. But this hall is always used in a traditional manner. The object is there but not the desire to realize its potential. It's the same in New York with Lincoln Center. The idea of an arts center is admirable, but for it to function properly there must be close connections between its various components. At Lincoln Center you have a lot of independent shops doing business on their own without any connections at all—a supermarket, not a true arts center.

Q. *If someone gave you as much money as you needed to build a new opera house, how would you spend it?*

P. B. I would make the place completely flexible, so that by pushing a few buttons it could be adapted to any situation. The theater itself would be expanded or contracted according to the work you were presenting. The stage would be changeable at will from the traditional proscenium frame to an open area jutting out into the house. The pit would be small and exposed for Mozart, large and covered for Wagner and Strauss—just to speak of the standard repertory. Wagner has given expressly the model he conceived for his ideal theater, and it amazes me each time I come to Bayreuth to see that this Festspielhaus, which was built almost a century ago, has had absolutely *no* consequences. Everyone praises its covered pit, but they continue to build opera houses with Italian pits of the eighteenth century. In general, what one calls the Italian stage is no longer appropriate for the contemporary theater. Indeed, for some new works it is better to use a garage, because in a garage you start with nothing—at least you can build what you want—while in most opera houses you are a prisoner of suffocating restrictions.

Q. *There were rumors that you might be given the responsibility for running and rejuvenating the Paris Opera in collaboration with Jean Vilar and Maurice Béjart.*

P. B. Yes, we submitted a plan for reorganizing that dusty establishment from top to bottom. But the project is now dead. We have no interest in collaborating with the present quasi-fascist government in France. With de Gaulle, one has the bad side of a dictatorship without the good side. If we had the good side, there would at least be some money and the power to get things done. But instead we have a fake dictatorship and a deteriorating financial situation.

Q. *Milton Babbitt has suggested that the composer should withdraw from the world of public concerts and audience participation to one of "private performance and electronic media, with its very real possibility of complete elimination of the public*

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and social aspects of musical composition." Do you go along with this?

P. B. Babbitt seems to me to be typical of the university intellectuals in America. They feel not very happy with the society around them and their main reaction is, not to fight but to withdraw. I would find it more fruitful to make a psychological study of this subject than to consider it a musical problem.

Q. *Are you saying that the European composer doesn't feel as cut off from society as the American composer?*

P. B. There's no doubt about it. For one thing, we don't have in Europe ivory towers like Princeton and Buffalo. Our musical people seldom have any relationship with the universities. In any case, they have less need to withdraw, because our society is still less commercial than yours. The state shows more understanding, if merely superficial, of pure cultural activity. An adventurous artist has a better chance of making himself heard.

Q. *Why did you begin to conduct?*

P. B. I rather fell into a conducting career. In 1956 the German conductor Hans Rosbaud had been scheduled to direct the French premiere of *Le Marteau sans Maître* at the Domaine Musical, but he became ill at the last minute and I had to take over for him. The same thing happened a year later in Cologne at the world premiere of *Visage Nuptial*. I quickly discovered that I was able to conduct without having to take any lessons. I think, in fact, that you can only learn to conduct by conducting. Anyway, people began offering me engagements. At first I had no intention of conducting any classical music. My aim was to make known what I call the "classics of the modern period," which are very rarely played. But orchestras always have limited rehearsal time, and as contemporary music needs a great deal of rehearsing, it is best to buy this time by including in your programs a large proportion of standard pieces which the players already know. So I began conducting Handel and Haydn as well as Schoenberg and Webern. Then the thing began to grow like a snowball. There is such a need for conductors these days that if you are just a little bit gifted you get sucked in by the machinery.

Q. *You spoke rather deprecatingly of conservative audiences, yet you are willing to conduct for them—for example, those Friday afternoon concerts in New York or Cleveland, filled with ladies from the suburbs.*

P. B. It goes without saying that there are certain audiences one prefers to others. If the audience is uninteresting, I work very egoistically, almost solely for my own pleasure. But then my whole attitude toward conducting is rather self-centered. I refuse to go on conducting the same pieces, because I find this terribly boring. I may never conduct *The Rite of Spring* again, and I've declared a temporary moratorium on Debussy. I play what interests me at the moment, and I try to relate my conducting—which is more or less of a hobby to what I am trying to find as a composer. You can experience another composer's music much more profoundly when you play it than when you just listen. You come away with a deeper knowledge. So for me the podium is like a piano. In my younger days I would play the works I wanted to discover on the keyboard. But it is much more satisfying to conduct a good orchestra than to play a piano transcription. So now, when I want to learn about Mahler, I put him on my programs. My conducting career is really just a kind of self-education.

Q. *What kinds of programs are you presenting in America?*

P. B. Nothing very revolutionary. One has to educate audiences, make them aware of certain important but little-known works that are already—some of them—fifty years old. You cannot play very recent pieces if the audience does not know the music that led up to them. For me there is a logical development in the evolution of music.

Q. *You mean that you see a clear line stretching unbroken from Monteverdi to Boulez and Stockhausen?*

P. B. I don't *want* a clear line, but there is nonetheless. And the people who say, "I am making a total break with the past," are really not breaking anything, because if you are in a big forest of trees you can cut one down and there will still be thirty thousand left. These people who keep talking about breaking with tradition show only one thing: that they have not assimilated the tradition and are still obsessed by a body which is for-

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eign to them and which disturbs them each day of their lives. They want to reject it rather than come to terms with it. Every great composer builds on the work of his predecessors. Mozart, for instance, became much more interesting after his first contacts with the music of Handel and Bach. And this is why a composer like Britten is to me of little consequence, because with him there is no assimilation of the preceding generation. After Mahler comes Berg, not Britten. I take a historical view of music. The genius of a composer, in my opinion, is to see—consciously or unconsciously—what is possible *after* the people who have gone before him. This is not to say that I reject everything of Prokofiev, for instance, or Hindemith or Honegger. They were first-rate workmen. I say only that they will go down in history as secondary figures, out of the mainstream of music. Unfortunately, in art there are some things that cannot be repeated.

Q. *Many listeners are disturbed by the lack of causality in the new music. From Bach to Bartók, music was goal-oriented and purposeful. It allowed the listener to make predictions about the direction in which it was heading. But today's avant-garde composers have turned their backs on all this. Their music arouses no expectations. It simply exists. Stockhausen insists that his music "tells no story" and he advises his listeners to "tune out" for a while during the course of a performance if they feel so inclined. Don't you consider this denial of causality dangerous?*

P. B. I don't accept the premise. To my mind there is no lack of causality in the really good contemporary music. Only the causality is not so obvious as before. But this has always been the case. Certainly, it is far harder to "make predictions" with Wagner than it is with Bach. I'm thinking of the first act of *Götterdämmerung*, for instance. Nobody can really say where it's going. I'd like to do an experiment with that act some time, making an aleatory piece of it by cutting it up into various sections and reassembling them in a different order, just making sure that the modulations are still all right. I'm sure that many listeners would never know the difference. The point I'm trying to make is that causality is hard to grasp even in as relatively traditional a composer as Wagner. And it has become much harder as music has evolved toward more complex situations. Without main themes it is difficult for the listener to find his way. But the absence of main themes is really a concept of modernity. You have no fixed points in modern thought in general. Instead you have constantly changing combinations. We are left only with absolute values. A chord is a chord, and it must be accepted as such on its own not as one of a family of similar chords.

Q. *Do you agree with the composer Luciano Berio that "categorical statements such as right and wrong, beautiful or ugly, are no longer useful in understanding why and how a composer works today"?*

P. B. That implies a degree of irrationality which I cannot accept. Rationality should always be a part of our activity. But obviously such concepts as ugly and beautiful are extremely relative. I prefer to use another terminology: you are true or you are not true. For me the work which is really important is the work which has met a kind of metaphysical truth, a truth in harmony with the period in which the composer is working. An artist must be able to speak for his time in language of precision and freedom. The trouble with beautiful and ugly as criteria is that they are tied up with superficial pleasure. I know I'm very Germanic in this respect, because I find sensual pleasure only a rather limited part of music. That's quite un-French, is it not?

Q. *You once wrote: "If it were necessary to find a profound motive for the work I have tried to describe, it would be the search for* 'anonymity.'" *What did you mean by this?*

P. B. Perhaps I can explain it best by an old Chinese story: A painter drew a landscape so beautifully that he entered the picture and disappeared. For me this is the definition of a great work of art—a landscape painted so well that the artist disappears in it. The story is to me very meaningful. If you try to express *your* time as best you can, it is unimportant if your name or your personality is on the work of art. In this sense, the great masterpieces are anyway anonymous, even if we know who created them. [ ]



Mushrooms. This week's perfect martini secret.

Marinate button mushrooms in vermouth and use the perfect martini gin, of course.

Seagram's. The perfect martini gin.

Music in the Round *by Discus*

WILD ROMANTICS

assessments of Liszt, Scriabin, d Nielsen—and an inquiry into perplexing Glenn Gould.

ıe nineteenth century needed some- y like Franz Liszt, and it has taken ood part of the twentieth century realize just how epochal and spec- ılar a figure he was. For many rs Liszt was equated with vulgar- and meretriciousness in music: se *Liebestraüme* and *Hungarian apsodies* and symphonic poems, se operatic paraphrases! Trash, all sh, the learned musicians assured rybody. And since there obviously a good deal of sensationalism and ibitionism in Liszt's music, it was y to take the professors at their d.

nly recently has there been a start reassessment and it is beginning e clear that Liszt was one of the hentic innovators. Without him, Wagner or Richard Strauss—or, at t, Wagner and Strauss would have en somewhat different turns. Liszt the boldest harmonic innovator of age. It was he who invented the *stan* chords on which Wagner built ntire opera. It was he whose chro- ic writing influenced the entire nch and German schools. It was whose experiments with cyclic n led to the breakup of the classi- sonata. It was he who, in his late little-known works, experimented n a breakup of tonality that was to into Debussy on the one hand, enberg on the other.

he daring of which Liszt was cap- can be seen in a recording of his **st Symphony,** conducted by the Ernest Ansermet. The partici- ts include Werner Krenn, tenor, chorus of the Lausanne Pro Arte

and L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande (London CSA 2221, 2 discs). The performance takes three sides of the album, and side 4 is devoted to a pair of episodes from Lenau's *Faust,* of which the *Mephisto Waltz* is the better known.

Most of the romantics—Berlioz, Spohr, Wagner, Schumann—had a go at the Faust legend. Liszt's interpretation, for orchestra, tenor solo, and chorus, is one of the more ambitious and by far the most remarkable. The movements are character portrayals of the main characters—Faust, Gretchen, and Mephistopheles—and the music attempts a psychological picture. This is drawn in a conception that, with all of its romantic posturings, is startlingly modern, and all the more so considering the year of composition, 1854. It is wild romanticism at work, and the side-slipping harmonies in the Mephistopheles movement are breathtaking. There also is a feeling of power. Liszt drenches the listener in emotion, and this romantic extravagance is a style that one must learn to re-live in these more objective days. Once Liszt's world is accepted, the music is propulsive, exciting, one of the masterpieces of the century.



"Mother, Clarice has asked me to tell you that she doesn't wish to run for any more passes."

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TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

by Richard Pollak

For those who've noticed some recent subtle changes in Mr. Luce's most successful invention, here's the story of what it all means, how it's being done, and who's responsible. . .

THE VERY EXPENSIVE EDUCATION OF McGEORGE BUNDY by David Halberstam

A study in the uses of power and how it is manipulated in the upper reaches where the nation's elite operates. . . .

ROCK AS LIFE STYLE by Sara Davidson

A week or so with a singing group named Rhinoceros produces several conclusions on what America's music and its performers mean. Among them: "Playing rock is a means to live out a definition of the good life that defies the American dream . . . never have a steady job, keep crazy hours, get stoned every day, play music, draw constant attention, and, if you do all these things well, make lots of money. . . .

ALSO

The Uncomplaining Homosexuals by Diana Trilling
Home to Lexington, Kentucky by Elizabeth Hardwick
Marcuse and the New Left by Irving Howe
Television Critics and Michael Arlen by Richard Burgheim

MUSIC IN THE ROUND

There are not many recordings t
choose from, and it settles down t
the new Ansermet versus the olde
Bernstein disc (Columbia). Both hav
their points. Bernstein's is expectedl
dramatic, and he seizes upon the dia
bolisms of the score. Ansermet i
more sober, draws a more consecu
tive line. While his version may lac
the animal excitement of the Ber
stein, it is a more mature conceptio

Toward Madnes

Another composer beginning to at
tract attention is Alexander Scriabi
the turn-of-the-century Russian wh
dabbled in musical theosophy. Glen
Gould has recorded his **Piano Sonat
No. 3**, along with Prokofiev's muc
better known **Sonata No. 7** (Columbi
MS 7173). The thing about Scriabi
that interests our time is his break
away from the classic convention. I
the early 1900s, Scriabin was experi
menting with harmonies based o
fourths instead of the usual thirds
He was writing a kind of music tha
threatened to throw tonality right ou
the window; and while he never com
pletely made the break, he came ver
close.

Toward the end of his life he proba
bly was mad. It was not a certifiabl
insanity, but he did have a kind o
religious mania. He thought of musi
in terms that can only be described a
psychedelic. He used colors in one o
his symphonies, and was going to fol
low it with a *Mysterium* in whic
music would be joined by smell, dance
touch, and religious ecstacy in addi
tion to colors. This *Mysterium* to com
would be performed in India, and bell
hanging from clouds would summo
the entire world. After the perfor
mance, the walls of the world would
collapse.

There is none of this mysticism i
his early music, which is a pleasant
assortment of effects derived from
Chopin. It was in the late 1890s that
his new style began to manifest itself,
and the Piano Sonata No. 3, played
here by Gould, is a big step in that
direction. The musical form has little
to do with orthodox form, and its out-
lines are vague. Piano figurations
start to break completely free from
Chopin or anybody else. An entirely
original mind is beginning to assert
itself. There is a perfumed quality to
the music. Gould, who has supplied

own annotations to the disc, concendingly says something about ktail piano. If he thinks so little of music, why does he play it? Unfunately the way he does play it a cocktail flavor. His interpretaı is limp, passionless, over-refined, rhythmically flabby. If you want et an idea of how this music should played, consult the old Horowitz ording.

How anybody can play the Scriabin poorly and the Prokofiev so brilitly is one of the mysteries. Here in we are on Horowitz territory. owitz introduced the Seventh ata shortly after the war, and for eral seasons everybody was play- it. Gould, who also has some rightsly high-minded remarks about s work, plays it like a demon. It is a kind of repertory normally assoed with him, but he attacks the orities with terrific power, his aling is perfect, his technique imcable. Above all there is a rhythmic ve that makes one think of Horoz himself, who up to now has "ned" the last movement. A perxing man, this Glenn Gould.

Spicy Harmonies

ill another composer enjoying a orable reassessment is the Dane, rl Nielsen, and the last few years e seen a very large number of discs oted to his music. There even has n a jump in live performances, ecially after Leonard Bernstein ran to promote Nielsen's music. ere is much to admire in the music: clear forms, the perky mind, the cy harmonies, the big melodic flow. elsen (1865-1931) straddled both turies. He was influenced by the t-romantics, as was natural, but not turn into a Wagner or Strauss gone, and he evolved his own musilanguage. It is a language full of ength and character.

His Symphony No. 6 (Semplice) s been recorded by the Westchester mphony Orchestra under Siegfried ndau (Turnabout 34182). On the ord is also a performance of the six elius **Humoresques** for violin and hestra, played by Aaron Rosand d the Southwest German Radio chestra conducted by Tibor Szoke. ese Sibelius works came out a few rs ago and have been recoupled on s disc. The Nielsen Sixth Symphony, well played by Landau and his orchestra, is a powerful and unusual work, with a peculiar urgency and an unconventional means of expression. The second movement might well be a satire on modern music, and the entire work is filled with Nielsen's private symbolism. A gripping piece of music, well worth knowing.

A more conventional work is Nielsen's **Woodwind Quintet,** composed in 1924 (about the same time as the Sixth Symphony), a chromatic, melodious, and attractive work. It has been recorded by the Melos Ensemble (Angel 36538), and also on the disc is Franz Berwald's **Septet for Strings and Winds.** Berwald (1796-1868) was a Swedish composer who worked under the shadows of Mozart and Beethoven, yet managed to retain some individuality. This Sextet is a lovely work, with anticipations of Mendelssohn and a bubbling character. It is not a deep work, or an original work, but it is absolutely delicious. [ ]

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Harper's PUZZLE

Acrostickler® No. 11

by Henry Allen

(Solution to Harper's Puzzle No. 11 will appear in the July issue. For solution to last month's Puzzle No. 10, consult Table of Contents.)

A

141 93 153 169 191 207 106 49 Takes care. (5,3)

B

39 151 125 193 11 199 120 218 City in Ireland and a poetic form.

C

167 61 128 77 114 101 Hard to manage; stubborn.

D

147 215 179 13 79 1 165 35 175 Huge ash tree in Norse mythology.

E

29 73 183 45 7 155 159 201 "He hath no_____ mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows." Shakespeare, "The Tempest."

F

161 221 98 189 105 67 Fumble the ball; make a mistake in regard to a specific thing (slang). (4,2)

G

133 185 177 51 5 123 103 Holders of a certain ecclesiastical office.

H

209 15 195 163 81 223 211 3 Having a disagreeable taste.

I

27 89 145 112 71 57 17 8 137 121 31 75 197 It was the Acrostician's misfortune to be this. (8,2,3)

J

37 171 87 43 63 139 219 55 Riders.

K

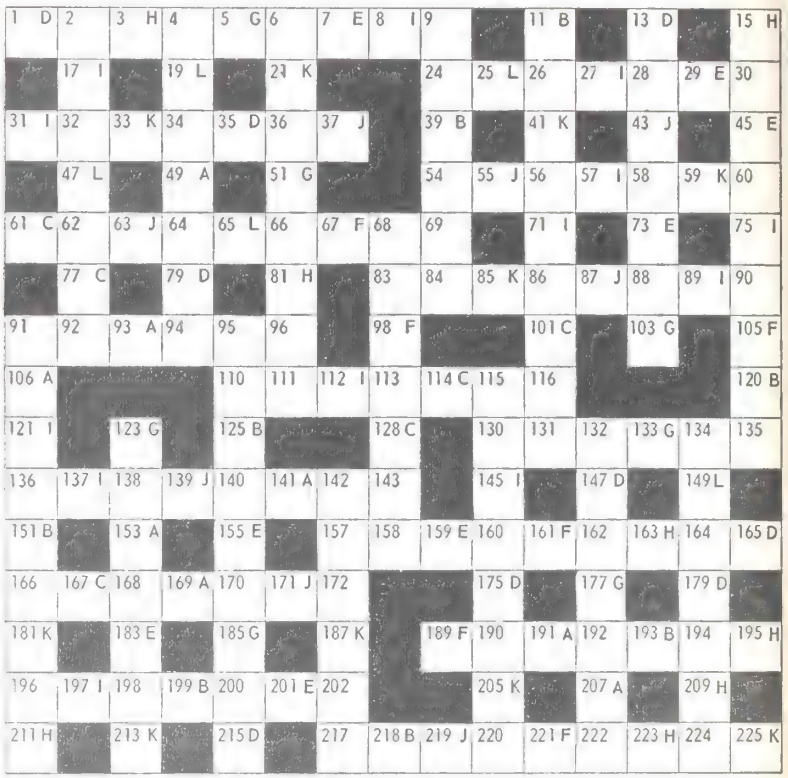
33 85 213 21 181 187 59 205 225 41 Results ultimately.

L

25 149 19 65 47 Wanders.

DIRECTIONS

(1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
(2) When an answer consists of two or more words, numbers in parentheses following the clue indicate each word's length.
(3) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
(4) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



ACROSS

1. Undefined limits or certain leaps, perhaps. (3,6)
24. Go ahead but quietly ebb.
31. Swished about when referring to part of Scandinavia.
54. How peaches might have been served in the Crimean War? (2,5)
61. I trace and hum even though afflicted with stiffness.
83. Does Van exert himself and cry this on April 15? (5,3)
91. A bit player may be thus on stage with no cone. (2,4)
110. Province with a train? Oh! Oh!
130. Former bailiwick of the Acrostician.
136. Pressure group that's sure of a crop? (4,4)
157. Many bones? Not at all. (2,2,5)
166. Hanging noose or a tuft of hair?
189. Anglers but not surveyors.
196. Let the sea sing with such relaxings.
217. Are you too keen with a point to produce a unit with difficulty? (3,3,3)

DOWN

2. Does the girl reporter cackle when she makes a scoop? (4,3)
4. A difficult bend or a disfavor? (3,4)
6. Bearded with a port at last.
9. Join when an eclipse loses point.
11. Save the second person with a bit more than you curse. (6,3)
13. Leaves for sandy wastes.
15. The state of the cone we mix. (3,6)
68. But in this the castles in Spain may be simple! (2,5)
91. Supplier who may be healthier in the open air?
95. Mixing the comb in gin, perhaps.
115. Italian name for a polio tip?
123. Suggest a poor step without tea.
132. Yes, Theo. It's in range of vision.
134. A play or a miler may have this. (4,3)
142. Make a bet for a sou? Don't be dull.

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